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Woman in White Waltz, ditto.
Don Pasquale Waltz.
Waterfall Galop.

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Reviews.

"*Douze Valses pour Piano*"—STEPHEN HELLER; Op. 97. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

IN the present dearth of original productions among modern writers for the pianoforte, the appearance of any new work from a pen at once so individual and accomplished as that of M. Stephen Heller is as welcome to musical amateurs as a dish of clear turtle to an epicure condemned for a lengthened period to live upon "odds and ends." These waltzes are bagatelles, it is true, and bear no very striking affinity to the composer's later manner; but almost every one of them is instinct with a sort of freshness that makes them as grateful to the sense of hearing as mignionette and honeysuckle, after a shower of rain, to that of sight, or smell, or both together. That, compared with the majority of pieces through which M. Heller has helped to enrich the repertory of the piano, they are unelaborate and easy to execute, is, it will be generally admitted, rather a recommendation in their favour than otherwise, more especially inasmuch as they are none the less effective on that account. To take a rapid survey of the whole set, leaving much that might be told to the imagination of our readers:—Nos. 1 and 2 (in F and D) are both pretty, No. 2 being the most engaging. Nos. 3 and 4 (in B flat and D) are "swan-like" in their graceful movement, each at the same time bearing the unquestionable stamp of invention, which in No. 4 is exemplified in a very marked manner by the charming union of passage with *cantilena*, both in the first part and that which follows, in the relative minor. We prefer, nevertheless, quoting the fluent melody which constitutes the theme of No. 3:—

How elegantly this is harmonised by M. Heller our readers may discover for themselves. No. 5 (in A) is essentially and exclusively Helleresque, as the first four bars may suffice to show:—

That it will be admired all the more for its individuality, need hardly be suggested. No. 6 (A minor)—"*Quasi triste*," as the author insinuates, at the place where the "*tempo*" is ordinarily indicated—is thoroughly charming, and will not be received less warmly because of the glimpses of Chopin revealed here and there, as for example:—

No. 7 (F) is like a dream of "Jenny Jones;" quaint and pretty, however, besides being more extended in form than its pre-waltzers. No. 8 (A flat) is appropriately marked "*Délicatement, Tendrement*," for it cannot be too delicately and tenderly handled. Again we find Chopin influencing our composer, but happily and sweetly, as in the following instance:—

This, too, is designed on a broader canvas than most of those which have been named—an innovation warranted by the beauty alike of the subject and the episodic matter. No. 9 (D flat) is in the style of one of Hummel's "*Tyroliennes*," and as fresh and elegant as the most popular of them all. To be critical, nevertheless, for once, here is a point which we cannot admire:—

Nos. 10 and 11 (in C major and F minor) both show good points, and are both in M. Heller's own manner, although in No. 11 (page 17, lines 4, 5) another feint at Chopin cannot fail to render itself apparent. This, too, is the longest and most carefully wrought out of the "dozen," with the single reservation of No. 12 (F major), which, with freshness, vigour, and brilliancy worthily crowns the series.

The *Douze Valses* were originally, we believe, published in three sets (*cahiers*), four to a set: but here we have them altogether, handsomely brought out, and at a reasonable price.

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"*The Song of the Enchantress*"—Poetry by SHELLEY, Music by EMILE DE L'ORME. (Cramer, Beale and Chappell.)

"*The coming of the Flowers*"—Words by T. E. CARPENTER, Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE. (Cramer, Beale and Chappell.)

"*The Knight's Vigil*"—Words by J. P. DOUGLAS, Music by W. H. WEISS. (Duncan Davison and Co.)

The first of these compositions is dedicated to Madame Sainton-Dolby, who would probably feel disposed to sing it half a tone lower (in C). Shelley's beautiful lines will be at once brought back to the memory of those who love his poetry by the opening stanza:—

"He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
O sweet Echo, wake,
And for my sake
Make answer, the while my heart shall break!"

This is the song of the Enchantress, prefacing the *Fragments from an unfinished Drama*, of which all that was completed is the graceful dialogue between the "Indian youth and the lady." Mr. De L'Orme has shown so much feeling in his musical setting, that we are astonished at his total misconception of the second verse, which to support our criticism we must cite *in extenso*:—

"*But* my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot.
Sweeet lips! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death."

Now, at the end of the second stanza, instead of giving the burden, "Sweet lips!" &c., Mr. De L'Orme—careless of the "But" we have italicised—repeats the burden of the first, "O sweet echo! wake," &c., although it is made sufficiently clear that the Enchantress repudiates the aid of "Echo," on second thoughts, as under the circumstances, impotent. Until Mr. De L'Orme restores Shelley's original text—thereby turning nonsense into meaning—we cannot think of seriously reviewing his music.

Mr. Wallace's "Coming of the Flowers" (composed for Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington) is a model ballad, with an engaging melody, and a thoroughly neat accompaniment—in short without exaggeration, a gem of simplicity and grace.

The song of Mr. Weiss is as bold, vigorous, and unaffected as anything we have seen from his pen, and if sung frequently in public, likely to become a formidable rival to his very popular setting of Professor Longfellow's "Blacksmith." The adventurous knight could hardly watch his armour in the chapel to more manly and congenial strains. The coloured lithograph on the title-page is in good keeping with the theme, and the erect and stalwart figure of the new-made chevalier might easily pass for that of Sir Tor, Sir Sagramore, or Sir Dodinas le Savage.

Numbers 12, 17, and 18 of Boosey's "Musical Cabinet" have just reached us, the publication, up to the present time, having attained its twentieth number. No. 12 contains fifteen of Beethoven's songs, with pianoforte accompaniments, adapted to English words by Mr. George Linley. The collection includes some of the most popular of the composer's chamber songs, among which we may name "May Song," "Knowest thou the land?" "The Farewell," "The Quail," "Adelaida," and last, not least, the famous *Lieder Kranz*, or "Chaplet of Songs." No. 17 (pianoforte series) comprises the five most famous instrumental pieces from Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*—viz., the Overture, *Scherzo*, *Notturno*, Wedding March, *intermezzo*. No. 18 contains twelve songs by François Schubert, the English words by George Linley, with pianoforte accompaniments. This selection, like that of Beethoven, includes several of the composer's most popular contributions to the chamber. We may single out from them "The Erl King," "The Wanderer," "Hark! hark! the lark!" "Who is Sylvia?" and the incomparable "Ave Maria."

The numbers quoted possess all the recommendations of those noticed on a former occasion—namely, careful printing, good paper, commodious size, and neat exterior.

AMERICA.—NEW YORK.—The latest accounts from New York inform us of the sudden retirement of Mr. Ullman from the management of the Academy of Music, on the 4th of December. The season opened with *La Juive*, and the crowded state of the theatre argued well for the future prospects. "Probably," writes the New York correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, "our Academy of Music never before presented so brilliant an appearance at an operatic representation. The boxes were filled with handsomely dressed women, and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with the same illuminations used at the Prince of Wales's Ball. Then the opera was admirably done. The scenery and grouping were unsurpassed, the processions really splendid, and the acting and singing of Fabbri, Stigelli, and Formes everything that could be desired; there was plenty of orchestra, plenty of good singing, any amount of enthusiasm, not quite enough voice from *Anna Bishop*, and a considerable superfluity of *Quint*. The opera was a success, and the press was unanimous in its praise." The second night, however, was by no means so brilliant; and the third no improvement on the second. The fourth indicated no progress, and then the impatient, or unmonied, manager, addressed a card to the *Herald*, which ran to the following tune:—

Sir,—It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I see myself compelled to close the opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the *Jewess* has been received by the press and the public, the receipts after the first night have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganisation into which the opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I cannot do otherwise but retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the press, the artists, and all the employés of the opera.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,
Academy of Music, Dec. 4. B. ULLMAN.

Then the singers tried matters on their own behalf, and gave *Masaniello*, with Herr Stigelli, Herr Formes, and Mlle. Fabbri. If, as we learn from the same writer quoted above, that "Stigelli's Masaniello was magnificent," and that "his last act was really thrilling," all we have to say is that Mr. Gye's ex-second tenor must be wonderfully advanced.—The *soirées* of M. Otto Dresel, the pianist (who was in London in 1852), have proved highly successful. The fourth and last was given on the 13th of December, and attracted an overflowing audience. The programme merits quoting.

Sonata (C sharp minor), Beethoven; two preludes and mazurka (B minor, Op. 33), Chopin; spring song and serenade, Robert Franz; two études (E major and E minor). Chopin; songs, "Moonlight night" and "Du meine Seele," Schumann; andante from symphony, Schubert; allegro brilliant, for four hands, Mendelssohn; "The Erl King," Lisst (Piano solo) Miss Fay; song, "O, welcome, fair woods," Robert Franz; "Marche Hongroise," Schubert; slumber song, Otto Dresel; valse (E flat, Op. 18), Chopin.

—The concert in aid of the German-English School of Music, at the Music Hall, is reported as a great success. This concert was a foretaste of what was to be expected from the Philharmonic Society, as it was given entirely under the supervision of and performed by members of that respectable body

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THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

(*Continued from page* 760.)

DELLA MARIA, DEZEDE, CHAMPEIN, DELABORDE, MARTINI, AND PICCINI.

To terminate the list of musicians who wrote comic operas during the last century, I will mention the names of Dézède, Champein, Delaborde, Martini, and Piccini.

DEZEDE.

Dézède, or Dézaides, or again, as some writers of the time have it, Désaides, was born in 1740, but in what country is not exactly known. Some ascribe to him a German origin; others place his birthplace at Lyons. He himself knew nothing of his family. A pension was paid him of 1000*l.* a year, which was raised on his majority to 2000*l.* He wished to make inquiries in order to discover his parentage; but his notary informed him that if he did so his pension would be withdrawn. Dézède took no heed of the injunction laid on him by the man of law, continued his investigations, and was deprived of his pension. This determined him to derive a means of livelihood from his talent. He had studied under an abbé, who taught him music, the harp, and composition. His *début* was made at the Comédie Italienne on the 28th of October, 1772, with *Julie*, an opéra comique in three acts, the words of which were by Monvel. The same year he produced *L'Erreur d'un Moment*, a sequel to *Julie*, a one-act, which has obtained a *succès d'estime*.

The *Stratagème découvert* (1773) and *Les Trois Fermiers* (1777) followed next. On the 30th of October in the last-named year he brought out the opera of *Fatmé;* in 1778, *Zulime, ou le Porteur de Chaises*, at the Opéra Comique; on the 27th of February, 1780, *Cécile*, in which Mad. Trial appeared after a long period of rest. She was received with loud applause, although she had no voice left. This piece was not performed many times; it contains a pretty romanza—the boatman's song (La Chanson du Batelier). In 1783, on the 30th of June, occurred the first performance of his best work, *Blaise et Babet*, the success of which continued for two years. The words were by Monvel. The same year he had composed a grand opera, *Péronne Sauvée*, which was none the less for his previous success, a failure. There was a joke made about it by the wits to the effect that it was an opera of *laitues* (lettuces), for there was nothing worth keeping of it but the *chœurs* (choruses) quasi *cœurs* (hearts).

In 1784 Dézède produced *Les Deux Frères*, the words being by Flavel, and *Alexis et Justine*, a sequel to *Les Deux Pages*. In 1790, *Les Trois Noces*, of which he had written the words himself, was played at the Théâtre de la Nation, where he had previously produced, in 1787, *Alcindor*. His music, of a simple and pastoral style, was not wanting in originality. Dézède was of a most eccentric turn of mind, and what was called in those days *dépensier* (spendthrift). The King of Bavaria induced him to join his court, and granted him a pension. He died in Paris in 1792.

His daughter, Florine, was a musician. She wrote an opéra comique, *Nanette et Lucas, ou la Paysanne curieuse*, a slight work, in which she sought to imitate the pastoral style of her father. This operetta was performed with creditable success in 1781.

CHAMPEIN.

Stanislas Champein was a native of Marseilles, and was born November 14, 1753. He first became chapel-master in a provincial church, and composed some good ecclesiastical music. He had the good fortune to get a motet of his composition performed at the chapel of Versailles. This work, executed before an illustrious audience, established his reputation, and facilitated his entry into the dramatic career. *Le Soldat Français*, an opéra comique in two acts, was his first work of that class, and was played by the comedians of the *Bois de Boulogne*. In January 1780, he brought out *Mina*, an opéra comique in three acts, which was only played a few nights; and subsequently, up to the year 1792, he wrote a considerable number of pieces, which it would be wearisome to enumerate. I shall only mention those which were the most successful. *La Mélomaine* (1781); *Les Dettes* (1787), two acts; *Le Nouveau Don Guichotte*, two acts. This last piece was played at the Théâtre de Monsieur (the Feydeau); and as at that time it was forbidden to play any pieces which were not translated from the Italian, it was necessary to pass off *Le Nouveau Don Guichotte* as the translation of an Italian opera by a composer who was christened Zucharelli.

Champein remained twelve years without having a piece produced at any of the theatres. He had, however, in that time written the scores of no less than fifteen grand operas and comic operas, which were accepted, but never beheld the light of the foot lamps. Among these we find *Beniowski*, the book of which was destined to be set to music, with striking success, by Boieldieu. Champein died on the 19th of September, 1830. His old age was visited with much misfortune. He lived on government pensions, which successive revolutions alternately deprived him and restored to him. At last, under the Restoration, and at the petition of a number of illustrious men—Catel, Boieldieu, Dupaty, Scribe, Fétis, &c., a pension was granted him, which he enjoyed but a short time before his death.

DELABORDE—MARTINI.

I shall only make a passing mention of Jean Benjamin Delaborde, head valet de chambre to Louis XV. He was born in Paris on the 5th of September, 1734, and died on the revolutionary scaffold on the 22nd of July, 1794. He learned the violin and counterpoint of Rameau. He could not have had a more illustrious or a more capable instructor. He wrote a few comic operas, of which nothing is known but their names. I may mention *Alix et Alexis* (July 6, 1768), *Annette et Lubin* (same year), *Les Trois Rivales* (1763), *Imène et Iménias, ou la Fête de Jupitre* (1770). On the 31st of October, 1772, by order of the Queen, *Le Billet de Mariage*, by Défontaines, was played, but without success.

Martini (Jean Paul Egide), who must not be confounded with the celebrated theoretical musician of Bologna, was born at Freystadt, on the 1st of September, 1741. His real name was Schwarzendorf. Having had some disagreements with his family, he resolved to expatriate himself, and allowing the direction of the wind to settle which road he should take, he found his way to France, where he exchanged his barbarous sounding name for that of Martini. His best works were his first opera, *L'Amoureux de Quinze Ans*, performed April 18, 1771, at the Comédie Italienne; *Henri IV., ou la Bataille d'Ivry*, three acts, at the same theatre (1774), the overture of which was very successful; and *Le Droit du Seigneur*, words by Défontaines, played for the first time September 17, 1787. Martini enjoyed for several years the favour of the public. His style is melodious. The celebrated romanza, *Plaisir d'Amour*, will convey an idea of it.

PICCINI.

If Gluck was not successful in opéra comique, although at Vienna he produced two operas of this class—*Les Pélerins de la Mecque* and *Les Chasseurs de défaut*, such was not the case with Piccini. This great man (born at Bari in 1728, died in Paris May 7, 1800), wrote comic operas of estimable merit. Indeed, there is but one step from the Italian Opera buffa, in which he was entirely successful, to the French school of opera. I shall not here introduce a biography of this great artist, who is connected only by a very slender thread with the class of works of which I am sketching the history. Laborde induced him to come to France, where the Queen commanded him to write the music to a comic operatic subject called *Phaon*, destined for the Comédie Italienne, but it was only played at Choisy before the court.

Le Fat Mepriśé (1779) had little success; but *Le Dormeur Eveillé*, four acts, by Marmontel, succeeded both at court and with the town. It had been played at Fontainebleau, the 14th of November, 1783, and it was on the 28th June, 1784, that the Parisians heard it. The score was censured for being a little monotonous, but the libretto was considered very interesting. *Le Faux Lord*, in two acts, met with complete success; the words were by the eldest son of the composer, Alexander Piccini. This piece was first played December the 6th, 1783. *Lucette*, the words of which were also by Alexander Piccini, met with a different fate (1784). Both this piece and *Le Mensonge Officieux* (1787) failed. Durosoy

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subsequently arranged with the music of Piccini *Les Fourberies de Marine*, in three acts; but this pasticcio was not successful. A son of this composer, Louis, wrote several comic operas, which have not obtained any lasting reputation.

If grand opera in France owed to Germany and to Italy its earliest and principal celebrities (Rameau excepted) we shall establish the fact that comic opera has ever gained its greatest successes through French composers. We have seen in the first part of this history of the Opéra Comique that only French composers have shone in that school—Monsigny, Phillidor, Dalayrac,—I was almost about to quote Grétry, for though the country in which he was born is not politically a part of France, it is intimately allied to it in manners and language. We shall now witness the triumphs of Nicolo, Méhul, Lesueur, Boieldieu, and Herold, all natives of France.

PARIS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ, the most accomplished musician, the most fertile composer, and the most zealous combatant that France possesses, is an object of hatred to a whole generation of mediocre individuals, who thwart him in every possible manner. Their endeavours succeed so well in *la belle France*, that we are quite astounded when we hear a chorus of applause echoing in his favour from over the German frontier. This is sad, very sad! The reason of this is, that our education and customs in France are pre-eminently inimical to art. Mediocrity—mediocracy—is supreme among us! Thick, common blood flows in our veins. Realism howls out its veto as soon as comfortable digestion is disturbed; it grows angry directly any one dares to appeal to a man of superior intelligence. What is to be done against such a state of things? A sensible system of musical education and development is the only means which can be employed to destroy such crass materialism. In the first place, no one should be allowed to teach music without adducing proofs of actual proficiency; this would get rid of that scum of teachers who allow bad music to be played, and produce bad pupils. But what shall we say of the class-books, especially for the elements of music? Why are they not subjected to some serious and severe test? I do not, as a matter of course, allude to those obligingly favourable testimonials of approbation which the Conservatory is constantly issuing, duly marked with its stamp; I require some real test, applied with the most unflinching severity, because we have to guard a whole generation against bad instruction by means of bad elementary works.

In a pamphlet (*Fillonneau, Revue Musicale de* 1860, *à Paris*), I find the following observations on Beethoven's last works, especially the Sonata, Op. 111, where the writer is speaking of the performance of the said sonata by Herr von Bülow:—

"In these compositions there is always some excellent movement, and we think that no one is bound to play the whole of them any more than that we are bound to listen. Op. 111 has been played this winter by several distinguished pianists, *who have, however, had the good sense to omit the last half!*"

It is not, naturally, every one who is capable of following the bold flight, and comprehending the mighty thoughts of a man of genius; but then those who cannot do so should hold their tongues, for every person is allowed to be silent. *I* also am silent, when I behold the wearied faces of some most elegant audience who have been listening to a *fugue* by Bach, and when I hear, on their waking up, because the mill-clapper has stopped, their ejaculations of delight! The playing of many *virtuosi* resembles the walk of a drunken man. The *tempo rubato* takes its name from the fact of its robbing the composer's music of its proper time.

In most of the theatres of Paris a man risks his health; nay, more, his life. A horrible atmosphere poisons the lungs; physicians agree in asserting that they owe a large number of patients to the unhealthy air in our theatres. Would that this were the only inconvenience to which we were subjected in order to have the pleasure of seeing a play! The spectator is perched upon a seat so narrow, that even a child must feel cramped when occupying it; it is impossible to stretch one's legs; you are condemned to absolute immovability if you would not incommode your neighbour, who is quite as badly off for room as yourself. In addition to this, you have to stand up every instant to let some new-comer pass; and, however closely you keep to your place, you are lucky if you get off with simply having your boots muddied, and do not get your feet crushed and trodden on.

Figures, it is well known, play an important part nowadays. I will make a statistical statement. At the conclusion of 1860 there were in Europe 18,140 actors and singers, 21,609 actresses and female singers, 1,733 theatrical managers and directors; the sum total of persons of all classes employed in theatres was 82,216. The number of musicians can only be approximately calculated: if we take it at a million, of whom 600,000 are pianoforte players, we shall be pretty near the truth. A reward will be given to any one who shall answer the following question: What relation does the total of 1,082,216 artists, Richard Wagner included, bear to the progress of dramatic and musical art?

The *Moniteur* has published a plan of the site of the new Opera-house, which differs from all those yet issued, together with a notice that the work is thrown open to public competition. The theatre is to stand in the midst of a large space, and will have no building within 60 feet of any portion of it. Its *façade* will be in view of the Boulevard, and at not more than 50 or 60 yards' distance. The theatre is contain from 1,800 to 2,000 persons; the length from the back of the boxes to the proscenium to be about 60 feet. The stage is be capable of holding about 400 persons, its width 45 feet, and its depth 104. The total length of the building—which is to include not only the theatre but all its accessories—is to be 490 feet by 228. The grand hotel of the Opera is to be built between the new theatre and the Boulevard; it will cover about 8,000 square yards of ground, and contain 600 bed-rooms, besides saloons, dining-rooms, and every other feature of an hotel. A similar building is now nearly completed, as regards the shell of the construction, on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. This latter is to be called the Grand Hôtel du Commerce, and the two promise to become formidable rivals to the Hôtel du Louvre.

Letters from Turin give the information that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were about to commence a series of engagements in that capital, whence they go to Milan, Genoa, Florence, &c., &c. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Lumley, the ex-manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, has secured a new *prima donna* of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments, and whom, in all probability, will be heard in London next season. Her name is Galetti, and furthermore rumour is loud in praise of her beauty and general appearance—a second Grisi, in short, about to come to judgment.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Festival is fixed for the 27th of August next, and three following days, under the presidency of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. The committee have appointed Mr. Costa as conductor, and they will again enjoy the invaluable services of Mr. J. O. Mason as orchestral steward. The report of the orchestral committee deals chiefly with a matter closely affecting the success of these meetings. It distinctly lays down and supports the principle that nothing short of the highest attainable excellence will maintain the pre-eminence of the Birmingham Festivals, or continue to afford to the General Hospital the revenue it has hitherto derived from this source. The committee show that while it would undoubtedly be possible to cut down the expenses of the next Festival to the level of 1846, and thus to make a large profit, such a course would certainly result in so greatly lowering the prestige of the festivals as to render them utterly valueless, either as expositions of the musical art or as helps to the cause of charity. The principle advocated by the committee is unquestionably sound. In these days of competition, people insist upon having the full value for their money, and if they cannot obtain it at Birminghan they will go to Leeds or Bradford, or some of those other periodical meetings which have become formidable rivals to our own festival. We are glad to learn that the general committee fully recognised the wisdom of the course proposed by the orchestral committee, and recorded in a general resolution their conviction that "the policy pursued in maturing the musical arrangements has been sound and judicious, and calculated to maintain the Triennial Festival as a permanent institution in aid of the funds of the General Hospital of Birmingham."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

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THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER V.

A THEATRE is not the only sphere of an impresario's operations—an Italian Opera not his only mine of gold or River Tamar. Whatever contributes to the amusement of the public, and is the means of making money, may be considered legitimate occupation for an enterprising "undertaker," as the term is translated literally. Some who are supposed to be exclusive members of the craft will perhaps resent the assertion as an indignity put upon them; but if there be one impresario who devotes himself solely and wholly to his theatre, minding his own business, and nothing else, he has hitherto escaped my notice. Some are poets (one poet-manager, whose effusions it was too much the fashion to ridicule, irrespective of their merit, has but just now "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving all who knew him to regret the loss of a good friend and kind-hearted man); some are publishers or musicsellers; some seek a profit in hot-houses and tea dealing; some (but with gratitude be it said they are very rare) are —— (kind reader! has not every calling, even the dustman's, its different grades?); some are singers, and engage themselves at enormous salaries.

I followed the fortunes of my particular impresario in an undertaking in which he misplaced a large amount of energy and capital, none other than the Royal Surrey Gardens, a dismal swamp, which formerly afforded shelter to a collection of howling wild beasts, and was the resort of the nursemaids of the neighbourhood.

By the exertions of a company of directors, of whom my friend was one, the wild beasts were exterminated, the swamp was drained, and at a vast expense a magnificent music hall erected. It was here I had an opportunity of judging of the positive necessity of absolute power in the management of any similar enterprise. "Division of labour" by any number of directors can never have a satisfactory result, when catering for the public is concerned. No matter how carefully organised, or how well carried out, joint management rarely succeeds, and never does so if undertaken by a body of committee-men. The activity so indispensable to success is paralysed, and favourable circumstances are neglected. No member of the direction being allowed to incur liabilities for his brother directors without their knowledge and consent, the Royal Surrey Gardens were managed by a committee, and the undertaking consequently met with its inevitable fate. Moreover, if the manager of a theatre has difficulties to overcome, the directors of such a place as the Surrey Gardens had to contend with obstacles far more insurmountable. One which gave them more trouble and vexation than the sore throat of any prima donna or *tenore* was the weather. A drop of rain cost hundreds—a thunder storm reduced the balance at the banker's to the smallest sum imaginable. I have known a fall in the barometer intimidate a full meeting of directors, the slightest indication of an unfavourable change

"Making the boldest hold their breath for a time."

Some would wait patiently until the threatening clouds dispersed or burst, and drown the receipts; others would tap the unoffending prophetic little instrument so violently that it would fall bodily, and sustain irreparable injury. A board day of the Royal Surrey Gardens Committee afforded an interesting opportunity for the study of human nature. Perhaps equally exciting or disheartening as the weather (for it must be remembered that the spirits of the directors rose as well as fell according to the fluctuations of the mercury) was the presence of the renowned Jullien at a committee meeting. M. Jullien rarely made his appearance, and never did so without having some extraordinary suggestion or complaint to make. His energetic, and sometimes violent, manner contrasted strangely with the sedate composure of the phlegmatic Englishmen whom he came to address. The effect he at first produced was extraordinary. He alarmed them, and some vainly attempted to reply to his arguments. After the second or third time they became more accustomed to his invectives, and listened to him in silence, discussing what he had been saying in his absence.

No man ever gave expression to more extraordinary ideas—ideas which in any ordinary mortal would have been attributed to insanity—than Jullien; no man ever talked so incessantly. He had the gift of language as well as music, and some time of his life had acquired a vast amount of information on various subjects. He was well versed in history and botany. That which he really knew of the latter science was sometimes disguised and discredited by the singular stories he told of his influence upon trees and flowers. He used to assure me that he had so "arranged" a certain plantation upon his estate in Belgium, that when the wind was in the south the trees rustling together played the slow movement of a particular symphony.

ANTHATER.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, whose entertainments last season at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, under the direction of Mr. Land, obtained a large share of public favour, are announced to resume their performances of glees, madrigals, and old English ballads, at the same locality, on Monday evening next, January 7th.

HEINRICH MARSCHNER.—This celebrated German composer is again in Paris. He is about to produce his new opera, *Hiarne der Sängerkönig*, at the Grand Opera, in obedience to the express commands, moreover—at least, so it is said—of the Emperor Napoleon. It is much to be regretted that the German theatres-royal, especially those of Berlin and Vienna, allow themselves to be deprived of the honour—or rather, neglect the obligation they are under—of being the first to bring out a new work of the greatest of living German operatic composers.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL—WOODIN'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. W. A. Woodin, after a long and prosperous tour in the provinces, on Boxing-night made his reappearance at home quarters, with a *Cabinet of Curiosities*, being an "entirely new and original musical, mimetic, pictorial, graphical, polygraphical, and authorspographical entertainment," expressly written for him by a popular dramatist. The fund of invention displayed in the creation of the numerous characters with which the mimic stage is peopled, and the versatility of talent and untiring spirit with which their realisation is effected, are equally admirable—so rapid, indeed, is their production sometimes as almost to make one hold one's breath, as if in very sympathy with the performer. It must be added that Mr. Woodin is greatly aided in the various characters which he assumes by the costumier, the disguises in every case being complete and life-like, and many of them of the highest merit, pictorially considered. After a few miscellaneous scenes by Mr. Griddler, the Hon. Mrs. Magenta, Lancelot Long, Esq., and Mr. Tom Galloper, G.W.R.C., who treats us to a song on "Social Varieties," which serve as a sort of prologue, the entertainment assumes a more distinct and methodical form, the object being to illustrate the peculiarities of character both in and out of town in the four seasons of the year. Thus, under Spring, we have "The Fashionable Marriage," Mrs. Popple, the pew-opener, being amongst the most conspicuous actors on the interesting occasion. Then comes, "The Public Dinner," on behalf of one or other of the innumerable London charities, with Nicholas Noddler, Esq., M.P., a great conception of a chairman; and Mr. Bobbles, a perfect study of a secretary; "Epsom on the Derby-day" introduces a perfect crowd of turf notabilities—the "correct card" vendor, the fortune-telling gipsy, the thimble-rigger, and the acrobat, being especially admirable. "Spring in the Country" gives occasion for the display of a remarkable specimen of the enthusiastic angler, Mr. Rodney Hook, and another of the model landlady of the Red Lion, being no other than the inimitable Widow Whimperley, so calm in her record of matrimonial reminiscences, and her avowal of present bereavement, and withal so solicitous that all her guests may be comfortable and make a good breakfast, with all the little relishes appropriate thereunto. Summer, of course, has its excursionists, more especially to the sea side, where Jones, the skipper, winds up the business with an appropriate song, and a hornpipe danced in character. In Autumn we go upon the grand tour, in Wales, in Scotland, in Ireland, or to Switzerland, choice specimens of the natives of each locality, with appropriate songs, being represented in broad but truthful outline. Winter, with its entertainments, concludes the changeful scene of a performance which we may pronounce one of the most agreeable and mirth-moving entertainments of the season. We should observe that the Polygraphic Hall has been entirely redecorated during the recess, gaily lighted, and the general aspect further enlivened by the introduction of handsome mirrors on each side of

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the stage. Appropriate set scenes of the four seasons of the year form a pleasing accessorial attraction at the back of the stage during the performance.

HENRI HERZ.—Herz, the pianist, had announced a concert in one of the newest cities of California, and had been obliged to send to San Francisco to procure a property necessary to the entertainment—viz., a piano. At the hour announced for the concert, the tickets were all sold, the house was crowded, the artist was at his post, and everything was in readiness—except the piano. In consequence of some inexplicable delay, the instrument had not arrived. Herz looked at his rough and bearded auditory in very considerable trepidation. What if the gold digging *dilettanti* should take it into their heads to give him a taste of revolver or bowie-knife, by the way of filling up the time! Heavy drops of perspiration stood on the frightened pianist's brow, and he began to wish himself in China, in Kamchatka—anywhere but in California. The miners saw his alarm, and kindly comforted him. "Never mind the cussed pi-anner," said two or three of them soothingly; "we don't care for it; we came to see *you*. Make us a speech!" Herz, with restored serenity, did the best he could. The spoken entertainment seemed to please the audience, and everybody, except the artist, had quite forgotten all about the piano, when its arrival was announced. A number of stout men carried the instrument into the hall, and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered, or "grand" piano, and Herz, promising himself to astonish these simple and easily-satisfied inhabitants of the Pacific coast, seated himself on an empty whisky-keg (instead of the more civilised stool). Blum! blum! splash! splash! Not a sound did the piano utter, save that of keys striking in the water! The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it very heavy, had *floated it to town*, and, upon dragging it out upon the levee, had neglected to pour the water from the interior.—*Brighton Guardian.*

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his First Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Schubert), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Song (G. A. Macfarren), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella, in A minor—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(J. S. Bach), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Pianoforte, and M. VIEUXTEMPS, Violin—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven). Song (Henry Smart), Miss LASCELLES. Canzonet (Dussek), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in E major, No. 59, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Last Nights of Queen Topaze.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), QUEEN TOPAZE. Characters by Messrs. SWIFT, SANTLEY, PATEY, PERROTT BARTLEMAN; Mlle. ALESSANDRI and Mlle. PAREPA. Mlle. MORLACCHI and M. MASSOT will dance in the incidental ballet. The highly successful pantomime of HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician. The scenery by Mr. William Beverley. Notice.—During the Pantomime the doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5 Notice.—The opera commences at 7 o'clock, the pantomime commences at 9 o'clock each evening. Carriages to be ordered for 11 o'clock. To-day (Saturday), January 5th, a Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime. Commences at 2 o'clock, terminates at 4. On Monday next will be performed, in English, the First and Fourth Acts of IL TROVATORE. PAREPA, LEMAIRE; SANTLEY, PATEY, SWIFT. Conductor—Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, in two acts, entitled THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX. The new grand Comic Christmas Annual, under the title of PETER WILKINS; or, Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Island. Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guiness; Pantaloons, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 229 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 229 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

THE Philharmonic Society is busy, if we are not misinformed, in reconstructing its orchestra. Only those members of the old band who are not attached to the Royal Italian Opera will (*can*) remain. Happily some of these are first-class men, some, indeed, what our French friends describe as "*hors ligne*," among them being found such players as Mr. Blagrove, Herr Becker, &c. On the other hand it is well known that several artists of the highest eminence, *not* engaged at Covent Garden, are scattered about the country. The co-operation of all or most of these, we are told, it is the intention of the Philharmonic directors to invite. Our readers are of course aware that one of the best double-bass players (Mr. Rowland), one of the best horn-players (Mr. H. Jarrett), and one of the best violinists (Mr. W. Thomas) in Europe, *the best* violoncellist (Sig. Piatti), together with such capital "fiddlers" as MM. Bezeth, Goffrie, &c., have for years seceded from the Royal Italian orchestra. They will naturally, without exception, be applied to, as well as many others of scarcely inferior talent, whom we cannot stop just now to designated by name, to fill up the vacancies caused by the desertion of the "forty," who henceforth must depend for their income upon the Opera in Bow Street, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the triennial festivals at Birmingham, Bradford and Norwich—providing, by the way, that future undertakings in Floral Hall, during the autumn months, do not ("accidentally") deprive them of the last.

For our own parts, much as we deplore the breaking up of the long-established Philharmonic band, we should still more deeply regret such a possible crisis as the ultimate breaking up of the Philharmonic Society itself. Such an event would be little short of a national calamity; though, had the directors for one instant entertained the idea of changing the days of any, *even one*, of their concerts, from Monday to Wednesday (as was *politely* suggested to them,

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in their emergency, by those very persons who precipitated that emergency), no other result could have been anticipated. A Philharmonic concert, not on a Monday (*evening*), would be no Philharmonic concert at all. But the honest work of nearly half a century is scarcely to be upset by a temporary difficulty, however perplexing; and the directors, in positively refusing to make any compromise, big or small, have acted with no less wisdom than determination. Had they conceded one point, they would soon have been asked to concede another. The difficulty, such as it is, was nevertheless, boldly confronted; and for the sake of the players themselves — who, we cannot but think, showed strange weakness in subjecting their individual liberties of action to the blind control of a despotism—we sincerely trust that the mere secession of an orchestra, no matter how excellent, may never, in a country with such vast musical resources as Great Britain be accepted as equivalent to the inevitable dissolution of a time-honoured and important musical body-corporate. Some day the musicians who have abandoned the Philharmonic to its fate, will probably find reason to regre ttheir want of *esprit de corps*—or, in other words, unanimity of sentiment—which prevented them from making a steady though respectful protest, and declining to sign away their rights as free citizens for any temptation, or in deference to any covert intimation of what might be the probable consequences of that refusal. Last year they made a resolute stand, precisely under similar circumstances.

As for orchestral performers, we verily believe there are enough in this country, at present unattached, to form another Philharmonic orchestra, and a strong one, even supposing that Professor Bennett (like Mr. Lumley, in 1846,) were left without a fiddle, drum-stick, *flauto piccolo*, or trombone.

ENGLISH composers cannot complain that English managers have done nothing for them within the last season or two. That National Opera is in the ascendant is entirely due to the energy and enterprise of the winter directors of the two great Italian houses. It is gratifying to know that English Opera has sprung from Italian speculation. But for Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden, we should certainly not now have two theatres devoted to national music. How far the two establishments may prove an advantage, depends on the judgment and discretion of the managers. These are despotic rulers, in whose hands their destinies are placed, with no fear, save from public opinion; with no check, save from public expression. No doubt the directors have a ticklish part to play. They cannot please all parties; in their desire to do so, they may realise the fable of the old man and his ass, and please nobody. There are, however, certain broad principles *to act* upon, which *à priori* would seem to constitute the basis of theatrical administration, and to depart from which would necessarily imply some fatuity or perversion of understanding. The first consideration in originating an English operatic speculation would be, we need hardly say, the production of English operas. This is self-evident and incontrovertible. If the director, nevertheless, thinks fit to vary his programme by some foreign work of celebrity, translated into the vernacular, the musical public will not object, provided the work be well adapted to the performers. In short, a good Italian or French opera, if suitable to our artists, would be just as acceptable, or nearly so, at any rate, as a new opera by a favourite native composer. No English opera perhaps was ever received with greater favour than *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, or *Gustavus*, not merely because the music was in each instance excellent, but because our singers could both sing and act. Braham's performance of the Neapolitan fisherman enhanced the magnificence of Auber's music, and although our great tenor was by no means the *beau idéal* of Scribe's brigand, his execution of the music of *Fra Diavolo* was incomparable. We may, therefore, rest satisfied that if Mr. E. T. Smith, or Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could present us with more *Masaniellos*, *Gustavuses*, or *Fra Diavolos*, the public would not complain that they were not national works, but be delighted to get them under any circumstances. Has this been the policy of the managers of English Operas either at Her Majesty's Theatre or at Covent Garden? Apparently not.

The first work produced by Mr. Smith this year, in his inaugurative undertaking of National Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, was *Robin Hood*, by Mr. Macfarren. So far so well. The second was *Queen Topaze*, an English version of a French opera, entitled *La Reine Topaze*, by M. Victor Massé, a French composer. So far so ill. The first novelty presented to the public this season by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison was *Georgette*, an English version of a French opera, entitled *Les Noces de Jeannette*, by M. Victor Massé, a French composer. What! two French operas by one French composer, produced within a week or so at the two great English Opera-houses! Precisely. Who is M. Victor Massé, the French composer, that he could so bend and sway from their line of strict obligation the managers of the national theatres, who had pledged themselves to stand by native musicians at all risks, and in defiance of all opposition (*vide* prospectuses)? Surely he must be a greater genius than Auber, Boieldieu, Herold, &c., and have written more striking and admirable works than *La Dame Blanche*, the *Pré aux Clercs*, *Fra Diavolo*, or *Lestocq*. No such thing. M. Victor Massé is a man of moderate talent, and may be reckoned among third-rate French composers. Moreover, the two productions which have exercised so profound an influence on the English directors are considered comparatively of little worth even in Paris, where they first saw the light. This is incredible! Nevertheless, there must have been something in these operas upon which Mr. Smith and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison confidently reckoned for a triumphant result. What the managers saw in M. Victor Massé's operas we cannot say; but we may assert that the elements of success were not found in the least degree either in *Georgette* or in *Queen Topaze*. Let the admirers of English opera chew upon this, and draw their own conclusions therefrom.

We have just been informed that Auber's *Domino Noir* is in active rehearsal at the Royal English Opera. We are not greatly delighted with this news. The *Domino Noir* is one of the most sparkling and exquisite works that ever adorned the scene of the Opéra Comique; but we are not quite satisfied that it will bear translation to the boards of Covent Garden. The music is too delicate, too *spirituel* for the broader sensibilities and tastes of the English public, while the characters, even more than those in the *Crown Diamonds*, demand an amount of *finesse* and finish in the acting, not to be found in our best English singers. Not that the music would not delight on its own account. In no country in the world is the genius of Auber more thoroughly appreciated than in England. But the *Domino Noir* perhaps, of all the renowned composer's operas, requires a perfect ensemble and nicety in the details, which we must not look for on the English stage. At all events, if we must

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have the *Domino Noir*, let us have it in its purity and entirety, without amalgam or alloy. Let not Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in their intense anxiety to gratify the English musical taste, attempt to recommend Auber with even the choicest seasonings of Messrs. Benedict, Brinley Richards and Tully; nor seek to lend a false brilliancy to the *finale*, by interpolating tinsel variations on some catching theme, which has neither meaning nor purpose. If Auber cannot please by his own music, no changes or additions will make him do so. Champagne will bear admixture with no other wine.

NOW that the first concert of the third season of the Musical Society of London is at hand, a suggestion or two may not be altogether out of place. The concerts should be made as nearly as possible what is termed "attractive," but at the same time they should not be without evident purpose. A new composition of some importance ought, as a *sine quâ non*, to be a feature in every programme. It is probable that, as very few trials have taken place, there is not much to be expected from their influence. Nor, by the way, have we any great faith in "trials," unless where a definite purpose is in contemplation. In what did the trial of orchestral works by the Philharmonic band last year—at the invitation, too, of the Philharmonic directors—result? Answer—"smoke." A number of pieces were carelessly gone through—once or twice, according to the sensitiveness of the composer—and from that very day forgotten. At any rate, it is notorious that not a single specimen was laid before the subscribers at any one of the six concerts.

We can hardly blame the Philharmonic Society, the peculiar nature of its constitution borne in mind, for this seeming apathy to the claims of native and living composers; but we may fairly reproach the Musical Society of London, if it produces nothing new, or revives nothing that has ill deserved neglect, in the course of the ensuing season. Novelty is expected at its hands; and if novelty be not forthcoming, people have a right to ask, and will ask, what are the precise objects of the institution.

We cannot insist too often that if the Musical Society of London aims at nothing more than holding four concerts and a couple of "conversaziones"—as they are styled—in St. James's Hall, it merely helps to illustrate the fable of the mountain and the mouse. True, it is, or promises to be, a self-supporting body, and may tell the public at large to go about its business. It don't want the public at large; in short, it has got no accommodation for the public at large, strictly so denominated. St. James's Hall is scarcely big enough to hold the fellows, associates and subscribers who propose sooner or later to become associates and fellows themselves. All this is undeniable; and yet, on the other hand, the Musical Society of London courts public sympathy, and is for this reason amenable to public criticism. It does not solely think to benefit itself by holding pleasant conversaziones and giving much pleasanter concerts for its own particular gratification. If it intended no more than that it could hardly with conscience send invitations to the press; because in that case the press would have no more business to report or chronicle its proceedings at St. James's Hall than report the private concerts and *soirées* of Lord Bareacres and the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe. We are therefore in no wise transgressing the rules of propriety in discussing the (public) acts of the Council of the Musical Society of London, and in a future number shall take the liberty of offering the "few suggestions" hinted at above.

SUMMER is certainly the season of music; the birds, the Italian singers, and the Savoyard organ-grinders, arrive in England in the spring and go away in the autumn. Perhaps the organ-grinders do not go away, but at least large numbers of them disappear from London. At the same time the Italian singers are replaced by harlequin, columbine, clown and pantaloon (for it is they who really constitute the "attraction" at our two operatic theatres just now), and in place of linnets and nightingales, we have pheasants and partridges. This last substitution may be tolerated, for we have a passion for game, and have always maintained that even the best of our singing birds do not know how to sing; how could they poor things, never having been taught? Some of them it is true, a few miserable bullfinches of German origin for instance, have received instruction, and yet these sing ten thousand times worse than the warblers of the woods, who, as long as they keep to their woods are, we admit, very charming.

We shall be glad for our part to hear that "Summer is icumen," as Mr. Chappell would say, or even that Spring is "icumen," and that audiences who love music are "icumen," and, above all, that pantomimes are "agoing." Pantomimes are like the plumpuddings of which they are the inevitable Christmas accompaniments. You can manage to digest them when you are very young, but they soon oppress you, soon bore you, and you very soon begin to hate them. Heaven forgive us for undervaluing for an instant (writing too in a London coffee-room!) the enchanting music of the birds! What was that sound which struck with deadening effect upon our ears one night last week when we ventured to enter Covent Garden after the "Marriage of Georgette" had been played? That accursed, thousand times repeated twittering of fiddles, issuing from an orchestra which five minutes before had been directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and which had actually gained a reputation second to that of no other orchestra in London! Surely the music is worthy of the drama! The twittering and strumming is as good in its way as the low buffoonery of chorus, the idiotic pleasantries of pantaloons, the unmeaning agility of harlequins. Of the columbine only it is not worthy—when the columbine happens to be pretty; pantomime music being of an ugly and grovelling character, such as can in no way be associated with female beauty.

"Children like pantomines as they are," we shall be told. But would they like them one atom the less if they were accompanied by music instead of the most vulgar noise that musical instruments can possibly produce? We think not; and we will even venture to say that lively and appropriate music of a genuine kind would make pantomimes twice as attractive as they are now to the general public, while to lovers of music they would at least cease to be the ear-piercing nuisances that they are at present.

But is not the effect of the cold on the human vocalists really very distressing? Is it not sad that we should have scarcely any singers in London just now, and that those who are here should either be unwilling to sing or unable to get any one to listen to them?

M. VIEUXTEMPS.—This celebrated violinist arrived in London yesterday, to fulfil his engagement with the Monday Popular Concerts. He leaves to-night for Glasgow, where the provincial tour, under the direction of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, is to commence. The other concerts, at all of which M. Vieuxtemps will play, are to be held at Edinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester and Liverpool, at which last town, both a morning and evening performance are announced.

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THE ORGAN.*

TWELFTH STUDY.—THE INFLUENCE OF FORM OR QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED—THE FORM OF THE MOUTHS AND TONGUES OF THE PIPES.

SINCE the vibrations, which produce the sound in an organ pipe, depend for their character on that of the vibrating apparatus, the dimensions of this apparatus in all its parts must necessarily influence the quality of the tone. In the case of pipes with mouths, as distinguished from reed pipes, it is of the greatest importance, and most essential, to make the lips exactly parallel to one another, first, for their effect on the eye, then for their effect on the ear; for if the proportions of the mouth are destroyed, it is no longer possible so to train it as to get from it those effects which are proper to it, and which it is most desirable it should produce. A low mouth, one, that is, in which the lips are at no great distance from one another, will yield a feeble sound, but a cutting quality of tone. This is due to the quick rush of the wind, which, on first issuing from the throat† of the pipe, dashes headlong against the cutting edge of the upper lip, at the very outset of its flight, and at the top of its speed. In this case the upper lip has great hold upon the current air on its first issuing from the throat of the pipe; but in proportion as the lips are removed to a greater distance from one another, the upper lip will have less hold upon this current, and the result will be a less cutting quality of tone. The higher, the more gaping a mouth is, the weaker also will be the sound emitted by it, and the quality of its tone will be then somewhat hollow and without much body, not wholly unlike the voice of a singer who opens his mouth too wide. From this defect his voice loses in vigour, and becomes dull. Perfection would seem to consist in a certain roundness of tone lying midway between the two extremes.

There is a measure for the length of the lips, which admits of no deviation, and this is, that they should be as long as the fourth part of the circumference of the pipe. But the height of the mouths, the distance—that is, from lip to lip—varies, as we have already seen, according to the nature of the stop; and the great variety of flue-pipes, open and stopped, especially in Germany, shows us how builders are able to make use of the greater or less distance of one lip from the other for the production of an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and even shades of the same. We also find in the scales or measures laid down by German and French builders, that the third or the fourth, and even two-sevenths of the length of the lips, is given for the height of the mouths of the open pipes, and that for stopped pipes, for the obvious reason that they are more dull in their sound, their mouths are opened almost to the half of the length of their lips. A difference, too, is made in determining the particular measures between the pipes of metal and those of wood, but this regards the builder only; all that it concerns us to notice is the influence that this or that particular kind of lip has upon the quality of the tone.

We have noticed the effect that follows from the lips being at a greater or less distance, when one is perpendicular to the other; we have next to consider the effect of their being at various distances in a diagonal direction. This diagonal distance has more effect, properly speaking, upon the speech of the pipe than upon the quality of its tone, though, as has been already shown, the quality of the tone does undoubtedly very closely depend upon the relative proportions of all the sound-producing parts of the pipe. We know very well that for the pipe to speak properly, or yield its true quality of tone, the air coming from the throat ought to be directed by the lower lip against the cutting edge of the upper lip. This upper lip is then made for this reason a little in arrear of the lower one, and it is the greater or less departure of the upper lip from the perpendicular line that falls between it and the lower lip which regulates the sound and quality of the tone. If the upper lip is either too much in front of the lower lip, or too much in arrear of it, the pipe will not speak at all, for the air in either case does not then get that sort of cut against the edge of the upper lip, which is absolutely necessary for it, in order that it may make the pipe speak. If this lip (the upper that is), is not far enough in arrear, within the pipe, the pipe will speak its octave; if, on the other hand, it is too far back, the pipe will be slow to speak, and in both these ways the quality of tone is very sensibly modified.

From what has been now said, it will be clearly seen that the wind may be said to find the centre of its action in the mouth of the pipe. The lips are subject to a perpetual and not inconsiderable tremulous motion, which would very soon change their form unless they were made thicker than the rest of the pipe, and that more especially about the base of the mouth. Some builders even, for the sake of greater solidity, edge the mouths of their open metal pipes with a thin plate of metal fixed at right angles to each extremity of the mouth. This they are obliged to do in the case of their stopped metal pipes, because otherwise they would not be able to tune them, the tuning of these pipes being effected either by pressing these plates of metal, or *ears*, as they are called, closer together, or by separating them further apart.

After the lips, we have to consider that part of the vibrating apparatus which is called the language. This is a small piece of metal which, according as it is set at a greater or less distance from the lower lip, and according to the angle which it makes with it, has a most material influence on the character of the sound. Its edge, by almost meeting the lower lip, forms, with it, the throat of the pipe, and the more cutting this edge is, the more cutting also will be the quality of the tone. Its thickness is a matter of considerable importance; for if it were too thin it would yield to the pressure of the wind, and though it might not lose it hold, it would at least get out of place and lose its proper position exactly opposite the lower lip. Hence it is better to make it of tin than lead, because tin is less flexible and less easily oxidised by the air than lead. In thickness it should be about the third of the height of the mouth, and it should be inclined to the lower lip at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is quite as important for the language to be parallel to the lower lip as it is for the lips to be parallel the one to the other. Its office is to direct the current of air against the upper lip. If then the language is inclined at too great an angle to the lip, the air will be directed by it into the body of the pipe and not against the lip; if it is not inclined enough, the air will be directed by it wholly outside the pipe; if, again, the language is depressed on one side, and raised up on the other, it will no longer be of any use at all as a means for directing the current of air. Hence, the least movement in the language from its true position has great influence on the sound, and consequently on the quality of the tone, for if it is so inclined as to direct the air too much to the inside of the pipe, the quality of the tone will become dull and unmusical; if too much to the outside of the pipe, the quantity of the sound will not be so great in amount, and the quality of the tone will become hard and wanting in body. If the language is too near the lip, so as to form with it too narrow a throat, the pipe will not be supplied with a proper quantity of sound, and hence its quality of tone not being in proportion to its scale, will be wanting in sufficient body of sound; if the language, on the contrary, is too far removed from the lip, it will make the throat too large, and, in this case, the quantity of wind, which it will allow to escape, will be more than the vibrating apparatus requires for its proper action, and hence the quality of tone will again become not only unmusical, but also what is technically called windy. The same effect will be produced if there are too many of those teeth or notches, which it is necessary to make in the edge of the language in order that the pipe may speak with greater promptness. If these notches are only lightly marked it will not be difficult to obtain a biting quality of tone; if they are cut deep and near together, they will have a very considerable influence in diminishing the force of the air, because by their roughness they will put a hindrance in the way of its passing freely through the throat. In general, if the throat is too narrow, the pipe has great difficulty in speaking, but when it will speak well under such straitened circumstances, the quality of its tone will be much more clear and keen; when, on the contrary, this same aperture is only a little too wide, the sound and quality of tone will be somewhat more mellow, but the quality will lose something of its keenness, and be deficient both in steadiness and vigour.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

† This is perhaps more commonly called the wedge.

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In the reed pipes, the vibrating apparatus, the reed, that is, and all that is necessary for the proper sounding of the tongue, have no less an influence on the quality of their tone than that which is necessary for their speech in the pipes, of which we have been just speaking. Shortness in the reed* is the cause of sweetness and thinness in the quality, length in the same enables builders to put strong tongues, the tone of which will be equal in brightness to its strength. "It is remarkable," says Dom Bédos, "that reeds varying in length find favour with all the most skilful builders..... So made, they must of necessity yield sounds differing from one another in power, and each sound good in its kind. Without pretending to decide which system is best; whether, that is, it is better to use long or short reeds, I certainly think that short reeds are better for organs intended for small churches, because in their case the builder is obliged to voice them soft. Large reeds require to be voiced loud, and therefore they would have a very good effect in large churches."

The hardness of the tongues, attained by cold beating, and their thickness, are also an important element towards forming the quality of the tone of reed pipes. If the tongue is harder than it ought to be the quality will be also hard, poor and feeble if the tongue is also feeble. "If they are much beaten," says our author, "they must be smaller than if they are only moderately beaten, or not beaten at all. As in the flue pipes, it is necessary for the lips to be exactly parallel to one another and to the language, so also in the case both of *striking* reeds and *free* reeds, regularity of movement in the tongues, and an exact proportion between their length and thickness, are most essential elements towards purity and brightness in the quality of their tone. This observation, taken together with what has been said about the reed and its parts, the vibrations of which perform the same office as those of the column of air in the open or stopped flue pipes, makes it quite evident that if the smaller pipe of such stops yields a fine and thin quality of tone, the small tongues of reed pipes will yield also a quality of tone every way analogous to this. In fact, the quality depends on the mass of air made to vibrate, and the mass of air made to vibrate depends on the size of the tongue; the greater, then, the surface of the tongue striking the air, the greater, also, the column of air made to vibrate under its blows. From this follows a singular phenomena, which science finds it more easy to attest than to account for, and this is, that though the length and thickness of the tongues act very powerfully upon the pitch of reed pipes, so as even to make it vary a note higher or lower, their breadth acts upon nothing but the quality of their tone. And hence it is certain, that, however much the breadth of the tongue is either increased or diminished, as long as the length and thickness of it remain the same, the number of the vibrations will remain the same also, and, consequently, that the note or pitch of the pipe will not vary. All the difference that will arise from this variation in the breadth either way will be, that narrowness in the tongue will yield the quality of tone of all the finer kinds of scales, and that breadth will yield that of all those scales which allow to the wind a fuller and more ample range, while an exact proportion between the parts will assure to them both roundness and vigour. In all these respects there is so great a correspondence between reed pipes and open or stopped flue pipes, that what is said of the one class may with equal propriety be said of the other.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The only thing in the shape of novelty announced at this theatre is two acts of the *Trovatore*, in English, with which the performances commence on Monday. Our operatic readers will be glad to learn that all obstacles to the speedy production of Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* are effectually brushed away.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine* is announced to be produced on Monday next with Miss Louisa Pyne, *vice* Miss Parepa, in the principal character. Auber's *Domino Noir* is in rehearsal, and there is still some rumour about M. Gounot's *Faust*. In the meanwhile the public are getting impatient to know when Mr. Balfe's *Bianca* is to be produced.

* This is called the beak in German building manuals. A better term, as giving rise to less confusion.

Letters to the Editor.

MUSICAL SIGNS.

SIR,—Having for several years past followed the musical profession, and having experienced from time to time considerable annoyance in reading music, consequent upon the inaptness of musical signs to express things signified, I have thought it desirable, through the medium of your valuable paper, to lay before the musical world generally a few ideas, which, if carried out in future publications, would, I flatter myself, much help the profession and musical public.

First and foremost then, I will commence with the *slur* ⁀ intended at present for a twofold duty, and consequently often confounded with the *bind*. Now, could we not have the *bracket* ⌊‾⌋ instead of the slur for the tye or bind, and hence get rid of occasional ambiguity? Professor Bennett's is, I believe, the only music in which I find it employed; but why should it not be universally adopted and printed? Next, I would suggest a more definite signature—why should not a minor key be made evident at a glance, that the amateur who may know but very little of the theory of music, and yet have practised the scales, be without the least doubt as to the *mode* in which a piece of music may *be*, or in which it may at least *commence*.* I will next suggest a new character in lieu of the clumsy double flat at present used. Can we not have a *new* sign? say a character like this— 𝄫 or 𝄬;—would not this be an improvement? I now come to the stave, the highest and lowest lines of which are often made ambiguous through the joining ledger lines together above and below it; but perhaps we cannot alter the stave itself; but if the bad practice of joining the ledger lines together were discontinued, and the notes written a little more widely apart, difficulty in reading from that cause would, I feel sure, be done away with. The next alteration I desire is the carrying the bar line *down* through both staves, as in the foreign publications. Our crotchet rest also is not as *definite* as the foreigners. Look at 𝄽 and look at 𝄽. You see our foreign friend is supplied with a *tail*, as well as *head*, hence more definite. I am also an advocate for a new double sharp sign, unless we adopt the foreign fingering 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, as the double sharp sign being too much like the × for the thumb, a change either of the former or the latter seems desirable; perhaps this—♯♯ for a double sharp might be considered an improvement; but the change to the foreign fingering would please me best.

Trusting that my communication may at least have the effect of agitating these questions, and that the subject may be handled by those more able than myself, allow me to remain, with an apology for my perhaps too lengthy letter, yours obliged, a constant reader of your little publication,

PHILHARMONIC.

ORGAN IMPROVEMENTS.

SIR,—Perhaps the following additions, which I made to my organ about thirteen years since, may be found of service to some of your readers; I therefore send the description for insertion in the MUSICAL WORLD. At the *back* of the pedal *naturals* I added a raised piece similar to that upon the sharps. This addition facilitates the execution of *some* pedal passages, the heel being used as the toe is on the sharps. The position of these raised pieces is such as not to interfere with the ordinary method of pedalling. At the same time I contrived the following plan for leaving both feet at liberty for the pedals when using the swell. To the seat is attached a firm back, like the back of a chair. This back is fixed to a bar of iron, which bar is attached to the back of the seat, and is parallel with it. The bar moves, or revolves, in sockets, also fixed to the seat at each end. At one end of the bar is an arm, standing at right angles, and at the end of this arm is a cord, or chain, which, running under pulleys fixed to the floor, and there connected with the swell pedal, enables the player, by mere pressure of his back, to open the swell shutters, both his feet being at liberty for his pedals. It is difficult, I fear, to make the plan perfectly comprehensible by description alone; but as you are not in the habit of adding illustrations to the MUSICAL WORLD, I do not forward a sketch, but shall be happy to give any further information to your readers who may be interested in the matter. I am, Sir, yours truly,

Sidmouth, Dec. 26. N. S. HEINEKEN.

P.S.—Of course instead of the simple cord or chain a lever might be used.

* For the minor keys the signature would be better with the minor 3rd, and minor 6th, and sharp 7th for sharp keys, as, for example, A minor; and flat 3rd, flat 6th, and natural 7th for flat keys, as in F minor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SIR,—I wish you would urge the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, who so wisely eschew mediocrity in their selections of instrumental pieces, to extend a like rule to the vocal portion of their entertainments. I, a lover of good music, have attended the two recent —— nights, with, so far as the instrumental concert was concerned, unmixed delight; but in both the pleasant flow of the evening was broken by an ill-advised selection of vocal music. On the latter occasion Miss —— sang a song by ——, and on the former Miss —— one by ——, of the abstract merits of which perhaps the less said the better; but their merits (and especially this applies to the last-named song) relatively to the instrumental pieces may be characterised by one word—twaddle. Now I venture to think this a mistake, and I am the more convinced that it is so, by contrasting the effect which both the above ladies produced in their second songs, over the selection of which a better genius had presided. Their first efforts fell flat, as they deserved to do; while their second songs roused and delighted the audience.

I venture to trouble you with this; for, as an overworked professional man to whom music is his only relaxation, I am anxious that nothing should mar the success of the Popular Concerts.

I am, your obedient servant,

M. D.

P.S.—I do not, of course, mean to dispute Messrs. ——'s undoubted talent; nay, I admit the songs in question are good enough as drawing-room music, and also that their composers are capable of much better things.

[We have inserted the above letter in a spirit of eclecticism, but we disagree altogether with its contents, in their application to those composers whose names we have purposely omitted.—ED. M. W.]

Provincial.

THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS in the larger towns and cities of the provinces are about to receive a great accession to their strength in a series of Monday Popular Concerts, to be given at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bradford, Manchester and Liverpool. These admirable performances, conducted with so much spirit, judgment, and skill, cannot fail to exercise a healthy influence on the provincial taste, which, doubtless, needs invigoration from some purer source than ill-digested operas, oratorios inefficiently executed, or chance miscellaneous concerts. That the same energy which has been all along so conspicuous at St. James's Hall, will be carried into the country, may be argued from the first programme of the inaugural provincial series:—

Part I.—Quartet in G No. 1 (dedicated to Haydn), Mozart; song, "Name the glad day" (canzonet), Dussek; Prelude, Sarabande and Gavotte, for violoncello, J. S. Bach; song, "The Bellringer," Wallace; Sonata in E flat, No. 3, Op. 29, Beethoven. Part II.—Sonata in B flat, No. 1, Op. 69, for violin and piano, Dussek; Song, "Ah! why do we love?" Macfarren; song, "I'm a roamer," Mendelssohn; quartet in B flat, No. 6, Op. 18, Beethoven.

The instrumental performers are, M. Vieuxtemps, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, Signor Piatti and M. Charles Hallé; the vocalists, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss. M. Charles Hallé is conductor, a guarantee that the Monday Popular Concerts will lose nothing of their metropolitan *prestige* in their temporary removal to the provinces. "It is intended," writes the published analytic programme of the provincial series, "to follow up this inaugurative series with others of a similar character, and at convenient intervals to solicit the approving verdicts of provincial audiences for those programmes which elicited the most marked favour at St. James's Hall."—At the last of the Saturday Concerts in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington sang, as did also Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Weiss and Signor Sarti. The attractions of the concert were further enhanced by the performance of M. Sainton on the violin, and M. Lemmens on the harmonium. We read good accounts in the local journals of the Christmas-eve performance of the *Messiah* at the Town Hall, Leeds. The singers were, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mrs. Sunderland, who shared the soprano music; Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley and Mr. Inkersall. "The very crowded audience," writes the *Leeds Intelligencer*, "that overflowed the Town Hall showed, in their earnestness of demeanour and decorous attention, that ardent love of Handel's masterpiece for which Yorkshire has been famous during a century. Their expectations were handsomely fulfilled; for the whole of the music was sung with such rich vocal quality, so thorough a knowledge of the text, and such genial sympathy with the majestic subject, as to make up a performance which we think in the present day has been never surpassed." As all the praise is bestowed on the Choral Union and the soloists, and not one word said of the orchestra—an oversight, surely, in an article nearly a column long—we may take for granted that the band was superior to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. That the writer, nevertheless, has peculiar opinions on the subject of music, we think, may be seen in the following speculations which occur at the conclusion of his notice:—

"We have no wish to select any points which might be improved, especially because the grandeur of Christmas-eve's oratorio was due more than anything else to the unanimous spirit and sympathy of the singers with the poetry they were singing; and this consciousness gives us the opportunity to enter our protest against any other motive power being allowed to take precedence. Handel never wrote his sacred music to vindicate the science of sound, and stop there; but, catching from Nature the harmony which is to genius as the breath of God, he chained it down to a lifeless scroll, that he might preserve to men the memory of their forgotten emotions, and develope, in grand harmony, the heart-binding personality of God. We congratulate our talented conductor, then, on the artistic finish and vocal wealth of his Choral Union, but we beg of him, and of them, to let every performance of the *Messiah* rise higher and still higher, in spiritual warmth and expression, than the point it worthily attained to on Christmas-eve."

This is the *bonâ fide* "transcendental" style. Another performance of the *Messiah* was given in the same locality on the Saturday previous to the Leeds Town-hall Concert Society, in which the principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Witham, Miss Crossland, Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Weiss, the band being the West Riding Orchestral Union, and the chorus the Leeds Madrigal Society's Concert Choir. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as conductor, and Mr. Spark presided at the organ. The performance, though not spoken of in such lavish terms, appears to have been more than creditable. Mr. Weiss particularly seems to have created a great sensation. "The fine and well-cultivated bass voice of Mr. Weiss," says the *Intelligencer*, "gave a degree of grandeur and sublimity to his singing, which roused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. His powers of declamation were finely displayed in the air, 'Why do the nations furiously rage together?' The eminent basso achieved a decided triumph, and the piece was loudly encored."—The musical public of WORCESTER, evidently not so exacting as Leeds, rests content with "selections" from the *Messiah* instead of the whole work—not at all complimentary, by the way, to a city pertaining to the Festival of the Three Choirs. The two Christmas Concerts at the Music Hall were but thinly attended. The performance of *Maritana* and the *Trovatore* at the theatre on the previous Wednesday, with Miss Fanny Reeves and Mr. Elliot Galer, as soprano and tenor, was more attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean are announced to appear in *The Wife's Secret* on Wednesday next.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, in his amusing hebdomadal contribution, under the head of "Metropolitan Gossip," thus alludes to the death of Mr. Alfred Bunn:—

"However, as far as the British lion is concerned, the leap-year has jumped into the gulf of eternity in a blaze of triumph, as poor Bunn used to say, the once radiant Alfred having himself gone out, and it is to be hoped gone up, in an illumination of wax candles, Roman candles, of course; for the author of the 'Light of other days' died in that faith whereof commercial splendour forms a potential element. With what gusto Bunn used to tell the tale of the pyrotechnist on whose tomb a sorrowing and admiring friend inscribed the ingeniously alarming epitaph:—'He is gone where only his own fireworks can be excelled!' Let us trust that the same professional aspiration is applicable to Bunn's case now, but with a difference in the degrees of latitude and temperature. There has been no such secession from Thames to Tiber since the time of his operatic friend, Ambrogetti, the once magnificent baritone and lady-killing Apollo of the King's Theatre, and who, retiring in the prime of life and the heyday of fortune from the boards, became a brother of La Trappe, preferring that order perhaps in memory of his great

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character Giovanni, in which he used to make his subterranean exit down the stage in a cataract of brimstone brilliancy and a whirlwind of unearthly music, including the catcall cry of that sad dog Leporello, and the horse-laugh of the equestrian marble statue. Unlike the Italian, however, King Alfred became no anchorite in his retirement, and was probably as little of an ascetic as the abdicated Charles V., who used to fast in the monastery of Yuste on sixteen courses of fish, and carp at every one of them if its sauces were not more piquant than of the one preceding. Bunn had troops of friends, but wasn't without crowds of enemies, beginning perhaps with another Giovanni, though not an harmonious one, for he was notorious for the creation of family jars and domestic discords among flats and sharps, namely—the late "dark and imperious Earl," Fitzhardinge, who, when Colonel Berkeley, raised a fatal Cresswell Cresswellised flame in the heart of Alfred's rib, the once beautiful Margaret Agnes Somerville, whose Belvidera and Bianca divided the town with Miss O'Neill's, while her portraiture of the petrified Perdita would put Pygmalian ardour in a bosom of flint—ætat 21, when gentlemen arrive at years of indiscretion, and may make fools of themselves according to act of parliament, provided they can pay for their capers. "Why should a man ever be more than one and twenty?" as Farren used to say, with such poignant drollery, in Bunn's! own masterly play of the *Minister and the Mercer*, with Dowton for the shopkeeper, and the other incomparable comedian as the diplomatist. Alack, why indeed? Echo answers why; but the wherefore sticks in Echo's throat, like the Amen in Macbeth's; and for the same reason; because the utterance is garotted by thoughts associated with the lachrymatory ducts and sentimental pocket-handkerchiefs, which perhaps it is a crying shame to introduce at this hilarious season, with *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, scarcely half-a-dozen days off, and when every gill-filling Jack will say with Sir Toby,—"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!" Bunn should not have died hereafter. Any delay in his final farewell of the scene of life would not have been for his benefit; and it is creditable to his management that he shuffled off the mortal coil instead of dragging it, like a wounded snake, any longer. The sight of this year's pantomimes, all over London, would have put him to tortures more terrible than the throat-rattle agony of his old foe, Macready, in what Ducrow used to call the pint of pisin (poison) business in *King John*. Ghost of Mother Goose, skeleton of Grimaldi, only to behold the appalling death's head and cross-bones contortions and grimaces of wooden brain lumbering body and dumpling visage that now pass for pleasantry, and are accepted as such by our poppy-headed public! Preadamite jokes, antediluvian tricks, fossilised fun that must have been antiquated when Methuselah was in petticoats, spasmodic humour that would give an ostrich a strychniafied stomach-ache to swallow a grain of, are thrust before our many-headed monster, Mr. Bull, who absorbs it all, in the manner of the Lord Wodehouse's ancestor, the Dragon of Wantley, who thought nothing of a cowhouse, a sheepfold, and a couple of church-steeples for breakfast. The extravaganzas are burlesques on amusement, calculated only to entertain a misanthrope who finds pleasure in that most terrible of mundane spectacles more shocking than a rouged corpse—imbecility masquerading in what it believes to be wit. But we are in an age of progress: whither? That's the point; and stinging and barbed that point is, Penny newspapers multiply; and penny wisdom suffices the sagacity of our wiseacres.

In noticing the performance of Miss Helena Walker in the *Messiah* at Sheffield last Wednesday week, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* says:—"Miss Helena Walker made her first appearance in this town, and from the manner in which she acquitted herself, there is little doubt but her services will be required on future occasions. Her voice is a soprano of the purest quality; and she sings with that simplicity and distinctness of articulation which always finds a response in her audience. She sang the two airs, 'rejoice greatly' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and it was difficult whether to admire most, the animated brilliancy of the former, or the profound and touching pathos exhibited in the latter."

A concert was given in the Town Hall, Brentford, on Thursday evening, the 20th ult. (*writes a Correspondent*), in connection with the Literary Club. The programme was such as is not often heard at a provincial concert. The part songs, &c., by the full choir, included "The hardy Norseman," "Now is the month of maying," "When winds breathe soft," "Sleep gentle lady," &c., and a solo glee by the conductor, Mr. C. J. Cross—"Beautiful night." Mr. Humphrey declaimed Purcell's "Come if you dare," with much force and vigour. The single-voiced glees were Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," and Mendelsshon's "Nightingale," both well given. Two glees for male voices—Hâartels, "The Miller's daughter," and Mendelsshon's "Love and wine,"—were given with spirit. Miss Jane Palmer sang Haydn's air, "She never told her love," Mr. Evans the ballad in *Robin Hood*, "My own my guiding star," Miss Saunders "The convent cell," from the *Rose of Castile*, and Mrs. Harriet Lee, Mr. Macfarren's ballad, "The beating of my own heart." Mrs. Lee being encored, substituted "Rory O'More," which she sang without copy of the music or words. In the midst of one of the verses she suddenly forgot the words, which led to much merriment, on the part of the audience, in which the lady joined heartily, and beginning the verse again, arrived without interruption at the end. Mr. Cross sang the old song, "The leather bottle," and also a medley. The concert was conducted by the last-named gentleman. The Town Hall was crowded inevery part. It is gratifying to hear that the Brentford Literary Club is in a flourishing condition.

The Christmas performances of the *Messiah* have not been confined to England, nor even to southern Scotland. From the *Aberdeen Express* we learn that Handel's oratorio was performed at the Music Hall in the great northern Scotch city, on Friday, the 28th ult., the success of which appears to have been beyond all precedent. The notice of our Caledonian contemporary is sufficiently interesting to warrant us in laying it almost *in extenso* before our readers, more especially as it was the first appearance of Miss Augusta Thomson in her native country, and the first time of her singing the soprano music of the *Messiah* entire, which, doubtless, her friends will be glad to peruse.

Rarely has the Music Hall presented so brilliant an appearance as on Friday evening last, when an audience of fully two thousand were assembled at seven o'clock, in the expectation that, at that hour, the overture to Handel's *Messiah* would then be commenced. As the minutes glided on, without any signs of the orchestra being occupied, tokens of impatience began to be exhibited, which, after some time, were somewhat allayed by the choristers taking their places, but which again broke forth at intervals, until at twenty-five minutes after time, the band, Miss Augusta Thomson (soprano), Miss Clara Mackenzie (alto), Mr. George C. Cooper (tenor), and the conductor made their appearance, when the latter made an excuse for the delay, by placing an empty chair in a prominent position on the orchestra. The truth was that Mr. Weiss, the bass solo, had but that moment arrived. He had missed the train at Stirling, and had telegraphed so; and the directors had instantly ordered a special train to bring him on, which only arrived in Aberdeen while the audience were assembled. Of the soloists, neither the soprano, contralto, nor tenor had been heard in Aberdeen before, and considerable anxiety was manifested as to how Miss Augusta Thomson would acquit herself, the latter having achieved an undoubted reputation on the Continent and in London. After a few recitatives, which proved her to possess a distinct articulation, the first air, "Rejoice greatly," calculated to test her powers as a vocalist and interpreter of Handel, was given with great purity, and showed that she was fully qualified for her work. No liberties were taken with the text, either here or in the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which was sung with perfection throughout, and which, if encores were at all allowable, richly deserved it. The shrinking of humanity at the passage, "And tho' worms destroy this body," and the confident assurance immediately succeeding, in "Yet in my flesh," was most feelingly given, and the ascending passage leading up to G, "For now is Christ risen," was admirably sustained. The ascent to B flat at the close of "Come unto Him," now traditionally allowable, was given with great ease and freedom. Her voice, though not powerful, is remarkably clear and ringing, especially in the higher notes, and in florid music her vocalisation was all that could be wished. The musical public of Aberdeen will gladly welcome back Miss Thomson, and her musical skill and vivacity of manner will always ensure her numerous admirers. Miss Clara Mackenzie is new as a soloist, and possesses a pure contralto voice of sweet and good tone, and of considerable power in its lower notes; her singing of the air, "He was depised," showed that she possessed much feeling. With a little more animation in her manner, and increased cultivation of her voice, Miss Mackenzie will captivate those who are not led away by the superior brilliancy and point of the soprano part. In the opening recitative, Mr. Cooper proved his fitness for interpreting Handel's music. In the recitative "Thy rebuke," and in the two airs, "Behold and see," and "Thou shalt break them," he made a most favourable impression. Mr. Weiss has been heard here before, and save towards the end,

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and particularly in "The trumpet shall sound," betrayed no symptoms of fatigue consequent on his long journey. Perhaps his most effective appearance was in the fine air, "Why do the nations," which he sung with great vigour, and which was deservedly much admired. Three quartets were given, the first, "Their sound is gone out" (being the only piece encored throughout the performance), "Since by man," and "For as in Adam." The Choral Union sustained their established credit. True, there were one or two slips in time,—speedily rectified, and excusable in the circumstances, but such choruses as "Behold the Lamb," "For unto us," "All we like sheep," showed that they were still under the able guidance of their conductor, Mr. Latter, who must be congratulated on his triumphant performance. With such a chorus and conductor, and such an organist as Mr. Baker, no fears need be entertained of a lack of sterling music amongst us, and the establishment of a numerous and efficient band of instrumentalists would dissipate any fears which could be entertained as to the success of any future performances. It is evident, by the large audiences which attend the concerts given by the Union, and by the general satisfaction expressed regarding the present performance, that they will be supported. The vocal force on the occasion numbered between 220 and 240 voices, and the instrumentalists from 30 to 40.

MENDELSSOHN AND THE GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.

MENDELSSOHN had a clear theoretic insight into the character of the national melody; he has even, as it is well known, written national songs, with the intention of concentrating in them the style and spirit of the popular melodies. We cannot find this in any of the great masters who preceded him. And again, he comprehended the people's song in its historical signification. As he was not only a creative, but also a critical and inquiring spirit, this comprehension was, from the beginning, a condition of the most remarkable of his artistic organisation. The national song had been rendered insipid, by the imitators of the Viennese tone-school; the musical romanticists had perverted it with mannerism; but to him it was the most natural thing to go back to the purer original forms, that have been handed down to us from an earlier period. This was like the successful efforts of the sagacious poets, Arnim, Brentano, Uhland, &c., who transferred the simple form and manner of expression of the songs of the middle ages, to their new, thoughtfully written ballads; indeed, in singing the well-known Minne-song, or his song of "Parting," the same spirit is breathed around us which we enjoy in the works of the abovementioned poets. We must not be surprised that this decisive change in the history of music took place some time after the literary revolution; it was long after the poets that the musicians stepped out from the period of naïve creation, and decidedly fixed their position in unity with the revolution in culture of the entire nation. And so it is, that through Mendelssohn, the German people's song, in a deep historical sense, has been re-found; and that, in him, the twilight impulse—to seek in national melody creative strength for musical production—which seems to influence our newest music, ripened, in him, to conscious deed.

Is it not a national disgrace, that the Germans should be contending with the Parisians in their superficial opera style, their fancies, studies and rondos,—forgetting those sublime forms of art, springing from the depths of the German mind—the oratorio, the symphony, sonata, quartet? In this Mendelssohn was essentially a national composer; he made it the aim of his life to reinstate these noble forms in all their ancient honour. And so it happened, that he easily fell into frosty elegance, when he at times composed "saloon music." But when he composed a German song, a sonata, or a church piece, his heart warmed to his work. Let this be a lesson and a warning to others!

Mendelssohn did his best to give to his large works the greatest possible finish,—but he was, notwithstanding, most finished in his smaller works—in his songs; and this is not his least fame. The German song, from the artless national melody up to the verses of Heine, coquetting with the national style, and over-civilised at heart, has been as genially, as nobly sung by Mendelssohn as by Mozart and Schubert. The grey-haired Goethe once laid his hand on the boy Mendelssohn, in whom he took delight. And the serious old master, Cherubini, gave the youth, in weighty words, his recommendation to an artistic career; it must have been the *Song Composer* Mendelssohn, upon whom Goethe's hand rested, and of whom Cherubini pronounced prophetic words of praise. But we take it as a promising sign of the times, that the most national tone-poet of the present has only been completely, freely, genially creative in the—little song.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—A musical entertainment of a novel kind, entitled, *Light and Shade, or Photographing and Spirit-Rapping*, was produced at the above rooms on Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. Willott, for the purpose of exhibiting the vocal and histrionic talents of Mad. Lancia and Mr. Augustus Braham in a diversity of styles. The entertainment has been written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and the music composed and arranged by Mr. J. T. Haines. This little affair is not without a certain degree of merit, and no doubt will meet with success in the provinces, for which it is especially intended. We cannot, however, help thinking that the admirable and varied talents of Mad. Lancia might be turned to far more profitable account. Burlesque vocalisation can hardly tend to improve an artist whose *forte* lies in earnest and impassioned singing, and who, whatever her capabilities may be, must find her progress interfered with by such trivial exercitations. Mad. Lancia, who is very young, should rather turn her attention to perfecting her style and method, and making herself, what she should be, one of the leading dramatic singers in England. Even on Saturday, although introduced in the most worthless characters, and having to sing music of the most commonplace kind, she could not conceal that native grace and ease, and that impulsiveness, which distinguish her from all artists on the English stage. Mad. Lancia's best efforts—because more in her immediate line—were the cavatina "Ah forsé è lui," from *La Traviata*, and the grand scena of Abigail from *Attila*, both of which she gave with great force and animation. Mr. Augustus Braham exhibited capital mimetic powers, and gave his songs with remarkable vigour and energy, all but "Oft in the stilly night," which he sang throughout *sotto voce*, and which perhaps was his best achievement. The entertainment was repeated last night, but we doubt if it will be given again in London. The company on both occasions was more select than numerous.

M. CHARLES TAMBURINI, son of the celebrated singer, who served as a volunteer in the late campaigns in Lombardy and Sicily, has been appointed a captain in the Piedmontese army. The promotion is the more merited, that he abandoned a good position in Paris to serve the Italian cause.—*Morning Chronicle.*

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Schubert), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Maiden and the River" (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Song, "The very Angels weep" (Mozart) Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella (Bach), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for Violin and Pianoforte (Beethoven), M. VIEUXTEMPS and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Song, "Come back to me" (Henry Smart), Miss LASCELLES. Canzonet, "Zuleika" (Mendelssohn), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in E major, No. 559, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Haydn), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

M. VIEUXTEMPS will make his SECOND APPEARANCE on Monday, Jan. 21.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.
Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street; And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—Crowded houses every performance. Every evening at 8, and Two Day Performances on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3. Tickets may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly, from 10 till 5. Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. No bonnets are allowed in the Stalls. Books of the Words, 6d. each. Change of Programme, including Operatic Selections from Lucrezia Borgia, Trovatore and La Sonnambula.
"The most unique and varied entertainment in London."

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to inform their pupils and friends they have REMOVED to 32 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

MR. and MRS. LOCKEY beg to inform their Friends, Pupils, and the Public, they have removed to Prospect Villas, Forest Hill, S.E.

MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce, that they have removed to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where they will continue to give lessons on the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce that she has REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

HERR MAURICE NABICH begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season.
Communications to be addressed to 3 Grove Terrace, Grove Road, Forest Hill.

MUSICAL WORLD NEWSPAPER

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BOOSEY & SONS' LIST OF POPULAR PIANOFORTE and DANCE MUSIC, by the most celebrated Composers.

N.B.—The Dance Music is all illustrated in Colours by BRANDARD and PACKER.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

'Twas He my only Thought, from Bianca.
Gold Rules the World, from Bianca.
What Sunshine Bright, from Bianca.
The Marriage of Georgette.
The Skipper and his Boy.
Come into the Garden Maud.
Santa Maria, from Dinorah.
The Shadow Air, from Dinorah.
The Power of Love, from Satanella.
Thou art so Near, (Reichardt).

KUHE.

Bianca, Fantaisie Brillante.
Bianca, Galop de Bravura.
Dinorah, Fantaisie de Concert.
Dinorah, Fantaisie Brillante.
Satanella, Valse de Concert.
Satanella, Fantaisie Brillante.
Zampa, Fantaisie Brillante.
Domino Noir, Fantaisie Brillante.
Robert le Diable, Fantaisie Brillante.
Rigoletto, Fantaisie Brillante.
Schubert's Ave Maria.
Schubert's Serenade.

ASCHER.

Toujours Gai, Galop Brillant.
Les Cloches du Village.
Thou art so Near (Reichardt).
Dinorah, Illustration.
Les Vepres Siciliennes, ditto.
Un Ballo in Maschera, (Nocturne).

T. MAUSS.

Merrily over the Snow (Schloesser).
De Corsaire Galop Brillant.
Mourmahal, (Nocturne).

EMILE BERGER.

Notre Dame Romance, Illustrated.
Campanella Mazurka.
Fantaisie on Balfe's Bianca.
Selection from Bianca, Illustrated.
Selection from Satanella, ditto.
Selection from Dinorah, ditto.
Selection from Martha, ditto.

MADAME OURY.

Bianca Fantaisie Brillante.
Santa Lucia.
Auld Robin Gray.
Souvenirs d'Ecosse.
Fantaisie on Jacobite Airs.

BENEDICT.

Albion, Fantaisie on English Airs.
Erin, Fantaisie on Irish Airs.
Caledonia, Fantaisie on Scotch Airs.

TALEXY.

Satanella Polka Mazurka.
Dinorah Polka Mazurka.
Eva Polka Mazurka.

NORDMANN.

Evening with Meyerbeer.
Evening with Balfe.
Evening with Christy's Minstrels.

LAURENT.

Bianca Waltz, Illustrated.
Bianca Quadrille, ditto.
Bianca Polka, ditto.
Bianca Galop, ditto.
Spring Buds Waltz, ditto.
Margaretta Waltz, ditto.
Daisy Waltz, ditto.
Christmas Waits Quadrille, ditto.
Lord Lovel's Waltz, ditto.
Beloved Star Waltz, on Thou art so near.

BURCKHARDT.

New Year's Quadrille, Illustrated.
Ramsgate Sands Quadrille, ditto.
Serpentine Quadrille, ditto.
Bal Masque Quadrille, ditto.
Knickerbocker's Polka, ditto.
Dream of the Rose Waltz.

MARRIOTT.

Colleen Bawn Waltz, Illustrated.
Woman in White Waltz, ditto.
Don Pasquale Waltz.
Waterfall Galop.

DR. MARK and his LITTLE MEN are now in London for One Week only. First Concert, To-night, at the Great ST. JAMES'S HALL. Doors open at half-past 7. The Second Concert on Monday afternoon at half-past 2. Third concert on Tuesday Evening, January 15th, and every evening during the week. Day performances on Thursday and Saturday Afternoons.

Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s., which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library 33, Old Bond Street, W.

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—This Evening, C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST, and selections from "Dinorah," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," &c. After which, the ETHIOPIANS, consisting of Seventeen performers, organised expressly for this establishment, for the performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Comic and Sentimental, with Negro Delineations, Anecdotes, &c., in addition to the usual entertainment. The Fine Arts Gallery is open from Eleven a.m. till Twelve p.m.

TO MUSICAL DIRECTORS. — An experienced VIOLINIST of great eminence having returned to town lately, is open to an engagement either as Solo or Orchestral performer. Testimonials, if required, from the *élite* of the profession. Address, A. S., 6, Marlbey Place, South Lambeth.

WANTED, Good TENORS, BARITONES, and BASS SINGERS. Six or Twelve Months certain. All letters post-paid. Apply to Mr. Edward Weston, Music Hall, Holborn.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION gave the inaugurative concert of a new series, on Monday evening, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall. The various works of our best English part-song writers of the olden as well as modern times were sung with most praiseworthy precision and expression by those practised performers, Miss Eyles, Miss Wells, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cumming, Mr. Lawler, assisted and directed by the zealous and indefatigable Mr. Land, to whose enterprising spirit and musicianly ability it is not too much to say that the London Glee and Madrigal Union is largely indebted for its present position as a national artistic institution. Five encores in one short concert ought certainly to prove the popularity of this species of entertainment, and on the present occasion demands for repetition which would take no denial were elicited by Hook's fresh and genial Vauxhall song, "I never loved any, dear Mary, but you," sung by Mr. W. Cumming; Sir Henry Bishop's quintet, "Blow gentle gales," executed by all the members of the union; Miss Eyle's capital version of "Oh, mother, a hoop, a hoop," the words of which, though more than a century and a half old, are perfectly applicable to the present age of crinoline, and which we beg leave to quote in full for the delectation of our lady readers:—

"What a fine thing have I seen to-day,
Oh! mother, a hoop!
I must have one, and you cannot say 'Nay,'
Oh! mother, a hoop!
For hoops do men's eyes and men's hearts so allure,
That I shan't get a husband without one, I'm sure,
Do give me a hoop!

"Men, just like the women, now puff themselves out,
So give me a hoop!
Buckram and wadding they stuff all about,
Do give me a hoop!
For why should the old men young women abuse
For applying the like things, and to the same use?
Do give me a hoop!

"One thing I'm told, which I beg you will note,
And give me a hoop!
Nine men and women upset in a boat,
Oh! oh! for a hoop!
The men were all drown'd, but the women did float,
And by help of their hoops they were safely pull'd out,
Oh, give me a hoop! oh, mother, a hoop!"

Encores were also awarded to the "Maypole song with a burden" (1670), sung by Miss Eyles and Mr. Lawler; and "A humorous ditty, for three voices, from Weelke's "Ayres, or Phantastic Spirits" (1608), given with great point and effect by Messrs. Baxter, Cumming, and Lawler. The hall was densely crowded, and the entire concert seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the audience, which for the most part was of a fashionable description. In Bishop's glee the *pianissimos* were attained with wonderful effect, and the light and shade most admirably given. The difficult counterpoint in Weelke's "Harmonious ditty" delighted and astonished the audience.

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Reviews.

"*Beethoven's Sonatas for the Pianoforte, complete, in two volumes*"—edited by W. Dorrell, with a Sketch of the Life, by G. A. MACFARREN. (Boosey and Sons.)

A GUINEA Beethoven! What next? *Quid tum postea?*—as Tully inquired of Brutus. Here we have, in two neat and elegantly prepared volumes, the whole of the thirty sonatas for pianoforte alone—that glorious company of tone-poems—from the terse and vigorous F minor, the first of the three (Op. 2) dedicated to Haydn, and the first that Beethoven submitted to publicity, to the very last that fell from his pen (Op. 111), the gorgeous and unfathomable C minor (not unfathomable, let it be understood, because of its unintelligibility, but because of its infinitely deep poetic meaning), inscribed to that fortunate Archduke Rodolphe, to whom was also dedicated the magnificent trio in B flat (Op. 97), for piano, violin, and violoncello. Talk of Christmas-boxes and New-Year's gifts! What more grateful "*in memoriam*" could be offered to any one possessed of a love and taste for the "divine art," on either of these auspicious occasions?

Mr. Macfarren's able and interesting biography—instinct with a sympathetic appreciation of his subject, enriched by criticism which, while brief and epigrammatic, is everywhere keen and searching, and written with no less eloquence than judgment—greatly, of course, enhances the value of this edition of the pianoforte sonatas. With Mr. Macfarren's estimate of Beethoven we almost wholly concur; and the more weight deserves to be attached to it, inasmuch as, approaching his subject with befitting reverence, he shows himself, nevertheless, no unscrupulous hero-worshipper (like Herr Lens?), no manufacturer of fine phrases, *quand même* (like Herr Lens?). His views of Beethoven the man, and of Beethoven the artist, are lucid, philosophical, and just in an equal measure.

Mr. W. Dorrell, one of the most esteemed living professors of the pianoforte, has performed his task of editorship conscientiously and thoroughly. He has no doubt compared the various existing editions of the sonatas, in order to ensure a well-authorised selection from the conflicting readings occasionally found; and in chiefly adhering to the Brunswick edition he has, we think, done wisely. The carefulness with which the proof sheets have been revised is evident in the invariable correctness of the text. In this important particular, indeed, thanks to Mr. Dorrell, the guinea Beethoven is as valuable as it is attractive, and eminently serviceable in all that appertains to the publishers' share of the undertaking. The Messrs. Boosey are entitled to the thanks of every amateur pianist of moderate means. The thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven would, not long since, have cost the purchaser at least ten guineas; and now they are presented in a handsome, portable, and unprecedentedly convenient form for *one pound one*. This edition, then, may justly be hailed as a *Beethoven for the Ten Thousand;* and perhaps we shall not be arraigned for extravagance or enthusiasm if we venture so far as to predict that, should every succeeding year bring with it an advance in general musical culture among the populations of these islands proportionate to the advance which the last quarter of a century has witnessed, it may eventually aspire to the still more ambitious, comprehensive, and significant title of a BEETHOVEN FOR THE MILLION.

For the information of amateurs it may be added that Mr. W. Dorrell's edition of the Beethoven sonatas is also being issued in monthly parts at one shilling (!), and that the number for January, containing the first and second of the sonatas from Op. 2—(in F minor and A major)—dedicated to Haydn,—are now before us. "*Quid tum postea?*" Cicero might reasonably have asked the question twice of Brutus, had Brutus given him a similar opportunity for inquisitiveness.

"*Name the glad Day*"—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK. "*Gentle hope from Heaven descending*"—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK. "*Now Summer has departed*"—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK. "*Thy pardon, dearest treasure*"—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK. (Chappell and Co.)

THE above are republications, with new poetry from the accomplished pen of Mr. John Oxenford (a manifest improvement on the original), of four out of Dussek's till lately forgotten, though so well worthy to be remembered, canzonets. They have all been heard, at least once, at the Monday Popular Concerts—where Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington's singing of "Name the glad day" has several times, and Mr. Sims Reeves', of "Gentle hope," on one memorable occasion, have been received with rapture by the audience. "Now summer has departed" is equal in most respects to either of its companion songs; while "Thy pardon, dearest treasure," a short duet, in spontaneous grace and beauty rivals Mozart himself, when Mozart deigned to be most simple, unaffected, and familiar. The canzonets are appropriately included in the *Monday Popular Concerts Library* (vocal department), edited by Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, a series of welcome revivals, the idea of which originated in the brilliantly successful quartet-concerts at St. James's Hall, at which so many masterpieces, instrumental and vocal, have been rescued from oblivion. We may add here that a very elegant and tasteful adaptation of the canzonet, "Name the glad day," for pianoforte alone, from the graceful and practised hand of Mr. Brinley Richards (Chappell and Co.), is now before us, and that we can recommend it unreservedly, as an attractive and charming "*pièce de salon.*"

"*Wallace's 'Bell-Ringer'*"—inscribed for the pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. (Chappell and Co.)

WHAT has been said of the adaptation of Dussek's canzonet ("Name the glad day") applies with equal justice to this no less skilful adaptation of Mr. Wallace's new and very popular song of the "Bell-ringer," which, through the singing of Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts, and of Mr. Weiss in the provinces, added to the influence of its own intrinsic beauty, has attained so wide a measure of popularity.

"*Late, too Late,*"—music by A. MACFARREN. (Joseph Williams.)

AN admirable setting of Guinevre's beautiful song in *The Idylls of the King*. Only one of our best composers could write fitting music to Tennyson's poetry, and in this instance Mr. Macfarren has certainly done so. A lover of coincidences or resemblances, in the *Illustrated Times*, has remarked, that "The four words, 'too late, too late,' have suggested to Mr. Macfarren four sustained notes, with *arpeggio* accompaniments, and with the harmony varied on each, like the four words, 'true love, true love,' in Marian's charming air in *Robin Hood*. But religious music has often been adapted to the words of a love-song, and the music of a love-song has often been adapted to religious words," &c.

There is, however, no such thing as definite expression in music. Every one knows the difference between a lively

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strain and a sad one; but when we come to the expression of emotions which have some sort of analogy (however distant) between them, it becomes very difficult indeed, to mark any distinction between them at all by musical means. To understand at once how the same melody may be intimately associated—as in the mind of one and the same person—with three different shades of feeling, it is only necessary, as our contemporary observes, "to remember a certain Irish air, which with comic words is comic as 'The Groves of Blarney,' which with pathetic words is pathetic as 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and which with words which are neither comic nor pathetic, is neither comic nor pathetic (but pleasing and touching) as 'The Bay of Dublin.' Much more might be said on the subject, for which *The Illustrated Times* may find time and space on some future occasion.

"*The Nymphs of the Wood*," romance; "*The Joys of Spring*," impromptu; for pianoforte, composed by PAUL SEMLER. (Chappell and Co.).

If not wholly inoffensive, (instance bar 1, line 1, page 2, of "*The Joys of Spring*"), these short and easy pieces are by no means violently repulsive. We have seen shorter pieces and better; but we have also seen longer pieces and worse; we have also seen shorter pieces and better. We have seen—— but never mind what we have seen (it *must* come out), longer, shorter, better and worse pieces, by M. Rénè Favarger, &c. &c. &c.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE chief event of the past week, which has given a sunset lustre to the departing year, is the long expected production of M. Offenbach's comic opera of *Barkouf*, the libretto of which is by MM. Scribe and Boisseaux. All sorts of vexatious incidents had delayed its appearance for weeks; but now it has come it promises to supply food for mirth till the carnival bids all good Catholics shake hands with jollity and good living, and prepare for fasting and repentance. The fun of *Barkouf* is of the broadest and most extravagant description, and he who would enjoy it must do as the authors have done, doff all reason and sobriety, and put on the cap and belts. Here is a sketch of the plot, if so grave a term can be applied to such pure absurdity.

It has pleased the Great Mogul to appoint over the city of Lahore a Kaïmakan on four legs as a punishment on the entire population of the city for having given birth to an armed insurrection. The dog Barkouf, which is the name to which the new Kaïmakan answers, being fairly installed in his imperial kennel, shows himself a perfectly unapproachable potentate, threatening all who come near him, even the Grand Vizir Balbalek himself, with a row of terrible fangs. There is only one person towards whom the new governor exhibits any amenity; and that is the young flower-girl, Maïma, to whom Barkouf had once belonged; he had been the friend of her youth. The Grand Vizir, who has got a variety of decrees and documents requiring the signature of the governor, deems it expedient to avail himself of the influence possessed over him by Maïma, and accordingly appoints her secretary and interpreter to the Kaïmakan. Hereupon the chief officer of justice presents himself, and demands a warrant authorising him to hang Xailoun, one of the leaders of the recent insurrection; but Xailoun is beloved of the fair orange vendor, Balkis, and Balkis is on terms of friendship with Maïma. Barkouf being consulted under these circumstances as to the propriety of hanging the criminal in question, delivers himself in three barks, which, being interpreted, signify that the offender is pardoned. The next appeal to the governor is in the matter of a projected marriage between the daughter of the Grand Vizir and a young officer called Saëb. The minister desires the signature of the Kaïmakan to the contract, but is summarily refused, or rather bow-wow'd off, Saëb being no less than Barkouf, a friend of Maïma's childhood, and the young girl having secretly destined him to be her own bridegroom. The Grand Vizir is transported with rage, and, calling round him other discontented officials, gets up a conspiracy against Barkouf. The chief features of the plot are to hand over the gates of the city to the Tartars, and to poison Barkouf in a cup of whatever his favourite drink might be. But Maïma scents out the treason, and when the chief cup-bearer brings in the drink destined for his master, the young girl, in the name of the Kaïmakan, invites the conspirators to drink out of the same cup. The Grand Vizir and his accomplices are seized with trembling and betray their guilt. The Tartars, however, make their appearance at the city gates, but are repulsed by Saëb and a handful of brave men, assisted by Barkouf, who is killed in the field of battle. Finally, Saëb is wedded to Maïma and Xailoun to Balkis.

Such is the subject on which M. Offenbach has made his first attempt at the legitimate Opéra-Comique. It is a question whether it would not have been wiser to have chosen less extravagant materials and situations less likely to tempt him into the extremely light buffo style on which his reputation previously stood, and beyond which prejudice would inevitably forbid him to stray. Undoubtedly much of the music of *Barkouf* is of the Bouffes Parisiens stamp, and if M. Offenbach has any enemies (and what successful man is without them?) he will have given justification to their verdict that he has failed in showing himself equal to the higher requirements of the stage on which Auber, Adam, and Halevy won their laurels. There are other portions of the work which seem to show, however, that if the composer had cared more to avoid giving a hold to the sort of hostile criticism he was sure to encounter, he might have done so. The public at large, however, are not likely to be so fastidious as long as they are pleased, and will not like M. Offenbach's lively and eccentric buffo style a whit the less under the roof of the Feydeau Theatre, and executed by such artists as these of the Imperial Opéra Comique. Mlle. Marimon acted and sang charmingly as Maïma, and greatly enhanced the success of the opera. Mlle. Belia, Mad. Casimir, and MM. Sante Foy, Lemaire, and Berthelier played the other chief parts.

At the Grand Opéra *Guillaume Tell* has been revived, and great pains have been taken to render the performance worthy of the establishment, and of the great composer who has chosen Paris as the home of his honoured old age. The presence of Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio has allowed of the restoration of the grand scena in the third act, and in the hands of this lady the part of Mathilde resumes all its original importance. Morelli made his *rentrée* in the part of Guillaume Tell, and was warmly and flatteringly received. The bills last Friday announced the four hundredth performance of this opera.

The papers of the day publish the terms of the new decree relative to the payment at the Imperial Opéra, which came into operation from the 1st of January, 1861. The first article fixes the entire sum to be paid for author's rights, each evening at 500 fr. (20*l.*) The second article settles how this sum is to be divided according to the number of acts acted, and whether they be opera or ballet. If an opera or a ballet occupies the entire evening, the entire 500 fr. are due to the authors. If the performance consist of an opera in five, four, or three acts, and a ballet in one, the authors of the former are to receive 375fr. (15*l.*) and the remainder, 125fr. (5*l.*) goes to remunerate the authors of the ballet. A number of other cases comprising all possible contingencies are mentioned, and the remuneration for ballet and opera is allotted in the same proportion. Composers and literary authors are comprised in the term authors, and the sum awarded is to be divided in equal shares between the two. In the case of a ballet the sum allotted is divided into thirds, one of which goes to the composer of the music, one to the author of the plot or programme, and one to the inventor and arranger of the dances.

(*From another Correspondent.*)

THE recent revival of *Guillaume Tell* has given a new impetus to the fortunes of the *Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse*. The success was eminent, and the new Mathilde, Mlle. Carlotta Mar-

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chisio, was loaded with honours. "Different new elements," writes a Parisian journalist, "have conspired to give a seal of solemnity to this *reprise* of *Guillaume Tell*. The most interesting, the most attractive, beyond all contradiction, was the *début* of Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio in the part of Mathilde. If you have not heard the great air of the second act, 'Sombres Forêts,' sung by Carlotta Marchisio, you have never heard it at all! It is impossible to imagine anything more pure, more delicate, more sweet, more mellow, more *suave*, than this soprano with the *timbre* of gold! With an exquisite admixture of *morbidezza* she rendered this adorable melody, so fresh and palpitating, like a thought of love, realising in a marvellous fashion the thousand gradations of impression and of difficulties. Applause, such as they seldom bestow except at the Italiens, overwhelmed the *cantatrice*." The same journal expresses aloud its satisfaction at certain restorations to the score. "To the third act has been added an entire scene. Then the curtain, in place of rising upon the public Place of Altorf, as has been the custom for twenty years, discloses to view the ruins of a monastery, where Mathilde and Arnold meet to take leave. A duet of adieu—and what a duet! There is, above all, an allegro for Mathilde, 'Sur la terre étrangère'—a marvel of melody, which Carlotta sings with that taste, that method, that charm, which we cannot too much praise, and which place her so high in the opinion of amateurs."

The only novelty spoken of in connection with the Italiens is Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which, now that M. Scribe and M. Calzado have come to terms, and the late injunction by the celebrated dramatist has been withdrawn, is likely, I hear, to be produced. Rumour speaks of dramatical and musical effects in the last scene equal to those in *Rigoletto* and the *Trovatore*. If the *Ballo in Maschera* be worthy to bear comparison with *Gustave*, all I have to say is, it must be a *chef-d'œuvre*. I read in the Petersburg papers that Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel*, under the designation of *Il Pelegrinaggio*, has been revived at the Imperial Opera with extraordinary *éclat*. The opera, brought out at the end of last season, was given two or three times, and served merely to whet the appetite of the public. Mad. Fioretti, the Dinorah, does not, however, appear to have excited any extraordinary enthusiasm. Signor Calzolari is reported as every way admirable in Corentino; and what Mad. Nantier-Didiée can do with the music of the male goatherd, you or your readers need not be informed. One of the best things in the performance seems to have been Signor Everardi's singing of the couplets of the hunter I cannot greatly fancy Signor Debassini in the character of Hoel

Jules Janin, the celebrated French critic, fully appreciating the excellence of Lord Derby's translation of some of the best Odes of Horace, recently confided to a friend in England a copy of his own French version of that author, with a request that he would forward it to his Lordship. M. Jules Janin joined to the work some graceful French verses in honour of the noble translator. The gift has been acknowledged in the following letter, which does equal honour to the writer and to the French author:—

"Knowsley, Dec. 31, 1860.

"Sir,—A long and painful illness, of between three and four months, has thrown my correspondence greatly into arrear, and will, I hope, be accepted as an apology for my not having earlier acknowledged with thanks the receipt of your letter of the 20th ult., with the volume which you have been good enough to transmit me on the part of M. Jules Janin. May I beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure that gentleman how highly I feel flattered by the compliment which has been paid me by one so highly distinguished in the literary world, in sending me a copy of his work accompanied by his autograph, which will greatly enhance its value. At the same time I am bound to confess that he has done me too much honour in classing me with himself in the list of translators of Horace. All that I have attempted in that way has been the translation of a few of the Odes, two of which have appeared in a publication of a friend of mine, and which I presume are those which M. Jules Janin has honoured with his approval.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, DERBY."

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NOTHING can be more enjoyable than the present bracing weather, the brilliant sunshine, the clear frosty atmosphere and brisk north wind have an exhilarating influence upon young and old. The snow which fell heavily last week still lies thick and white upon the ground, affording capital opportunity for sleigh driving, the delight of the Viennese. Carriages and carts, omnibuses and almost every other kind of vehicle are converted into this popular means of conveyance, the bells of which, as they rattle through the streets, enliven the city by their merry music. The imperial sleigh, drawn by six gaily bedecked horses, dashes up and down the Prater; the belle of the season, wrapped in costly furs, reclines luxuriously in her sleigh-sofa, while whirled along over the noiseless snow; the millionaire orders out his swiftest "thoroughbreds," and drives his sleigh at a prodigious pace; the sturdy leech of Vienna descends from a sleigh at his patient's door. How long the amusement will last depends upon the weather, which however promises to tire out the Viennese of their new playthings.

Both the imperial theatres, the Burg and Kärntnerthor, are closed this evening, in consequence of the death of the king of Prussia.

The rehearsals of Rubinstein's opera have been resumed, Herr Ander having undertaken the part originally confided to Herr Wachtel. The latter has received his forfeit money and been dismissed. He is now singing with extraordinary success in Pesth. It appears there is an understanding between the different German theatrical managers, by which a singer who has broken an engagement with one is prevented singing elsewhere. Wachtel being still in litigation with the director of the Hesse Cassel Theatre, will therefore be unable to appear in Germany until the dispute is settled.

The representations at the Kärntnerthor Theatre (which, by the way, is still to let) during the past year have consisted of 221 operatic performances, and 77 ballets; 298 in all.

The operas have been given as follows:—*Der Postillon von Lonjumeau* (with Wachtel) 16 times; *Trovatore*, 14; *Tännhauser*, 12; *Jüdin*, *Wildschütz*, *Robert*, and the *Huguenots*, 10 each; *Prophète*, 9; *Fliegender Holländer*, *Lohengrin*, *Leonore* (*Favorita*), 8 each; *Hernani*, *Jessonda*, *Euryanthe*, and *Iphigenia*, 1 each.

The ballets *Kumisjeger*, 20 times; *Carnevals-Abenteuer* 15; *Satanella*, 11; *Nymphe*, 10; *Ubelgehutete Mädchen*, 9; *Robert and Bertram*, 8; *Insel der Liebe* and *Vernandette Weiber*, 2; *Giselle* 1.

The operatic *répertoire* looks well, and it is much to be regretted that many of the operas are now no longer practicable, in consequence of the dismissal of Herr Wachtel.—The daily papers mention the fact of Ullmann's bankruptcy in New York, and express a hope that Mad. Csillag (who is under engagement to the bankrupt) will therefore not go to America in the autumn, but return to Vienna. It remains to be seen whether Ullman's bankruptcy is not, as is often the case with the transatlantic impresarii, merely a *ruse* to get over a bad season, clear himself of his debts, and so begin unfettered a new career of puff and speculation.

The charming Jetty Treffz has decided upon making a farewell visit to England this summer, when the public will have an opportunity of hearing her once more, and for the last time, sing those popular songs and ballads with which her name is so completely identified.—Strauss's concert in the Volks Garten on New Year's Day was the scene of an uproar which narrowly escaped a serious termination. After the Austrian Hymn had been performed as usual by the band, a call was made for the German as well as for the Hungarian national air, both of which have been forbidden in Austria for the last twelve years. Strauss declined to comply with the demand, and the public threatened violence. It appears the clamour reached the ears of the authorities, for an order was sent from head-quarters that the required melodies should be played. The performance excited the enthusiasm of the previously enraged audience to the most extraordinary pitch, giving a fair indication of the newest state of public feeling in this country.

ANTRAETER.

M. DEPRET.—(*Communicated*).—The musical world has just suffered a great loss in the person of M. E. Depret, who, by his distinguished talent as an artist, has won as great and well merited reputation in England as in Belgium. His recent marriage with a member of one of the most distinguished English families will entirely remove M. Depret from a career which he has followed hitherto with so much success.—*La Presse de Londres*, 22nd Dec.

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DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

A COMPARISON.

THACKERAY'S canvas is crowded; the figures round, lifelike, and natural. Dickens's page is moderately peopled; the figures are original, and intensely vivid in some cases; in others pale, shadowy, and more like embodiments of a few sentiments than replete human beings. Thackeray's action is steady and elaborate, somewhat diffuse, though still lifelike; the action of Dickens is slightly more dramatic, and with a swifter current of narrative interest. The humour of Thackeray is quiet, broad, and skilful; that of Dickens is deep and keen. Thackeray's is natural; that of Dickens is exceptional. In Thackeray's humour there is a mingling of indefinite irony—irony, however, pointless, and apparently purposeless, as it is not launched boldly at any important stronghold of abuse, or any positive representative of a corrupt institution; but, like the Delphian oracle, it is obscure in its tendency. It arrogates to its author credit as a social reformer in general, but does not expose him to take issue with the adversary. The irony of Dickens is as clear as an arrow in its tendency, and reveals its author as belonging to a distinct school of opinion.

Mr. Thackeray, however, is distinct in his satire, clear in his irony, bold and open in his invective in reference to the past, if not to the present. He is as merciless to defunct statesmen, noblemen, and kings as to existing plebeians, lackeys, and snobs. His powers of depicting weakness, folly, vice, and abuse, perchance, have in the past a clearer field of action than it is usual for these instruments to meet with when applied to the present. Contemporaneous events, characters, and institutions never lack crowds of defenders to screen them from adverse shafts; and irony, like lightning, shows to greater advantage in a clear sky and remote horizon.

Thackeray's pathos is deep and generous, genuine and unaffected, warm and vibrating to the heart. The pathos of Dickens is poignant and exceptional, high in its spirituality, but faint in its vibrations to the pulse of human life. In the comments of these two authors, as in their irony, Thackeray's remarks are obscure in their general tendency; whilst those of Dickens are bold, clear, and pointing in a definite direction. In style Thackeray is easy and profuse of illustration and quotation, talkative and amusing to frivolity, and in frivolity didactic. Dickens is free from quotation, and peculiarly happy in illustration. In description Thackeray is shrewd and effective; Dickens graphic and poetical.

The burthen of Thackeray's morality is not surely "*vanitas vanitatum*," as he himself appears frequently to give out, else what is the moral of those genial pictures of health, virtue, and content—those histories of simple and generous hearts? Upon this subject both authors necessarily coincide, as deep, shrewd, and wide observers of human life, and add their testimony to the simple truth—that purity of thoughts and rectitude of actions produce content and elicit respect; that a kindly disposition, a generous heart, is inseparably associated with friendship, love, and affection; and that these qualities and attributes alone are the essential conditions of happiness.

The impressions of society created by Mr. Thackeray's works are, that amidst

"The crowd, the hum, the shock of men,"

two brazen images are universally worshipped and followed, Wealth and Distinction; that to these nearly all will "fawn and flatter, seek and sue;" that in pursuit of these men will smile on their enemies, and look coldly upon their friends; that these are the great social magnets that divert the heart from the deep electric undercurrent of nature; and that few minds withhold their tribute to this general homage.

But the peculiarity of this exposition is, that the adulation of rank is not pictured in a spirit of denunciation or reproof, but in a spirit of sympathy. All readers of Thackeray must admit that his writings leave this impression. There are also in Mr. Thackeray's pictures of society several minor aberrations which detract from their reality, and that are noxious in tendency. Of the ideas calculated to be derived from these portions of Mr. Thackeray's works may be cited the following. That all young men possessing a clear title to the epithet of "gentlemen" are educated at college; that it is a symptom of dawning spirit and character in these to indulge in "pleasant vices;" that sons of successful tradesmen, merchants, bankers, and men of business are, if honest, vulgar, and in no case able to speak their mother tongue correctly; that even professional men, surgeons and lawyers wear high-lows (a favourite trait in Mr. Thackeray of a plebeian), and, though "educated," are by no means "gentlemen." Is not this Mr. Thackeray's representation of this department of society? Is there a character in the industrious classes of life pourtrayed in his writings who does not drop his H's, and who is not invested with the stereotyped marks of vulgarity current amongst novelists? Does there figure, on the other hand, in Mr. Thackeray's pages a "gentleman" whose gentility is not totally independent of industry and purity of habits, though it may be associated to some extent with them, and the essential conditions of which are not made more to consist in personal connections and an outward hauteur and dignity of manner?

The impression of society conveyed by Dickens indicates the pursuit of self-interest under a plausible exterior—imposture, inherent in the character or adopted—prevailing throughout the length and breadth of the community. Mr. Dickens illustrates that benignant appearance, urbanity of manner, dignity of station, a deep responsibility, and a world-wide importance of function, is by no means incompatible with an unremitting pursuit of self-interest and practice of deception; that business, politics, philanthropy, religion, are eaten into in their single representatives, as well as in their very strongholds, by this subtle and invidious principle.

This general truth may not have been first discovered by Mr. Dickens; but his has been the peculiar instinct to detect with searching scrutiny, and lay bare with keen satire, this element of imposture in all its plausible forms and complex conditions. And thus, though other writers have presented the public with villains enough to people a pandemonium, Dickens has been the most prominent in laying them before the world in their distinctive and practical garbs, exposing in turn the legal, the political, the benevolent, the religious, the social, the public or the domestic—humbug.

We also learn from the example of this author that a novelist, if he would in earnest regenerate society, must launch his satire not only at miscellaneous characters but at those associated with prevailing systems; he must challenge not only the solitary straggler on the roads of life, but also the thick crowd that throng the processions; he must throw the light of his logic not only upon the past and harmless, but also the present, the actual, the living, the powerful, the dangerous; that his scent, like that of a bloodhound, must be as intent in the "gardens of roses" as on the bleak common; that thus striking in all directions, he must rely for support on all classes; that drawing down upon himself the savage thunder of time-rooted influence and power, he must lean for protection not on a clique or a single interest, but society at large. Mr. Thackeray, in his representation of human characters, impresses the great truth that there is perfection in none; that in those generally accepted as without blemish, some weakness or imperfection surely lies, which, if it become developed by particular circumstances, manifests itself in the strangest inconsistencies of conduct, confounding the observer of human nature and casting a shadow over virtue itself. Thus Mr. Thackeray shows us the gentlest and simplest disposition, ennobled by a long career of duty, softened by affection and reverend with years, capable, through adverse circumstances and the eternal fallibility of the human heart, of absolute injustice. We are shown, in the example of perhaps the purest impersonation of female virtue that ever an author conceived, a heart wondrous, unfathomable, awe-inspiring in its pure depths of love and gentleness, still capable of betraying cruelty, harshness, and ingratitude.

No so striking, but still important, and betraying a peculiar faithfulness in the representation of human character, is Mr. Thackeray in teaching that not only extreme failings may be exhibited from the setting of priceless virtues, but that singular and habitual rectitude and amiability of conduct may be united with actions quite inconsistent with a very elevated standard of honour; that in real life the practical lines of virtue often run irregularly with the imaginary lines of high principle; that we may be good

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enough for this world, without being too good; that though the waters of evil in some may rise and flood the whole nature, in others they will never rise beyond a certain height, but that they exist in all. As Mr. Dickens's specific peculiarity is the discovery of imposture in all combinations, so he teaches that good, like evil, may be found in the like incongruous mixture of conditions and circumstances; that minds of the dingiest hue, so far as they are enlightened by education, may be prompted by an affectionate nature to the highest exhibition of virtue, to glow with the purest thoughts, to construct deeds of charity and love in the most perfect and delicate forms, and to be susceptible of the most refined and exalting influences. But there is one character upon which Mr. Dickens delights to dwell, the conception of an angelic tenderness, an infinite virtue, an infinite love, without spot or stain, fit for heaven, and spiritualised, though on earth. In regarding these of Mr. Dickens's creations, though we feel they are not of earth, we derive from their contemplation a feeling of holiness; we seem to have breathed the incense of virtue, and are affected as in regarding some exquisitely chaste, soft, and lovely picture of the Madonna.

Thus though these authors present relative merits and demerits, contrasts in genius, manner and views, the minds of both are rare mirrors held up to inward and outward nature. Both are great teachers. Thackeray will be admired for power and faithfulness of execution, Dickens for originality of conception. Thackeray paints from nature, Dickens from the mind. Thackeray is an artist, Dickens a poet. The same contrast prevails throughout. Dickens is creative, Thackeray imitative. And thus, though we meet in Thackeray's works characters more absolutely real and human than in the works of Dickens, in the latter we behold absolute realities of human lineaments in original combinations. Thackeray teaches us what human nature really is, Dickens what it might be; and both sides of this contrast has its advantages. In regarding the droll side of human character, though it may be satisfactory to see but the simple truth, it is far more striking and amusing, and quite as instructive, to behold the humorous more divested of the dull, more intense in wit and marked in character. In the more serious aspects of life also, though it is deeply important for us to realise clearly the exact truth, it is still salutary and not unedifying to catch at times a glimpse of the nobler attributes of humanity developed into replete existence.

Thus Dickens's philosophy is emulative and elevating; that of Thackeray sobering. Thackeray will inherit the gratitude of posterity for the remarkable vigour and faithfulness with which he has painted his view of the panorama of life; Dickens for the original aspects in which he has pourtrayed it; for the inspired light he has thrown into the hitherto hidden nooks and crannies, and with which he has adorned the mountain peaks of humanity; and lastly, for the singleness, earnestness, and boldness with which he has lent his powers to the denunciation of the social, political, and class evils of his own time; to the impartial exposure of present abuse and imposture; to the good of the poor, and to the ever opposed but ever moving cause of progress.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VI.

THE wild beasts and an occasional open-air concert at the Royal Surrey Gardens, are proved to have been more profitable than the high-class musical performances, to give which a company took the gardens off the hands of the original proprietor.

It was only when the directors engaged the lion Alboni or the Bengal tiger, Reeves, that they could congratulate themselves upon receipts adequate to meet expenses; and even the roar of those celebrated bipeds failed, after a time, to attract the public to that out-of-the-way corner of London in which the gardens are situate.

Notwithstanding the vast sums spent in their embellishment, the grounds never, to my mind, lost their normal desolate appearance. In spite of the shrubberies and fountains, they obstinately belied the title of pleasure-gardens by day, while at night the monumental fashion in which the 10,000 variegated lamps were distributed made the place look like an illuminated cemetery, and the visitors wandering about like so many troubled spirits. Truly, the Music Hall is a fine building when seen from the exterior, but the inside, or the approaches to it, are anything but comfortable or elegant. And the stagnant pond called figuratively an Italian lake! into which the fireworks used to fall, and into which (shall I ever forget it?) I saw two human beings tumble. The first was an acrobat, who had madly proposed to traverse the water on a barrel, and had a right to expect a ducking, in which he was not disappointed. He got on to his barrel out of a boat, which was to follow him in case of accident. Standing erect for an instant on the tub, he made one attempt to roll it, and suddenly, with a splash, disappeared from the gaze of the spectators who crowded the borders of the "Italian lake." The boatmen picked him out of the water, and, nothing daunted, he tried again. This time the barrel was moved a few feet forward. The spectators cheered in anticipation of the feat being performed, but alas! another turn, a [spasmodic effort to keep his balance, and down he went once more. Dressed for the occasion in the flesh-coloured costume peculiar to his calling, the poor acrobat, when he was helped into the boat the second time, was hardly to be recognised for the black mud which he brought up with him from the bottom of the pond. He declined to make another trial, but retired to clean and dry himself amid the groans of the lookers-on, leaving it an open question to this day whether it be or be not possible to walk upon a barrel in the water. Immersion No. 2 was more accidental, and might have been attended with more serious consequences than that of the ambitious athlete. In the gardens is a so-called Venetian terrace, upon which people of vivid imagination can lounge, and in their fancy convert the pestilential exhalations of the pond into refreshing breezes from the Adriatic. "Don't it smell beautiful?" I once heard a youthful cockney say to his inamorata, as they were promenading, one hot summer night, when the water gave forth a stronger perfume than musk. At the extremity of the terrace is a deceptive flight of steps leading into the pond, from which a boat used to take the public for a row round Mount Vesuvius—(N.B.—this could only be done at the Surrey Gardens, and by permission of that celebrated pyrotechnist Mr. Southby), for the small charge of 1d. each. At night, the terrace being less brilliantly illuminated than the other parts of the grounds, this flight of steps was even more dangerous than by day. There was no gate or barrier of any kind. "Some one will surely walk down those steps into the water," must have passed through the mind of everybody who saw them; and so it happened. One crowded night the cry of "A man drowning!" was heard all over the gardens. A rush was made for the pond, and there the boatmen were to be seen dragging an unfortunate pleasure-seeker out of the thick muddy water at the foot of the aforesaid Venetian staircase. Entranced by the fumes of his cigar, and perhaps something stronger, he had forgotten all sublunary cares, and had been wandering about in a happy dreamy state. Chance led him to the treacherous steps; he wandered on and down them, when a cold dirty bath rudely restored him to his senses and the unpleasant realities of life. He was extricated; and as he stood upon the banks would, I believe, have been crushed to death by the crowd which surrounded him, had it not been that the odour emitted by the mire with which he was covered from head to foot was strong enough to keep the people off him.

"I always tell you so, Mr. ——," said —— to Mr. —— the parliamentary agent, who was one of the directors, "I knew the man would fall into the lake." "And why didn't you say so?" was the curt reply. Misfortune overtook the Surrey Gardens company. The expenses exceeded the receipts; the shareholders began to grumble (as they always do under such circumstances), and most unjustly blamed the directors, who had spared no time or trouble to promote the success of the undertaking. The company became insolvent, and it was determined to close the gardens. ——'s reputation was at stake. A provincial tour, which he was about to make, would be ruined if his name was associated with the failure. He determined to give the company a certain sum for the gardens for a short time, and bring the season to a triumphant termination under his own management. The arrangements were concluded; —— was manager and conductor. He announced a grand closing festival to take place in three weeks

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time. The difficulty was to keep the gardens open during the intervening period. At the end of the first week the band struck for payment. It was a Saturday afternoon, after the morning concert. A deputation from the orchestra met —— upon the grass plot before the hall, and informed him of their firm determination not to perform that evening unless their salaries were paid in full. How to gain time? The deputation would not be satisfied with a mere verbal promise; hard cash was the only remedy, and nothing else; without that there would be no performance—the gardens must be shut. —— began to pray! The friend to whom he had written arrived while he was on his knees. —— no sooner saw him than he jumped up exclaiming, "Le bon Dieu has heard my prayer; there is the man with the money;" and set the musicians on to the supposed Crœsus, who had innocently come to the gardens to see what was the matter.

ANTEATER.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) in English, the First, Second, and Fourth Acts of IL TROVATORE: Manrico, Mr. PARKINSON, Count di Luna, Mr. SANTLEY; Ferrando, Mr. PATEY; Ruiz, Mr. TERROTT; Azucena, Madame LEMAIRE; and Leonora, Miss PAREPA. Conductor—Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE. To conclude with the highly successful pantomime of HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician. The scenery by Mr. William Beverley. Notice.—During the Pantomime the doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. The Pantomime commences at 9 o'clock each evening. Carriages to be ordered for 11 o'clock. Grand Juvenile Night, on Monday Evening next, January 14.—The Lessee having received numerous communications from his subscribers and the public, intimating a generally expressed wish for a Juvenile Performance, he has much pleasure in announcing that the same will take place on Monday next, Jan. 14. The performance will commence at 7 o'clock precisely with the Children's Great Comic Pantomime, entitled HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician and the Good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur. The gorgeous scenery by Beverley, comprising the magnificent transformation scene. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine, by the celebrated Lauri Family. Sprites by the Tribe of Arabs. After which, the Second and Fourth Acts of IL TROVATORE. Principal characters by Mdlle. PAREPA, Madame LEMAIRE; Mr. PARKINSON, Mr. PATEY, and Mr. SANTLEY. Mdlle MORLACCHI will dance in the incidental ballet. Early application is necessary to secure places. Box-office open from 10 till 4. Doors open at a quarter-past 6. Pantomime commences at 7, and the opera at a quarter to 9. Carriages to be ordered for 11 o'clock. Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime of TOM THUMB to-morrow (Saturday), January 12th, commencing at 2 o'clock precisely.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, in two acts, entitled THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX. The new grand Comic Christmas Annual, under the title of PETER WILKINS; or, Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Island. Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guiness; Pantaloons, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *229 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

WHAT will our readers say if we talk politics to them to-day, and above all, Russian politics? But we have an excuse at hand. No one can write a complete account of the French Revolution without speaking of its great musical accompaniment, the Marseillaise; and similarly, there are musical works which cannot be satisfactorily described without some serious reference to historical and political events with which they are intimately connected, or on which they are founded. Indeed, every subject is connected, nearly or remotely, with every other subject. Once a German critic, in writing a paper on Correggio's *Ecce homo!* thought it necessary to ask himself, by way of preface—"*An homo deus esse potest?*" and occupied twenty-four pages in giving his answer. This was unfair to his readers, who were for the most part painters and amateurs of painting, and we shall take care not to follow the example of the Teutonic pedant. Still, if we wished to communicate to the Japanese some particulars about Mr. Macfarren's *Charles II.*, though we should not begin by writing an essay on the Civil War, the Protectorate and the Restoration, we should think it necessary to tell them who Charles II. was; and as we desire at present to give some information about Glinka's *Life for the Tzar* to English readers (who know quite as little of Russia as the Japanese do of England), we feel called upon in the first place to state who the Tzar was, for whom somebody gave his life, who the somebody was who gave it, and under what circumstances it was given.

May we here, without being accused of imitating our German friend, ask *why* the English know so little of Russia, which during the last forty years has produced so many eminent men in literature and the arts? "Europe," says M. Herzen, "knows less of Russia than Cæsar before invading it knew of Gaul," and certainly the accounts which Russian writers have given us of their country are not calculated to make us long to form any intimate acquaintance with it. The literature of Russia is absolutely unknown to us, though all the works of Poushkin and Lermontoff have been translated into German, and about a quarter of what Gogol has written into French.* However, the best informed of our painters know the works of Brouloff by reputation, the celebrated bronze horses by Baron Klodt were seen at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and we now can form some idea of Russian music through Prince Galitzin and his highly interesting Russian Concerts.

There are many tests by which to measure the degree of civilisation that a nation has arrived at, but none more certain than its proficiency in the fine arts, and it will be a curious thing if by this time next year, we know more of Russia through its music, than through its literature or through any branch of its history. Such will assuredly be the case, for not only has Prince Galitzin made arrangements for another series of concerts, in which will be presented specimens of the music of Glinka, Bartnianski, Makaroff, Alabieff, and other Russian composers (among whom the Prince himself must not be forgotten), but he also intends to produce next season, at one of our English theatres, Glinka's operatic masterpiece, the aforesaid *Life for the Tzar*. The English version of this work is being prepared by a writer of whom it would be little to say, that he is the best of our librettists; and Prince Galitzin, who was the intimate friend and (we believe), the pupil of Glinka, will of course superintend its production. It offers wonderful opportunities for novel and picturesque costumes, and equally novel and picturesque scenery (such, for instance, as the Polish camp, the Kremlin by moonlight, &c.). The music not only very beautiful and highly dramatic, but from the

* Our dramatic readers will perhaps be glad to know that one of the two most remarkable comedies in the Russian language, *Grief from Wit*, by Griboiedoff, has been translated into English.

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national character of the melodies, possesses an originality which to English ears would be most striking. The story too is exceedingly dramatic, and as we have already given the reader to understand, belongs to an interesting period of Russian history—the period of the great war between Russia and Poland, when Moscow fell into the possession of the Poles, and was afterwards liberated (1612) by Prince Pojarski and Minin the cattle dealer of Nijni-Novgorod; when Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was elected Tzar, and when the young monarch, but for the devotion of a peasant named Ivan Soussannin, would have been taken prisoner by the Polish army, and in all probability executed.

Minin, the butcher or cattle-dealer of Nijni-Novgorod, is the most popular figure in Russian history, which is supposed, by those who have never studied it, while exhibiting plenty of tyrants, to present no patriots. The humble citizen of Nijni, after rallying his fellow-townsmen around him, assuaged the jealousies existing between the Russian chiefs of parties, and called upon Prince Pojarski to place himself at the head of his countrymen. After four days' incessant fighting the patriots reached Moscow, and put to flight the Grand Hetman Chodkieviscz, who occupied the city in the name of the Polish king. The Polish garrison, or a portion of it, defended themselves obstinately from the Kremlin, but were at length compelled to surrender. During the struggle between the invaders and the inhabitants Moscow was reduced to ashes, and the Russians suffered as much from the Christian Poles as they had suffered from the Mahomedan Tartars. The patriotism of Minin and Pojarski is commemorated in a monument, in which the citizen of Nijni is represented calling upon the prince to assume the chief command. This monument, a vigorous and effective piece of sculpture, stands in the Red Place, outside the Kremlin walls, to the astonishment of those tourists to Moscow who have been in the habit of regarding the Polish question only from the Lord Dudley Stuart and Mansion-House-ball point of view.

After the election of the Tzar Michael, the chief of a band of Polish invaders, who were endeavouring to take him prisoner, happened to fall in with this Soussannin. They interrogated him as to the Tzar's place of concealment, and he offered to reveal it if they would accompany him. The proposition having been eagerly accepted, the loyal peasant led them to a wood from which it was impossible to find an issue, and then boldly declared to them that to save the life of the Tzar he had determined to sacrifice his own. It was accordingly sacrificed, and in commemoration of his devotion the inhabitants of the village in which he lived are to this day exempted from the payment of certain taxes, while Ivan Soussannin himself has not only had a monument erected to him in his birthplace, but has also had the honour of being made the hero of a popular three-act opera.

A writer in this journal spoke some months ago of one of the songs from Ivan Soussannin (or "Life for the Tzar") as "full of the most plaintive tenderness." The grand national hymn from the same work was heard (under the direction of Prince Galitzin) and loudly applauded at the Floral Hall; the Polish March was played with great success at one of Prince Galitzin's concerts at the St. James's Hall; then there is a *trio*, which, as the readers of *Letters from the Baltic* will remember, threw Lady Eastlake into ecstasies; a magnificent patriotic air, which the loyal, enthusiastic peasant sings at the moment of martyrdom; and an admirable concerted piece, in which the happy *Ivan* and his fair betrothed take part, and which is sung on the stage, while the gradual approach of the Polish army, which is to strike terror into the hearts of the Muscovites, is indicated in the orchestra. But descriptions of music are always tedious, and the music of *Life for the Tzar* will be heard before long in its proper place, that is to say, on the operatic stage.

AMPLITUDE is one of the principal elements of the sublime. Vastness of extent, height, or depth, fills the mind with wonder and admiration, and prepares it, as it were, for a conception of infinity of space. The contemplation of the sea or a boundless plain elevates our thoughts, and produces an idea of grandeur and magnificence beyond any other object in nature. Even in matters of utility, the imagination is gratified by what is stupendous and gigantic, and invariably associates what is little with what is weak and futile. Free speculation is prone to consider that a public structure cannot be too extensive, a ship too huge, a steeple too lofty. What is most accommodating we are apt to think is most useful, and believe that everything is gained when space is mastered. But as the human senses are restricted to a very narrow sphere, and as Nature herself is circumscribed by certain boundaries, it is worth while reflecting whether there are not limitations to all objects intended for man's benefit, and whether what is meant for the purposes of utility may not have a line of demarcation from either side of which it will deviate into inefficiency or utter uselessness. It will be granted at once that a ship may be too big, since its size may render it available in the deepest waters only, whereby its chief advantage as a conveyance from shore to shore would be lost. That a church, also, may be too capacious, we think, cannot be denied, for it is no less necessary for those attending divine service to hear the preacher than contemplate the deity. In most of our cathedrals and many of our parish churches a clergyman, as far as the majority of the congregation is concerned, might just as well deliver his sermon from the vestry as from the pulpit. The vast area in the midst of which he is placed—vast in width, depth, and height—absorbs nine-tenths of the speaker's words, and those only can hear him who are within the immediate focus of the sound of his discourse. The congregation takes its leave, instructed only in part, and many blame the preacher's enunciation or their own ears for not having heard distinctly, when the fault lay entirely in the size of the building. And this brings us to the subject in hand.

A performance of the *Messiah* on a scale of unusual grandeur and completeness is announced to take place at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Friday, the 25th inst., in aid of the funds for the "purchase of the new organ" (which recently, by the way, figured conspicuously in Mr. E. T. Smith's Alhambra). Six hundred performers, we are told, are to be employed in giving effect to Handel's sublime music; and the execution, it is confidently anticipated, will surpass anything heard previously within the walls of the great metropolitan Cathedral. So speaks the official document. A body of six hundred singers and players in St. Paul's may reasonably be estimated as holding the same relation to the building as the three thousand of the Handel Commemoration Festival to the central transept of the Crystal Palace. How little the performance of the three thousand fell short of expectation we need not now record. The central transept of the Sydenham Palace was found too big even for so large a force of choristers and instrumentalists, while the voices of the soloists, beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the platform, were all but lost in immensity of space. Nay, it was said that ten thousand voices and instruments, though all sang and played, would, in the great Handel orchestra, have

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failed to produce an effect equal to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society's "seven hundred" at Exeter Hall, even though these do not all invariably sing and play. It follows, therefore, we think, that the performance of the *Messiah* in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral will not realise the expectations of its originators. The area is too large to allow of the sound of the voices being distributed equally to all parts of the audience, and many of the instruments will not be heard at all. Such was the result at Sydenham; such will be the result on Ludgate Hill. It is only right the public should be informed of what they have to expect. No doubt the sight will be magnificent and imposing in the extreme. The new decorations and garniture will be exhibited in the most striking light; the thunders of the new organ will shake the building with its reverberations; the beauty of the fair visitors will shine out pure and resplendent; their *tournures* will declare themselves most fashionable and unexceptionable; the stewards and officials be most polite and attentive; the canons look authoritative; the beadles important; while looming down on all, from its eyrie in the clouds, the mighty dome will spread its canopy, like a shield interposed between heaven and the audience, yet not near enough to ward off the inclemency of the season, which, unless in the meanwhile the pluvial god succeed in overwhelming the serried ranks of General Jack Frost, cannot fail greatly to interfere with the gratification to be derived from the performance. To many, therefore, who feel inclined to regard the music as a secondary consideration, the "festival," as it is called, at St. Paul's Cathedral will prove an undoubted treat. That, however, Handel will be worthily represented we cannot be persuaded, although the most splendid anticipations are held out by the protectors.

THE Monday Popular Concerts have invaded the provinces, laid siege to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Bradford, Manchester, and Liverpool, and taken them successively by storm. Among those who know how widely a taste for music has been spreading of recent years in the country, there could have existed little doubt as to the issue of the Messrs. Chappell's enterprise. This, however, by no means weakens the sense of gratification with which we,—who, from the beginning, have acknowledged the excellent tendency of the quartet concerts at St. James's Hall (the true and genuine "People's Philharmonic,")—make record of their triumphs in the splendid music-rooms of Scotland, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. It is to the credit of Bradford, by the way, that it should have taken the initiative in the new speculation. Bradford was first to build a music-hall, and first to set up a great music festival. Leeds followed, some six years later, and six years hence, perhaps, will venture on a "Monday Popular Concert." *Vivat* Bradford! The emporium of wool may not (as some insist) be able to boast a "Spark" of musical genius; but Samuel Smith, Esq., and oratorio Jackson know how to appreciate it in others, and we congratulate them on this fresh proof of their intelligence and spirit.

For details of the provincial campaign—which (in the unavoidable absence of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell), has been directed by his energetic representative, Mr. Jarrett,—we must refer the reader to our provincial summary. It is agreeable to find the local papers unanimous in their expressions of approval, and not less so to peruse so much sensible and healthy criticism in their columns. Manchester and Liverpool have long been noted for the ability of their musical reviewers, and if we may judge by the *Evening Courant* (now so admirably conducted by our valued contributor, Mr. James Hannay), Auld Reekie has at length thrown her sword into the scale, and with plain right to challenge competition. All this says more and more for the progress that art is achieving in Great Britain; and as so comparatively small a number of the instrumental compositions for the chamber which the recognised masters have bequeathed to the world, are familiar even to the largest and most crowded provincial towns, the compact little phalanx of missionaries from St. James's Hall have plenty of honourable labour cut out for them. It is to be hoped that the result of their first "circuit," may justify other undertakings of a like nature, whenever opportunity shall offer. Manchester is better informed than its fellow towns and cities—thanks to the exertions and long residence of Mr. Charles Hallé, the minstrel elect of the wealthy merchants of Lancashire, who listen to his music without cotton in their heads, much less in their ears; but to other places such programmes and performances as those of the Monday Popular Concerts must open a new vein of intellectual enjoyment, the cultivation of which can hardly fail to produce good fruits. One excellent result is likely to ensue. Their example will, of course, lead to emulation, and emulation to the institution of similar undertakings in all parts of the country where music is (and where is it not?) a favourite recreation. This probable multiplication of Monday Popular Concerts must bring with it, as an inevitable consequence, a multiplication of quartet players; and thus *a school* of fiddlers may be established and nurtured in the country, as formerly there used to be a school of actors. York and Lancashire may organise their musical circuits, as of old they organised their dramatic circuits; and in this case future directors of the Philharmonic Society would stand in no fear of dissolution, through the unfair and encroaching egotism of future Italian-opera managements. We should draw our musicians from the provinces as we draw our soldiers and our sailors.

MASTER DREW DEAN'S Concert took place on Monday last, the 7th inst., at the Albion Hall, Dalston, and was well attended. Master Dean was encored in a fantasia for the flute on English airs, by Carte, and Miss Amelia May received the same compliment in a song by Harrison, entitled "All Nature's gay," accompanied on the flute by Master Dean. Mr. J. Hill also gained much applause in a duet for violin and pianoforte with Master Dean. Two amateurs, Messrs. Frank Hanley and H. Osborne, sang, but their extreme nervousness partially, if not wholly, impaired their means of utterance.

MYDDELTON HALL.—Mr. H. W. Jackson recently gave his first concert of the season here, assisted by the following artists:—Miss Harrington, Miss Anne Cox, Mrs. Robert Paget, Messrs. S. Champion, A. Lester, H. Buckland, and the Amphion Star Union. Pianoforte, Messrs. Bird and Gardner. Conductor, Mr. Hubbard.

AMERICA.—News from the far west is unusually scant this month; whether it be that *entrepreneurs* refrain from providing novelties about the holy season, or that nearly all musical entertainments are laid aside during the period of festivity, it is difficult to say. A first-rate performance at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York is chronicled by the New York correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and the programme given entire, which we quote:—

Part I.—Symphony, No. 6, La Pastorale, Op. 68, in F, Beethoven; concerto for pianoforte, in A minor, Op. 54, R. Schumann. Part II.—Festkisenge, Poème Symphonique (1st time), F. Liszt; Grande Fantaisie Russe, for violoncello, A. Kummer; Paraphrase de Concert, for piano, "Rigoletto," P. Liszt; overture, "Jubilee," Weber.

The writer is altogether silent about Liszt's two pieces—a pity, since we should like to have heard Young America's opinion concerning the friend and disciple of Richard Wagner, and the most unflinching champion of the Music of the Future.

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LUDWIG RELLSTAB.*

THE place occupied by Rellstab's efforts in the more extended sphere of polite literature will be properly appreciated by the biographer, who enters into all the details of the case. We propose merely to throw a light over the influence exercised by his writings and opinions on matters connected with art-culture in Berlin. With him there has been extinguished a prominent mental element in society here. In him we possessed, for many years, the promoter of all movements whence art-culture was developed, or by which it was purified—the representative of public opinion on it. The man who was able to guide the views of the masses, and fascinate them by his words, must have possessed a peculiar power, most unmistakeably conscious of its effect, and imbued with all the more authority from the fact, that it cannot capriciously talk people over, but demands an independent judgment.

Next to his talent, and talent under all circumstances pursues its own path, the peculiar course of culture distinguishing Ludwig Rellstab's life, will aid materially in explaining his importance. The years of his childhood and youth date back to the time of fertile ideas and imposing deeds in the German fatherland. Classic literature had just penetrated, body and bone, into the educated world, and romanticism was putting forth its most luxuriant blossoms. Between the two, among the people, were the rough contrasts of debasement and elevation, all exciting circumstances, which necessarily assisted a boy of a peculiar and strongly marked disposition. The family relations and domestic matters by which the boy's first notions were suggested, were likewise of a favourable description.

At the period when Ludwig Rellstab was born in Berlin (April 13th, 1799), his father, a man of liberal education, especially on the subject of music, possessed a considerable establishment as a bookseller, music publisher and printer. Regular concerts, with a full band, used to be given in his house, so that the artistic feeling of his son was awakened by hearing the works of Sebastian, Emanuel, and Friedemann Bach, Mozart, and other masters. During the summer, the family resided at a small villa in the Thiergarten†, which, being then in its natural uncultivated state, afforded the boy plenty of places to play in, while it also excited the most delicious feelings in his poetical mind. His mother was a model of the most noble womanly qualities. On the occasion of his making a journey, in the year 1821, to Weimar, Zelter recommended him to Göthe, "for the sake of his excellent mother, of whom he had been very fond." The incitement, also, to action which he derived from his playfellows, especially from his cousin, Wilhelm Häring (Willibald Alexis) may not have been without influence upon his growing capabilities.

For the nonce, however, as we learn from Rellstab's own confession, these capabilities were principally displayed in the manufacture of pasteboard articles and fireworks, and in executing conjuring tricks, it being an interesting and curious fact, that the first notice Rellstab wrote for the *Vossische Zeitung*, was a criticism on a conjuror, who gave his performances near the house of Rellstab's father, in the Thiergarten. Rellstab was then twelve years of age. His father, who used, as a musical critic, to furnish articles for the paper from time to time—prevailed on the boy, who was rather advanced in his German school studies, to write the report, which was kindly accepted by the then editor, Professor Catel. In other branches of learning, it is said that the performances of the young author were not particularly conspicuous, although at the Joachimsthal and Werder gymnasiums, which he attended, he enjoyed the good fortune of being under such celebrated teachers as Bernhardi, Zumpt, Twesten, Lange, and Spillecke. It is true that the period in question was that of the most lively and enthusiastic sympathy for the welfare of the Prussian and German fatherland. When the pupils of the third class, who were old enough to bear arms, although tolerably ill acquainted with their Latin dictionary, advanced in brilliant uniform to meet their younger schoolfellows; when the masters, who had previously bestowed only blame on them, shook hands at parting, and pressed them to their heart, we do not think they were adopting the best plan to keep up the taste for Curtius or Julius Cæsar in the youngsters left behind. "Tears of the tenderest emotion," so Rellstab himself tells us, "fill my eyes even now, as with hair grown grey, and my life drawing to its close, I write down these lines recalling the sad and yet never-to-be-forgotten delicious hours of my youth and boyhood." That the great events of the time did not produce a merely transient impression upon him, was proved by his most determined resolution to embrace the career of arms. His father used frequently to have violent disputes with him on this subject.

Meanwhile the second campaign had begun, and his father had died suddenly of apoplexy while out walking. The youth, now in his sixteenth year, could no longer resist the impulse of his heart; Körner's songs of freedom, set to Weber's vigorous melodies, were whirling around on his brain. He offered himself as a recruit to the Colomb'sches regiment of hussars, and was accepted. He was, however, dismissed after his first period of service, because one of his eyes, which was weak, became entirely useless. His determination was extraordinary, possessing a touch of obstinacy. He succeeded in prevailing on his guardian to allow him to enter the Military School, and it was not long before he was promoted to be mathematical master and officer. The assiduous youth had thus gained a starting-point for independent exertion, and, with his restless love of work, a sentiment shooting out in the most opposite directions, he was enabled to concentrate his strength and fix his eye steadily on certain objects.

The peaceful state of affairs in Germany—a state of affairs continually affording fresh foundations for artistic activity—awakened or collected in Berlin all kinds of intellect, and introduced Rellstab into the midst of the busy throng. Ludwig Berger and Bernhard Klein constituted the centre of a new musical epoch. The youthful Rellstab joined them. Ludwig Devrient shone as a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical world; Zelter occupied the place of honour among the representatives of serious, respectable old men; E. T. A. Hoffman was an original on the domains of music, painting, poetry, and even jurisprudence; old Körner and Streckfuss furnished, in their way, considerable incitement to literary efforts; while Rungenhagen, W. Bach, and G. Reichardt joined the narrower circle of musical activity. It was said that men so universally gifted ought to light and maintain the fire of intellectual and artistic life at one common point of reunion. As such a point, the younger Liedertafel was founded by Rellstab, Klein and Berger. Zelter did not hesitate becoming an honorary member. Rellstab was the poet of the association, and that which was called into existence by the free intercourse of the members re-echoed far and wide, exercising a decided influence on the taste for art evinced by the educated classes.

Rellstab's musical studies, which, during this time, had been neglected, but for which his strict father had laid a solid foundation, were again resumed. Berger and Klein, who not unfrequently used to take a delight in listening to the young officer's extemporising on the pianoforte, took him as their pupil, guiding him to correctness of composition, reading scores with him, and initiating him into the depths of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions.

On a course of such irregular, although serious work, his duties as teacher at the brigade school exerted, besides many other disagreeable results, a paralysing effect. Rellstab always spoke of the military profession with the highest respect, and among his most intimate friends he numbered officers of high rank; the sympathies of his life, however, had their roots in a very different soil. He resigned his commission, and, as, after the decease of his mother, he had inherited a competency, he was easily enabled to discover the paths which conducted his talent to maturity.

His friends had long perceived and appreciated his poetical powers. It was partly owing to their influence, and partly to a plan which he had formed in his own mind, that he resolved on attempting to divert German opera into new channels, so that the literary foundation for the music might be included in the domain of independent art, properly so called. He wrote the words of *Dido*, and Klein composed the music. Berger was enraptured

* From the *Vossische Zeitung*.

† Zoological Gardens," now a favourite resort of the people of Berlin.

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with the subject and its treatment, of which he had been informed by Rellstab; C. M. von Weber, in Dresden, Tieck, and Jean Paul valued the work highly (Rellstab's correspondence contains proofs of this), and formed their estimate of the author's talent accordingly, although a considerable number of lyrical poems had already laid the earlier foundations of his reputation. The first representation of *Dido* took place on the 15th of October 1823, the birthday of the present king. The opera was revived in the year 1827, and once more performed in 1854, but it never achieved a decided success. We will return to Rellstab's theatrical labours presently.

Meanwhile, he transferred his place of residence to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in order to be able to undertake, free from interruption, greater works. He here drew up the plot for his tragedy of *Karl der Kühne*, which he afterwards completed at Weimar. He now commenced his travels, continuing them almost every year to his death, for the purpose of obtaining on the one hand, by intercourse with eminent persons or suggestive characters in the social and artistic world, matter for his productions, and, on the other, in order to elevate himself by the charms and magnificence of nature, which he loved like a child.

We accompany him with interest to Dresden, where, during 1821, he passed a pleasant time—associating, as he did, with C. M. von Weber and Ludwig Tieck—and, especially, took a great interest in the celebrated evening readings of Tieck; to Bairenth, where Jean Paul most cordially welcomed him in the bosom of his family, and where in the "Fantaisie" and "Eremitage," now so well known through the "Siebenkäs," and more especially in the little hostelry of the wonderful "Frau Rollwenzel," he enjoyed many hours of the most interesting conversation, and conceived the highest respect for the great poet; to Weimar, where he made a lengthened sojourn; where he was a constant visitor of Göthe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Göthe, and where, on several evenings, he was present, with Zelter, at the parties in Göthe's house, often deeply moved by the great poet, but, as a general rule, not feeling captivated by his aristocratic and reserved demeanour, particularly when he remembered Jean Paul. We here find him making the acquaintance of Johanna Schoosenhauer — the mother of the celebrated philosopher — Hummel, Riemer and Eberwein. We likewise are informed of an interesting evening at Göthe's, when Zelter introduced his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then twelve years old, to the prince of poetry, filling the latter with surprise and admiration at the boy's great musical talent.

In Heidelberg, Rellstab formed the acquaintance of Kreuzer, and that original, Thibaut, so esteemed for his old Italian Gesangverein, and whose work, on the Purity of Music, created a sensation in its time. Welcker, Moriz Arndt, A. W. von Schlegel, P. Hebel, and Caroline Pichler pass before our gaze, and we possess from Rellstab's pen characteristic sketches, which, with as much penetration as love, exhibit to us the sayings and doings of these various individuals. What captivates us most, however, is Rellstab's intercourse, in 1825, with Beethoven, the sick genius, nearly crushed by his mournful fate. What we glean from this residence of Rellstab in Vienna is not important in an artistic light; he often visited Beethoven, and conversed with him by means of a writing-tablet; but, as far as Rellstab is concerned, the Beethoven conversations are worthy of attention, because the touching tenderness with which the young poet was treated called forth, in his *Reise Mittheilungen*, one of those admirable sketches, where overflowing sensibility and respect for the object described go hand in hand with the most artistic form of style.

If we cast a glance over the career of our friend up to this time, and also recollect the condition of political newspapers at that period, as well as the limited interest possessed by the articles for the general reading public, it cannot be denied that a man of Rellstab's talent, thus cultivated and precisely in its prime, would, if gained over for a journal, invest with preponderating importance any paper for which his services might be secured. In addition to this is the fact, that on returning from his interesting travels in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, to Berlin, Rellstab found that capital in a state of art-enthusiasm produced by Henrietta Sontag, and which formed a glaring contrast to his travelling impressions. A reflex of his opinions on this head is to be found in the saucily satirical sketch of character, published under the title of *Die schöne Henrietta*, a sketch, in which so delicately clear a light, speaking in in a literary sense, was cast upon sundry individuals in Berlin, besides the fair idol of the day, that the author's reputation in the capital was firmly established from that moment. For a *feuilleton* writer the ground was sufficiently prepared; the only thing needed was the seed from which not only the varied pictures of Berlin society, but also the serious truths of scientific and artistic life shut up.

The then editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* was Herr Lessing, a commissary of justice, and descended from a branch of the family of the celebrated poet and critic of the same name. This gentleman secured the young author's services. On the 31st October, 1826, Rellstab's first criticism appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*. His talent for communicating art-impressions, and conveying in his writings the innermost thoughts of the public, went on increasing year by year, and attained its culminating point in 1847, after which date the political life of Germany, nay, more, of Europe, entered a completely new phase. Pecuniary losses, occasioned by the year of the revolution, and many other dispiriting causes, crippled, in some degree, his mental energy. His opinions and feelings would not accommodate themselves to the new development of political life, and he abandoned a considerable portion of his usual labours. We must, therefore, bear in mind the period we have mentioned if we would properly appreciate the services he rendered to newspaper literature.

With the greatest possible impartiality—for the love of truth shall have as great a share as friendship in our sketch—we will go, through Rellstab's musical criticisms belonging to this part of our subject. We are presented with a picture gallery of the artistic individualities who shone, during a period of more than twenty years, in the art-firmament of the educated world. We first read notices of Mad. Sontag, Catalani, Schechner, Sessi, Heinefetter, and Milder. Subsequent years make us acquainted with Hummel, Fräulein von Schätzel, Paganini, and Schröder-Devrient. To these we must add the names of Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, Wild, the Brothers Müller, and Mad. Schechner-Wagen. After 1835, there appear in the foreground artists better known, and more popular at the present day. Among these we make the acquaintance in their most brilliant impersonations, of the more or less important members of the Theatre Royal, who belonged for some time to that establishment. Herren Bader, Mantius, Krause, the ladies Von Fassmann, Louise Schlegel (Mad. Köster), and Tuczeck, excite our lively interest, while the concert-room, as well as the stage, is from time to time transiently illuminated by stars of the greatest splendour. Clara Novello and Pauline Garcia the Sisters Milanollo and Jenny Lind, Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, De Bériat, Liszt, and other great artists come under this category. There is no scarcity either of elaborate judgments on eminent art productions, both novelties and revivals. We read with lively interest minutely-critical notices of Bach's *Passionsmusik*, of *Fidelio*, of Bernhard Klein's *David*, of Löwe's *Sieben Schläfer*, of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of other works.

Rellstab's musical education reposed upon undoubted talent. The latter was, however, not so highly developed, so far as technical matters and the syntax of the art were concerned, as to enable him to write a symphony or a quartet. That the power of doing so is necessary in a critic, will, however, be asserted only by an artist who may, perhaps, have learnt something, but who is deficient in the best and most requisite qualification. It is true that the technical and theoretical education of the critic must not be so far below the productions criticised, that he cannot see his way clearly everywhere, even in the score of a great work of art. But it must be remembered, that Rellstab wrote for a political paper, and for readers who desired to be informed from day to day, of what was going forward in the world. This object is satisfied by an innate taste for art, a general æsthetical education, the power of describing a thing popularly, and a warmth of sentiment which can excite sympathy and enthusiasm for art and artists. Critics like Fink, Gottfried Weber, and in some degree, Rochlitz, can give the *musician* many a suggestion worth remembering; but whether the divine spark lurks within his work or production, they will not always be competent to say. In difficult cases, Rellstab could not do the first, but he was always able to do the last.

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The task which he more particularly imposed on himself was to introduce the susceptible and educated men of the non-professional public and *dilettanti* into the magic realms of tone, and to foster in them a love for what is beautiful and grand in art. His decisions were, therefore, in most cases, of a positive nature, and seldom crushing; it was only when vanity and arrogance, qualities so frequently found in artists, came glaringly under his notice, that he cast into the scale the whole weight of his eloquent language and love for what is unconditionally beautiful. In all things, but more especially in his dealings with his opponents, he was frank and outspoken, accepting the combat even where he foresaw a defeat. All the worse for him! Openness and truth were fundamental traits in his character. Was he defeated in his contest with Spontini? The evidence is now tolerably complete. What share personal excitability had in the quarrel we will not inquire; both the persons concerned suffered and were punished.

With creative artists, Rellstab was mostly conscientiously severe In this he was swayed by moral motives; art occupied so high a position in his eyes that he regarded an unsuccessful artist's career as the most unfortunate of all existences. Whoever starts with the notion that a critic must never be mistaken, and that it is a capital crime for him to contradict himself once in his life, may take as an answer many a beautiful confession of Rellstab's, such, for instance, as:—"With regard to my artistic errors and mistakes—how many have I committed, and how frequently, even now, am I doubtful whether I was right at first or afterwards. I do not spare myself, but give myself up with my contradictions and changing views. I stick to the French proverb, that 'he who never changed his opinion never had one.'" Rightly understood, this proverb contains a truth well worthy of our attention. When looking back over Rellstab's criticisms, we linger with heartfelt delight over the notices more especially dedicated to some particular impersonation or to the artist individually. This delineation of Leonore and Donna Anna, as performed by Mad. Schröder-Devrient in the year 1831; of the funeral service in honour of Klein, in 1832; of Fräulein Schechner in Iphigenia and Fidelio, in 1829; of Liszt's concerts, in 1841–43; but above all, his criticisms on the sisters Milanollo; the parts played by Jenny Lind from 1844 to 1846; and the artistic, loving memorial erected by him, in 1847, to that noble pair, Fanny Hensel and her brother Felix Mendelssohn, are specimens of characteristic musical criticism, in which fine critical perception plays quite as important a part as an ardent disposition entirely engrossed by its subject and held captive by the omnipotence of art.

Notwithstanding many an erroneous opinion with regard to details, Rellstab was always right in the long run. For the impressions of what is conditionally and what is unconditionally beautiful he possessed a degree of susceptibility which seized on anything certainly and quickly, and had the right word, the most intelligible and frequently most happy turns for what was to be described. This delicacy of perception on his part was not acknowledged by unprofessional men alone, but even by artists, and we recollect some expressions of approval, nay, more, of astonishment, on the subject from Mendelssohn, who, as is well known, never hesitated to say freely what he thought. We are rendered acquainted with the humorous side of Rellstab's criticism—his gentle nature never turned to satire—in the twelve annual series of the little musical periodical, *Iris*, which was discontinued at the end of the year 1840. In this publication Rellstab discussed those musical matters of the day which came under his notice, and did not give him any particular trouble.

Rellstab's labours for the *Vossische Zeitung* extended, however, far beyond his duties as a musical critic. The editorship of the French article was for a long time in his hands, and he discharged his task with great prudence; occurrences in municipal and social circles, when described by him, always excited the interest of the reader; novelties in literature introduced by his pen scarcely needed any other advocate. He was, moreover, employed for a large number of periodicals published in other places; he educated singers, both male and female, for the stage, and wrote many-volumed romances, tales, dramas, and poems. We possess his collected works, as published by Brockhaus, in Leipsic; but if we were to put all he has written into the shape of books, we might fill a whole library. Such restless activity required unusual natural gifts, quite as much as an iron will and unexampled industry. Among his works in the department of the *belles lettres*, besides some of his tales, the two romances "1812," and the one he wrote last, *Drei Jahre von dreissigen*, occupy the first place. There is no doubt that Rellstab's talent was most to be relied on in the description of occurrences and impressions. It happened, however, that he ignored this predominating faculty of his. In the project of recasting German opera, the noble end in view was worthy of praise; but Rellstab's strength was not sufficient for it; his dramatised *Eugene Aram* obtained a respectable success, because the original work came to his aid; his *Feldlager* was borne up, and that for a few years only, by Meyerbeer's music. For the course of the action arising from the most marked opposition of the various personages, for striking combination, by which the interest of the public is concentrated, for that shortness and sharpness of expression which dramatic composition requires, his pen was too lyrically soft, and his views of things too broad. Nature had created him to be a writer of epics, a narrator. He *willed*, however, and, even in this instance, his will achieved a certain success. Just as his partiality for acknowledged tendencies in art sometimes caused him to appear unjust towards ideas newly sprung up, in opposition to his many years' experience, he not unfrequently over-rated the measure of those artistic abilities which tallied with his own views. In such instances, his prejudices and his good heart ran away with him. This enables us to explain, on the one hand, his repugnance to Spontini, and, on the other, his exaggerated valuations of Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, to whom he erected monuments of love and respect in his monographies.

Rellstab was very happily married as far back as 1834, and from that period looked upon his existence at home, in the bosom of his family, as an oasis, which invited him from a whirlpool of exciting troubles to cheerful repose and recreation. It always afforded him the greatest pleasure to collect around him, in his own house, esteemed friends, whom he used to captivate by his humour, his happy talent of narration and his kindly disposition. This kindliness in his family circle was not, however, confined merely to the surface, but extented to his most intimate relations.

He had long set all his worldly affairs in order. The recollection of the way in which his father died, and the warnings he received during the last two years of his existence, impressed him with the probability of his soon sinking to rest. When we take into consideration the fact that his mind could not remain quiet, and that, according to human experience, he must have fallen a victim to a more terrible weakness, we must despite all the grief of his family and friends, consider his lot a happy one. A higher will than that of man wished to show its kindness towards him. In the midst of cheerful prospects the evening hour of farewell was approaching, to be followed by a tearful morning-greeting. The night of the 27th to the 28th November was for him the day of eternal light. He achieved reputation, honour, and love; they will survive him!

NEW OPERAS IN HAND.—If all we hear is correct neither Her Majesty's Theatre nor the Royal English Opera is likely to be in want of fuel to keep the lyric conflagration in a blaze. In addition to the operas with the names of which our readers are already acquainted—namely, the *Amber Witch* of Mr. Wallace, the *Ruy Blas* of Mr. Howard Glover, the *Bride of Florence* and *Lambert Simnel* of Mr. Frank Mori, &c., &c.—Herr Molique is busy at an opera, name not transpired; Mr. Henry Leslie is far advanced in an opera, name not transpired; Dr. Wylde has completed an opera, name not transpired; Mr. Benedict has finished one act of his *Esmeralda*, and more than a scene of his *Colleen Bawn*; Mr. Macfarren is already some way in the first act of an opera, name not transpired—not to mention his *Prince of Modena*, *El Maleckor*, both finished, and *Hamlet*, of which the overture has been heard; Mr. Aguilar has completed an opera, name not transpired; Mr. Henry Westrop has completed an opera, name not transpired; Mr. Charles Stevens has several operas finished, names not transpired; Mr. F. B. Jewson has completed an opera, name not transpired; Mr. Brinley Richards has completed an

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opera, name not transpired; Mr. Lindsay Sloper has completed an opera, name not transpired; and, to conclude, Mr. John Barnett and Mr. Henry Smart have completed an opera each, the name of the first *Jesse*, the name of the latter not transpired.

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Queen Topaze* has been withdrawn, and its place supplied by two acts of the *Trovatore*—a proof that Mr. E. T. Smith must be driven very hard for something new. Worse weather could not be imagined for play-going folks, but Her Majesty's Theatre, nevertheless, "holds her own"—to make use of an unmeaning vulgarism which would have transported Dr. Johnson and Southey out of their senses—among the Christmas attractions, thanks to the splendour and excellence of the pantomime rather than the beauty and novelty of the opera. Mr. Sims Reeves, we learn, will make his re-entrance on the 25th of January in, it is rumoured, Mr. Wallace's much expected *Amber Witch*.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA—Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine* was revived on Monday, and given every night during the week, with Miss Louisa Pyne in place of Mlle. Parepa as the heroine. The new Victorine, we need hardly say, sings the music wonderfully, and is likely to realise for the opera a new lease of public favour. All the other parts, with the exception of Julian, given to Mr. Henry Wharton, in the absence of Mr. Santley, were the same as last season. Mr. Balfe's *Bianca* is at last announced. We trust the managers will reap no ill effect from the strange error committed in withdrawing so eminent a success at the onset.

Letters to the Editor.

A MINOR SCALE.

SIR,—I read, with curiosity and interest, some remarks in your last impression, signed "Philharmonic;" and as his query regarding the minor scale and its signatures is worthy of some consideration, you will perhaps pardon me if I address a line or two to you on the subject.

It is evident that "Philharmonic" must form his minor scale with the *flattened sixth* and *sharpened seventh*, both in ascending and descending, or his remark can have no pertinence whatever. Now, before we can entertain the question of "signatures," we must arrive at some definite conclusion respecting the construction of the minor scale. There can be no question but that this scale was originally formed from the ancient Æolian mode. It was modernised by a sharpening of the seventh grade, thus creating a *leading note*, which was deemed (and properly so) as necessary a portion of the minor mode as of the major. Now, my firm conviction is, that if this leading note be contradicted, we no longer have the minor mode, but modulate, for the time being, into what is generally known as the "relative major," or else retrogress into the Æolian mode. Assuming this to be correct, the leading note is at once established as a permanent grade of the minor mode. By what arbitrary law, then, are we to be compelled to digress when the scale descends? for I maintain (however this remark may be disputed) that the leading note has a governing property in determining a key, *even when it does not ascend to its tonic*, and that the chord generated from the flat seventh does not suggest the minor mode to the ear, but effectually contradicts it. Then, as to the sixth degree, I again ask, by what arbitrary law was it ever raised?—thus destroying the character, the identity of the *minor* and establishing in its stead a hybrid modern-major-and-ancient-Æolian mode, which can be defined by no manner of signature (without accidentals), and whose defects are as intolerable to the eye as to the ear. I say to the *eye*; for let any person examine an elaborate composition in the minor mode; let him behold the *galaxy* of accidentals, and see if they are not enough to frighten any but the most accomplished and practised musician. I say to the *ear*; for let him sound and examine the intervals of the ascending scale, and see if the effect of the *two tritones* (3-6 and 4-7) be not sufficient to compel him to apply his digital members to his auricular organs.

I know that the supporters of the aforesaid mongrel argue that the scale, such as I advocate, is wrong, "because it contains an interval greater than a tone," and "because it belongs to the *chromatic*, and not to the *diatonic* genus." To this I reply, that I take a *scale* to mean a gradation of sounds based on the harmonic chords of *tonic, subdominant, dominant*; that the minor chord of subdominant contains a *minor* third, and that of the dominant a *major* third, whether ascending or descending. Now in this sense I do not consider the augmented tone as a chromatic interval at all. Besides, I know no law which confines a scale to a so-called *tone*, so long as the notes are nominally contiguous; and, with regard to the derivation of the word "diatonic," it as much refers to an augmented tone as it does to a semitone. Rameau seemed exactly to "hit the difference" between the major and minor when he called the one "the scale with the *great* third and sixth," and the other "the scale with the *little* third and sixth."

Having endeavoured to establish the minor as a permanent scale, let me now approach the question of signatures; and, for the information of "Philharmonic," and others interested in the subject, I will first remark, that the minor scales, with their real signatures, *have already been published*, under the editorship of Dr. E. Bennett Gilbert, who has compiled them with much ability, has fingered them throughout, and has (in my opinion, with excellent judgment) connected each minor scale with its *synonymous* major, as opposed to the relative principle, thereby considerably facilitating their performance, as both notes and fingering become much easier by being thus compared. I have observed that the same gentleman has had the daring to use the real minor signature in his compositions; and I am convinced that if all composers who affirm the permanent principle of the minor scale would do likewise, the apparent difficulty would soon vanish; and that when our pupils ask us the very pertinent question, "How am I to know when a piece is in the major or minor mode?" we might be able to answer, "By its signature," instead of endeavouring to impart to the tyro abstruse explanations of modulation, &c. (which in nine cases to one they do not understand), and leaving them wondering, and still wondering.

I am afraid, Sir, that I have much trespassed upon your time and space, but trust the importance of the subject will appear sufficient excuse; and if these remarks should tend to enlist the expressed opinions of others more capable of pronouncing an opinion than myself, I shall not regret having troubled you with this communication.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

W. C. FILBY.

23, *Kensington Park Terrace, W.*

NEW TABLET.

Tho' low the subject,
It deserves our palms.—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,—The enclosed tablet is sent for your critical inspection; and with the hope that it may call forth a few remarks upon its utility in your invaluable "WORLD." I inserted the extract at the head of this paper, fearing that you might deem the whole affair too trivial for your notice. As my advertisement states, it has been designed to *facilitate* the learning of the indispensable "signatures," which have always more or less, inspired the juvenile votaries of Cæcilia with unnecessary terror.

I believe, Sir, you will readily acknowledge that what is rendered clear and comprehensible is, at the same time rendered attractive. If the same rule were applied to sundry "theories," we should have less polemical bitterness and more *sound musicians*.

Yours, very truly,
JOHN TOWERS.

[The new tablet has come to hand. It is a good tablet, but indescribable.—ED.]

PIANIST OR VIOLINIST—VIOLINIST OR PIANIST, &c.

SIR,—In your last No. of your estimated journal you inserted a letter signed "Amateur," a letters very curious indeed, upon the confusion of instrument; you allow us to observe to this "Amateur" that he is in the wrong to treat as an ignorant the chronicler of the journal of Birmingham, because in his letter he commits an error much ruder. He says:—

"We shall probably hear that the celebrated violinist, M. Thalberg, and the eminent pianist, Vieuxtemps, are about," &c

M. Vieuxtemps was never a pianist, but a VIOLINIST.

You will oblige us to insert these in your next No.

Your obedient,
DE LAVIGERIE, Sub-Editor of "*le Gaulois*."

[We are obliged to the sub-editor of *Le Gaulois* for his information. *We* have *always* believed that M. Vieuxtemps was a *violinist*, and what is more that M. Thalberg was a *pianist*.—ED. M. W.]

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Provincial.

The first series of the Monday Popular Concerts in the provinces was inaugurated on Monday evening at GLASGOW, in the City Hall, with triumphant success. The following account is taken from the *Morning Journal* of Tuesday, and is given in full:—

"The lovers of classical music had a special treat last evening in the City Hall. In conjunction with Messrs. appell of London, the managers of a greatly successful series of Monday Evening Concerts in St. James's Hall, Mr. Muir Wood organised, for their delectation, a concert of first-class music on a scale, as near as may be, the same as those given in the metropolis. The artists who appeared were M. Vieuxtemps, one of the most finished violinists in the world; Signor Piatti, as famed on the violoncello; Herr Ries and M. Schreurs, second violin and viola, respectively; and Mr. Charles Hallé, the all-accomplished pianist. For the vocal department, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss were retained. Given such performers, and a programme selected from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Dussek, Macfarren, and Wallace, and it needs no specially inspired prophet to foretell that the classicists would muster in force. The first piece of the evening was Mozart's quartet in G, No. 1, for violins first and second, viola and violoncello. It was, without doubt, an exquisite performance, and would have been enjoyed completely by the audience assembled but for the serious annoyance caused by late-comers marching up to their places, wherever situated, in the middle of the finest passages. Perhaps, on the whole, the greatest effect was produced by the opening *morceau* of Part Second, Dussek's sonata in B flat, Op. 69, No. 1, for violin and pianoforte, by M. Vieuxtemps and Mr. Charles Hallé. This was deliciously rendered, and the last movement, a particularly lively and melodious *allegretto*, unanimously redemanded. Mad. Sherrington, who was in excellent voice, taking the state of the atmosphere into consideration, sang a song of Dussek's, 'Name the glad day,' and Macfarren's 'Ah! why do we love?' in both of which she succeeded in calling down the plaudits of the house. Mr. Weiss gave Wallace's 'Bell-ringer,' and the buffo song, 'I'm a roamer,' from the beautiful little operetta, *Son and Stranger*, an offering made by the gifted Mendelssohn to his parents, according to old German custom, on their 'silver' wedding-day. We need scarcely say that our English basso was fully up in both efforts, and, had he responded to either of his encores with his own and Longfellow's 'Village blacksmith,' would have left nothing undone to secure our lasting admiration. The hall, we should mention, especially in the reserved seats, was well filled, taking into account the bitterly inclement weather, which we much fear must be playing sad havoc at present with the receipts of all lectures and entertainments whatsoever."

The *Daily Mail* and *Bulletin* are equally encomiastic, and chronicle the concert as one of the most eminent successes ever achieved in the City Hall. From all accounts the only drawback was the intense cold, over which, as one of the Glasgow critics most truthfully observed, Mr. Muir Wood had no possible control. The cold, nevertheless, did not keep the people away, since the hall was crowded by the *beau monde* of the "City o' the saut herring." In the opinion of the writer of the *Daily Mail*, "It was well that the merits of the performers justified applause, as a smart application of the feet to the floor had not only the effect of giving credit when it was due, but it also tended to keep in something like natural heat these cold extremities." But one expression infringing on that of unqualified gratification is indulged in by any of the critics. "Our only regret," writes the *Daily Bulletin*, "is, that financial considerations make it impossible to have frequent visits from the same company; meanwhile, we are none the less obliged to the Messrs. Muir Wood and Co., for allowing us to hear for ourselves the excellencies of an institution of which we have heard so much."

The first essay of the Monday Popular Concerts, in EDINBURGH, also proved eminently successful. The concert took place in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, and attracted a full attendance, all the reserved seats being occupied, a fact too significant to escape observation. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* devotes a long notice to the performance, in which every person and thing meet almost unqualified praise. We say "almost," because in the case of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, the writer, while bestowing the highest eulogium on the lady's talents and acquirements, and her great and varied qualifications both in opera and oratorio, points to "a slight foreign accent, and a more than slight foreign style," as blemishes. The fair artist will no doubt read this without annoyance, more particularly as she is described in the next paragraph "as complete mistress of florid vocalisation as she is of the plainer style," praise beyond which nothing well could go. The remaining artists—M. Vieuxtemps, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, Sig. Piatti, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Weiss—are equally complimented, the great Belgian violinist, perhaps, coming in for the lion's share of the favour. This was but fair, as it was M. Vieuxtemps' first appearance in Edinburgh, and the journalist has not even trenched on exaggeration when he says "he possesses the highest qualifications which go to constitute a great player." At the third concert of the Edinburgh Musical Association, Mad. Devrient, the daughter of a citizen of Auld Reekie, made her first appearance in her native country, as a vocalist in the bravura school. Her performances were unequal, and, as she was labouring under the combined effects of nervousness and catarrh—two powerful enemies to correct vocalisation—her talents must not be adjudged by this appeal. The concert, as regards the instrumental part, was first rate, the principal pieces being Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte in E flat (Op. 7), and the overtures to the *Siege of Corinth* (Rossini), and the *Naiads* (Prof. Sterndale Bennett). The estimate of Prof. Bennett's overture by our northern contemporary, the *Edinburgh Courant*, is somewhat peculiar. "The *Naiads*," he says, "is one of the composer's best orchestral works, and one, not only frequently played in London, but in high reputation in Germany. In structure it is more *like a movement of a symphony than an overture*; but, whatever its form, it is a composition which any musician might be proud to acknowledge." The pianist was Signor Cunio, a recent addition to the number of resident musicians in Edinburgh, whose execution of Beethoven's sonata was remarkable for its brilliancy, if for nothing else. The Saturday evening concerts appear to find great favour in the eyes, or rather ears, of the middle classes. "Scotch music" is all the rage, under which denomination, however, we cannot reckon Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, though called "Scotch;" much less subscribe to the heretical act of giving "the second, third, and part of the fourth movements," which we find chronicled in the public prints. Jullien's Caledonian quadrilles, and Henry Bishop's songs are more to the purpose.

From the *Newcastle Daily Journal* we learn of the further progress of the Monday Popular Concerts in the provinces.

"The concert given last evening," writes our contemporary, "in the New Town Hall, by the London Monday Concert Company, was a great success both in regard to the high quality of the music and the numbers of the audience. It is difficult to express the effect of the quartet, in G, No. 1, Mozart, with which the concert began. It was truly exquisite, as were others which space does not enable us to particularise, but which elicited expressions of intense feeling from all parts of the hall. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, however, must be specially noticed; she was recalled every time she sang; and other artists received a similar expression of applause. The whole gave the greatest satisfaction to an audience which included many of the best musicians in the town. Mad. Sherrington and Mr. Weiss, it will be observed by advertisement, are to take part in the concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society next week."

Of the same performance the *Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser* says:—"We never remember a programme containing more exquisite gems of composition, or rendered in higher and more finished style of art."

The Sheffield papers announce the success of Mr. Willott's new entertainment, "Photographic Lights and Shades" in the hands of Madame Lancia and Mr. Augustus Braham. The lady's singing and acting seem to have enlisted the unanimous favour of the inhabitants, the sharpness of whose judgment is almost as proverbial as that of their blades.

From a Bristol correspondent we learn that the Bristol and Clifton Harmonic Society gave their usual Christmas performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Wednesday evening, December 26, in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, which was densely crowded, there being upwards of three thousand people present. The following were the principal singers: Miss J. Wells, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lambert, assisted by a full and complete band and chorus.

The third concert of Mr. Dyson's "Second Series of Popular Concerts" at Windsor, the same correspondent informs us, took place in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, the 3rd instant. The vocalists were Miss Annie Cox, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert.

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Reviews.

"*The Knights of the Cross*"—words by J. F. WALTER, music by CHARLES OBERTHUR (author)—is a very good trio for soprano, tenor and bass, with the advantage, too, of a German version of the text (by Dr. H. J. Marc), which will be specially acceptable to (German) purchasers. Herr Oberthur is evidently a disciple of the Spohr school of harmony, and (as may be seen in the third bar) admires Mendelssohn's two-part song, "Oh, would that my love could silently flow." His taste is commendable.

"*The Erl King's Kiss*"—words by E. FITZBALL, music by JULES BENEDICT (Boosey and Sons)—is a composition full of passion, dramatic sentiment and vigorous harmony. A German version of the text, however, would be specially acceptable to (English) purchasers, desirous of understanding the vernacular of Mr. Fitzball, who tells us (among other matters) that

"The Erl King hath come with *snow-blanched* hair."

From among several miscellaneously-rhetorical flowers or flourishes, dedicated to the grimly wood-fiend's victim, the following, *inter alias*, are worth unearthing:—

"Her blue eye is clos'd to the moon's cold beam,
Her *loose* hair is *lock'd* in the frozen stream,
Her brow is wreath'd with mortal pain,
Like one that hath struggl'd and cried in vain," &c.

The pith of the story is that her "false craven lover" having left her "unsought 'neath their trysting-tree," the Erl king takes his place and gives her a kiss, whereby she straightway becomes his "daughter" (Lady—— King?) The catastrophe is recorded by Mr. Fitzball in verse not easy to measure:—

"They've cover'd her over with cloth *of pall*,
They've carried her home to her father's hall,
They've braided the dark cypress round her *hair*,
The Earl king hath kiss'd her, the maiden is *dead*."

"Dead" is a bold rhyme to "hair."

"*Autumn Leaves, why should ye perish?*"—words by C. R. BROWN, music by T. M. MUDIE (Wood, Edinburgh; J. Muir Wood, Glasgow); "*Far, far away*" Ditto; (same publisher); "*The Young Pilgrim*,"—words by VEITCH, music by T. M. MUDIE (R. Mills), are charming songs all three (lying in each instance within the compass of ordinary voices)—the poetry admirably *read*, the melody graceful and unaffected, the accompaniment neat and finished to a degree. Our choice among the three, if compelled to adventure a preference, would be given to "Far, far away," the expressive elegance of which is still further enhanced by the interesting variety which Mr. Mudie has thrown into the accompaniment; though, probably, its companions ("The Young Pilgrim" especially) in the matter of "*recherché*" harmony and modulation would (by musicians) be awarded the palm. How is it that none of Mr. Mudie's songs are ever heard at the Monday Popular Concerts?

"*Pour les Attraits*"—by W. KUHE (Hopwood and Crewe).—Herr Kuhe styles this pretty and well-written piece, "*villanelle, transcrite pour le piano;*" from which we are led to suppose the melody upon which it has been constructed is not of his own invention. The arpeggios of the introduction may induce amateurs to look for the willow-song in Rossini's *Otello*; but they will look in vain. Nevertheless, that the clever German pianist has laid hold of an attractive theme for his "*villanelle*" (which, appearing at the beginning of the new year, might more appropriately, and perhaps more intelligibly, have been entitled *Pour les Etrennes*"), a very brief extract is enough to prove;—

On the other hand, if not his own subject, why has Herr Kuhe withheld the name of the composer? Why did he not remember *not to* forget (to be plain) that the composer of the opera of *Marie Stuart* was one Niedermeyer? The tune of "Auld lang syne," in the major key, at once conjures up the remembrance of this same Niedermeyer's most popular effort—his terribly hacknied "villanelle," which Herr Kuhe's publishers—

Not Herr Kuhe
We are sure—

(as good a rhyme as hair and dead) would seem to desire should pass for Herr Kuhe's, instead of this same Niedermeyer's. *Fi donc!*

"*Buckley's American Melodies*"—composed and arranged for the pianoforte by FREDERICK BUCKLEY (Hopwood and Crewe).—Of these we have received seven—viz., "The lily was the only flower," "Our youthful days have vanished," "The Queen of the Dell," "I'd choose to be a daisy," "The grave of little Bell," "Ella Leene," and "Where are my schoolmates gone?"—the salient characteristics of one and all of which have been sufficiently acknowledged by the public to spare us the task of describing them. All we need add is that, in their way, they fully merit the favour they have met with; that a prettier tune than "Ella Leene," a more graceful (and vocal) one than "Our youthful days have vanished" (which has genuine sentiment, unaccompanied by the faintest hint at maudlin), a merrier one than "The Queen of the Dell," or, in a certain sense, a more original and piquant one than "The grave of little Bell" could not be desired; and that (a golden recommendation) whether as regards the pianoforte accompaniments, or the arrangement of the voice-parts in the choral refrains, Mr. Frederick Buckley has afforded clear evidence of the fact that he is a musician of taste as well as acquirement.

"*Come then, John, the Soldier Band*," words by D. CARTER, music by W. T. BELCHER (Belcher, Birmingham; Jewell, London). "*The Rainy Day*," words by H. W. LONGFELLOW, music by "MINA" (Simpson). "*A Friend in time of Need*," words by ADOLPHUS J. MANSFIELD, music by EDWARD CLARE (ditto). "*Dred, the Slave Prophet of the Dismal Swamp*," descriptive scene, words by H. W. LONGFELLOW, music by PROFESSOR CLARE (ditto). "*Nelly New*," negro song, words and music by PROFESSOR CLARE (ditto). "*Poor Jumbo is dead*" (songs of the coloured opera troupe); "*We parted in the Corn-fields*" ("Ballads of the Ohio Minstrels");—edited by PROFESSOR CLARE (Holdernesse). "*Serenade Fantasia*" ("Come into the garden, Maude"—pianoforte, by F. BEYER), ditto. Also, Simpson. "*Grand March, dedicated to the Glasgow Rifle Corps*, JOHN FLETCHER (Wood and J. M. Wood, Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Little more is necessary than to acknowledge the receipt of the above vocal and instrumental pieces. Mr. Belcher's song is energetic but commonplace. "Mina" has found a graceful, if not over fresh melody, for Professor Longfellow's

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"*Rainy Day*," in which the "common fate of all" is so epigrammatically embodied. Professor Clare's music to "*Dred*" is neither so attractive nor so finished as Professor Longfellow's poetry; nor is his "*Nelly Now*" so new or so racy as the specimens he has edited of the nigger-melody of the Ohio Minstrels and coloured Opera Truope; while least of all prepossessing, is his "*Friend in Need*," with its E natural in the second bar at the top of page 3, and its equally unpleasant progression from D major to the dominant flat seventh on F natural (the melody considered), in the last bar of the third line, same page. The "*Grand Glasgow Rifle March*" of Mr. John *Fulcher*, may be dismissed with much the same criticism as we have already applied to Mr. Belcher's martial song.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

PIANOFORTE.

ERGMANN.—A Rondo Appassionato.
FIELD, J.—Six Nocturnes.
KULLAK, T.—Les Arpèges.
LISZT, F.—March from "Tannhäuser."
SCHUBERT, F.—Impromptu in B flat.
Ditto ditto E flat.
SILAS, E.—Tarentelle.

ANDREWS (Manchester).

VOCAL.

ANDREWS, R.—"A happy Christmas."
"Gentle maids in time beware."
"The Christmas Hymn."
"Thee will I love."
"The Hymn for Christmas."
"Therefore with angels."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

PIANOFORTE.

ADELBERG, L.—"La Mazureska."
PURKESS, J.—"The O. D. C. Polka."
RICHARDS, B.—"Louise Nocturne."
Ditto "La Czarina Waltz."

VOCAL.

CHERRY, J. W.—"Away, vain dreams."
WRIGHTON, W. T.—"Thy voice is near."

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.

PIANOFORTE.

LISZT, F.—"L'Etoile du Soir," from "Tannhäuser."

VOCAL.

BALFE, W. W.—"Fresh as a Rose."
LODER, G.—"This world is a Garden."
Ditto "In a Leafy Garden."
SMART, H.—"May." Duettino.
WEISS, W. H.—"The Knight's Vigil."

NEW OPERA OF AUBER AND SCRIBE.—Letters (private) from Paris speak in raptures of the music of Auber's new opera, now rehearsing at the Opéra Comique. The most gifted of French musicians is said to have exhibited all the vigour and freshness of his early or middle periods. A new masterpiece is confidently expected. The singers and the members of the orchestra are unanimous in their enthusiasm about the work. *Tant mieux.*

MUSICAL PITCH.—The depression of the musical pitch by a quarter of a tone, adopted in the Parisian orchestras, has now been put in practice, for the first time, in Germany, at Cologne. The Concert Society of that city have lowered the pitch of all the instruments of their orchestra, and the effect is said to be completely satisfactory. The stringed instruments have lost nothing of their sonority, and the change is found to be a great boon to the singers. London stands as much in need of reform in this respect as any place whatever. The inconveniences of the present pitch are loudly and generally complained of, and yet the attempt made last year by the Society of Arts to remedy the evil has apparently been allowed to fall entirely to the ground.—*Spectator.*

ON DITS.—M. de Morny is declared to be the composer of the last new operetta at the Bouffes; and a well-known ministerial writer is to be the subject of a forthcoming play, now being rehearsed, at the Français. Some people declare that the Count had a notion of conducting the orchestra as well, but that the house was not large enough to make the experiment worth while.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The banjo player of the Christy's Minstrels, Thomas Lye, cut his throat on the 5th instant.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

Wednesday, 16th January.

SINCE my last there has been an important *début* at the Grand Opera—that of M. Labat (formerly Professor of History at the Academy of Music), in the part of Eleazar, in the *Juive*. The attempt was an ambitious one, and it is not surprising if the result has not proved entirely satisfactory. M. Labat has undoubtedly a fine organ, but lacks both skill and experience in the use of it. His most successful efforts were in the more energetic parts, such as the trio in which the curse is pronounced. As a whole, however, the performance was weak. On the following evening the sisters Marchisio reappeared for the first time since their tour in the provinces. The opera was, as a matter of course, *Semiramis*, their celebrated duo in which produced the same electrical effect on the audience as when the exquisite blending of the sisters' voices, and the delicate precision of their execution, was a fresh sensation. I told you of the new measure which so handsomely regulates the emoluments of authors and composers producing works at the Imperial Opera. The artists have had no less reason to be pleased with the new order of things, in a financial respect, which inaugurates the new year. It had in the first instance been contemplated to present a new year's gift of 500 fr. to every one of the performers, dancers, and other artists engaged on the enormous establishment of the first lyrical stage in France; but Count Walewski, who is the Jupiter of the canvas firmament of the opera, has with great wisdom judged that a progressive increase of salary would be a more dignified form of expressing the Imperial appreciation of operatic performances, while an immediate saving to the coffers of the state would result by spreading the intended new year's gift over a period of five years, and reducing the future annual gifts by 100 fr. each year. Accordingly, from the 1st of January, the salaries of all the artists of the Grand Opera are to be raised 100 fr. every year for five years. *Apropos* of new year's gifts, Mlle. Emma Livry, the celebrated *danseuse* who has so recently achieved so remarkable a choregraphic triumph in Mad. Taglioni's ballet, *Le Papillon*, has received from another potentate, the Emperor of Moneybags, M. Rothschild, a magnificent diamond brooch, which may now be seen nightly darting out its myriad scintillations from the panting bosom of Mlle. Livry, more especially in the *Valse des Rayons*.

At the Italian Opera they have been busy for some time getting up Verdi's new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Great expectations are entertained of the master's latest work, and a few nights ago Mad. Grisi and Signor Badiali sang several fragments from it at Rossini's house, which were pronounced fully worthy the genius of Verdi.

At the Opéra Comique M. Offenbach's new opera of *Barkouf*, whereof I gave you some account in my last, has, after a short suspension, during which it has undergone vigorous reduction, again taken its place in the bills, where, notwithstanding the galling fire of criticism which has been opened upon the composer and all his works, it will probably continue some little time longer. Meanwhile, the new opera by those glorious veterans and heroes of a hundred dramatic and lyrical victories, Auber and Scribe, is being busily got on with. Its title is to be *La Circassiene*, and it is reported on good authority to be on a par with the best works of the ever-verdant composer. Auber is the Palmerston of the lyrical stage, and, like him, has managed to keep ahead, of old time, and save his youthful elasticity from the old fellow's stiffening clutch. If any reader should here remark that Auber has made a special study of beating time, I shall not dispute the priority of so obvious a quibble with him, but will endeavour to trump him by observing that in like manner our prime minister, so long as he is minister, will never lose his prime.

There have been two novelties at the Bouffes Parisiens. One is an operetta by M. de St. Rémy, the libretto of which is by MM. Léon Halévy and de Servière. It is entitled *Le Mari sans le savoir*, and the plot turns on a will, by which a certain Chamaroux, while away in the colonies, is requested to marry the daughter of the testator, who, the better to insure the execution of his last wishes, enjoins the said daughter to give herself out at once as secretly married to the individual in question. On returning to his native land, Chamaroux is surprised to find himself the

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tenant of a new house, to which his confidential servant had removed his penates, placing them under the charge of the testamentary Mad. Chamaroux. He finds himself too old to carry out his friend's dying request, but gets out of the difficulty by marrying the lady to his nephew, who, by this means, still continues to bear his name. The music of this trifle is, without being excessively original, lively and agreeable. M. de St. Rémy is not the name of any composer alive or dead; but beneath this appellation lurks an aristocratic personage, whose musical taste and ability are well known. The Count and Countess de Morny were present on the first night, and presented Mlle. Auber, who impersonated the heroine, with a handsome brooch. The second novelty at this little house is the long-expected diminutive opera by M. Offenbach, entitled *La Chanson de Fortunio*, the unequivocal success of which will compensate the composer for the adverse criticisms to which his late attempt at a higher stage was exposed. The subject is founded on Alfred de Musset's well-known song—

"Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais pour un Empire
Vous la nommer."

Fortunio is a notary, married, settled, and of grave reputation, so far as the present at least is concerned, for in his youthful days, when he was but a clerk, there are certain rumours afloat of his gallant exploits, and of the irresistible effects upon the gentler sex produced by his manner of warbling "Si vous croyez," &c. But all this is forgotten now, both by himself and others, and what remains of his youthful adventure is an intense suspicion of the designs of all who approach the female part of his household. Lothario married has become Othello, and there is admirable scope for the development of his jealous characteristics in the fact that his wife is excessively pretty, and his clerks, without exception, a set of unconscionable scapegraces. One in particular, young Valentin, attracts the suspicions of the notary by his insinuating respectfulness towards his mistress. Being excessively timid, however, Valentin would never have gone beyond sighing and secretly plucking roses to send his master's wife but for the suggestions of Friquet, a fellow-clerk, who disinters from among some old papers the famous song with which old Fortunio had done such execution, and inoculates the whole office with amorous designs. Friquet, to favour an interview between Valentin and Mad. Fortunio, gets the old notary out of the way by a trumped-up story, and on his return finds all his clerks at the feet each of a grisette, and singing the ditty of his youth. He grows more jealous than ever, but not without cause, for a window shortly opens, and a rose is thrown by the hand of Mad. Fortunio to Valentin. With this significant token of the success of the *chanson de Fortunio* the little piece ends. The whole tone of this trifle is thoroughly French, to use the word in its worst sense, but it is decidedly amusing in its bustling liveliness and gaiety. The part of Valentin was intrusted to a *débutante*, Mlle. Pfotzer, whose fresh and clear voice and natural expression, notwithstanding a certain "gaucherie" found favour with the public.

The theatrical news this week presents only one feature of importance, the production of a new comedy in five acts, by M. Emile Augier, it is entitled *Les Effrontés*, and though abounding in satire, has in its plot more the character of a drama than of a purely comic work. The principal parts are played by Madame Arnould Plessy, and MM. Samson, Provost, Regnier, Got and Delaunay. The Emperor was present on the first night, and waited till the name of the author was given out, heartily adding his quota to the burst of plaudits which greeted it. I must also mention another successful comedy, by the clever author of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, M. Sardou. It is entitled *Les Femmes fortes*, and was produced at the Vaudeville. The subject is American, and the author satirises Yankee manners, though one would think it scarcely necessary to cross the Atlantic for materials to indulge his caustic humour. To return to strictly musical affairs: Mad. Clauss Szavardy has just returned from a tour in Germany, where she has been triumphantly received. Touching Germany, the Hanoverian government has lately published a decree interdicting all encores, and even that substitute for the encore, the reappearance of the artist after he or she has quitted the stage, to acknowledge the applause of the audience. No doubt very unseemly interruptions to the musical and dramatic progress of a work arise from this cause; but the rigorous prohibition in question will be felt as a hardship in many instances, especially at the Italian Opera. Roger is singing at the Royal Theatre there, but the edict just alluded to does not appear to have been put in force with respect to his performance, for I hear of his having been recalled as many as nine times during the *Huguenots*. At Augsburg there has been an operetta performed, the parentage of which is of the most singular character. The words are written by the King's procurator, and the music composed by the burgomaster, which is much as if the Attorney-general were to write an opera and the Lord Mayor supply the music. The title of this production is *Hans ist da*. Anglicè, *John is there*.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Its Origin and Progress.

Second Part.—Nineteenth Century.

(*Continued from page* 6.)

Before proceeding with these biographical studies, and examining the works of those composers who have written for the Opéra Comique during the 19th century, I have to bring forth a few facts relative to the theatres in which these performances were given, and of which I have spoken hitherto only in a summary manner.

We have seen the humble cradle in which was nursed the *comédie à ariettes* at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent, which were held, the one in winter the other in summer. The fair of St. Laurent had been in existence for three or four centuries previously, and derived its name from the church of St. Laurent, near which it was established. It lasted, according to official regulations, for fifty days, that is, from the 9th of August, the eve of St. Laurent's day, to the 29th of September, but it was often extended to three months. The fair of St. Germain had originated in the 12th century. At first it was held only once in the year, but under the reign of Louis XI., in 1482, it took place twice a year. The date of its commencement was frequently changed. First it was on the 1st of October, then the 3rd of February, subsequently the 12th of November, and, lastly, in the month of May. This fair only lasted from a fortnight to a month. The Benedictines, however, to whom the ground belonged on which the booths were erected, sought to prolong its duration, and in this but followed the example of the Lazarists, who possessed the ground of the St. Laurent fair. In 1650 the notion came up of erecting theatres at these fairs, but before our Opéra Comique came into existence, there figured in them, puppets, menageries, giants and dwarfs, learned animals, conjurors and rope-dancers. It was not till 1678 that plays were acted in them.* In 1714, the widow Baron and the Sieur St. Elme entered into partnership, and their company called itself the Opéra Comique.†

In 1716, the Duke of Orleans had invited over some Italian comedians who had installed themselves in the Hotel de Bourgogne, and two years later, to add to the interest of their performances, he obtained a license to have plays acted in French by them. Meanwhile the success and renown of the *comédies à ariettes*, set to music by Daric, Monsigny and Phillidor had so increased, that the court desired to hear them, but as etiquette forbade that any other actors than the comedians in ordinary to the king should play before their majesties, it was determined to unite the company of la Foire to the Comédie Italienne, and the new theatrical establishment was inaugurated by the performance of *Blaise le Savetier*, preceded by a prologue written for the occasion.

During passion week, the Italian comedians had permission to play at the fair theatre, and as this was the only theatrical performance going on at the time, their receipts were considerable.

* The title of the earliest known of these was *Les Farces de l'Amour et de la Magie*.

† The managers employed Le Sage to write for their theatre, and here it was that he produced his comedies, and among them *Turcaret*, his *chef-d'œuvre*.

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In 1762, the share of each actor after Easter, was 11,500 livres, an enormous sum if we consider the period. In 1781, a new theatre for the Italian comedians was commenced building in the garden of the Hôtel de Choiseul, a plot of land of 1800 square *toises* being set apart for the purpose. "The new house," says Bachaumont, will stand isolated, "with an open space in front, and the city consents that the back part towards the boulevard shall be laid open, cleaned out and paved. In the side streets, to which the names of Favart and Marivaux are given, a footway will be formed for pedestrians, separated from the road by posts, at intervals of from five to six feet. Five streets in all will converge upon it, not counting a passage which will be provided for pedestrians." This house, to which the name of the Favart was given, was opened to the public on the 28th of April, 1783. Six years afterwards, on the 28th of January, 1789, a new company performing opéra comique, started as a rival to the united companies of the Foire and the Comédie Italienne, in the theatre of the Tuileries, under the title of the Théâtre Monsieur. This latter enterprise was transplanted to the Feydeau theatre on the 6th of January, 1791, where performances were given until 1798, when the theatre closed, the manager being a bankrupt. It re-opened, however, some time after, and the rivalry of the Favart and Feydeau theatres stimulated the production of an abundance of works, among which were, as we shall shortly see, several masterpieces. In April 1801, however, both theatres closed, and after one or two experiments, attended with varying success, an Imperial decree established in 1806 a special theatre for Opéra Comique to be located in the Feydeau theatre. In 1829, after the retirement of two celebrated singers, of whom I am soon to speak, Elleviou and Martin, the Opéra Comique was transferred to the Salle Ventadour, where several managers succeeded each other, who were not, however, very successful in their endeavours, and the enterprise was again brought to a close. The Opéra Comique again appeared at the Théâtre des Nouveautés in September 1832, a theatre which had previously been occupied by the Vaudeville company. But on the night of the 14th of January, 1838, the Salle Favart, in which Italian Opera was played, having caught fire and burned to its four walls, it was rebuilt according to the plans of M. Carpentier, and the Opéra Comique took up its residence there on the 16th of May 1840* and opened with *Le Pré aux Cleres.*

ELLEVIOU.—MARTIN.

Elleviou and Martin powerfully contributed to the fame of the pieces played at the Favart and Feydeau Theatres. Their careers are so intimately bound up with that of the Opéra Comique that it would be vain to sketch their biographies before mentioning the works which they *created*, to use an expression recommended by usage rather than good sense.

ELLEVIOU.

Pierre Jean Baptiste François Elleviou was born at Rennes on the 14th of June, 1769 (according to some biographers, on the 2nd of November in the same year). He was educated at the public school of Rennes, and was a schoolfellow of Al. Duval, the friendship existing between them, and which was strengthened by their theatrical success, having sprung up here. "Elleviou could, no more than myself, escape his destiny," says Duval, in the preface of *l'Oncle Valet.* "In spite of his father, who intended him to follow the profession of medicine, which was his own, he could not, as he would say in our secret confidences, *accustom himself to groping in dead bodies.* Our tastes, which were similar, had united us in the closest friendship. Whether or no my travels and a little better knowledge of mankind had taught me that the consequences of our vagaries might render us both miserable by provoking the anger of our families, I persuaded him to combat his inclination for the stage, and not to attend the theatres so assiduously; but in the midst of my solemn exhortations he would break in with some of the finest airs of Grétry, and I would at last answer him by some high-sounding tirade out of a tragedy. So uncontrollable was the demon which possessed us both, that the entire society of our little town was thrown into commotion, that we might get them to play comedies and tragedies; and as we had been much encouraged by the actors whose company we frequented as much as was in our power, we had the double pleasure of believing ourselves far superior to our young comrades, and of laughing in our sleeves at the manner in which they declaimed the fine verses of Voltaire. Our parents, who were far from suspecting that our diversions would end by causing them a great deal of vexation, were proud of our attempts, and would willingly mingle their applause with that of their friends. These small successes only gave fresh encouragement to our first and cherished idea. It was only in the capital that a reputation could be made and glory won. But how get there? How evade the vigilance of our parents? This was what we succeeded in doing, however, both of us, though at different times. Elleviou, more impatient than I, was engaged as soon as he reached Paris by the manager of La Rochelle, but at the moment of his appearance an order from the intendant caused him to be arrested. He was taken to a tower which overlooked the public place; and every evening our scapegrace would treat the fair ladies of the little town with his songs, for all flocked to hear the troubadour medical student, who would laugh out like a madman as he sang,

'Dans une tour obscure,
Un roi puissant languit,' &c.

"His father soon made his appearance, and all was forgiven. He was received with open arms in our town, and feasts were held in his honour; and as soon as we met he recounted all his successes and mishaps, assuring me, at the same time, that he persisted in his intention to be received a doctor, but of the Italian Theatre only. He kept his word; for he no sooner arrived in Paris to complete his studies than he made his appearance at the Comédie Italienne, without ever having played in the country, and obtained the greatest success in the first line of characters. The public saw, from his very first appearance,* that this young man united, to the chief requisites of an actor, the mode of utterance and the delicacy of manner which betokened the good education he had received. I shall not speak of the reputation he has made in the career which he pursued; all Paris regrets he should have taken his farewell at an age when he might hope for another ten yers of success. And I, more than any one, regret it, for I might have in writing for him extended still further my stock of pieces for the Opéra Comique."

HARMONIOUS VOLUNTEERS.—On Friday afternoon, 28th Dec., the No. 2, St. John's Company of the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Rifles was inspected and attested by Lieut.-Colonel Earl Grosvenor. This new company is composed exclusively of workmen in the employment of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, pianoforte makers. On the occasion in question it assembled in strong force, to the number of 128 men, under the command of its officers, Capt. F. Rose, Lieut. G. T. Rose and Ensign A. Black. After being attested, it was put through a variety of manœuvres, which, taking into account the short time it has been under drill, viz., seven weeks, were performed with great precision, and which elicited the warm approval of Earl Grosvenor.

HOBART TOWN.—The presence of an Italian Opera company in Hobart Town promises the lovers of the lyric drama an unwonted treat. Signor and Signora Bianchi have produced a great sensation in the musical circles of Sydney and Melbourne, where they have drawn during a long season, crowded houses. Both as a singer and an actress, the Signora is spoken of in terms of the most enthusiastic praise, her voice being described as magnificent, and her dramatic talents as of the highest order. Mr. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, and other colonial favourites are attached to the company. The opera announced for to-night is *Il Trovatore*, which will be succeeded by a musical *melange*, in which Mr. Winterbottom will perform some of his bassoon solos. No doubt a numerous and brilliant audience will attend the Theatre Royal to partake of this novel feast of song and sweet sounds.—*Hobart Town Puff.*

* Although another theatre, the Théâtre Lyrique, is playing Opéra Comique, I shall not speak of it, its establishment not coming within the range of time fixed for these papers.

* Which took place April 1, 1790, in the part of Alexis in the *Déserteur*

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VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Jan. 8, 1861.

THE race of hairy pianists is not yet extinct. A very fine specimen was caught last week, close to this city, in the act of torturing a grand. Like other undomesticated animals at this inclement season of the year, it is supposed to have been driven from its native haunts, and forced to seek the protection of civilised man. Every characteristic of the race was so fully developed in this particular instance, that there was not the slightest difficulty in its classification. The shaggy mane, the long, bony digits, the lanky, half-starved looking figure, the sallow complexion, and that peculiar maniacal, vacant stare, which makes the object of its gaze so truly uncomfortable. Those eyes once fixed upon you, and it's of no use trying to avert them; turn where you will, they follow you about with the most obstinate constancy.

If you smile in mild recognition of the thing which you suppose is looking at you, a demoniacal grin suffuses its countenance, and you are made positively nervous. What a relief when all those contortions are over, and the deafening sound ceases! The creature leaves his victim, whose inside has been terribly weakened by the thrashing, wipes his perspiring fingers, and declares himself completely exhausted. No wonder. One wishes he had been so long since, at least such was the case on the occasion in question, when this last found specimen of the race exhibited his skill. But from such a subject to matters more musical.

On Saturday, 5th, the Wiener Sänger-Band gave a concert in the new Diana Saal, a handsome building lately opened, available for balls and concerts in winter, and convertible into a vast swimming-bath during the summer months. It is situate on the Leopoldstadt bank of the river, opposite Treumann's Theatre.

The hall is constructed of wood and iron, and in proportion is somewhat similar to that of St. James's. The prevailing colours of the decorations are white and green, against which some life-size portraits and pictures in fresco on each side of the arched ceiling and at either end have a gay appearance. Three massive gilt chandeliers, with innumerable jets of gas, afford a brilliant illumination. Along each side of the room, on the ground floor, and along the gallery, are twenty-four recesses, prettily furnished. During the dancing season these are used as eating-rooms; in summer the furniture is changed, and each recess elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of the bathers. The level of the centre of the room is some three feet lower than that of these recesses and the platform by which they are approached, an arrangement which prevents the dancers being disturbed by the promenaders. The entertainment on Saturday consisted as much of eating and drinking as of music; the latter did not begin until half-past eight, while the former had been going on since six o'clock. The eating-rooms were each occupied by a merry party, and in the centre of the hall were some eighty or ninety small round tables, every one of which was engaged. The singers themselves, members of a Liedertafel, seemed to devote more attention to their knives and forks than any other performance. According to German custom, the Sänger-Band sang their part-songs at table, where they were supposed to have been dining or supping. The choir consists of some hundred male voices. They sang well, but certainly not better than any of the choral societies which we are accustomed to hear in England. During the evening some solos were sung by a Mlle. Gerhart, from Pesth, Herr Hrabaneck, and Herr Gunz, of the Kärntnerthor Theatre, who volunteered their services. A certain Herr Boscovitz performed a series of extraordinary gymnastics upon the pianoforte, exciting the wonder, if not the admiration, of his audience. A recitation by a pretty little actress from the Burg Theatre completed the programme of the evening, after which smoking began, and the eatables and drinkables again attacked with renewed vigour.

At the Kärntnerthor we have had three interesting performances during the past week, namely, Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*, Wagner's *Holländer*, Meyerbeer's *Profet*. The first-mentioned opera is here given without recitative, the dialogue being spoken. Herr Beck eminently distinguished himself both in this work and in the *Holländer*, which latter *rôle* he has made completely his own. In *Figaro's Hochzeit* the ladies Ceillag, Wildauer, and Liebhart sang and acted with great effect, and evidently enjoying the fun of the plot; they imparted their good humour and merriment to the audience, who relished it accordingly.

ANTRATER.

Letters to the Editor.

MAJOR AND MINOR MODE.

SIR,—The logical and well-written letter of your talented correspondent, Mr. W. C. Filby, should be read by every musician. I do not say I endorse every word of it, but it contains so much truth and evinces so much experience and intimate acquaintance with the subject, that its writer should at least be entitled to the thanks of all professors.

Still I cannot altogether agree with Mr. Filby's somewhat utopian theory of discarding all connection between a major and its relative minor, and *vice versâ*, as I consider that many fine progressions would thereby be lost. Would Mr. Filby dare to use a triad on the mediant with an *augmented fifth*? If he would (for I do not fancy he can be a man who would set forth a principle and not adhere to it), I must say that I think he is wrong, and that the relative major chord would be far preferable.

His theoretical arguments on the construction of the scale are admirably correct, but I question if what he calls the synonymous principle will stand the test of practice and everyday use.

Please give this a place in your excellent paper and oblige

Yours obediently,

DOMINANT.

IRONY.

SIR,—You were good enough to insert a few lines in your valued paper of the 29th ult., in which I pointed out the sort of criticism one gets in this town where music is concerned. Your correspondent, M. de Lavigerie, triumphantly assures your readers that M. Vieuxtemps is a VIOLINIST!!! Surely, M. de Lavigerie, despite his name, is of that race concerning whom Sydney Smith averred that nothing less than "a surgical operation could get a joke into their heads." But, an he be a true Gaul, I beg to refer him to Johnson's dictionary for the word "Irony."

AMATEUR.

THE ALHAMBRA.

SIR,—As I take a general interest in musical matters, I paid a visit a few evenings since to the Alhambra Palace, and although the arrangements, musically and otherwise, are certainly very satisfactory in the main, I could not but be struck with the great want of taste which could sanction the use of such a *vile piano*. I feel assured that so bad an instrument would not be tolerated at any third-rate music hall, and therefore hope that Mr. Tully's attention need only be called to this (in these musical days) grievous oversight to have it at once replaced by one worthy of the establishment.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

HURDY-GURDY.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—(*From the London Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion.*)—Take another sample. Behold that æsthetical establishment, the Crystal Palace, which was to have crystallised the whole cockney community into "one entire and perfect chrysolite," purging it of all coarseness, and rendering us at any rate like the flies in amber, a deuce of a wonder how we got into such a medium of pellucid purity. It was to be the grand educational institution of the epoch and of the earth; addressing the mind's eye through the corporeal sense; a manufactory of omniscience for the million at a shilling a head, and twopenny buns for three halfpence; refining, elevating, exalting the crowd into a condition of transcendental ecstacy with mental nutriment and unexceptionable ham-sandwiches; begetting an ardour for the fine arts which would be unappeasable anywhere but in this astonishing glass house, which covered plaster of Paris casts of all Greek sculpture, and gambouged copies of all Italian painting, and fac-similes of every representable phenomena in all creation, except the directors, who were too precious to be reproduced in any other substance than brass and lead, the first for the physiognomy, the second for that part of the anatomy which surmounts the human

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face divine. Well, contrast present performances with past promise. At this moment the daily journals groan, in more senses than one, with enormous announcements about the Palace, such as Wombwell, the peripatetic menagerie man, has too much respect for his kangaroos to put outside his caravan, and the late Mr. Richardson would have hesitated to placard them on his booth the last days of the saturnalia of Bartholomew Fair. These advertisements minutely narrate, in the most classic English, that certain clowns "will tell the drollest stories and sing the funniest songs," and that all sorts of jack-pudding gymnastics will be gone through, such as a small mayor in a small town would deem it derogatory to the intellect of his Little Pedlingtonians to be asked to tolerate on a market day. Our old friends, the Pig-faced Lady, and the Learned Pig, and Miss Biffin, and Fire King Chabert, and the Singing Mouse, and the Whistling Oyster, and the Talking Fish, were clearly born before their time, like other precocious characters. They should have waited till the latter moiety of the highly-cultivated nineteenth century was ten years old, and then they would have been appreciated as they deserved by the eminently competent judges who preside at the great conservatory of popular instruction at Norwood. Moreover, they would have justice done to their merits by encomiastic and analytic journalists in columns' length; so that the Industrious Fleas, for instance, would have been treated as though they were a herd of hybrids between megatheriums and mastodons.

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON
(49TH OF THE SERIES),

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his Second Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quintet, in C major (Beethoven), M. VIEUXTEMPS, HERR RIES, M. SCHREURS, Mr. WEBB, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Quail (Beethoven), Mr. TENNANT. Trio, "Ave Maria" (Schlösser) Mme. LOUISA VINNING, Mme. LAURA BAXTER, and Mr. TENNANT. Song, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Handel) Mme. LAURA BAXTER. Suite de Pieces, containing the "Harmonious Blacksmith," for Pianoforte solus (Handel), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata for Pianoforte and Viola (Vieuxtemps), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and M. VIEUXTEMPS (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts). Song, "The First Violet" (Mendelssohn) Mme. LOUISA VINNING. Trio, "L'Addio" (Curschmann), Mme. LOUISA VINNING, Mme LAURA BAXTER, and Mr. TENNANT. Trio, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mendelssohn), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS and Signor PIATTI (By unanimous desire).

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street; And CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (in consequence of its continued success), QUEEN TOPAZE. Principal characters by Misses PAREPA and ALLESANDRI; Messrs. SWIFT, PATEY, BARTLEMAN, TERROTT, and SANTLEY. Concluding with the Children's great pantomime of HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB. The gorgeous scenery and transformations by Beverley. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine, by the celebrated Lauri Family. Sprites by the Arabs. Doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. Notice.—SIMS REEVES will make his reappearance in his favourite character of Robin Hood on the 5th of February. In active preparation, a new grand original opera, by W. V. WALLACE, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. Principal characters by Mr. SIMS REEVES, PATEY, SANTLEY, FANNY HUDDART, and Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5. Grand Morning Performance of the children's Pantomime of TOM THUMB to-day (Saturday), commencing at 2 o'clock, in which the celebrated Rochette Family will appear.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, entitled THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX. The new grand Comic Christmas Pantomime of PETER WILKINS Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guiness; Pantaloons, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN will very shortly appear. Full particulars will be given forthwith. A Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime, PETER WILKINS, every Wednesday, commencing at 2 o'clock.

Birth.

On the 5th instant, at Argyll Lodge, Wimbledon Common, the wife of OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, Esq. (Mad. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT), of a son.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

THE result of the forthcoming performance of the *Messiah* at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Friday next, is not likely to be imperilled for want of strong and frequent recommendation. The following paragraph, apparently "official" ("*communiqué?*")—our readers know what that means—has appeared in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and other contemporaries:—

REHEARSAL OF "THE MESSIAH" AT ST. PAUL'S.—Yesterday evening there was a rehearsal under the dome of St. Paul's of the oratorio of the *Messiah*, which is to be performed on Friday, the 25th instant, before the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church and State, in aid of the expenses which have been incurred in the recent cathedral restorations, and the purchase of the splendid new organ, for which the dean and canon have no available capitular revenues. Mr. John Goss, the organist of St. Paul's, conducted the rehearsal, most of the band and chorus, which will consist of 600 performers, being present. The orchestra has been placed in the south transept in front of the new organ, which has been erected for the special Sunday evening services, charitable festivals, and o her special occasions. The powers of the new instrument were last night amply tested, and showed that a sound judgment was displayed by Sir Gore Ouseley, Precentor Webber, and the other gentlemen to whom the task of recommending its precise location was entrusted. The Dean of St. Paul's, the Archdeacon of London, and other gentlemen, who attended the rehearsal last night, expressed themselves highly satisfied with its results, and it was announced that a full rehearsal with the band, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Blagrove, will take place next Wednesday evening. Several of the great City companies have liberally subscribed towards the Cathedral restorations and the purchase of the organ, but there is still a considerable deficiency, which it is confidently expected the receipts from the forthcoming performance will cover.

Not to enter further into the speculations advanced by us last week as to the adaptability, or non-adaptability, of the

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south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral for the purposes of a musical performance, we must ask—how does it happen that in all that is stated respecting the organ, no mention whatever is made of the builders, nor one word ventured as to whence and in what manner the instrument was procured? We have already hinted that the "new organ" was once the property of Mr. E. T. Smith, into whose possession it came when he purchased the Panopticon, re-christened by him "the Alhambra," and that he very recently parted with it to the Dean of St. Paul's for the use of the cathedral. We may now add that the organ was originally built for the Panopticon, by the eminent manufacturers, Messrs. Hill. Why the committee of the Festival should withhold these facts from the public, it is difficult to make out. That the organ is one of the finest ever constructed in this country, everybody admits who has heard it; and what the *Musical World* thought of it when first exhibited in Leicester-Square, may be ascertained by reference to Mr. Henry Smart's interesting, masterly, and elaborate article written at the time. The "sound judgment displayed by Sir Gore Ouseley, Precentor Webber, and the other gentlemen to whom the task of recommending its precise location was entrusted," is therefore unquestionable.

Possibly the committee shrank from the acknowledgment that the organ, in every way (if their judgment may pass) so admirably adapted to the cathedral, had been originally built for the lay purposes of miscellaneous concerts, &c., and were unwilling to disturb the sacred self-gratulation of the subscribers, who considered they were aiding in the purchase of an orthodox (and maiden) instrument. At all events, it was unnecessary to withhold the names of the manufacturers, which would reasonably have given rise to suspicion, even had we not quietly broached the question. Another point is worth considering. An organ prepared for and exactly suited to the Alhambra is not inevitably the kind of work (however great a work *sui generis*) for a building of so wholly different a nature as St. Paul's.

MR. BUNN is no more; and, whatever effect the announcement may have on youthful and impressionable "Arlines," we do not mind saying that in our opinion, "hollow hearts" *ought* to "wear a mask;" for which reason the mask is appropriate enough to the Harlequin of an English pantomime, who as the author of an excellent article on "Pantomimes" in the second number of *Temple Bar* remarks, "has dwindled into an inane dancer and posture-maker, with no more humour than a barber's pole." We are told, however, that such was the power possessed by Carlin (the celebrated French harlequin) of impressing his audience that "it was common to find yourself fixing your eye-glass at the black senseless pasteboard, and fancying you were watching an endless succession of comical expressions upon it." But we are not going to write an article about theatrical masks, from those of the Greek tragedians downwards—though the subject is far from being a despicable one; all we propose to do is to tell two or three anecdotes about masks, one of which will perhaps interest the author of the before-mentioned paper on "Pantomimes" in *Temple Bar*. In the pantomimes of Italy, and, until the end of the last century, in the *ballets* of France, all the typical charcters seem to have worn masks; but we fancy (after reading the lines hinted above concerning Carlin) that pantomimists may have adopted them, or at all events retained them, not for any poetical reasons, but simply for the sake of having an additional difficulty to overcome. If Carlin had not worn a mask, Fleury would doubtless have found it impossible to believe that any actor could impress his audience as he did without depending in the least upon the play of his features. Thus the pasteboard face, which to an indifferent pantomimist must always be an obstacle in the way of complete dramatic expression, was to Carlin, aiming at this complete dramatic expression, no obstacle at all; but, negatively, a means of triumph.

But to our anecdotes. The part of Harlequin then was never played without a mask, except for a short period in 1685, at an Italian Theatre, where the celebrated Angelo Costantini was engaged. This popular tragedian having consented to appear as Arlecchino, was called upon by the public to "throw off the mask," that it might still be delighted by the play of his admirably mobile features. When Costantini returned to tragedy, the actors who replaced him as Harlequin, re-assumed the mask, and it has never since been laid aside.

Anecdote the second. When Rameau's opera of *Castor and Pollux* was revived in 1772 at the Académie Royale de Musique, Apollo's *pas seul*, which occurs in the fifth act, was to have been danced by Gaetan Vestris, who represented the fairhaired Phœbus with an enormous black wig, a mask, and a copper sun on his breast. Something, at the last moment, prevented Vestris from assuming his old part, and Maximilien Gardel was asked to replace him, Gardel consented, but only on condition that he should appear in his own natural hair (which was of an appropriate golden colour), without any of the ridiculous attributes which until then had been considered inseparable from the costume of Apollo, and, above all, without a mask. This innovation met with the approbation of the public, and from this moment the mask was abandoned by all the principal performers in ballets, though for some years afterwards those Coryphées still kept to it who represented Winds, Shades, and Furies. The masks of the Furies were as hideous and terrible as they could be made; those of the Shades were perfectly white; those of the Winds had a puffed-out appearance, as though the winds were blowing, and were about to "crack their cheeks."

Some of our readers must have seen M. Scribe's *ballet* of *Manon Lescaut*, in which three of the most celebrated French dancers of the eighteenth century (Mlles. Sallé, Camargo, and Petitpas) are introduced in the divertissement. In this *ballet* within a *ballet* the principal characters, in strict accordance with the terpsichorean traditions of the Académie Royale, are rivers, shepherds, followers of Bacchus, &c. These personages, however, are shown to us in *Manon Lescaut*, of which the action takes place somewhere about 1750, without masks, whereas it was not until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards that the custom was introduced of appearing in ballets unmasked and in natural hair. Indeed, we find, from the accounts of the first performance of Beaumarchais's and Salieri's opera of *Tarare*, that the Winds, in the divertissement of that work, still wore the old-fashioned masks; and *Tarare* was not produced until 1785.

THE lovers of the ballet will learn with deep regret that the fascinating, and accomplished Mlle. Marietta Pocchini expired at Rome a few days since. The melancholy event, as communicated on Wednesday last by the Turin correspondent of the *Times*, who received the intelligence by electric telegraph from Rome, is stated to have occurred shortly after the lady's confinement. Mlle. Pocchini had

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been married about twelve months to Signor Borri, the ballet-master, who accompanied her last year to England. Further particulars have not reached us. The correspondents of the other London journals from the various Italian States are entirely silent respecting the death, which is somewhat strange, as such an occurrence, one would have thought, must have created the most profound sympathy in all quarters. We fear, however, that there is no likelihood of any error on the part of the telegram, as it would answer no purpose whatsoever for anybody to fabricate such a calamity.

Marietta Pocchini was certainly the most remarkable dancer among those who had been of late years before the public. She was the legitimate successor of those bright particular stars that constituted the galaxy of talent which belonged to the palmy days of the ballet. By the side of Taglioni, Fanny Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, she would have retained her lustre, and commanded her share of favouritism. In the celebrated "*Pas de Quatre*," which some twenty years since exercised so powerful an influence over the destinies of Her Majesty's Theatre, she would have formed the most fit and brilliant adjunct to the glorious trio above named—and this without any attempt to underrate the very rare accomplishments of Mlle. Lucile Grahn. In the terpsichorean hemisphere Pocchini was a star of the first magnitude. Her talent was of the highest order; her appearance was striking; her grace consummate. Indeed, in the last quality no dancer we saw ever surpassed her, and few approached her. The sensation she created four years ago, when she first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, was extraordinary, although the ballet then had long declined; and the manager, consulting the popular taste, did not deem it requisite, even with so incomparable an artist, to endeavour to restore its lost *prestige*. To the decline of the ballet, whatever others may consider, we are inclined to think the falling off in popularity of the opera is in a great measure to be attributed. The taste for dancing, we are aware, is reckoned by many exceptional; and some even go so far as to assert that the ballet is an offence against morality. With extreme opinions we do not pretend to enter into conflict; but how an art, which necessitates youth, beauty, shapeliness, lightness, agility, grace, ease, porpriety of motion—to say nothing of the higher requirements of expression and imitation, which, to be true, must be poetical—can be regarded as a mere bodily exercitation, or, at best, a gymnastic feat of strength or activity, we are at a loss to explain. The poetry of motion has been recognised from the earliest ages, and its professors accepted as educational teachers. It remained for English Puritanism to decry what Nature had originated and Art had idealised and made perfect.

The ballet, nevertheless, has had strenuous supporters in this country, and, although in imminent danger from the attacks of false religionists and self-styled purists, with such artists as Marietta Pocchini to revivify its glories, and with managers of greater faith than Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith, might have stood a good chance of resuscitation and re-establishment on the operatic boards. The most brilliant light, however, is now extinguished, and there is less hope than ever that the ballet will recover its ancient splendour and magnificence.

If, nevertheless, we are to give credit to Parisian rumours, and to accept the judgment of Parisian journalists, a new candidate for terpsichorean honours has started up lately at the French Opera, likely to eclipse all existing reputations. The name of Mlle. Emma Livry is not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Musical World*. Our own Correspondent from Paris has descanted freely on her merits, and noticed her performances frequently. The new *danseuse* is a pupil of *the* Taglioni, who, it would appear, has taken extraordinary pains in her education, and composed a ballet expressly for her, to introduce her to the Parisian public. The ballet, entitled *Le Papillon*, achieved a triumph, and Mlle. Livry has been lauded to the skies. Such a success, indeed, has instigated the director of the Royal Italian Opera — no enthusiastic admirer of dancing, we may presume—to offer her an engagement, and Mlle. Emma Livry will make her *début* at Covent Garden, next season, in the ballet written expressly for her by Mlle. Taglioni. The manager of Her Majesty's theatre has sustained an irreparable loss; the manager of the Royal Italian Opera may obtain an unprecedented success; but the lovers of the ballet have yet to learn whether Mlle. Emma Livry can supply the place of Marietta Pocchini.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY is dissolved. The particulars next week.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—(*From the Moniteur Universelle.*)—To return to the *reprise* of *Guillaume Tell*, which has inspired us with the foregoing reflections, we must acknowledge that, if the execution was not at all points irreproachable, at least the text and the traditions of the *chef-d'œuvre* have been faithfully respected. Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio sang the part of Mathilde in its integrity. She gave the famous air "Sombres forêts" with supreme taste, a grand style, an infinite charm, and finished it with a magnificent and ingenious cadence. After the duet with Arnold, in the restored scene of the third act, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. In fine, all the music was given with rare elegance and refinement; and Rossini, who had made her rehearse every note, would have been enchanted with his pupil, if his health had permitted him to attend the performance. They related to him the plaudits, the bravos, the recalls, and all the episodes of this triumphal evening. He replied that he was in no-wise astonished, that he had no fear on Mlle. Marchisio's account, and that the same success would await her everywhere. With respect to his own music, he said with an air and with a tone that no one but himself could render, that he was not sorry that this *rococo* music had still some partisans.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Schachner, the well-known pianist and composer, is at present at Leipsic superintending the rehearsals of his oratorio. This work, of which the libretto has been prepared by Herr Geibel, the popular German poet, and whom our musical readers will remember as the author of the libretto of Mendelssohn's *Lurlei*, is founded on passages in the Old Testament, relating to captivity of the Israelites in Babylon. The first performance of Herr Schachner's oratorio is fixed for the 12th instant. A contemporary writes:—"The last evening performance in the Conservatory before the holidays was very interesting. The following is the programme:—Concerto for violin, Mendelssohn (1st movement), by Mr. Albert Payne, of Leipsic (an English gentleman); fugue for piano, in E minor (Op. 35), Mendelssohn, by Mr. Franklin Taylor, of Birmingham; air from *Semele*, 'Awake, Saturnia,' Handel, Miss Rosamund Barnett, and concerto for pianoforte, in F minor, Chopin (last two movements), Miss Clara Barnett, of Cheltenham. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, formerly holder of the Mendelssohn Scholarship, played the wind instrument parts of the concerto on a piano, and conducted the song from *Semele*. The pieces were one and all admirably performed. It is gratifying that the children of one who has deserved so well of the cause of music in England as Mr. John Barnett has done should give such rich promise of future excellence."

L'AFRICAINE.—It is now decided that this long-expected *chef-d'œuvre* (we may as well anticipate what may be the public verdict) is retained for the opening of the new opera-house in Paris, about which there is at present so much interest.

AN OLD SHAKSPEARE.—A "first folio" of Shakspeare is said to have been discovered in Germany, and purchased by a London bookseller.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the foremost representative of the Belgian school of violin-playing, and one of the most accomplished performers of this or any other time, made his first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts at the 48th concert of the series and second of the third season, on Monday night, when he led the quartets and took part, with Miss Arabella Goddard, in a grand sonata for pianoforte and violin. St. James's Hall, as might have been expected on such an occasion, was crowded in every part, and the warm reception accorded to the great violinist must have been as gratifying to himself as his performances were gratifying to the audience. It is a good many years since M. Vieuxtemps has been heard in this country, but little or no change in his talent is observable. His tone, always remarkable for breadth and richness, combining the two important elements of quantity and quality, is, if possible, grander than ever. Certainly no instrumental artist has been able to boast a more magnificent "voice" as a medium of display. Every note is full, sonorous, and telling, no matter what the rapidity, no matter what the difficulty of the passage or phrase in which it occurs. On the other hand, in the matter of execution M. Vieuxtemps is now just what he has been throughout his public career—viz., irreproachable. More faultless mechanism it is impossible to imagine. With such a solid foundation for manual skill the mere chance of a failure seems out of the question; and this, joined to an intonation scarcely less unerring and sure, invests the playing of M. Vieuxtemps with what may be termed a *satisfactoriness*, which, never leaving the ear an instant in doubt, allows no incident to disturb its entire sense of enjoyment. Then the sweeping and majestic "bow-arm" (to be slightly technical) brings out a volume of sound as uniformly equal as harmonious. It has been suggested that M. Vieuxtemps gives forth *too much* tone; but this is, in our opinion, merely a charge invented to extricate hypercriticism from dilemma. Where the tone is so legitimate there cannot, one would think, be "too much" of it, more especially as with M. Vieuxtemps it is never in any instance forced or abused, but invariably musical and pure. The magical dexterity of the left hand, which the most elaborate contrivances are unable in the slightest degree to perplex, thoroughly responds to the indications of the right, and completes the mechanical perfection of the whole. In his style M. Vieuxtemps belongs essentially to that celebrated Belgian school of which he is justly the most renowned disciple. Some may esteem it redundant in the artifices of expression, occasionally laboured, and here and there overdrawn. But every original style has its peculiarities; and as an Italian would give a different reading to many parts of the sonata of Beethoven introduced on Monday night, so a German would still more widely differ from both, while an Englishman, with the eclecticism which forms part of his nature, would, supposing him able to cope with the great masters of the "bow," combine the excellences and in all probability the defects of the three. M. Vieuxtemps can no more be arraigned for being a Belgian than M. Sainton (the only existing great master in a school which is no school at all) for being a Frenchman, Signor Sivori for being an Italian, or Herr Ernst, Herr Molique and Herr Joachim for being Germans. Artists of the highest class, with the stamp of individuality upon them, should be accepted in good faith, idiosyncracies and all; and as M. Vieuxtemps is indisputably what our friends on the other side of the Straits term an "*artiste hors ligne*," we must not stop to question his manner of "interpreting" the classical composers, even though at times we may feel disposed to dissent from it. That his style is as essentially attractive as his execution is superb was proved on the occasion under notice by the enthusiastic plaudits that greeted every one of his performances. The following was the instrumental part of the programme:—

Quartet in D minor (strings)	Schubert.
Prelude and fugue in A minor (pianoforte)	Bach.
Sonata in C minor (pianoforte and violin) .	Beethoven.
Quartet in E major (strings)	Haydn.

The above selection, engaging enough on the strength of its intrinsic excellence, was doubly so inasmuch as not one of the pieces had previously been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. Schubert's quartets, like his orchestral writings, are only now beginning to be known, and the triumph achieved last night by the one in D minor (generally recognised as the "posthumous") would seem to show that the audiences at these entertainments are either more musical or less inclined to regard everything from one particular point of view, and measure everything by one particular standard, than the audiences of the Musical Society of London, where the orchestral symphony in C major (recommended long ago by no more contemptible authority than Mendelssohn himself to the Philharmonic directors) was listened to last year with an impatience trenching on discourtesy. Doubtless the admirable execution of M. Vieuxtemps and his companions (Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti) had a good deal to do with the success of the quartet in D minor; but, independently of this, we are inclined to believe that the ingenious and fanciful variations of the slow movement, the fire of the *allegro*, the quaintness of the *scherzo*, and the evidence apparent throughout the entire work of the influence which Beethoven—in whom Schubert acknowledged the most inspired master of the art—had exercised over the mind of his young and ardent contemporary, would have roused the sympathies of a less musical audience than that of Monday night, even if M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Piatti (who more than ever showed his right to be esteemed first among violoncellists) had not been there to exhibit all the beauties of the composition in the most favourable light. That the instrumental works of Schubert are not to be jauntily dismissed is incontestible; and that they are capable of interesting vast audiences may be surmised from the foregoing.

Schubert died in 1828, Bach (*the* Bach—John Sebastian) in 1750, nearly half a century before Schubert was born. It might, therefore, have been thought that the prelude and fugue coming immediately after an imaginative work like that of Schubert, written probably a hundred years later (the quartet in D minor was Schubert's last), would place the venerable Cantor of Leipsic in an awkward predicament. Not so, however. Although one of the longest, most elaborate, most mechanically intricate and difficult to execute of all his compositions, the prelude and fugue in A minor is one of the most animated and irresistible pieces ever written. In the fugue especially—a kind of *prestissimo* movement in the *tarantella* style, as impetuous and vigorously sustained as that of Mendelssohn in the so-called "Italian Symphony"—although rigidly respecting the laws of contrapuntal design. Bach has fairly thrown aside the wig, and given the reins to his fancy. It is almost impossible to believe that such a display of exuberant vivacity could be made under such exceptional conditions; but so thoroughly had the old master possessed himself of the secrets of his art, that the strict form of writing had become to him a natural language—in short, his habitual mode of expression. Thus, with infinite facility, he poured forth a *tarantella* in the shape of a fugue; and the difficulty to even an attentive hearer is to believe that he is really listening to a fugue. The result of Miss Arabella Goddard's irreproachable performance surpassed what might have been expected; and "the most intellectual of musicians"—as Bach has been styled by some half-thinkers, who would make us believe that his imagination was as dull as his intellect was keen—was received with the honours that are never denied him at these genuine and healthy entertainments. Prelude and fugue were heard with unabated interest from one end to the other; and the pianist, being unanimously summoned back, returned to the platform, though, with commendable discretion, she declined to repeat the fugue, which the numerous worshippers of Bach among the audience were clamorous to have once more.

Perhaps the most signal success of the evening was achieved by the sonata of Beethoven in C minor, for violin and pianoforte (M. Vieuxtemps and Miss Goddard), that gorgeous masterpiece which musicians prefer to the more universally famous one dedicated to Kreutzer—and if prodigal richness of invention, combined with a splendour of imagination hardly surpassed even in the C minor symphony, be taken into account, with good reason. M. Vieuxtemps performs this sonata in a style so individual that it can be likened to the reading of no other great violinist who has essayed it in this country. Conception, manner of phrasing, taste, and general execution are peculiar to himself and to the school of which he is the most brilliant living disciple. The audience were enchanted with the whole; each of the four move-

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ments was followed by a burst of approbation; and at the conclusion both performers were recalled, the hall literally "ringing" with the applause. Haydn's delightful quartet, one of the most genial inspirations of one of the most genial of composers, played to perfection, brought this most admirable entertainment to a termination with appropriate spirit, and confirmed the success of M. Vieuxtemps, whose engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts promises to be as advantageous to the conductors as it is acceptable to the musical public.

Before the commencement of Haydn's quartet, Mr. Benedict addressed the audience in a speech as sensible as it was brief. The habit in which many persons thoughtlessly indulge, of quitting the room while the performance is going on, has long been a nuisance at St. James's Hall, as it has been a nuisance at the concerts of the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies. Mr. Benedict, however, respectfully requested that those who were not anxious to remain till the end would leave either before the quartet began or between any two of the movements, so that those who wished to hear the whole might do so without interruption or annoyance. The consequence was that out of the vast audience assembled, only a very few took their departure, and "Papa Haydn" was honoured with the decorous attention so justly due to his merits.

In a programme where the instrumental music acts so conspicuous a part, the vocal department naturally occupies a secondary place. The selection last night, however,—accompanied by Mr. Benedict, with his accustomed taste and skill—was extremely good. The "Maiden and the River," by Mr. Benedict himself, a song of high poetical merit, and the unambitious but not less beautiful ballad by Mr. Henry Smart, entitled "Come back to me," Mozart's pathetic air, "The very angels weep" ("Selbst Engel Gottes weinen," according to the original text), and Mendelssohn's plaintive and ever welcome "Suleika"—the first two sung by Miss Lascelles, the last two by Miss Augusta Thomson, all four artistically and with true feeling—were the vocal pieces, against which the only charge that can be preferred is that they were too uniformly grave considering the serious character of most of the instrumental music, which but for the cheerful and happy quartet of Haydn, and the *Tarantella* "danced" by old Sebastian Bach (ordinarily the gravest and most sedate at any musical party), would have scarcely afforded one glimpse of merriment. Mr. Arthur Chappell should remember that music is not "all tears," and that five or six long pieces in the minor (or melancholy) mode are a little too much for a single evening, and likely to dismiss such among the audience as are inclined to sentiment moping rather than exhilarated.

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In justice to a meritorious artist, and in contradiction of an injurious statement made last week by a contemporary, we feel bound to state that the real reason that Mr. Swift was unable to undertake the part of Mamieo, in *Il Trovatore*, for which he was announced, was a domestic affliction of the severest nature. Mr. Swift has this week reappeared in his character of Raphael, in Massés's *Queen Topaze*, with his usual success.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca*, which has been withdrawn during the early representations of the pantomime, was reproduced on Thursday night, to the evident gratification of a large audience. The length of the entertainment has necessitated several excisions in the work, and as these have all been effected with discretion, the opera gains considerably by the operation. For instance, the exhortation of the monks at the end of the first scene; the air given to Malespina in the second; and the song of Fortespada, which resembles so strongly "When the fair land of Poland," are all now omitted, to the manifest improvement of the work. The pruning-knife, perhaps, might, not disadvantageously, have been made use in one more instance? The scena for the Duke in the third act, "O, crown of power," might be cut out, with no worse effect than that of depriving Mr. Lawrence of his only solo. The first representation of *Bianca* could not easily be improved upon, and we noticed the work at length so recently that we need not again enlarge upon its excellences. We cannot say that Miss Louisa Pyne sings better than when the opera was first produced a month ago, for that would be impossible; but she certainly seems imbued with fresh animation and energy at each successive representation. Mr. Harrison appeared to be suffering from the effects of a cold, but he nevertheless infused so much expression into the ballad, "Once more upon the path of life," that it was honoured with an encore; and his impersonation of the brigand has lost none of its striking effect. Mr. St. Albyn has made the small part of Beppo so conspicuous by his dancing, that his name next occurs to the mind; and Mr. H. Wharton, Mr. H. Corri, and Mr. Lawrence, all sustained their former characters with their usual success. Miss Thirlwall was as admirable as she always is. The grouping of the choristers was careful and effective, and the orchestral accompani- were executed, under Mr. Mellon's direction, with such accuracy and *dash* as must have ensured the success of works infinitely inferior to *Bianca*. That Mr. Balfe's last opera is already a favourite with the public cannot be doubted. The large theatre, on Thursday night, was well filled—in some parts, indeed, inconveniently. The applause was constant, and there were frequent demands for the repetition of *morceaux* which have at once seized the popular taste.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* on the 11th inst. was not the most admirable we have heard from the society. The chorus, however, left but little to be desired. Since last season considerable changes have been effected in the orchestra, the position of many of the instruments having been altered, and a considerable number weeded out of the chorus. This no doubt has given offence to many of the old hands, who have been members ever since the formation of the society, and after giving their services so long, felt themselves aggrieved at being thus dispensed with. Nevertheless we cannot but feel that such proceeding was necessary, as the Sacred Harmonic Society has achieved a position of the highest importance, and in order to hold that position, to sustain the credit of the conductor, and to keep pace with the advanced musical taste and knowledge of the present day, some step of the kind was bound to be taken, for there is no doubt that among the seven hundred not a few were more or less ineffective; and as inefficiency and perfection are antagonistic elements, and it must (or should be) the aim of the society to attain the latter, we must repeat our conviction that M. Costa has done wisely in rejecting those not thoroughly competent for their work. Not that the chorus can yet be considered as absolutely perfect, weakness being manifested more than once on Friday evening. "Fallen is the foe," for instance, where the sopranos were sadly wanting, and in other cases where something was left to be desired. The tenors and basses would be excellent, but for their tendency to loud singing; indeed the sopranos are not sufficient in strength to balance the male voices, and were at times all but lost in the full choruses. The brass too, again, was frequently overpowering, and made one wish occasionally that some of the "additional accompaniments" had been omitted. Turn we now to a far more agreeable task than that of fault-finding. Our pen runs much more glibly when awarding praise, and to the soloists upon this occasion the highest is due. The beautifully clear and powerful voice of Mad. Weiss was heard to the greatest advantage, and the three principal airs, "O Liberty," "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flatt'ring," were given by that lady in the most finished and musician-like style. Miss Banks is one of the most steadily rising soprano singers of the day, and each season exhibits the most gratifying progress. Possessed of a voice of the sweetest quality, flexible to a degree and always in tune, her singing invariably affords pleasure, and well as her first air, "Pious orgies," was delivered, the second, "So shall the lute," was still better, and elicited a spontaneous and hearty burst of applause—the regulations notwithstanding. To Mad. Laura Baxter fell but little, but that little was well done, due effect being given to the air "Father of Heaven," and her voice telling well in the concerted pieces. To Mr. Montem Smith, who sang the part of Judas, we must give a word of commendation for the courage and talent he displayed in one of the most arduous tenor

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parts in existence. To Mr. Lewis Thomas was allotted the bass music, in which he displayed his accustomed excellence, "Arm, arm, ye brave!" and "The Lord worketh wonders" being delivered with all the requisite energy and expression. The Hall was well filled, although not so densely crammed as we have seen it. For the next performance the *Creation* is announced, and as we hear of nothing in the shape of novelty in preparation, we are led to conclude that the directors of the Sacred Harmonic think it wiser to trust to the half dozen works which have done service with such regularity for so long a time past, than to follow the examples of Birmingham, which gave us the immortal *Elijah*, or Norwich, which has so recently produced one of the best modern oratorios from the pen of one of our most accomplished musicians—we need hardly name Herr Molique's *Abraham*.

Provincial.

THE second concert of the Birmingham Musical Union, which took place at Dee's Hotel, on Tuesday evening, the 8th instant, although inferior in interest to the first, was undeniably good, and drew a very large attendance. The programme is worth citing:—

Concertino, violin, with string accompaniments (Spohr); Song, "Deh vieni," (Mozart); Sonata, No. 1, Op. 12, piano and violin (Beethoven); Chamber trio, piano and strings (W. S. Bennett); Trio in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, piano and strings (Beethoven); Song, "Bear it together," (Irish); Solo pianoforte; Quartet in D, No. 93, Op. 12 (Haydn).

The executants were Messrs. Barnett and Duchemin (pianoforte), H. and G. Hayward (violin), and Aylward (violoncello). Mr. Barnett played the pianoforte part in Professor Sterndale Bennett's trio, which seems to have been greatly admired, the *Daily Post* expressing its opinion, that "the music, without aiming at the ideal of Haydn and Mozart, is full of character and interest, and, notwithstanding an occasional Mendelssohn reminiscence, thoroughly original." Miss Gray—the young lady, we presume, who last year made so successful a *début*, at St. Martin's Hall, in the *Messiah*—sang both the songs named in the programme with entire success, notwithstanding her evident nervousness. Mr. Barnett executed two solos on the piano—one, a prelude by Mendelssohn, the other, a caprice by Professor Bennett.

We learn from the Manchester papers, that the adjourned meeting of the Manchester Glee and Choral Union was held on Thursday evening (the 3rd inst.), in the School-room, Peter Street. The regular *soirée* was announced to take place, last evening, in the Mechanics' Institution, David Street. The Glee and Choral Union, by the way, is the only organised body of professional singers in Manchester—a fact not easy of credit in so large and art-boasting a city. Thanks to the energy and activity of the conductor, Mr. William Spark, the Society is progressing favourably. The present engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Payne terminated on Monday. It appears that the talented "entertainers" are about to pay a visit to America, "with the object," as wittily suggested by the *Manchester Times*, "of preventing the threatened disruption of the Union through their genial humour." The first of the Monday Popular Concerts was given in the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday evening, with eminent success. The receipts exceeded 150*l*., and the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. We have received several other communications from the provinces respecting the success of the Monday Popular Concerts, but as these reiterate merely what appeared in our last number we need not reproduce them. One article from the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser*, however, is so apt in its remarks thot we present it *in extenso*:—

"It has often been discussed whether instrumental or vocal music hold the higher position in the world of art. By instrumental music we of course mean orchestral symphonies, quartets, quintets, sonatas, &c. By vocal music, such works as cantatas, masses, operas, oratorios, &c. Now it is by no means easy to determine which is the superior, or which of these two forms of music offers the greater opportunities and facilities for the expression of the musician's thoughts and feelings. Lamartine, in one of his works, argues at some length in favour of the superiority of instrumental music; and this opinion is entertained, we believe, by a great number of musical authorities. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to imagine higher manifestations of the musical art than are to be found in the nine grand symphonies of Beethoven, or in the 17 violin quartets, and the 32 pianoforte sonatas by the same composer; to say nothing of the instrumental works of Hadyn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others, the form and proportions of the symphony, quartet, or sonata (for they are all constructed on the same model), are better adapted to the development of a great musical idea than that of any other species of composition. However, it is certain that whatever musical authorities or literary men may have said, the public taste has hitherto run in favour of vocal music, or perhaps, we should rather say, in favour of the vocalist; for the public flock to hear the singer quite irrespective of the music he or she sings. Now this adulation of a voice merely, acts most prejudicially to the cause of music, and is, besides, most unfair to the instrumentalist. There is no question that, as a rule, the instrumentalist stands much higher in the matter of musical education than the vocalist, and it is well known that public singers are not unfrequently but imperfectly acquainted with the very first principles of music. A comparison of the attainments of the two will set the matter in a clear light. Let us suppose a singer to be endowed with a naturally good voice, two or three years' moderate application will be sufficient to qualify him either as a public performer or private teacher. He will have to cultivate his voice, a process requiring great care and delicate treatment. When not occupied in this way, he will be employed in acquiring a slight knowledge of the pianoforte, or an acquaintance with the Italian language. As soon as his voice becomes developed and under control, he will be ready to accept engagements; and if he should have a tolerable share of confidence and a strong pair of lungs, he will probably become a public favourite and command good terms. On the other hand, take a pianoforte player. He must have worked assiduously for many years—probably from his childhood, to have acquired the necessary flexibility and strength of finger—he must be acquainted with the works of Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and all the host of modern composers. If he be also an organist, he is supposed to be well acquainted with the works of the English Church composers, from Orlando Gibbons to the last new anthem—in short, the entire range of Church music for the last 300 years. Again, if he be engaged as an accompanist, he will be expected to understand the style and manner of the modern Italian Operatic School, and to know the necessities and requirements of the singer, and will probably have, at the last moment, a request to transpose the song a note higher or a note lower. In addition to all this, he must understand the theory as well as the practice of music—harmony, counterpoint, instrumentation, and be able to read from score. This is not a fancy sketch. We have no hesitation in saying, a very large number of the organists and pianoforte performers in this country come fully up to this standard. Now, we will not stop here to comment upon the relative amount of pecuniary support which these two classes of musicians obtain from the public. We have all heard of the extravagant terms obtained by some of our leading vocalists, and we also know that, as a consequence, musical speculations with popular singers frequently, we might say usually, end in disastrous failure and loss. But if the injudicious and excessive patronage awarded to the vocalist be injurious to the interests of the art, what have we to say of the support given to those nondescript entertainments in which a black face seems to be the only necessary qualification? The musical portions of the entertainment are generally of the poorest kind, such as would elicit no approbation were the performers to appear with clean skins—the histrionic attempts are painful to witness, and the libretto, or dramatic part of the entertainment, is usually made up of threadbare jokes and the latest importations of American slang. There is, however, another side to the picture. Within the last two or three years instrumental music has begun to assert its dignity and importance. Formerly it was only at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London that the large instrumental works of the great masters could be heard. But although these concerts were always patronised by the reigning sovereign, the aristocracy, and the wealthy class of musical amateurs, yet certain restrictive regulations, and the excessively high charges for admission, completely excluded the general public. No attempts were made in other quarters to provide a similar kind of entertainment for the middle classes. It was argued that the mass of the public was incapable of appreciating the abstruse works of the great composers; that to comprehend and enjoy them they demanded a power of concentration and analysis which the majority of musically uneducated persons did not possess. The late M. Jullien was one of the first to solve this problem, and with what success our musical readers well know. A Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn night was a frequent occurrence during his annual series of winter concerts, and a crowded house was always the result of the experiment. The New Philharmonic Society in London

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followed in the same path. The latest, and perhaps the most daring attempt to test the capacity of the public for the appreciation and enjoyment of the highest class of instrumental music was made by Messrs. Chappell and Co., when they instituted the Monday Evening Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, London. The violin quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, &c., were, to the generality of even musical persons, sealed books. Now, however, an audience of more than 2000 persons may be seen every Monday evening at St. James's Hall listening with the deepest attention to one of the later quartets of Beethoven, or some other masterpiece by one of the great composers. It must be remembered, too, that these persons do not reside in proximity to the Hall, but come from the suburbs, two, three, or four miles, to hear these works. We are glad to find that Messrs. Horn and Story have made arrangements for a concert at our New Town Hall to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, upon the same plan as the Monday Popular Concerts. Of the artists engaged for this occasion it is quite superfluous to speak. Three greater performers than Vieuxtemps, Piatti, and Charles Hallé, on their respective instruments, could not be found in Europe. We remember, some time since, asking one of our best English violinists which of all the great performers on the violin he considered the greatest. His reply was, 'Vieuxtemps, unquestionably.' The programme, also, is admirable. The quartet, No. 6, Op. 18, by Beethoven is well suited to the broad and grand style of Vieuxtemps. The prelude, &c., by Seb. Bach, for the violoncello, is a wonderful performance, by Piatti, and the pianoforte sonata by Beethoven, will be, in the hands of Mr. Chas. Hallé, a treat of the highest order. In addition to this, we have for the vocal department Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss. This is perhaps the first time that long instrumental works of a high character have been given in Newcastle; and we sincerely trust that the experiment may be as successful here as it has been in London, and that the public of this town may not be found far behind, in matters of taste, that of the metropolis."

At Liverpool the first of the Monday Popular Concerts was given on Friday evening in last week, but the audience was not so large as was anticipated. "The directors of these concerts," writes the *Liverpool Albion*, "deserve every encouragement in their endeavours to improve the taste of the people, giving them first-class music at very low figures; but such, unfortunately, scarcely ever take with a Liverpool public." This is not very complimentary to the taste of the Liverpuddlians, and hardly true, we venture to assert. It does not follow that because the first of the Monday Popular Concerts did not draw a large crowd that the second will not do so. The journal just quoted appears to think that a necessity exists, even in Liverpool, for the establishment of the same kind of music. "These concerts," it writes, "belong to that class of which it may be said we cannot have too many; and we trust the Philharmonic Society may favour us with many such during the season." A performance on the grand organ of St. George's Hall was given on Thursday evening by Mr. W. T. Best. The following selection was played:—

Overture, *Nabucco*, Verdi; Adagio (E major), Lefebure Wely; fantasia on old English airs, W. T. Best; choral march, "Crown ye the Altars,"—*Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; Reminiscences of the Opera, *Semiramide*, including the cavatina, "Bel raggio lusinghiero;" the chorus, "Belo si celebra;" the duet, "Giorno d'orrore;" and the March of Priests, "Ergi omai," Rossini.

A CORRESPONDENT from Weymouth informs us that Mr. Ricardo Linter, the pianist and composer, inaugurated a series of popular concerts at a popular price. The first attempt was made on the 28th of December, and the programme consisted of a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Weber. The vocal illustrations were given by Mrs. Ricardo Linter. As an entirely new feature, a sketch of the origin and history of the compositions of the masters was read by Mr. Rowland Brown, a Dorsetshire poet, whose discourse, interspersed with quotations from Milton, Shakspeare, Shelley and Tennyson, was greatly appreciated by the audience. This attempt of Mr. Ricardo Linter to improve the musical taste of the Weymouth public proved a great success. The entertainment was repeated on Monday evening.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—A lecture on Mendelssohn and his works was delivered on Thursday evening last by Mr. Alfred Gilbert at the Architectural Gallery, 9 Conduit Street. The illustrations were selected to exhibit Mendelssohn's peculiarities of style in music for the church, the chamber and the theatre. The vocal music was exceedingly well given by the following members of the "Arion" Choir. Miss Fosbroke, Miss E. Gresham, Mad. Andrea and Miss Boden, Messrs. Belton, Belgemaum, Milne Haughton and Layland. The chamber music was particularly attractive, consisting, besides some vocal music, of No. 6, B flat, of the Lieder ohne worte. The three last movements of the trio in D minor, and the two last of the sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, in which Mr. Alfred Gilbert was ably assisted by Mr. Louis Diehl, a young violinist we hope soon to hear again, and by Mr. Daubert, the well-known violoncellist. Mr. W. C. Filby was the accompanist.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Woodin's new entertainment, the *Cabinet of Curiosities*, is constructed on a principle which is at once ingenious in itself and fitted to display his versatile power to the fullest extent. The four parts into which it is divided are named after the four seasons of the year, each of which is illustrated by a set of typical characters. Thus, for instance, Spring has its public dinners and its Derby Day, the latter of which compels Mr. Woodin to split himself into a perfect mob of eccentric figures; Summer takes us to the seaside; Autumn carries us over Ireland, Scotland, and the Continent; and in Winter we worship our metropolitan Lares. These phases of the year are exhibited in dresses scarcely to be numbered, and in changes of countenance and dialect not to be numbered at all. The "Derby Day" is most remarkable for rapid transitions, and, as one instance of a perfect make-up, there is a belle attired in the fashion of 100 years ago, with powder and patches, who may fairly be considered a rival to the modern young ladies so conspicuous in the *Olio of Oddities*. But, perhaps, the most novel scene is one that represents an altercation between two gentlemen of opposite tempers and complexions, who sit in adjacent boxes at a London eating-house. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, these gentlemen show themselves in such quick alternation, and are so completely different in appearance, that one can hardly avoid believing that they are two personages, instead of one, Mr. Woodin. In the art of changing his dress this clever "entertainer" has never been excelled, or even rivalled. Scarcely has he quitted the stage attired in the most elaborate costume than he interrupts the applause of his audience by reappearing at his table in the normal black suit, whence or how nobody knows. As usual, his entertainment terminates with an imitation of several popular singers and actors; and it is illustrated throughout by some very pretty scenes.

THE HULLAH FUND.—The first concert, under the direct auspices of the committee of the Hullah Fund, will take place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening January 29th. Mr. Benedict's new lyrical legend, *Undine*, and other orchestral works of importance (vocal and instrumental), will be the principal features; all the best orchestral artists in the profession will take part in the performance. The whole of the musical arrangements are under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

MDLLE. EMMA LIVRY.—Mr. Gye has engaged this new terpsichorean celebrity, about whose remarkable merits the Parisian papers are so unanimous, to perform at the Royal Italian Opera, in the new ballet by Taglioni, entitled *Le Papillon*, recently produced with such success at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—M. Alfred Musard, director of the well-known Summer Concerts in the Champs Elysées, has engaged the large Music Room in St. James's Hall for a series of promenade concerts, to be held during the month of Febuary every night in the week, except the Mondays, which Mr. Arthur Chappell, with his Monday Popular Concerts, judging from the present aspect of affairs, intends appropriating to himself during the greater part of the spring and summer.

BRENTWOOD.—A correspondent informs us that a concert was given on the 31st of December, in aid of the local Band Fund. The artists engaged were Miss Annie Cox, Mrs. Robert Paget, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Alexander Thornley. Pianoforre, Mr. Simpson, organist of Shoreditch Church. The band, which has only been organised some three or four months, played several pieces very creditably, under the baton of their excellent military bandmaster.

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DON GIOVANNI PURIFIED.—A stir has been of late made in Germany to improve, purify, and re-arrange the words of Mozart's *Don Juan*, which, as every lover of that master-work knows, is anything but satisfactory. A new text, with corrected stage-directions, has been put forward by Baron Alfred von Wolzogen—and yet another new text, by Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, has lately been published. The former we have examined, and find it, in every respect, an improvement on the old one. Of course, there will be pedants who will raise the easy and effective cry of "Sacrilege!"—but we only wish that more efforts of the kind were made by competent persons, willing to efface themselves in an ungrateful labour, with a view of being of service to the art. Nevertheless, our German friends, who hold with us that such amendment is reverential rather than otherwise, will, for aught we know, raise a cry against us when we add, that some of the elegance vanishes from the music of this master-work with the Italian words.—*Athenæum.*

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR. Second Concert. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1st. To commence at half-past Eight. The programme will include "HOLYROOD," a cantata (first time of performance). Words by HENRY F. CHORLEY, set to music by HENRY LESLIE. Principal parts sung by Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Miss PALMER, Mr. WILBYE COOPER and Mr. WEISS. The Orchestra will be complete in every department. Bennett's CAPRICE, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments. Pianoforte, Miss CAZALY. Mendelssohn's 43rd PSALM, for an eight-part choir, &c.—Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Persons subscribing are entitled to one extra ticket for this Concert. Subscriptions 21s. and 10s. 6d.
Addison, Hollier & Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale & Co., 201 Regent Street; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and at Keith, Prouse & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

HERR MAURICE NABICH begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season.
Communications to be addressed to 3 Grove Terrace, Grove Road, Forest Hill.

TO THE MUSIC TRADE.—Wanted, a genteel Young Man for the Counter at a fashionable Music Warehouse at the West End of London. One would be preferred who speaks either French or German.
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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

"*Romance;*" "*Impromptu à la Mazurka;*" "*Tarantelle;*" Ops. 48, 50, and 51—for the pianoforte, by E. SILAS. (Ashdown and Parry.)

LIKE a great deal more of the music of the same composer with which from time to time we have made acquaintance, these little pieces, though interesting, are disappointing. Mr. Silas almost always raises expectation at the beginning of a composition, even where his original thought is meagre, by a certain richness of ingenuity in the setting. The "*Romance*" (in F major) is a case in point; for though the melody has no intrinsic charm, as may be seen—

it is so clothed that it is really made much of. But out of this muchness very little springs, except a pedal-point on the dominant (page 3), which leads back to the theme, and is, after all, more pretentious than beautiful. The "*Impromptu à la Mazurka*" (in G major) opens prettily and without effort, besides, moreover, being well carried on. The effect of the crotchet pauses, in the second section of the first part (page 2), is quaint and happy. The first episode (*vivo*), in the minor tonic, also sets out well; and the last (page 6), where a new subject is introduced by the left hand, imitated by the right, with the accompaniment in the bass, and again *vice versâ*, is decidedly ingenious. And yet there is a certain dryness about the whole, which can only be attributed to a poverty of melodic invention. The "*Tarantelle*" (in B flat minor) is at first sight, without exception, the least inviting movement of its class that we can remember; and yet the theme promises fairly:—

and there is a decided character (apart from its cleverness) about the rest, always excepting the episodic *remplissage*, commencing in B minor, at page 4, and resumed at page 9, which receives a development it in no way merits. The real episode, in D flat (page 4), is vigorous, if not brilliant. Nevertheless, again, the whole, as a whole, is *dry*. The tunes are not amiable; they neither catch the ear, nor win the heart. "*Nous sommes bien fâchés; mais c'est comme ça.*" (Voltaire).

"*Christmas Hymn*" ("Hark, the herald angels sing"), by GEORGE H. LAKE (Addison and Co.), is a pure, melodious, and really devotional piece of vocal four-part writing, which does credit to the composer.

"*New Tunes to Choice Words,*" music by T. MURBY (Groombridge and Co.), proceed much in the same manner in which they began. "Intended for use in schools and homes," they may, or may not, find their way to a good many. They can do no harm wherever they may chance to penetrate; and that is something now-a-days.

The Hymns and Canticles of the United Church of England and Ireland, with the Easter Anthems and Athanasian Creed, marked and pointed for Chanting, by EDWARD J. SPARK (Novello, J. H. and J. Parker), will be found of some utility.

"*We Two,*"—duettino, words by J. P. DOUGLAS, music by HENRY SMART (Cramer, Beale, and Co.), is one of those graceful, highly finished, and at the same time spontaneously melodious little pieces which this elegant composer knows so well how to write, and of which he has produced so many admirable specimens. It is for soprano and baritone voices, the latter of which commences with a phrase marked alike by breadth of expression and genuine tunefulness. The duet progresses as it begins, the interest increasing as it advances, and sustained till the end, at which point the ear feels greatly disappointed that its function is no longer in request. "*Come, let us go to the land,*"—duettino, words by BARRY CORNWALL, music by HENRY SMART (same publishers), is, if possible, even better. This is for mezzo-soprano and tenor. The gentleman takes the initiative again, and with the subjoined most engaging phrase of melody:—

The phrase given to the lady is even more beautiful, but too extended for quotation. The point on the words, "O'er the waters, over the snow," where the key of E major is, as it were, caressed, until it is perforce relinquished for the dominant of the original key F), thence to glide back to the tonic ("Let's go thither"), is as fresh and lovely as it is ingenious. But if we were able to pick out all the beauties in this charming piece, we (short as it is) should fill a page with music type. "*Come back to me, love,*"—words by CHARLES HOARE, music by HENRY SMART (Chappell and Co.), is perhaps best of all. The inborn grace of melody and harmony could hardly be exemplified more felicitously than in this unpretending and exquisite ballad. The poetry of Mr. Hoare is, we are glad to be able to add, almost worthy to be allied with music so "pure and undefiled." Nothing could possibly be more simple, and nothing more refined and less commonplace:—

"I am so weary, life is so dreary,
Come back to me, love, thy presence is spring;
Grief it will banish, sorrow will vanish,
Sunshine again to this bosom 't will bring,—
Come back to me, love, come back to me,
Only this heart knows how welcome you'll be."

The third and fourth lines would be better, if less harmonious, with three "'t wills," thus:—

"Grief 't will make vanish, sorrow 't will banish,
Sunshine again to this bosom 't will bring."

At any rate, the third line is clumsy as it stands. The second stanza is as follows:—

"May was just budding, Love was just flooding
Life with delights, ere I parted from thee;
Cruel, unheeding, they slighted thy pleading,
But still thy heart lingers, I know, love, with me.
Come back to me, love," &c. &c.

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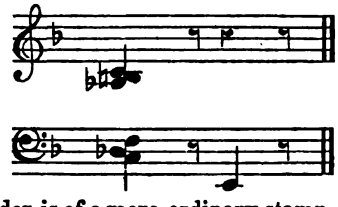
The only difficulty is to guess whether *he* left *her*, or *she* left *him*; and in either case *why* either left other. When we listen to Mr. Smart's music, however, we feel sure that the composer has divined the secrets, and under that spell imagine we know it ourselves (though we positively don't).

"*Florence*"—*nocturne* for the pianoforte—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Chappell and Co.). We wish Mr. Richards, who writes with such elegance, correctness and fluency, would give out a few more such graceful effusions as this *nocturne* in E flat, which is in every sense attractive—as good, in short, as his *Ethel*, and worthy to be entitled *Agnes*. Was Mr. Richards immersed in the enchanting pages of *David Copperfield* when he conceived it? Our columns are open to any explanation it may be agreeable to furnish. At all events we are extremely curious to know why this *nocturne* was *not* christened after Mr. Dickens's most charming and unselfish heroine—a sort of Laura Pendennis, who would hardly have been cruel to Fanny, the kind and pretty nurse of her darling Arthur.

"*Buona notte, nocturne;*" *Ronde des Pêcheurs, scène caractéristique;* "*Valeska*"—*Mazurka de Salon;* pour le piano; op. 70,71, and 72—A. SCHLOESSER (Chappell and Co).

There is merit in each of these pieces, which are as healthy specimens of what is styled drawing-room music as could be well desired. Nevertheless, the one which in our opinion entirely distances its companions is the mazurka—"*Valeska*"—which has three good themes (well contrasted), decided character, is thoroughly well written (as indeed they are all), and is brilliant without being difficult. The *nocturne*, with its eternal crossings of the left hand over the right, is somewhat over sentimental, while not ungraceful. The *Ronde des Pêcheurs* has an extremely pretty episode (*à la Auber*) which comes in F at page 3, and in A flat at page 8; besides a chord to which we have taken a liking:—



The remainder is of a more ordinary stamp. Herr Schloesser, by the way, does enough to be rated for not doing more.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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GANZ (WILHELM).—"Guillaume Tell," grand duo.
Ditto. "Oberon," ditto.
Ditto. "Paroles d'amour."
Ditto. "Le bonheur suprême."

ADDISON, HOLLIER & LUCAS.
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SCHULTHES (WILHELM).—"Maria Stella." Barcarolle.

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MORLEY (H. K.).—"Linger, linger gentle maiden."

CLARK.
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MORLEY (H. K.).—"O sister, sing the song I love.'

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CRUMP (ARTHUR).—"Sing, sweet harp."

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MORLEY (H. K.).—"I never knew how dear thou wert."

JEWELL.
VOCAL.
GILBERT (BENNETT).—"The bondman."
Ditto. "Fairies' song."
Ditto. "Farewell."
PIANOFORTE.
GILBERT (BENNETT).—"Scales and chords in all the major and minor keys.'
Ditto. "Souvenir de Cambria."
Ditto. "Esmeralda Schottische."

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

January 23.

THERE is nothing I have to tell you this week equal in importance to the production of the new opera by Verdi at the Théâtre Italien last Sunday week. *Un Ballo in Maschera* is precisely identical in subject with the *Gustavus III.* of Auber; but M. Somma, the young poet to whom the libretto is due, has not followed Scribe's example in writing a ballet-opera, but has simply composed a lyrical drama, to the perfection of which neither dance music, nor the legs, nor the arms of choregraphs are required. This same M. Somma was once what is called *regisseur* at the Trieste theatre, but has given himself up since to the muses collectively, and has produced, it is said, many good things, among which is cited *Parasina*, a tragedy composed for Madame Ristori. But to our opera. Originally it was to have been brought out at the San Carlo in Naples for the carnival of 1858; but the authorities then and there could no more abide conspirators than Dame Quickly could abide swaggerers, and so teased and plagued the composer during the rehearsals, wanting this dramatic effect, and that burst of emotion to be sacrificed to police squeamishness, that one fine day he rolled up his score, put it in his pocket, and walked home, defying the threatened law proceedings of the manager, who modestly laid his damages at 10,000*l*. The proceedings in the suit of Garibaldi and others versus Francis Bomba having commenced in the meanwhile, and not being likely to terminate favourably to the defendant, the manager's action has been postponed *sine die*. After a year's interval the composer spied a chance for his work at the Apollo Theatre in Rome. Here too the censorship had to be reckoned with; and, to conciliate the papal government, the action of the piece was transferred to Boston in America, of all places in the world where since its first foundation by the Puritan forefathers of its present inhabitants, there never yet in all likelihood was seen even a single masquerader. The King of Sweden was changed into an English governor, and in this shape the work was represented at the carnival of 1859 with the most complete success. The principal singers on that occasion were M. Fraschini (the tenor of "the curse," as he used to be called in 1847, when he screamed in the interest of Mr. Lumley at her Majesty's Theatre, at the commencement of the formidable opposition at Covent Garden), Geraldini, a baritone now in St. Petersburg, Mad. Julienne Dejean (at Covent Garden in 1849, where she made a sensation with Signor Tamberlik in the famous duet in Donizetti's *Martiri*),* Mlle. Sbriscia, and Mlle. Scotti. The critics here have a way of regarding everything produced on a Sunday to be as good as damned before it has seen the lights, the managers being supposed to reserve their most doubtful attempts for that day. But M. Calzado has reversed this state of things, and seems to have adopted the maxim, the better the day the better the deed; for he could not have entertained any doubt that Verdi's opera would turn out as it has done, a thorough success. The cast of the characters comprehends the names of Mads. Alboni and Penco, Mlle. Batta, and MM. Graziani and Mario, all of whom, with the exception perhaps of the last named, who is labouring under illness, exerted themselves with marked effect. The latest work of the Italian composer is pronounced by those who are better entitled to be heard on the subject than your humble correspondent to rank with his best works, and in some respects to surpass them notably in the orchestration, which is more careful, and evinces more signs of thoughtful elaboration than is usual with Verdi. The general character of the opera is something between the *Trovatore* and the *Traviata*, having much of the vigour of the former blended with the lighter graces of the latter.

The Théâtre Lyrique has just given to the world a new opéra comique in one act, the composition of M. H. Louis Lacombe. The title of this production is *La Madone*, and the libretto, the work of M. Carmouche, is absurd, even beyond the large limits of toleration allowed to operatic writers. A painter wants a model for a madonna, which is to be placed in the Vatican, and finds a suitable subject in a peasant girl, whom he induces to sit to him

* The lyrical version of Corneille's *Polyeucte*, in which Rachel's "Je crois" made the good folks in England believe she really had herself apostacised.

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in his studies. The girl, however, has a lover who is frightfully jealous, and comes and makes a scene in the painter's room, after singing a barcarole outside, to let them know he is coming. He is just threatening his intended with instant death, when the painter appears and explains the affair, and offers his sitter the price he is to receive for the picture. Thereupon a general shaking of hands and embracing. M. Lacombe's music is a fit match for this ridiculously empty nonsense. It is as dull as one of the composer's symphonies which it resembles, indeed, far more than an opera. M. Louis Lacombe has evidently no other vocation than that he has previously proved to the world the perpetration of unendurable symphonies, and crabbed digital performances on the pianoforte. Let him adhere to it.

We are in the full tide of concert giving. Heaven save the mark! The most important given during the past week have been those of M. Magnus, a composer and pianist; of M. Hans Seeling, also a composer and pianist, both honourable men, and lastly of young Henri Ketten, really a very clever boy, as many of your readers well know, for he has already been twice to London where he played at the Hanover Square Rooms. M. Vincent Adler has also given a concert.

I have a few items of foreign news touching musical matters, which may prove interesting, and therefore I proceed to impart. The fascinating Madame Castellan has been delighting the citizens of Hamburg with her beauty and her vocal and histrionic talents, as a member of an Italian *troupe* conducted by MM. Lasina. They only played for six nights, and are off to Mainz. Madame Castellan's greatest success was in *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she proved herself an actress and a singer of equally distinguished merit. The bland, suave, and ever-buoyant ex-director of her Majesty's Theatre, London, Lumley, is at the head of an Italian operatic company, who have just amalgamated with that of the Regio Theatre in Turin, through the intervention, it is said, of an exalted personage. Verily, Lumley, thou art the petted Benjamin of Dame Fortune, who, if she occasionally cuff thee in her tantrums, rewardeth thee straightway with some lucky card, which thou playest with skill! From Turin let us speed—well wrapped in furs—to St. Petersburg, city of sad memory, that bereft us of our beloved Bosio, and on which, therefore, I could find it in my heart to pour out the imprecations of Camille on Rome, but that they would remind me of another mournful loss. The subscribers to the Italian Opera in the northern capital are, it appears, not over-satisfied with the manner in which they are being treated. Many of the artists engaged—Mongini among the number—have not yet been heard, and Madame Fioretti is thrust forward night after night. This lady is said to be most extravagantly rewarded for her services, but the fact is not so bad as was reported. She does not receive 70,000 francs per month, but 45,000, which is quite enough, especially as others in the company are so poorly paid as to have scarcely means enough to pay for warming their rooms—an indispensable necessity when the thermometer marks 15° below zero. The very thought is enough to turn one into solid Wenham; so let us quickly thaw our imaginations, and slide down this meridian to the latitude of Madrid, where we shall find an excellent Italian Opera company playing Verdi's opera *Simon Boccanegra*, which, as it has never yet been heard in London, will, I trust, prove an agreeable novelty. The principal male singers are MM. Fraschini (he of "the curse"), Geraldini, and Bouché. I am sorry that the prima donna is no better gifted or higher skilled a person than Mlle. Sarolta, who did not shed brilliancy over the inception of Mr. E. T. Smith's first season at her Majesty's. If the Court of Madrid admires her, however, what can humble folk do? Talking about non-talented artists, let me give you, from a Paris theatrical paper, a pithy announcement of who the successor of Graziani is to be next year. Thus it runs:—"M. Beneventano de la Piana, del Bosco, *barone*, is engaged at the Italian Theatre in Paris for next year." *Nous rirons.* (What fun!) The exclamation is wonderfully natural and germane to the matter, as every one will agree who has any experience of the artist in question. He had the impudence to display his blobby and unctuous person in the character of Don Juan once at her Majesty's. One felt inclined to ask Leporello "who's your fat friend?" I like this blunt, frank, outspoken expression of opinion on the part of some of the critics here—the *unpaid*. Your English critics are all unpaid: why, then, are they so inconceivably mealy mouthed? There is one gentleman, M. Alexis Rodet, who exercises the office of dramatic critic to a theatrical paper, and whose freedom of hand in ripping up delinquents is perfectly admirable. There is a grim humour in his style of dissecting a subject, and he seems to grin a ghastly grin throughout the operation at every slash. I will give you a specimen of his *modus operandi* in the matter of a new piece at the Gymnase, in four acts, entitled *La Famille de Puimené*. The critic starts off with "Heaven forgive me, but I do believe M. Edouard Foussier (the author) calls this a comedy. Well, call it a comedy if you will. But if the hussey chastises the manners of the time, it is not *ridendo* I'll be sworn. It is dark, gloomy, and lugubrious as a fourth-class funeral equipage, monotonous as a desert, and tiresome as M. Augier's *Effrontés*. (Admire this pinking of two poor fellows at one thrust!) Then he shows how the materials of the piece are all used up and worn out, and wonders how the Gymnase ever came to give shelter to such a stingy indigestible production, which he afterwards likens to a bear escaped from the Vaudeville under its former management, and calls it old and ugly. He then sums up the hacknied programme of dramatic interest on which it is based, thus:—

"The mother who comes to require her son of the courtesan."
"The courtesan who possesses a family secret and makes the mother tremble."
"The mother who confesses her offence to the son."
"The son who *pardons* his mother."
"The courtesan who frightens all the family with 'a promise of marriage' of the son!"

It would seem that there is no action for breach of promise in French law, and so the critic laughs at the author for his ignorance of the code, and derides the Bœotian simplicity of the family he has invented, who allow themselves to be alarmed by such a legal scarecrow. As the last two acts turn entirely on this gross improbability, the piece is thus pretty completely out of court; and the exclamation which winds up the analysis of the plot—"an accommodating *dénoûment*—a gentleman who was thought to be dead, and who is not!!!"—becomes unecessary even as a *coup de grâce*. But the critic's work isn't finished yet; for he manages to give his prostrate and lifeless victim another kick or two in praising the actress who played the courtesan. The character and the actress are thus described at one stroke:—"She is the bugbear of the piece; a host of atrocities, each blacker than the other, are gratuitously laid to her charge; there is a certain abstraction of jewellery which I am even now unable to explain; but she has a good broad back, and she perks up against it in a very natural and dignified manner." This is the way to make war against dunces and incapables.

Frederic Lemaître is still, advanced in years as he must be, the monarch of all he surveys in the field of melodrame. Victor Sejour's *André Gerard*, the original, I believe, of Dion Boucicault's *Janet Pride*, was revived at the Gaîté the other night, and this splendid veteran made his audience weep and shudder with a gesture, an accent, an expression of countenance precisely as in his palmiest days. Mlle. Lia Felix, who plays in the same drama, bids fair, though in a lower arena, to approach the glorious achievements of her sister, the lamented Rachel. Mlle. Tordeus, a new tragic actress, made her *début* in the *Ciel* at the Odéon. She is very accomplished in her art, but does not seem endowed with the true stuff of a great actress. Molière's *fête* was kept, according to custom, on the first day of the year, at the Comédie Française. The pieces played were *Tartufe* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*, followed by the ceremony, in which every member of the company places a wreath of laurels at the foot of the pedestal on which is placed the bust of the great man.

I do not know that I have anything more to tell you this week, except that M. de Mirecourt, the well-known biographer of contemporary celebrities, is not, as was fondly supposed by those ungrateful folks who owe their "lives" to him, dead. He is, some one writes to say, on the contrary, fat and well, and has been in no danger of starving, as was said. Men like M. de Mirecourt do not starve, says his friend. What does he mean? I should say insinuate, but that it is his friend who speaks. To counterbalance the resuscitation of this literary notoriety, the world of art and letters have experienced a severe loss in the death of Mad. Menne-

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chet de Barival, a generous and enlightened patroness. A grand musical service was performed over her remains in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette.

M. Nabich, the celebrated trombonist, is now in Paris, as his neighbours, wherever he is living, will pretty soon learn to their sorrow. When he was in London he lived in Newman Street, where his memory will be for ever embalmed in the curses of the inhabitants at his furious blasts when practising to retain his mastery over that dolorous implement of torture. The shaky mansions of that gloomy thoroughfare were imperilled as by an earthquake (a *trombonement de terre*) or a tornado, for the man blew a hurricane through his brazen tube. Some thought it was the crack of doom, and an old applewoman at the corner fell down on her knees, and confessed her sins aloud. Nabich is in Paris.

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Jan. 15, 1861.

Two operas, not hitherto given in London, have been performed during the last week at the Kärntnerthor Theatre. On Thursday *Don Sebastian*, by Donizetti, and on Saturday *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by G. Otto Nicolai.

Donizetti's is a work of great pretensions, but of inferior merit compared to his other operas. It is in the ultra-Italian style, consisting of pompous recitatives, lengthy andantes, and noisy common-place "caballettas." The solos of the tenor and baritone (known to the concert-going public of England as "In terra sola" and "O Lisbona"), a funeral march, and a septet in the fourth act, are the only *morceaux* worthy of notice. The rest of the opera presents nothing remarkable either in melody or composition. The instrumentation is careful throughout, but not so effective as usual with modern composers. The libretto is a combination of the historical and romantic. Don Sebastian, King of Portugal (Herr Ander), pardons and releases Zayda, an African maiden (Mad. Caillag), from the hands of the executioners, as he is leaving Lisbon on an expedition against the Arabs. Zayda follows the king into Africa, and saves his life by interceding with her countrymen, by whom he has been overcome in battle. The king is allowed to escape, and returns to Portugal, where, during his absence, the conspirators, Don Antonio (Herr Campe), and Don Juan (Herr Drachler), have usurped the throne, and declared the king to have been slain in Africa. The funeral rites are being performed at the moment of Don Sebastian's return. He forbids their progress, but is arrested by command of the conspirators, and condemned to death. Zayda, who has secretly followed him, again intercedes for his life, but this time in vain, and is also sentenced to execution by the Inquisition. In the last act both are found awaiting their fate. A paper is brought for the king's signature; it gives both their liberty, upon the condition that Don Sebastian will assign the throne of Portugal to Philip II. of Spain. The condition is refused, and death seems inevitable, when the voice of Camoens (Herr Beck), a minstrel and faithful attendant of the king, is heard outside the walls of the prison. Camoens appears, and offers means of escape. Flight is attempted, but the fugitives are discovered and shot by the soldiery of the usurpers. Such is a rough outline of the plot. Many of the situations are very telling; for instance, the appearance of Zayda before the Inquisition, the return of Don Sebastian to Lisbon during the celebration of the funeral rites, &c.

Mad. Caillag displays much dramatic talent in her impersonation of Zayda, a part which she may be said to have "created," according to the French expression. Herr Beck sings the music of Camoens admirably, and Herr Ander ably represents the hero of the story.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, by Nicolai, is altogether in a different style from Donizetti's opera. The music is graceful and melodious throughout, and well adapted to the amusing incidents of the popular comedy which has been taken for the libretto. Some of the *motifs* remind the hearer of Bellini and Rossini, but their skilful and musicianlike treatment goes a long way to excuse their questionable originality. The overture consists of many of the subjects which occur in the opera, and is very brilliant. Among the most charming *morceaux d'ensemble*, and there are many, can be mentioned the first duet between the two ladies and the finale to the third act; also a duet for tenor and soprano, with violin accompaniment, which certainly gives the composer a very great claim to novelty of construction and instrumentation.

Herr Schmid was somewhat too serious as Sir John Falstaff, but his powerful voice and excellent "make up" gave an importance to the part such as, with a little more jollity, would have left nothing to be desired. Mad. Wildauer was vivacious and fascinating as Mrs. Ford. Herr Mayerhofer, certainly one of the most painstaking and efficient members of the Kärntnerthor company—a conscientious artist in every respect—performed the jealous husband, and sang the music allotted to the part to perfection.

It is surprising that this opera of Nicolai has not yet been given in England. Whether on the Italian or English stage, it is almost certain of success. Balfe, it is true, has tried the same libretto, but that surely is no reason why this version should not be heard.

On Sunday the second Philharmonic Concert of the season, of which the programme was as follows:—

Mendelssohn,—overture, *Athalia*.
Bach,—*Suite*; air, "Bownée Gigue," in D.
Handel,—"O ruddier than the cherry," sung by Herr Mayerhofer.
Cherubini,—overture, *Medea*.
Schumann,—symphony in B flat.

Truly a model programme, and one which I commend to the notice of the London societies. The performance of Mendelssohn's overture was a treat seldom to be equalled, and never surpassed. Greater precision and verve cannot possibly be imagined. It was a performance to be recollected by all who had the good fortune to hear it, and one which a lover of Mendelssohn may envy. Although the Philharmonic Concerts are given in the Kärntnerthor theatre, and by the Kärntnerthor theatre orchestra, the Imperial edict prohibiting encores is not enforced. The audience is on these occasions allowed to have its own way. On Sunday, consequently, the air in Bach's *Suite* was obliged to be repeated, and well the compliment was deserved. Whether intentionally or by accident selected, I know not; but the two first *morceaux* of the programme were most admirably adapted for the display of the great strength of the Kärntnerthor band, which consists in the stringed instruments. The violins in the *Athalia* had a most thrilling effect, as also in the second movement of Bach's *Suite*. Herr Mayerhofer sang the Polyphemean love-song after the manner of his master, Staudigl, pronouncing the English words with a distinctness which would put many of our native basses to the blush. The execution of Cherubini's overture was an exception to the general perfection of the performances by the band. It would perhaps have been almost too much to have expected the same irreproachable *ensemble* as distinguished the two first. Not that there was any decided fault to find, but the preceding perfection of execution made the slightest indecision and falling off in this instance apparent. Schumann's symphony is an important work. The first movement, somewhat trivial in its subject and instrumentation, is not worthy of the two last, which evince the sentiment and depth of thought of a true musician. It was admirably rendered.

ANTRATER.

PESTH.

January 18*th*, 1861.

AND why not? A letter from Hungary will perhaps have the advantage of novelty to the reader of the MUSICAL WORLD, although it may not contain more information about the music going on here than can be acquired in a hurried visit of two days. Let us see what there is to say about this hotbed of revolutions, this city of the Magyars, and at once the pride and fear of their oppressors. The journey hither—no, it would require the pen and experience of a McClintock to make a description of that on a winter night interesting. To my unobservant nature it seemed monotonous enough.

Put into a comfortable carriage at the Vienna Railway Station, at seven o'clock in the evening, I was told to get out of the same at Pesth at five o'clock the next morning. No remarkable incident having occurred during the interval, except an occasional attempt

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to look through the frozen window panes at the country covered with snow, which glittered in the bright moonlight. The usual unpleasant consequences of arriving in any town at five o'clock on a winter morning were not wanting in this instance. Porters half asleep; drivers and horses quite ditto; gas-lamps looking sickly, as if they were tired of being alight; the long delay at the hotel door; the sullen reception by the surly, sleepy *concierge*, who wanders about in his shirt and trousers, with candle in one hand, and bunch of clanking keys in the other, to find you a vacant room; the dreary appearance of the apartment; the difficulty of getting warm in that small bed between the peculiar continental substitutes for sheets; in short, all the little miseries of night travelling followed in their turn, and had to be endured. They were, however, forgotten by breakfast time, when some good coffee and half a dozen made dishes (representatives of the tea and toast, two eggs, and a slice of ham of England) gave strength to encounter the sight-seeing labours of the day. A quick walk (sauntering this weather is out of the question) through the principal streets, which are all as broad as Portland Place, convinced me that Pesth is a beautiful city, containing fine public buildings and handsome well-built houses. Covered with snow, it has a clean appearance. Of its natural colour I cannot speak, or whether, in common with other cities, it has its own peculiar odour, I am unable to say. Snow and frost conceal both, and so far Pesth is seen under favourable circumstances in the winter. According to the advice of the landlord of the Jäger Horn (an hotel which, in the words of Bradshaw, contains every accommodation for large and small families), my first visit was to the new Museum; and a very pleasant time I passed there, in company with a poorly-clad but well-informed intelligent old gentleman, one of the resident Panizzi of the institution. The building is imposing in appearance. It would not suffer in comparison with its sister in Great Russell Street, and there is a striking family likeness between the two.

One of the principal galleries is used as a hall for public meetings. The contents of the museum, which are both numerous and interesting, are not yet put in order or catalogued. They include some good statuary, ancient and modern, a large collection of armoury, mostly belonging to Hungary, old jewels, &c. &c. Among other things, I saw a pianoforte, said to have been made in the 16th century, which would make William Chappell's mouth water to look at. It's a question for "Notes and Queries," whether an instrument of such an age exists in England. The size of the one in question is about that of a harpsichord, while in form, it is exactly similar to a grand piano of the present day. The case is elaborately decorated with the armorial bearings of the family (Karoly) to which it belonged, showing the great value set upon the instrument. It is in excellent preservation.

Another object of interest to which my amiable companion called my particular attention, was the skeleton of an ancient knight, which had been dug up near the city. Judging from the coins and his armour, discovered near the remains, the old warrior was buried during the 9th century. In the skull is a large aperture, which, during life, had evidently been covered by the silver plate found at its side. "This is interesting, said my friend," as it shows that the remedy for a broken head is not of such modern invention as the present doctors suppose. I nodded assent, thinking what an intolerable headache the old knight must have had; returned to my pianoforte, regretting William Chappell more and more, knowing how much he could say upon such a subject.

It was five o'clock before I could get away from the museum. A hasty dinner, and then to the German theatre, which begins at 6·30. There are two theatres in Pesth, one, at which the performances are in the Hungarian language, and another where they are given in German. At the latter, Wachtel the tenor, dismissed from Vienna, has had immense success. The opera was *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*. Not a very remarkable performance in any respect. It reminded me forcibly of an Italian opera at Manchester, with a local band and chorus, and was neither better nor worse. The house was crammed, about 4000 persons present. After each act, the fortunate tenor was kept bowing and scraping his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic "Eljens" of the delighted audience for ten or fifteen minutes, and at the end, was buried alive in wreathes and bouquets.

So much for the first day in Pesth.

On the second and last I was told to visit Kaiserbad, a bathing establishment some five miles from the city, on the opposite side of the Danube. An agreeable drive through the celebrated fortress of Ofen—which fortress, by the way, is a town in itself—brought me to Kaiserbad, a handsome stack of buildings erected for bathing purposes near eleven hot springs, which give an inexhaustible supply of mineral water. Here are baths of all sorts for every class—the Volksbad, the bath for the rich, the swimming-bath, —in fact, baths in every shape and size that can be imagined. During the summer a ball-room connected with the establishment is open, in which a band plays night and day; concerts are given; roulette tables, cards, and every amusement provided which can promote the pleasure of the visitors.

Having seen Kaiserbad, I was not to forget the new synagogue, one of the handsomest temples in Europe. Curiosity being excited by such a description, upon returning to Pesth, I repaired thither. The building justified its reputation. It is magnificent. In the Moorish style of architecture and decoration, it is just such a structure as Owen Jones, with unlimited funds at his command, would erect. It will accommodate from 8,000 to 10,000 persons, and has been but recently thrown open.

My last evening in Pesth I passed at the Hungarian Theatre, listening to a very capital performance of Donizetti's *Belisario*. The principal singers were excellent; the baritone indeed very first-rate; the band and chorus efficient and complete; the scenery and dresses admirable, quite refreshing after the worn-out dirty canvas and rags to which I have been lately accustomed at the Opera House in Vienna. The Hungarians have without exception donned their national costume in spite of its having been forbidden by the Austrians since 1848. The gay colours of the ladies' dresses, the jaunty jackets of every shade worn by the men, give a theatre or any other place of public resort in Hungary a very much gayer appearance than can be seen in our country.

Thus ends the account of my visit to Pesth. If not interesting, it is not very long; and so *alázotos szolgája*.

ANTEATER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE DOUBLE FLAT.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Philharmonic" does not seem to be aware that the celebrated Hummel, in his valuable *Pianoforte School*, proposed a new character for the double flat. At page 18 of this work Hummel says:—"As the character for the double flat hitherto in use is apt to confuse the eyes, particularly in chords with several flats placed over each other, and as we have already an appropriate and simple mark for the double sharp, it were to be wished that the double flat should also be expressed by a single character. I venture to propose for this purpose 𝄫. Should any person invent and introduce a character still more convenient, the musical world will be indebted to him for doing so."—*Boosey's edition.*

I think the above an improvement on those proposed by "Philharmonic."

Your obedient servant,

January 23rd, 1861. W. H. C.

MR. WALLWORTH AS GRIFFIN.

SIR,—May I correct an error in your report of *Victorine* at the Royal English Opera? You say the parts were played by the same artists as last year, except in the cases of Victorine and Julian. There was another exception, the important part of Griffin played last year by Mr. Honey. I played it this season for the first time, with what success I leave to the judgment of others. Apologising for troubling you with this, I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,

T. A. WALLWORTH.

81, *Park Street, Grosvenor Square,*
Jan. 22, 1861.

ERRATUM.—In our notice of the Sacred Harmonic Society last week, omit the second sentence, which destroys the sense of the latter portion of the article.—*By desire of our Reporter.*

An Italian correspondent of the *Morning Post* mentions with commendation two singers — Signora Casoni, a contralto, and Signor Cima, a baritone—who have lately returned from Rio.

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Birth.

On Wednesday morning, the 23rd inst., Mad. Sainton-Dolby (wife of Prosper Sainton, Esq.), of a son.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING will be performed Balfe's popular Opera of THE BOHEMIAN GIRL. Thaddeus, Mr. SWIFT; Florestine, Mr. TERROTT; Devilshoof, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Count Arnheim, Mr. SANTLEY; Queen of the Gipsies, Mad. LEMAIRE; and Arline, Mlle. PAREPA. Concluding with the Children's great successful comic pantomime, entitled HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician and the good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur. The gorgeous new scenery and effects by Beverley. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine, by the celebrated Laurl Family. Sprites by the tribe of Arabs. On which occasion the Rocky Mountain Wonders and Flying Americans will appear. Doors open at half-past 6, commences at 7 o'clock each evening. Carriages to be ordered for half-past 11. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5, where places may be secured. Notice.—SIMS REEVES will make his reappearance in the favourite character of Robin Hood on Tuesday the 5th of February. In active preparation, a new grand romantic opera, entitled THE AMBER WITCH (the music composed expressly for this theatre, by W. V. WALLACE). The last Grand Morning Performance of the children's Pantomime, TOM THUMB, to-day (Saturday), at 2 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, entitled THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX. The new grand Comic Christmas Pantomime of PETER WILKINS Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guiness; Pantaloons, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. A Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime, PETER WILKINS on Wednesday next, commencing at 2 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN will appear on Monday next, the 28th, in Shakspeare's play of HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. CHARLES KEAN (his first appearance at this theatre for eighteen years); Gertrude, Mrs. CHARLES KEAN. On Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. On Wednesday, HAMLET. On Thursday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. On Friday, HAMLET. On Saturday, THE WIFE'S SECRET. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

MR. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN are engaged at the Theatre Royal, DRURY LANE, for Twenty-four Nights, and will appear for the first time in London, after an absence of eighteen months, on Monday next, the 28th, in Shakspeare's tragedy of HAMLET. Monday, 28th; Wednesday, 30th; and Friday, Feb. 1, HAMLET. Tuesday, 29th, and Thursday, 31st, Shakspeare's comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Saturday, Feb. 2, and Tuesday, 5th, the play of THE WIFE'S SECRET. Wednesday, Feb. 6, LOUIS XI.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.
LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

THAT the subscriptions to the Hullah testimonial already exceed what was anticipated, must prove gratifying to those who wish well to music, no less than to such as desire to see desert remunerated. The long catalogue of names includes not amateurs and professors of the art only, but gentlemen of every grade in private life. One or two of our most celebrated *littérateurs* have tendered their contributions to Mr. Hullah the man, who perhaps might not have cared greatly for Mr. Hullah the musician, we may naturally conclude, since one placed in so commanding a position must have made friends and acquaintances in all classes of the community; but our proposition remains the same, and the influence of music in an abstract sense is manifested in the powerful array of signatures to the testimonial. A subscription raised for a musician, placed in whatever fortuitous or precarious position, would not, we feel satisfied, some years ago, have created a tithe of the sensation or interest got up in favour of Mr. Hullah on the present occasion. Music has not merely made great progress in England of late, but its importance and value as an art and science have been more generally acknowledged. Time was when the *Merus musicus* was placed in the same category, by the upper classes in this country, as the *Merus Hibernicus* by the Saxon invaders of Ireland in the days of the Commonwealth. The times have changed; and both musicians and Irishmen are now allowed to hold their proper position in the social scale. "Art," it has been said, "moves in a circle;" and so indeed it would seem, more particularly in the art of music. The days of the minstrels and troubadours were glorious days for the professors of the divine art. Then indeed such performers on psaltery and harp were esteemed fit companions for the proudest of the land. Their station at feast was nearest the dais; high-born dames admitted them to their secret bowers; their company was sought for in castle and hall; and wealth and renown were their unfailing rewards. What a change came over the fortunes of the minstrels about the period of Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth! How fallen from their pride of place! How miserably sunk! How misused and finally extirpated! In the opening lines of the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, Sir Walter Scott has drawn a vivid picture of their fallen condition. He is describing the aged minstrel, and thus alludes to the altered state of himself and his caste:—

"The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
His unpremeditated lay:
Old times were chang'd, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had lov'd to hear."

With the progress of music as a science came the acknowledgment of music as a high and powerful art, and of its professors as a class qualified to amuse and instruct. The musician, nevertheless, was not yet admitted into the inner shrine of the social temple; his services were accepted; his usefulness and entertaining qualities were recognised; but no fellowship was instituted—no amalgamation took place. The sun of intelligence soon cleared away the mists of ignorance and prejudice, and the professor of the divine art was placed on a level with the professor of medicine, of philosophy, of jurisprudence, of theology. How strange there should have been so many vicissitudes in the profession of music and none in other professions! We shall not pause to inquire into the cause. Enough that our own times have squared all these circles of eccentricity, and that no violence is now offered to opinion and judgment by

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drawing a strong line of demarcation between the social position of Drs. Mendelssohn and Abernethy, Professors Faraday and Sterndale Bennett.

All this, however, has nothing to say to the direct claims of Mr. John Hullah on the public for a testimonial. What good he has effected in originating a new method of instruction; how long, and with what determination he has prosecuted his own invention; to what extent it has succeeded, and what influence it has exercised, are all patent to the world. As a promoter of good and healthy music no less than a devoted apostle, Mr. Hullah is entitled to the highest consideration. Sacred oratorios were almost a sealed book to the general public until Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, first adventured his performances of the great masterpieces of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c., at cheap prices. Mr. Hullah, in short, proved himself a thorough and uncompromising reformer, and the middle classes, above all, are indebted to his exertions and determination in their behalf. We are, therefore, far from surprised that the subscription to the Hullah testimonial should have surpassed expectation. It is pleasing to know that gratitude is paramount, and that the endeavour to accomplish a good, is remembered at the right moment. The recollection may stimulate the least energetic of us all to do something which the world will not willingly let sink into oblivion.

WE learn from the musical journals in Paris that the Society of Concerts is about to give Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* or *Symphonie avec Chœurs*, as it is styled over there, at the next performance (the second of the season) in the Conservatoire. The *Lobgesang* was to have been played at the first concert, but the indisposition of a principal singer necessitated its postponement. This magnificent work has never yet been heard by our neighbours, and as we are given to understand that the members of the orchestra are in raptures with it, let us hope it may fare better than did the *Walpurgisnacht*, some two years ago. Our readers may perhaps remember that the *Walpurgisnacht* was presented with words that had no resemblance whatever even to the subject of Goethe's legendary poem, which suggested the undertaking to Mendelssohn, and to which he set his picturesque and enchanting music. A totally different theme was selected, and a French poem prepared for the occasion. Thus not a single piece in the work had any definite meaning, and the wonderful scene where the Druids, by feigned incantations, scare away the Roman soldiers, so as to be enabled to perform their idolatrous rites and ceremonies unmolested, was absolutely unintelligible. Why all this "sound and fury signifying nothing?" asked one learned critic (M. Scudo?). The members of the Society, nevertheless (all of them musicians) knew full well the value of Mendelssohn's composition, and setting the subscribers at defiance, repeated the *Walpurgisnacht* at the concert immediately ensuing. *Mime résultat!* The subscribers were deaf; the gorgeous "tone-poem" was a failure; and we believe has not been attempted since.

We have some fears about the *Lobgesang*, although our hopes tend in the opposite direction. Our doubts are based upon the fact that it is announced, not as Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, but as Mendelssohn's *Symphony with Choruses*. Now, if the French version of the verbal text happens to possess no more relation to the original than was the case in the instance of the *Walpurgisnacht*, the subscriberss to the concerts will, in all probability, again be "at sea," and another great work go unappreciated. This would, indeed, be a pity. Mendelssohn is beginning (merely beginning) to be understood and liked in Paris, not alone by artists but by amateurs also, and we should grieve to see another check to their slowly-expanding enthusiasm. The critics, one or two excepted, persist in regarding his music as laboured and dry—the product of much scholarship and little genius. More than twenty years have passed since M. Berlioz reproached them bitterly for their dulness in not at once recognising the imaginative colouring, and poetic beauty of the concert-overture, known severally as the *Hebrides*, *Fingal's Cave*, and the *Isles of Fingal*.* Yet, even at this time, we find a critic of no less prodigious sagacity than M. Viel apostrophising it thus sneeringly:—

"Mendelssohn was represented at the concert on Sunday (2nd Conservatoire) by his overture, *La Grotte de Fingal* (a fourth nomenclature), page ingenious, *almost* original (!), which comprises a motive of the most *elegant*, and which, certes, would produce still more effect without its excessive development. Talk to us of the chorus of genii in *Oberon*: there is music of a fantasy, of a romanticism adorable, and which nevertheless takes care not to be lost in divagations."

We fear it is M. Viel himself who is "lost in divagations." Nevertheless, although Viel is the anagram of Evil, we are sure M. Viel means searchingly, and trust that the *Lobgesang*, more fortunate than the *Grotte*, may please his very exacting taste. What term, by the way, can he find for the development of the first *allegro* of that? "Excessive" will be a mild epithet, if M. Viel takes to scanning the *Lobgesang* from the same point of view as the *Hebrides*. To give "the devils their due," however, all the French critics are not of the same temper as M. Viel, while pairing in with those impervious, self-satisfied old ladies, the subscribers to the Conservatoire, who believe they can fathom Beethoven's No. 9! Our intelligent and amiable *confrère*, M. Ch. Desolme (of *L'Europe Artiste*), in noting that, at the concert before named, the audience "*did not understand one note*" of this fine work, adds, "which does not prevent—quite the contrary, indeed—the said overture of the *Grotte de Fingal* from being a delicious *chef-d'œuvre*, quite worthy of the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." Bravissimo! M. Desolme. We commend the *Lobgesang* to your care; and ask as a favour (to be reciprocated on demand) that, if at the next concert M. C. Lebouc † allows you the place which, though hitherto withheld, is your unquestionable privilege, in one of the boxes dedicated to the accommodation of the press, you will not be too hard (*zu Viel*) on Mendelssohn's grand composition, which, now for the first time about to be JUDGED in Paris, was not the less composed for the Birmingham Festival in 1840; is not the less familiar to every amateur in England; has not the less charmed every one of the Germanies, big or small; and not the less been appreciated by our *tant soit peu* Wagnerised friends across the Atlantic.

The allusion to Wagner reminds us that the Parisians—thanks to some mysterious demi-political caprice—are about to undergo a severe trial. *Tännhauser* is making rapid strides, and will soon confront them with harp and *song* (Qy.)—

"Auch ich darf mich so glücklich nennen
Zu schaun, was, Wolfram, du geschaut!"

* This was in one of the musical *feuilletons* of the *Journal des Débats*. In one of his letters to M. Stephen Heller, M. Berlioz says—"It was at Rome that, for the first time, I appreciated that fine and delicate musical tissue, variegated with such rich colours, which bears the name of *Overture to Fingal's Cave*. Mendelssohn had just finished it, and gave me a pretty exact idea of it; such was his prodigious skill in reproducing on the piano the most complicated scores."

† Secretary to the Society of Concerts.

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We wish them joy, and hope they may be edified. "*Amusez-vous, belles. Amusez-vous, bottes vernies—lions—quoi! Amusez-vous tous!*" We long to read M. Scudo's article on *Tännhauser*; we long to see M. Fiorentino's article on *Tännhauser;* M. de Rovray's; MM. les Escudiers'; we long to see all these articles on *Tännhauser*; also the article of M. Berlioz; but, above all, we long to see the article of M. Viel—on *Tännhauser*. May the Furies avert its repostponement, *sine die!* Let there be rather, at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse a month's "*relâche,*" a month's *silence*. *Tännhauser* will atone for it in a single night. "*Par la grande vertu que Dieu a mis au hanap*"—said Huon de Bordeaux to the Admiral—"*ceux qui ne boivent pas dans un hébichet en goûteront.*" *Tännhauser* will be brought out with great magnificence; that is certain. *Tännhauser* will—*must*—succeed; that is equally certain. Paris must swallow its harmonious waters, without a wince. *Tout le monde en est abreuvé.* Ask Paul Smith.

Happy M. Achille Fould! He respects the *coulisses*, and drinks out of a *hebichet*. Unhappy M. Walewski! *He* rehaunts the *coulisses*, and drinks out of a *hanap*. Is M. Walewski aware that *Lohengrin* is a secondary of *Tännhauser; Tristan and Iseult* a tertiary of *Tännhauser*, and secondary of *Lohengrin;* the *Niebelungen* a quaternary of *Tännhauser*, tertiary of *Lohengrin*, and secondary of *Tristan and Iseult?* We can scarcely believe it, but put entire faith in a report, now stirring, that Friar Liszt is bound for Paris, where his pen will be laid at the separate feet of MM. Léon and Marie Escudier—a nib for each brother; the right nib for La France, the left nib for L'Art. It is notorious that Liszt can do anything, even write two articles about *Tännhauser*, on two different sheets, simultaneously, each article with a single nib, and the one article more stuffed with "*esprit*" than the other—"*esprit*" *de Liszt.*

Plinius (because the French say "Pline," we will *not* say Pliny)—Plinius called the Vandals *Vindils;* "*appellat Vindilos*" (J. J.). We shall call the Parisians *getæ*—that is, if they snub our *Lobgesang*. Meanwhile we have appealed to M. Desolme, who will not fail us at the pinch.

THE Oratorio at St. Paul's Cathedral has produced very much the effect anticipated. The precise nature of that effect, however, it must be left to our reporter to describe. The subject will "keep;" and the natural impatience of our readers must be restrained until next week, when a detailed account will appear. Meanwhile a comment or two may not be unacceptable.

The performance was announced to the public as follows:

"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Opening of the magnificent New Organ, Friday morning, Jan. 25th, the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, a Grand Performance, under the Dome, of Handel's *Messiah*, in Aid of the Cathedral Fund, especially the purchase and erection of the new organ. Principal vocalists—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Francis, Mr. H. Buckland, Mr. Winn, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor, Mr. Goss. Organist, Mr. G. Cooper. Band and chorus of 600 performers. Tickets, under the dome, 1*l.* 1*s.*; transept, 10*s.* 6*d.*; nave, 5*s.*, &c."

Now the first thing that must strike any ordinary intelligence is the fact of a "magnificent new organ" being "opened" without any organ-playing. The inconsistency is glaring. How an organ could be exhibited through the medium of an oratorio, with band, chorus, and solo singers, it was difficult to imagine. A few "grunts" during the choruses, and perhaps the accustomed booming noise between the parts, as accompaniment to the re-tuning of the orchestral instruments, was all that could possibly be looked for. A brilliant display for an "opening" truly.

That the "new" organ is a splendid instrument, we have admitted more than once, and our admission can hardly fail to have enjoyed the warm concurrence of those who had heard the masterly performances of Mr. W. T. Best; and after Mr. Best's secession (for excellent reasons) of Mr. Edmund Chipp, whose secession (for excellent reasons) left the hundred-voiced Goliath of the Panopticon temporarily speechless. At that time, by the way, the organ could boast a case, which, sightly in itself, was also thoroughly in keeping with the building where it stood. In the Cathedral, however, its aspect is unsightly to a measure. And no wonder. The instrument is at present *caseless*, and therefore, little better than an "eyesore." But it is notorious that we manage all kinds and degrees of church-decoration as badly as possible in England—and this notwithstanding (as Pappus of Birkenhead, in a punning mood, would say) that we rejoice in the inestimable advantage of a foreign ruling *dy*-nasty.

The worst part of the whole proceeding, nevertheless, is the shallow pretext under which the public has been invited to St. Paul's Cathedral, to listen to a performance of the *Messiah*, while there was no probability of its equalling in precision and effect what is constantly provided by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall. The "opening of the magnificent new organ" has resolved itself into an oratorio "under the dome"—which might be construed an oratorio under the Dean, or an oratorio under difficulties. There was no organ-playing, and constantly no organ-opening, in the strict acceptation of the compound; and this, too, with Mr. Goss and Mr. George Cooper at hand. The affair should have been advertised as a performance of Handel's *Messiah* "in aid," &c. &c.

Another word. Is St. Paul's Cathedral so poorly endowed, are the trustees so hard pushed, that they cannot find money enough to pay 800*l.* or 1,000*l.* (we have heard the amount diversely specified) for a new organ? Is there not a penny for repairs? *Must* the public furnish the wherewithal for everything that is required, from time to time, within the precincts of a church? On the other hand, have the authorities at St. Paul's—who "suspended" (if not virtually abolished) the meetings of the charity children which, once a year, used to elicit the enthusiastic admiration of thousands of metropolitans, and attract other thousands to the Cathedral from far and wide—a very substantial claim on public sympathy?—a very feasible right to invoke public aid for any of their undertakings? We think *not;* and, least of all, for an undertaking that solely concerns the charge with which they are entrusted, and should manifestly be paid for out of the funds at their command.

Where are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners? Echo knows—and answers, "*Where?*" UBI (to emphasise the question) the Ecclesiastical Commissioners? The Dean and Chapter know—and answer, "UBI."

To conclude. Would not Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* have better suited the anniversary of the Festival of St. Paul's (or Saul's) conversion? Answer—decidedly not. The *Messiah* draws more money; the Dean and Chapter want money; they don't want *St. Paul; St. Paul* won't pay Mr. E. T. Smith; the *Messiah* will (perhaps).

HERR MOLIQUE'S ABRAHAM.—Our readers will be delighted to hear that Herr Molique's *Abraham* is to be given this spring on a scale of thorough completeness, at Exeter Hall—not for the benefit of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but for that of the Middlesex Hospital. Herr Molique himself will conduct.

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THE MESSIAH AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

FOR the first time since its erection by Sir Christopher Wren an oratorio has been heard in our magnificent metropolitan cathedral. The occasion, as our readers need hardly be informed, was in aid of the funds for the purchase of the large, and equally fine organ, which formerly did duty at the Panopticon—or Alhambra, as it is styled by the present proprietor. In addition to this, money is also wanted for the completion of the decorations now in progress; and the capitular chest being (according to official statements) at remarkably low ebb, an appeal to the general public, in the shape of a grand musical performance, was deemed the most fitting method of replenishing it, and thereby aiding the "good work." The intention may be, and undoubtedly is, excellent; but whether the means adopted were the best for the end, may be a question for future consideration. At present, we can do little more than chronicle the event of yesterday (Friday), and must reserve details until our next.

On the whole, the performance of the *Messiah* agreeably disappointed us, as we had expected, from the enormous size of the building and the immense height of the cupola, a somewhat similar result to that of the "festivals" at the Crystal Palace.

This was, however, far from being the case. We heard every note as distinctly as if it had been at Exeter or St. James's Hall. In more remote parts of the cathedral it might have been different. Those, for instance, who were ranged along the nave might have lost much of the effect of the solos; but still the fact is proved beyond dispute (and we speak with some experience of cathedrals and music-halls) that stone is unquestionably a better medium for the concentration of sound than glass and iron. The new organ—respecting the placing of which some curious information is afforded in the official programme—is fixed at the back of the south transept, the chorus and band extending to its boundary and junction with the nave; the body of the church immediately beneath the cupola being absorbed by the reserved seats, the southern transept also occupied by the audience, seats in the nave, extending to the western entrance, also completely filled, and some few persons in the choir—from four to five thousand forming the total present.

Mr. Goss, the accomplished organist of the cathedral, wielded the *bâton* over the six hundred who composed the band and chorus; and, taken altogether, a more solemn and impressive rendering of the master-piece of Handel, which assuredly was "not for an age, but for all time," has never been heard in the metropolis. True that in some places, critically speaking, there was a tendency to retard the times, but with the present vivid impression on our minds, we are not disposed to take exceptions, and must rather speak in laudatory terms of the performance in its entirety. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, to whom was allotted the whole of the principal soprano music, sang charmingly, her particularly clear and distinct enunciation of the words being especially worthy of praise. The whole of the tenor part was given to Mr. Sims Reeves, who more than ever distinguished himself, being in remarkably fine voice, and infusing all the pathos, tenderness, and energy of which he is so thorough a master, into his singing from first to last. Mr. Lockey's wonderfully rich voice, which of late we have had too few opportunities of admiring, was heard to eminent advantage in the *contralto* music; and to Messrs. Lewis Thomas, and Winn, who divided the bass parts, we have nothing but commendation for the conscientious and artistic manner in which they acquitted themselves. The choruses, with some few exceptions, were impressively given—"All we like sheep," the "Hallelujah" (during which the audience rose), and the final "Amen," being remarkable for vigour and sonority. With these few general remarks we must conclude for the present, reserving for our next the further particulars which the importance of the festival demands. C.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It is decided that the Hereford Musical Festival shall be held this year, under the direction, as usual, of Mr. Townshend Smith, on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December.

MR. STANLEY LUCAS.—On Thursday week, Mr. Stanley Lucas was elected secretary of the Royal Society of Musicians, in place of the late Mr. Ireland. Mr. W. Chalmers Master, Mr. J. Reynolds, and Mr. Clinton, were the other canditates.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The third season of this flourishing society was brilliantly inaugurated on Wednesday evening last, by a numerously attended conversazione of the members at St. James's Hall. The sister arts of painting and sculpture were well represented, several choice oil and water-colours, statues, and various choice articles of vertu profusely decorating the room. In front of the organ busts of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Shakspeare, Handel, Beethoven, were placed, while in various parts were distributed portraits and casts of almost every known musical celebrity. Quaint antique instruments, remarkable gongs, Indian tomtoms, wonderfully ancient harpsichords and spinets, microscopes, stereoscopes, photographs, autograph letters (Handel and Garibaldi amongst others), a manuscript exercise in the handwriting of Beethoven, a quartet in that of Spohr, sonatas in the hand of Mozart, full suits of handsome armour, music-books of Henry VIII. and Earl of Leicester, manuscript music of Matthew Locke, and a host more objects of greater or less interest served to occupy the attention of visitors for some hours; nor while the eyes were feasted did the ears remain ungratified—madrigals and part-songs, under the able direction of Mr. Henry Smart, pianoforte pieces by Mad. Silas, a duo concertante by MM. Adolphe and Ries, vocal music by Mlle. Parepa, Mr. Santley and Mr. Allan Irving, &c., &c., all contributed to the making up of a very pleasant evening.* We would, however, suggest that at future conversaziones a better arrangement should be made of the various articles exhibited; classifying them under the names of the contributors, alphabetically disposed, affording no sort of clue to the finding of any particular object. The first orchestral concert of the society is announced for February 27th.

HULLAH FUND PERFORMANCE.—The first concert under the direct auspices of the committee of the Hullah Fund will take place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 29. Two features in the performance deserve especial notice, viz., M. Benedict's new lyrical legend, *Undine*, and M. Vieuxtemps' fantasia appassionata, for violin and full orchestra, this will be the first appearance of M. Vieuxtemps in a performance with full orchestra these eight years. The band will be entirely professional, and selected from the principal artists of her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. It is believed that the host of Mr. Hullah's pupils and friends will manifest their esteem for him by attending this performance, and thereby enjoy an intellectual treat, and at the same time serve a worthy man.

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—The fifth concert of the season took place on Saturday, January 5th, when a number of madrigals, glees, &c., were excellently rendered by Messrs. Fielding, Montem Smith, Shoubridge, and Winn. The only lady singer was Miss Rose Hersee, a very youthful but clever artist, who was highly successful in "Non ti fidare," and in the solo of "La Carita," sung with the ladies of the choir. The Misses Clinton, daughters of the well-known flautist, made very promising *débuts* in a grand duo for pianoforte, by G. A. Osborne.—The following were encored; Miss Rose Hersee ("Cherry Ripe"), Mr. Montem Smith "The maid I love," Mr. Winn ("The Token"), Mr. H. J. Wood (Flute Solo), and the concert appeared to give the highest satisfaction to an audience of more than 400 of the *élite* of the neighbourhood.

In the Court of Exchequer, on Monday, a Miss Fricker obtained a verdict of 25*l*., as damages for a breach of promise of marriage, against Mr. Von Holst, a musical gentleman residing near Worcester.

* The following was the musical programme:—Madrigal, "I saw lovely Philis," Pearsall; part-song, "The Shepherd's farewell" (Henry Smart); Romance in F, Impromptu in D minor, solo pianoforte, Mad. Silas (E. Silas, and Schumann); serenade, "I arise from dreams of thee," Mr. Allan Irving (C. Salaman); air, "Allons, prenons patience, *Cheval de Bronze*, Miss Augusta Thomson (Auber); part-song, "A song for the seasons" (Henry Smart); Duo concertante, pianoforte and violin, *Oberon*, Messrs. Adolphe and Louis Ries (Wolff and Vieuxtemps); Duo, Mlle. Parepa and Miss Stanley; air, Mlle. Parepa; solo trumpet, "The soldier tired," Mr. Thomas Harper (Dr. Arne); part-song, "Opening buds" (Mendelssohn). Director of the chorus, Mr. Henry Smart; Accompanist, Mr. Charles Salaman.

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DISSOLUTION OF THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

(*From an occasional Contributor.*)

THIS society has, in conformity with a resolution passed at a general meeting held on Tuesday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, ceased to exist. The causes which have led to this result are mentioned below; but it must be a source of regret that the mere shadow of non-success should have caused such a step, though we have no doubt the committee have not. The society was established in 1846 by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir A. K. Macdonald, Bart., and Mr. E. Jekyll—Mr. Henry Leslie undertaking the duties of honorary secretary—and was formed for the purpose of performing (according to the circular issued at that date).

Amongst the earliest members enrolled were his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who has been a constant supporter of the society up to the present time, and his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The orchestra included the principal amateurs, both noblemen and gentlemen, of which this metropolis, or, we may say country, could boast.

It has been the means of making the amateurs of London acquainted with the details of the highest order of orchestral music, and undoubtedly rendered them capable of appreciating the performances of a professional band, which has shown itself in the establishment of numerous suburban societies, as well as private meetings. The first season was under the direction of Mr. Balfe, and the rehearsals, twelve in number, were held in Store Street, Bedford Square, a concert being given to private friends at the termination of the season. The second year the *bâton* was wielded by Mr. C. Lucas, and the concerts were given at the Hanover Square Rooms, to which place, on Mr. Lucas's withdrawal, Mr. Negri was appointed conductor, who was afterwards succeeded by Mr. G. A. Osborne. In the year 1855 Mr. Henry Leslie was requested to undertake the duties of conductor. On his accession to the office the committee was extended, and the honorary secretaryship of the society was entrusted to Mr. Stanley Lucas. The society continued to give during each season eight concerts and rehearsals, but at the termination of the last it was thought advisable to reduce the number to six. The committee, however, having deemed it necessary to draw the attention of the orchestral members to the diminution of the subscribers, and finding the apathy which existed amongst the former, felt it necessary to call a general meeting of the society, which determined that the most dignified course to take under the circumstances was to dissolve the society. Trusting the objects for which it was established have in some measure been fulfilled, it is felt that the blank which it will make in the musical circles of London will be difficult to fill up, as it is much easier to pull down than it is to raise an amateur society in such metropolis as ours.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The forty-ninth concert attracted an audience which filled every corner of St. James's Hall, and was altogether one of the best ever given. The instrumental pieces were of the highest order, as may be seen by the subjoined:—

Quintet in C, Beethoven; Suite de pieces in E, Handel; Sonata in B flat, viola and pianoforte, Vieuxtemps; Trio in D minor, pianoforte, violin and violoncello, Mendelssohn.

The quintet of Beethoven (heard for the third time at these concerts) is one of the most remarkable works of the great "tone-poet," and from the first bar of the *allegro* to the last of the marvellous presto was listened to with wrapt attention. That the playing of M. Vieuxtemps, supported as he was by Messrs. Ries, Schreurs, Webb and Patti, should have elicited the warmest enthusiasm, is not surprising. Grander execution was never heard. The sonata for viola and pianoforte was welcome for more reasons than one. The tenor, except in the orchestra, has been unaccountably neglected considering what a superb instrument it becomes in the hands of a skilled performer. Standing midway between its sister the violin and big brother the violoncello—combining, too, in some measure the qualities of both, it is capable of an endless variety of effect. M. Vieuxtemps' mastery of the viola is as complete as his command of the violin, and the sonata possessed a double interest from the fact of its being his own composition. Of the three movements, the *andante* in G minor, *barcarolla*, created the most marked impression. The mechanical difficulties presented by the whole work are such that none but a performer of the first class should attempt it; but independently of this it is something more than a vehicle for display. Although the pianoforte part is to some extent subordinate, it is both complex and difficult. Miss Arabella Goddard, however, who recognises no difficulties, played it to perfection from end to end, and the two instruments were as one.

Handel's Suite, (the fifth performance at these concerts), created a *furore*. It was rendered by the young and gifted pianist, with a grace and ease, that were nothing short of fascinating, and a delicacy of touch that M. Fiorentino would liken to "gossamer." The familiar theme of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" was *sung* as sweetly as though "Kitty Stephens" had come back again with the keyboard for a voice, and the variations executed with an evenness, fluency, and exquisite gradation of tone, that Alboni or Sontag might have envied. But of all the good things of the evening, the last was unquestionably the best, and as Mr. Benedict again addressed the audience—politely requesting those who did not intend remaining to the end, either to leave before the commencement or between the movements, the consequence was that Mendelssohn's marvellous composition was heard without interruption, nearly the whole of the assemblage stopping for the very last note. In the range of pianoforte music, we know nothing to surpass the trio in D minor for freshness, vigour, and spontaniety. What it was in the hands of Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Piatti, we may leave our readers to imagine,—those who were fortunate enough to be present had a treat they are not likely to forget, and we sincerely hope, that before the termination of M. Vieuxtemps' engagement, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell may be induced either to repeat the work, or at least allow the public to hear by the same performers its superb sister trio in C minor (No. 2.) Opposed as we are to encores in general, there are times when we cannot quarrel with the public for insisting upon a repetition of that which has afforded them gratification, at once genuine and unanimous; and if anything were wanting on the present occasion to indicate the perfect sincerity of the audience, it was proved by the fact, that at half-past ten o'clock, the third movement of Mendelssohn's trio was, without a dissentient voice or sign, enthusiastically redemanded. Never perhaps was the *scherzo* taken at such a true Mendelssohnian speed. Not a note was wanting, however (not one, to quote Mozart, "fell under the desk"); and the critic's office became a sinecure.

The vocal music must be briefly dismissed. Two pretty trios by Herr Schloesser and the late Curschmann, a very intelligent reading of Beethoven's song of the "Quail," by Mr. Tennant, "Lascia ch'io pianga," (from Handel's *Rinaldo*), charmingly sung by Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mendelssohn's "First Violet," given with real expression by Mad. Louisa Vinning—composed the programme.

At the next concert, Mendelssohn's *Octet* is promised, M. Vieuxtemps of course to lead.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

ELLEVIOU.

HIS voice seemed at first of a dull quality. His second *début* was in *Paul et Virginie*, by Kreutzer, in which he played the part of the negro. He worked at his head notes, and by his studies displaced the range of his voice, which gained in the upper part the notes which it lost in the lower. From a baritone he thus became a tenor. His face and figure predisposed one in his favour, and accordingly the parts of young lovers, and especially of officers, suited him admirably. He won his spurs, in 1792, in the part of Philippe, in Dalayrac's opera of *Philippe et Georgette*. The law of forced service removed him from his dramatic labours, but he remained only a short time in the army. He soon returned to

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Paris, through the influence of his friend, General Moreau. Leagued with the reactionary party, and a member of the *Société des Muscadins*, Elleviou used to beat the watch, and play all manner of nocturnal pranks, in company with his associates. Being looked after by the police, he fled to Strasburg in 1795, and it was at the theatre of that city that he brought to perfection his talents as a comedian. When recalled to the Comédie Italienne, where he brought back, as I have before mentioned, comedies interspersed with ariettes, Elleviou gave a fresh vogue to the operas of Grétry. We shall throw a glance subsequently at the principal parts created by him. As he grew older he devoted himself by choice to parts requiring sentiment, and thus it was he succeeded so admirably in the characters of Blondel, in *Richard Cœur de Lion*; of Azor, of Felix, and finally of Joseph, in Méhul's opera. He distinguished himself also in buffo operas, such as *Picaros et Diego* and *L'Irato*. His pretensions were at the least quite as exaggerated as the most popular tenors of our own day. There is nothing new under the sun. When the Favart Theatre was amalgamated with the Feydeau he became one of the managers of the Opéra Comique. His salary was already nearly 85,000 fr. (3,400*l*.), a sum which at that time represented at least twice as much as the 100,000 fr. (4,000*l*.) since paid to Duprez. Not satisfied with this figure, Elleviou demanded a salary of 4,800*l*. The Emperor, to whose ears these fresh exactions came, would not allow the other associates to comply with them, and declared that, on the contrary, his salary ought to be reduced. Elleviou, who had for some time entertained the design of taking leave of the public, whose idol he was, before they should take leave of him, seized on this occasion to give his farewell performance. It was on the 10th of March, 1813, that he bade farewell to the stage in *Adolphe et Clara*, and in Felix, the character in which he was wont to move the most strongly the sympathies of his audience. He was triumphantly received, and retired to rest on his laurels on his estate of Les Roncières, near Villefranche, in the department of the Rhone. Elleviou wrote a few libretti ofcomic operas—*Delia et Werdi-kan*, *Le Vaisseau Amiral*, and *L'Auberge de Bagnères*, which were played at the Feydeau, the first in 1805, and the two others in 1807. After having filled the post of mayor in his commune, and becoming a member of the *Conseil-General*, Elleviou was seized with apoplexy during a visit to Paris, and while he was in the office of the *Charivari*, on the 5th of May, 1842.

J. B. MARTIN.

His comrade, Jean Blaise Martin, was born in Paris on the 14th of October, 1769. He was a better musician than Elleviou, and if the latter was received with at least an equal degree of favour with Martin, although he perhaps did not deserve it as a singer, it is that a tenor voice has always been of all male voices that most agreeable to the public. Martin's father, a painter of considerable talent, died when Blaise was only four years old. The child, who was educated by an uncle, who made him begin music as soon as he was seven years of age, rapidly became a good reader. His pure and high voice made him sought after, and he sang soprano solos at private concerts. When his voice broke he learned the violin. As a violinist young Martin was enabled to earn some sort of livelihood, and it was in that capacity that he sought at first to gain admission into the orchestra of the Opera while his voice was forming itself. His admirable voice soon assumed a brilliant quality and a marvellous reach—two octaves and a third from the lower F to the A sharp of the tenor. It was not found sufficiently powerful however for the Opera. Martin got himself known at first by singing at concerts, where the manager of the Theatre de Monsieur noticed and engaged him as a baritone. He came out on that stage in 1788, in an opera by Paesiello, translated into French under the title of *Le Marquis Tulipano*. Both the work and the singer obtained a great success. Martin was not as yet at home on the stage, and, very different from Elleviou, was more admired as a musician than as an actor. He succeeded, however, in the end in playing with ease and animation, and especially with a very amusing bluntness of manner, in the valets, *Crispin*, in Champein's *Nouveau Don Quichotte*, and *Frontin* in Devienne's *Visitandines*, established his reputation. The Feydeau Theatre, which already possessed several artists, such as Elleviou and Mad. St. Aubin, won over Martin to complete its excellent company, and he made his first appearance there in 1794. The Opéra Comique was at that time in possession of really singers, and not, as in Monsigny's and Phillidor's time, actors just able to acquit themselves agreeably of a vaudeville; and the composers who wrote for such interpreters, the Nicolos, Méhuls, Boieldieus, were as much at their ease with them as the Italian composers of the same period, with whom they might hold rivalry. Martin remained on the stage after the retirement of Elleviou, and we shall see that he created the greater part of the pieces produced at this theatre during the first twenty years of the century. He manifested the wish to retire the moment he perceived his voice was no longer so flexible as formerly. This was in 1822; but his manager persuaded him to remain, offering him a bonus of 30,000 francs. Viewing the matter, however, in the same light as his friend Elleviou, he was unwilling ever to come to the point of seeking plaudits from the indulgence of those who remembered him in his youth, and on the 31st of March, 1823, he withdrew from the profession, after having exercised it for thirty-five years. In 1824 he was appointed to a professorship in the Conservatoire. In 1826 the Opéra Comique invited him to return to the stage, and he was again brilliantly received. He was less fortunate, perhaps, in 1834, when he came to the assistance of a theatre threatened with bankruptcy. M. Halévy wrote a pasticcio for him, entitled *La Vieillesse de Lafleur*, in which were introduced the greater part of the airs which had won him his former triumphs. He was still applauded, although his old admirers found an immense difference between what he had been and what he was. According to the verdict of certain judicious connoisseurs of that time, his vocalisation was not of the highest character, but the incomparable qualities with which nature had endowed him were all-sufficient. In concerted pieces his deep, powerful, and nervous voice produced an admirable effect, and it was thus that in the quatuor in Méhul's *Irato* he monopolised the attention of the audience. While Elleviou, in his latter days, turned dramatic author, Martin became a composer. He had received instructions from Caudeille.* An opéra comique was produced by him at the Feydeau, called *Les Oiseaux de Mer*, which deserves only a passing mention. Martin was then in declining health, and his illness had grown worse after the death of his daughter (the grand-daughter of Piccini, the publisher, a venerable octogenarian, who, as well as Martin's widow, is still in the enjoyment of perfect health). The renowned singer thought that a change of air would do him good, and retired to Roncières, the residence of his old friend and comrade, Elleviou, where he died shortly after, on the 18th of October, 1837. His mortal remains were transported to Paris, and a funeral service was performed over them, on the 12th of November, by the members of the Conservatoire, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and brother artists. Martin was four times married.

Provincial.

THAT BRADFORD is behind few towns in the kingdom as regards musical enterprise we have had more than one occasion to point out. Recently, the great woollen mart has taken the initiative in offering prizes for written discourses on the art, and the subject, "The influence of Popular Concerts on the Social Condition of the People," being given out, brought in seven essays.

Mr. Christopher Ellison, of Bradford, obtained the first prize, and Mr. John Plummer, of Kettering, Northamptonshire, the second. The *Bradford Review* has printed Mr. Ellison's paper entire, which, as the subject is at this moment so interesting, we may venture to reproduce in a future column. The same journal has a glowing account of Mad. Lancia's performance in Mr. Willott's entertainment, *Light and Shade; or, Photography and Spirit Rapping*, and speaks well of Mr. Augustus Braham's singing. "The celebrated war-song from Verdi's *Attila*," writes the *Review*, "sung by Mad. Lancia in character, was rendered with exquisite finish."

The third Subscription Concert, given in the Victoria Hall, LEEDS, on Monday night, under the direction of Mr. Burton and Mr. Charles Hallé, was noticeable for the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

* A dramatic composer, and the writer of several grand operas, the greater number of which were never performed; born 1774, died 1825.

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"Mr. Sims Reeves," says the *Leeds Mercury*, "was unquestionably the great attraction. On his appearance in the orchestra he received a hearty Yorkshire welcome, which must have been very gratifying to him. The singular purity and power of his voice were displayed as strikingly, perhaps, as on any previous appearance of the great tenor before a Leeds audience. The first piece allotted to him was the song, 'Adelaida' (Beethoven), but the effect upon the audience was not very great, owing, perhaps, to the adoption of the Italian version instead of the English, which was printed in the book of words. In a sweet ballad from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, 'The Guiding Star,' however, the enthusiasm was unmistakeable, and the encore which followed was but a just compliment to Mr. Reeves' inimitable execution."

That Mr. Reeves' singing of "Adelaida" should not have transported the audience can only be explained by supposing the audience not sufficiently refined to appreciate it. Mr. Hallé too, was loudly cheered in his performances, which included a sonata by Beethoven and some pieces by Mendelssohn. The Yorkshire Choral Union assisted with some of their choice choruses, and were as effective as usual.—Miss Maria Wilson, and Messrs. Plowman, Hird, Hudson, Holmes, and Turner, pupils from the Wilberforce School for the Blind, at York, were engaged on Saturday night by the Leeds Town Hall Concert Society. The programme embraced many old and familiar ballads, glees, &c., which were sung with considerable effect. The audience was highly pleased. Mr. Turner accompanied on the pianoforte.—It is stated in the local papers that Mr. Burton has been appointed chorus master in connection with the proposed Musical Festival in the autumn.

The Organ Concerts in St. George's Hall, LIVERPOOL, being entirely *sui generis*, are entitled to notice, more especially as they are of unvarying excellence, as can scarcely be doubted when it is known they are entrusted to such an eminent musician as Mr. W. T. Best. With the following remarks, *àpropos* of the performance and performers at the concert on Saturday last, which appeared in the *Liverpool Albion*, we entirely agree:—

"While alluding to these concerts, and enforcing their claims on public attention, it may not be out of place to remark that they were first commenced about five or six years ago, and at once established themselves in the favour of the musical, and also in that of the general, public. That they should have done so was a clear indication of the musical erudition, admirable skill, and good taste of the organist, Mr. W. T. Best. From the fact that the whole effects and burden of the concerts have to be maintained by such means an an adept in instrumentation can secure from the skilful use of one instrument alone, it is necessary that the performer should be thoroughly acquainted with the styles—modes of musical thought, indeed—of the best composers, and that he has made himself familiar with these, in the widest sense of the term, has been evinced in more ways than one by the able organist who gives these concerts. He has, however, displayed a great deal more than that, he has shown himself to be fully acquainted not only with the general principles and powers of the organ, but he has made himself completely master of the great range of resources which belong to the noble instrument placed under his charge. With these qualifications, added to the enthusiasm which animates him in all that relates to the science and practice of his art, it is no wonder that he has succeeded in rendering these concerts generally popular."

The following comments on the report of the Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society have been communicated to the journal from which we have just quoted:—

"The committee have issued their report for the past year, and we shall offer a few remarks on behalf of the subscribers. The society owes 1100*l*. Now, a numerous section of the subscribers are anxious to be out of debt, and are in favour of a sale of a portion of the 250 stalls, say at about ten guineas each, for the limit of the society (eighteen guineas) is unattainable. The greater success of the past season is attributed to the vocal selections being of a more varied, cheerful, and, perhaps, intelligible character. The committee are inconsistent. They go back two or three centuries for a glee, but they *reluctantly* go back fifty years for a national song. A majority of the subscribers are in favour of that class of music, but a majority of the selection committee are opposed to them. The remedy rests with the subscribers. It is a fact, ludicrous as it may seem, that solo instrumental music was recently given which neither the band nor the committee could explain the ideas sought to be interpreted; no musician could do so unless he had heard it a dozen times. How fatiguing to the audience who heard it for the first time. And this is what is termed classical music."

A few evenings since M. Hallé played at Manchester Beethoven's sonata in E minor, Op. 90, and the *Manchester Guardian*, reviewing the concert, says:—

"Conjecture is often lost in determining the groundwork of those of Beethoven's sonatas which are evidently based upon definite and predetermined ideas, apart from thematic development. There is, however, no doubt about this one, since Beethoven himself has revealed it. Count Lichnousky, it would appear, an amateur and an intimate friend of the composer, on the loss of his wife, became enamoured with a very accomplished opera singer, and withal a very virtuous and amiable lady, to whom the Count offered his hand. His proud and princely family, however, objected to the marriage, and much anxiety and distress was the consequence. They were, however, united, and lived long and happily together. Beethoven, who knew all the circumstances of the case, shortly after the marriage composed the sonata, and sent it to his friend; and on being pressed to explain its meaning, said it was intended to depict the prince's passion for his second wife, and that if he wished titles for the two movements of which the sonata is composed, he might call the first, 'Struggle between head and heart,' and the second, 'Conversation with the beloved one.' With this key, the work is easily understood, and marvellously expressive it is."

Of course it is, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Society ought to give its subscribers a key, or explanation, of the themes of the various symphonies, overtures, sonatas, &c.

As an experiment, the inauguration of the Monday Popular Concerts, at the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER, on Saturday week, must be pronounced successful in a pre-eminent degree. Nearly 2000 persons were present, and at no former concert in the same locality does the audience seem to have been more attentive, discriminating, and enthusiastic. The programme was the same as that given during the week in other parts of the provinces. Of all the pieces in the selection, Dussek's sonata in B flat*, Op. 69, No. 1, for pianoforte and violin, appears to have created the greatest sensation. Of this delicious sonata (which is making its way to the pianoforte of every amateur), the *Manchester Examiner and Times* speaks in the following eulogistic terms:—

"The composition is bright and genial in character—the *adagio* an outpouring of tenderness, and the *rondo* redolent of gaiety, as if the sighs of the past were forgotten in the happy present. There is much originality in Dussek's compositions, and consequently they bring with them a feeling of healthy vivacity; a freshness as of spring-time. This sonata, particularly the last movement, stirred the people, and secured for its performance one of the most enthusiastic and decided of encores."

It reflects no small honour on the Musical Association of EDINBURGH to have performed so colossal a work as the *Eroica* symphony of Beethoven in so creditable a manner as is reported by the Scottish metropolitan press in their notices of the fourth concert, which took place at the Music Hall on Saturday. The programme in other respects was excellent, and included Mozart's quintet, in E flat, for piano, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon; Mr. Benedict's overture to *The Minnesinger*, and Auber's overture to *The Crown Diamonds*. The vocal music was sustained by Miss Clari Fraser and Mr. Weiss. The lady, already a favourite in Edinburgh, appears to have created no common sensation.

"Considerable interest," writes the *Scottish Press*, "was felt in the appearance of Miss Clari Fraser, who sang, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' 'Sweet spirit, hear my prayer,' from *Lurline*, and, with Mr. Weiss, the duet from *Figaro*, 'Crudel, perche finora,' with exquisite sweetness and expression. Miss Fraser is greatly improved since we last heard her in Edinburgh a few years since. She sings with much simplicity—trusting to the delicacies of the composer rather than to mere artistic ornamentation, and reaping applause as a tribute to the grace and witchery of her tones, not to the meretricious display of musical elaboration. Haydn's canzonet met with a hearty encore—which both the song and duet also deserves."

Mr. Weiss—our admirable English *basso*, who has recently been taking the provinces by storm—is also highly complimented both for his voice and singing. M. Vieuxtemps, Signor Piatti, M. Hallé, Mad. Louisa Vinning, and Mr. Tennant are engaged for the next meeting, which we have no doubt will resolve itself—although on a Saturday—into a so-called Monday Popular Concert.

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"Wretched lovers"	
"When this scene of trouble"	SPOHR.
"Sing, O ye heavens!"	HANDEL.

PART II.

"Marvellous, Lord, are Thy works"	HAYDN.
"Benedictus"	MOZART.
Fugue in E Minor	BACH.
Slow Movement in G.	BEETHOVEN.
"Hallelujah"	BEETHOVEN.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

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5. Stop Diapason.
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7. Principal.
8. Twelfth.
9. Fifteenth.
10. Sesquialtera.
11. Mixture.
12. Trumpet.
13. Clarion.

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15. Keraulophon.
16. Dulciana.
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18. Stop Diapason—Treble.
19. Voix Celeste.
20. Claribel Flute.
21. Principal.
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23. Cremona.

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25. Open Diapason.
26. Viol di Gamba.
27. Stop Diapason.
28. Gemshorn.
29. Flute.
30. Fifteenth.
31. Mixture.
32. Horn.
33. Hautboy.
34. Clarion.
35. Tremulant.

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37. Violone 16 ft.
38. Octave 8 ft.

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42. Great to Pedals.
43. Choir to Pedals.

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MUSICAL WORLD

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London: 18 Hanover Square.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Howard Glover's "annual monster concert" took place as usual at St. James's Hall. The most distinguished vocal and instrumental artists in London (whose names even we have not room to cite) appeared, and the hall was completely filled. Even the inclement weather, of which most people were beginning to tire, and which threatened, if it continued long, to incapacitate singers for all exercise of their talents, did not daunt the courage of those eager lovers of music whom the many attractions of the long programme had drawn from their warm firesides. The selection was the bill of fare of a perfect Lord Mayor's feast of music. There were between forty and fifty pieces, many of them instrumental performances of considerable length. And we must add, that the programme, though it presented little novelty, and consisted chiefly of things well known to the musical public, was marked throughout by taste and judgment, and displayed to the best advantage the gifts and qualities of the several performers. The hall was crowded, and the principal performances were received with warm demonstrations of approbation and pleasure. At the head of the programme appeared the names of Mr. Sims Reeves—a host in himself—and Miss Arabella Goddard. The great tenor sang with even more than his usual expression in a new ballad, "Fresh as a rose," composed expressly for this occason by Mr. Balfe, and was enthusiastically encored. In "Adelaida" he had the advantage of being accompanied by Miss Goddard; and the fair pianist delighted the audience with her exquisite performance of Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," and also of Thalberg's "Last rose of summer" (in obedience to the unanimous encore). The London Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Land and Mr. Lawler, sang two of their most effective part-songs; and Prince Galitzin conducted two sacred choral pieces, the first a composition by Bortnniansky, the second by Makaroff, a Russian composer, as yet, we believe, unknown and unheard of in this country. The concert lasted nearly four hours, but yet, in spite of its great length, its chief fault was a sin of omission—not one composition by Mr. Howard Glover himself was performed. At his next we hope to hear *Comala*, *Tam o' Shanter*, or some other of the thoughtful, poetical, and musician-like productions which have proceeded from his facile pen. His only excuse for disappointing his patrons and the public generally on the present occasion (at least the only one we can think of) was probably the entire occupation of his leisure by the opera of *Ruy Blas*, to the production of which at the Royal English Opera our musical amateurs are anxiously looking forward

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Reviews.

"*Schubert's Impromptu in B flat*"—for the pianoforte, edited by Charles Halle (Chappell and Co.).

The more we know of Schubert's pianoforte music the more we wish to know. The "*Impromptu in B flat*" stands as Op. 142, and is one of the most recent of the posthumous publications. It consists of an air ingeniously varied. How refreshingly simple and unaffected is the theme may be judged from the first section, which is all we can make room for:—

Mr. Hallé's editing amounts to something more than merely inspecting the proof-sheets, the fingering inserted to every passage that stands in need of it being as useful as it is judicious.

"*Now Summer has departed*"—canzonet—words by John Oxenford, music by Dussek (Chappell and Co.).

Another valuable addition to the "Monday Popular Concert Library" (vocal department), and another revival which will be welcomed by every lover of good music. "Now Summer has departed" has been taken in hand by Mr. Sims Reeves, just as "Name the glad day" was taken in hand by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. So much the better for its progress (or rather *re*-progress) on the road towards popularity. Four of Dussek's canzonets, including the charming duettino, "Thy pardon, dearest treasure," are now included in the "Monday Popular Concert Library." The sooner the remaining two are added the better.

"*L'Etoile du Soir*"—romance from Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—transcribed by F. Liszt (Duncan Davison and Co.).

M. Liszt's idea of "transcription" is peculiar to himself, and the present example of its application would in all probability surprise the composer of *Tannhäuser* himself; nevertheless it accommodates itself to a certain taste of the day, which looks upon a pianoforte piece as nothing if not gymnastic. Thus the "melody," if such it may be called, from that essentially unmelodious opera, is put through the accepted ordeal, and the amateur "virtuoso" will have much ado to get hold of it glibly. It is, however, difficult even for M. Liszt to make something out of nothing, and that such has been his task in this instance may be divined from a mere glance at the theme he has had (gymnastically) to treat:—

What a difference between such tune and that of Schubert's *Impromptu!*

"*March from Tannhäuser*," arranged for the pianoforte—by Franz Liszt (Ashdown and Parry).

We have more than once alluded to this march as one of the most intelligible pieces in *Tannhäuser*, and further as a composition that, had it proceeded from any other pen than that of Wagner, would scarcely have excited a moment's attention. To speak plainly, the march is well and spirited enough, but does not contain an original bar. M. Liszt has led it through a series of gymnastics far more elaborate and troublesome than those to which he has submitted the romance just mentioned. The process, however, if successfully accomplished, can hardly fail to create a sort of pleasing wonder almost akin to genuine enjoyment.

"*Laxenburg*"—impromptu in B flat, for the pianoforte, performed by M. Charles Halle—composed by Franz Schubert (Ashdown and Parry).

Why "*Laxenburg*"? This is another (and a very good) edition of the same *impromptu* noticed elsewhere, as edited by M. Charles Hallé. For what reason it should, at one house, be called "*Laxenburg*," and at another house merely "*Impromptu in B flat*," perhaps Messrs. Ashdown and Parry—or rather Messrs. Chappell—or rather (Schubert being dead) M. Charles Hallé, will politely explain. "*Laxenburg!* What is "Laxenburg"?—a town?—a hero?—a cheese?—or an *impromptu?* Why "Laxenburg"? *Qu'est-ce?*

"*Impromptu in E flat*," for the pianoforte, Op. 90, No. 2, by Franz Schubert (Ashdown and Parry).

A la bonheur! Here we have no "*Laxenburg*," but a very excellent edition of a very excellent *impromptu*, which, if our judgment may be accepted, in pure musical interest, equals two such *impromptus* as the "*Impromptu in B flat*"—"*Laxenburg*," or no "*Laxenburg*." This impromptu in E flat is worth hearing at the Monday Popular Concerts, and should ere this have elicited the attention of Mr. Arthur Chappell, who is not in the habit of letting really fine things escape him.

"*The O. D. C. Polka*"—composed (for the members of the Oxford Dramatic Club) by J. Purkess (Charles Jefferys),—is pretty, spirited, and rhythmical.

"*This World is a Garden*," comic song; "*In a leafy Garden*," ballad; composed by George Loder (Duncan Davison, and Co.).

"*This World is a Garden*" is the well-known and popular song, introduced with such invariable success by Mr. John Rouse, in Stirling Coyne's lively operetta, *The Pets of the Parterre*," in which Miss Lydia Thomson was so much and justly admired. As all our readers must have heard, and hearing, applauded it, it is enough to say that we entirely coincide with their unanimously favourable verdict. "*In a leafy Garden*," composed for that careful and promising tenor, Mr. Richard Seymour, is in a different style, and shows that the composer, Mr. George Loder (the talented conductor of the Lyceum orchestra) can give musical expression to sentiment, no less than to humour. It is graceful, well written, and last, not least, essentially vocal.

"*May*," duettino for equal voices, composed by Henry Smart (Duncan Davison, and Co.).

Mr. Henry Smart, in this melodious and truly exquisite little duet, has, if possible, even surpassed in elegance and feeling, in tuneful phrase, and eminently *vocal* finish, the pieces so warmly eulogised in our last impression. Had we

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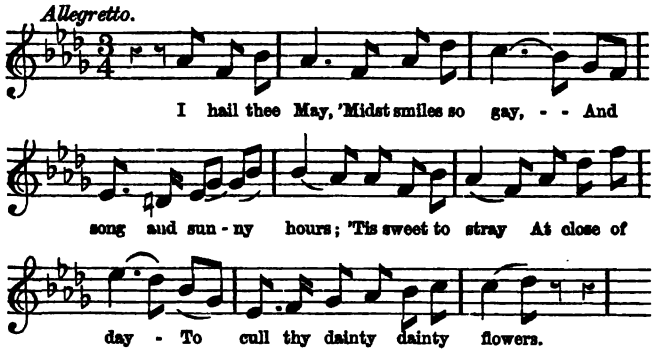
space, we should like to quote *in extenso* the melodies allotted to each voice; but as we are circumscribed, our readers must be satisfied with an inkling of the first.


Allegretto.
I hail thee May, 'Midst smiles so gay, - - And
song and sun - ny hours; 'Tis sweet to stray At close of
day - To cull thy dainty dainty flowers.

What could be more fresh, and at the same time more unpretending?

"*Louise,*" *nocturne, pour piano, composée par* BRINLEY RICHARDS (Cocks and Co.).

Another—another "*Ethel,*" we were almost going to say, but that the uncommon grace of that *most* graceful of romances starts up to remind us that it is not to be paralleled easily. If not another "*Ethel,*" however, another "*Agnes,*"—the name which we suggested should have been assigned to Mr. Richards' most recently engraved *nocturne* ("*Florence,*" examined two numbers since). Mr. Richards appears to have a special gift for this class of composition, and his "*Louise*" is a fit companion to the rest. Let him persevere and he will have worthily apostrophised in music all the most interesting and *womanly* heroines of modern English fiction; having done which he may bestow a glance on Sophy, Amelia, Fanny, and other bright creations of our Fielding. "*La Czarina*" *mazurka de salon,* par BRINLEY RICHARDS, (same publishers).—A work of a very different cast, but hardly less engaging in its way, the attraction of which is twofold, inasmuch as, if performed with correctness and precision it may serve not merely as an effective and moderately difficult show-piece, but as a spirited and insinuating accompaniment to the characteristic Polish dance which gives it a name. But—(*but!*) why does our South-western English BRINLEY print his title-pages in the Gallic tongue? "*Cherry Ripe,*" arranged for the pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS, (same publishers). Bravo! (that's Italian by the way). "Cherry Ripe" sounds far better than would "Cerise mure," as may be judged:—

"Cerise mure! Cerise mure!
Mure! Mure! Je cri-e," &c.

Horn's delicious tune could not have been more unaffectedly and reverentially "transcribed." One objection we have to make:—

Why repeat the first phrase an octave higher? When the E is reached at bar 7, the melody is completely spoiled by the leap of an octave down again, as, on weighing this slight objection, Mr. Brinley Richards will be the very first to admit. All the rest is irreproachable.

"*Thy Voice is near,*" song—words by Mrs. AYLMER, music by W. T. WRIGHTON (Cocks and Co.).

The "voice" of conscience will perhaps whisper to Mr. Wrighton to be more tender and complacent with the harmony of the six-four—a most useful and unoffending harmony—a very lamb of a chord.

"*Away! vain dreams of pleasure,*" ballad—by the composer of "*The Shells of Ocean*" (Cocks and Co.).

"Away!" indeed. Vainer "dreams" of "*pleasure*" could scarcely be dreamed, unless under the influence of nightmare.

"'*Gentle maids, in time beware*'—the Gipsy-song, adapted to Mercadante's admired *cavatina*, 'De qu'ai soavi palpite,' opera, *Oragi e Curiagi*, sung by Signora Freggolini, by R. ANDREWS" (J. H. Jewell).

We have transcribed the title-page *in extenso*—not *à la Liszt*, but *literatim et notatim*. Did Mercadante, composer of *Oragi e Curiagi*, and of the *cavatina* sung by Freggolini, ever, at any period of his career, write down such a progression as this?—

"Gentle" *adaptors,* "in time beware."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

PIANOFORTE.

AGUILAR (EMANUEL) "The birds at sunset."
GANZ (WILHELM) "Santa Lucia."
SCHLOESSER (ADOLPH) "Don Juan" (duet).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE.

THURNAM (EDWARD) "Romance."

VOCAL.

WEINER (CARL) "Ave Maria" (quartet).

LEADER AND COCK.

PIANOFORTE.

THREE SKETCHES, Books 1 and 2.

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; OLLIVIER.

PIANOFORTE.

SHEPPARD (S. A.) "The summer shower" and "The joy of the moon."
Ditto. "The flight of the fairies" and "The fairies return."

VOCAL.

SHEPPARD (S. A.) "The voice of the grass" (duet).
Ditto. "How sweet is the music of faith."
Ditto. "David's Consolation."
Ditto. "Now thou art gone."
S. A. H. "A happy year."
Ditto. "Remembrance."
Ditto. "An aspiration."

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

January 30.

EVERY one here who has anything to say to music, is eagerly loooking forward to the production of *Tannhäuser*, which is to be the next novelty at the Grand Opera, and is being rehearsed with activity. Mad. Tedesco having met with a slight accident lately, it was said that we should not hear Wagner's much-talked of opera for some time to come, but this I believe is not true. The production of the opera will not be retarded for any such cause, and may be surely looked for about the third or fourth week in February.

Verdi's new opera, *Un ballo in Maschera*, grows upon the public taste, and is received with warmer applause than on the first night. The three first acts are, however, evidently better liked than the rest of the work.

Mlle. St. Urbain, who appeared in 1857 as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, and was then particularly remarkable for singing out of tune, rather than for any distinguished aptitude for her profession, has just made an essay on the stage of the Opéra Comique in the *Fille du Regiment*. With such reminiscences as are evoked by this opera, the attempt was a bold one, but nevertheless the young artist acquitted herself better than was perhaps to be expected. In the first place, the defects of intonation observable during her Italian campaign have disappeared. Mlle. St. Urbain's voice is a soprano of pure and tolerably vibratory quality, and she sings like a musician. A great point in her favour also is, that she is still very young. From her nervousness, it was impossible to judge how far she is suited as an actress to the Opéra Comique. She sang many parts of the opera indifferently well, but was not quite up to the famous *Salut à la France*, which Cabel used to throw off with such jaunting ease and superiority.

There has been an abominably stupid little one-act produced at the Lyrique, under the title of *Astaroti*. It is all about a drunkard who has a bad dream, in which the foul fiend appears to him, and he is so frightened that he gets up, not only sober, but a model of temperance and teetotalism. The composer who has had to find fitting strains for this would not be much advantaged by the mention of his name.

We have had, and are having, some capital chamber music, notwithstanding the common opinion current in London that we are behindhand here in this particular. The Salle Pleyel, from its more social and comfortable dimensions, is the chosen arena for this branch of the art, rich in so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, and boasts of no less than three quartet societies — those headed respectively by MM. Alard, Maurin, and Armingaud. Around these distinguished leaders rallies periodically a select public, to enjoy, apart from the din and glare of the theatre and the monster concert-room, the refined pleasure afforded by the purest expression of musical art. The first concert of MM. Maurin, Chevillard, and Viguier, who devote themselves exclusively to Beethoven, and whose society was founded especially for the performances of his latest works, took place on the 17th inst. The grand trio in B flat (Op. 97), was remarkably well executed by MM. Maurin and Chevillard, with young Theodore Ritter, the pianist, whose share in the performance, however, was to a certain extent tainted by what is here called "virtuosity." The sense attached to this expression will be understood by the following excellent remarks elicited from a critic by the very performance in point:—"It is essential, in the execution of this fine work, that each should steadfastly remain within the limits of his part; it is a triumvirate in which the province of each is well defined, and he must not step out of it on any pretext; it is in concerted music that the principle of equality should especially prevail, and M. Ritter was possessed with certain ambitious tendencies which he will do wisely to stifle." The programme terminated with the 16th quartet, in C sharp minor, which was most brilliantly played. On the following Sunday, the society, presided over by the celebrated violinist, M. Alard, and the no less celebrated M. Franchomme, the violoncellist, occupied the Pleyel room. Theirs is a sort of miniature *Société des Concerts*, and is restricted to a selection from the works of Hadyn, Mozart, and Beethoven. On Wednesday, the 23rd, on the same platform, appeared MM. Armingaud, Jacquard, Lalo, and Mas, constituting a society which has been in existence for the last six years, and was first instituted to spread a knowledge of the instrumental works of Mendelssohn, and it has so effectually accomplished its appointed task, that the name of the great composer figures in every concert programme, and Mendelssohn now holds in France the pre-eminent rank which is allotted to him in every musical country in Europe. These societies continue to enjoy the highest favour, a result which is due as much to the zeal with which they have fulfilled their original object, as to the constant desire they evince to break up hitherto untouched ground, by the production of unknown works of Bach, Schumann, and others.

The *Société des Jeunes Artistes* gave its first concert last week. This musical society holds the same position towards the Conservatoire concerts as your new Philharmonic Society does, or was intended to hold, towards the old. It is to give opportunities for the performance of works by modern and rising composers, which are only very sparingly, and with great jealousy, afforded by its elder sister. Among the pieces of this special class given, was the overture to *Ossian*, by the Danish composer, M. Gade, whose early promise has remained so singularly unfulfilled. This work was produced at the Philharmonic Concerts in London. Its coldness and deficiency of inspiration was equally observed then, as it was on the present occasion. The chorus of bacchantes, from M. Gounod's opera, *Philémon et Baucis*, which is full of warm colouring, very lively, and tolerably graceful, on the other hand obtained the honour of being re-demanded.

The sole remarkable fact in theatrical affairs, is the appearance at the Odéon, for the first time, of a new comedy in five acts, by M. Ernest Capendu, entitled *Les Frelons*. I confess a secret fear of the five-act comedies now produced at the Odéon, since the quarrels of MM. Emile Augier and Ponsard with the Théâtre Français have been made up. I thought, therefore, before venturing, I would wait to see what the critics had to say of it, particularly the candid and fearless Aristarchus I quoted in my last letter. I am sure, after his account of it, I don't meant to trouble my head about it any more; and after I have given you, at second hand, M. Alexis Rodet's judgment of this production, I am quite sure you will think me right. This is what he says:—"First of all, there is an eloquent outburst against the realism of the modern school of drama; the constant pictures of all the grovelling miseries of life; the cankering sorrows under the bright surface of society. The 'young men, hard up,' who go without a dinner to be able to wear white kid gloves at an evening party; the banker, just on the eve of failure, and who tears his hair through four acts, looking in vain for a kind friend momentarily absent; the scoundrel who gets rich by cheating speculations, and who is kicked and spurned at by other scoundrels who have been less successful in their villanies, &c. &c." After this enumeration, our critic exclaims, "In mercy let us have a little imagination—a little fancy—a little light-hearted gaiety—in mercy!" Then he predicts that a reaction must surely come, and he believes it will be so fierce and uncompromising, that at the words "figure," "money," "credit," "trade," "banking," "stock exchange," a shower of hisses will descend, and for ever banish them from the stage. Now he addresses himself to M. Capendu, who has been waiting, shivering like a culprit school-boy, well knowing that the merciful rule, "no preachee and floggee, too," will not be observed, and that the vehemence of the sermon will not preclude the severity of the castigation. Thus does he get it:—"M. Capendu has fallen into the prevalent fault of the day (a pity, after *Les faux Bonhommes*). He, too, has sought to depict an honest banker threatened with failure, and closing his ears to the dishonourable pro-

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posals of a scoundrel who wants to save him. This honest banker is, by the by, quite a character in his way; he curses the friends who forsake him, and sends about his business his adopted son, who offers him three hundred thousand francs. I confess I am unable to appreciate this nice shade of delicacy. As to the *dénouement*, I shall not say what it is—you would not believe me." After this, I think I was better at home than at the Odéon, listening to the *Frelons* of M. Capendu. Hornets! indeed, the author has fallen into a nest of the worst of all ink-hornets.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

FIRST LETTER.

"*The Music of the Future; a Letter to a French Friend, as a Preface to a prose Translation* (into French!) *of his operatic Poems*," is the title of a pamphlet, which has recently appeared, by Richard Wagner. The object of the pamphlet is, as the author himself declares, to enlighten the Parisian art-critics with regard to his point of view as a composer, and "to dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," in order, at the approaching representation of *Tannhäuser*, to divert the judgment of the public from "an apparently suspicious theory," wholly and solely to the work itself. As the pamphlet, which is tolerably short, contains the pith of Wagner's views, and as it is not very probable that the majority of the public has been enabled to become acquainted with them from his former long-winded books, allow me to direct, on the one hand, the attention of your readers to these views, and, on the other, to subjoin a few observations to as concise an analysis as possible of them.

Wagner's *Letter*, to all intents and purposes, is divided into two parts, although these are somewhat jumbled up together in a not inartistic manner. In the first place, it contains the author's views on the development of music, as well as his opinion of some of the greatest masters and the principal schools of national art, with, further, an explanation of his own development and present point of view. As it is not my intention to produce a new edition of the pamphlet, with marginal notes, I will take the liberty of compressing as much as possible Wagner's opinions concerning the historical portion of our art, and of then passing on to his individual point of view, although it is in the nature of things that the opinions which guide an artist in his productions are most intimately connected with those which he has adopted concerning the development of his art and the most striking specimens of it.

"Among the Greeks we know music only as the companion of dancing; the motion of the latter gave music, as well as the poem sung by the singer to a dance-tune, the laws of rhythm, which laws determined so decisively the verse and the melody, that Greek music (under which term poetry was nearly always implied) can be regarded only as dancing expressing itself in tones and words."

I willingly leave persons more learned than myself to come to an understanding with Wagner concerning these assertions. As we are told, the choruses in Greek tragedies, as well as, moreover, most of the magnificent songs of the Hellenic poets, were sung in a certain manner, and even sung with instrumental accompaniment, though this singing may have been of only a declamatory description!—if the immortal poems of the Greeks were in reality only dances expressed in tune and words, the fact presupposes a kind of dance more wonderful than all the great things antiquity has bequeathed us.

But let us return to Wagner's development. These Greek dance-tunes, he proceeds to say, were employed by Christian congregations in Divine service, after they had been stript, on account of the solemnity of the ceremony, of their rhythmical ornamentation, and thus endowed with the character of our present choral. That such transformations were effected, at the period of the Reformation, with the popular national songs, is an undoubted fact; but it is, perhaps, less convincingly proved that the first Christians pursued the same course with the songs employed at heathen festivals. Be this, however, as it may, Wagner is guilty of a piece of injustice to the Greeks, in all other cases so highly honoured by him, when he dwells on the "uncommonly small expression in antique melody, after it had been deprived of the ornamentation of rhythm;" for the rhythm is not the ornamentation of a melody, but a considerable part of its individuality. In the most concise manner possible (against which no objection can be made) Wagner comes to the employment of harmony and polyphony in the music of the Christian Church, and speaks in terms of enthusiastic laudation of the "highly-consecrated" (*hochgeweihten*) masters of the old Italian school. The views to which he now gives utterance concerning the further development of Italian music are, however, so incomprehensible, that we must quote them textually, in order not to cause those versed in such matters to suppose we have misunderstood our author:—

"The decadence of this art in Italy, simultaneously with the development of operatic melody on the part of the Italians, I cannot designate otherwise than as a relapse into paganism. When, with the decay of the Church, the worldly desire for the employment of music gained the upper hand among the Italians, they gratified their wish most easily by restoring to melody its original rhythmical quality, and using it for singing just as it had formerly been used for dancing. I will not here stop to notice especially the striking instances of incongruity between modern verse—developed in accordance with Christian melody—and this dance-melody imposed on it; I would merely direct your attention to the fact that this melody has nearly always been kept quite indifferent to this verse, and that, lastly, its variation-like movement has been solely dictated by the vocal *virtuoso*. But what, more than aught else, induces us to designate the development of this melody as a relapse, and not as a step in advance, is that most indisputably it could not turn to account the extraordinarily important invention of Christian music: harmony, and polyphony, which embodied it. On an harmonic foundation of such scantiness, that it can conveniently dispense with all accompaniment, Italian operatic melody, even as regards the disposition and connection of its parts, has been contented with so poor a periodical structure, that the educated musician of our own time contemplates with sorrowful astonishment this meagre and almost childish form of art, whose narrow limits condemn even the most genial composer, when he has aught to do with it, to a complete formal standstill."

In the face of this statement we read in the history of the music of the last two or three hundred years, as follows:—In the beginning of the 17th century, opera sprang up in Florence from a wish to resuscitate Greek tragedy. It was soon felt that polyphonic song, which alone prevailed at that period, as a *form of art*, and employed pretty well the same style for the Church and for poetry (in the madrigal), could not be retained, since the object in view was to exhibit, musically, events and persons, and allow them to express themselves. Hence the composer cultivated monophonic song, *accompanied* by instruments, both in the freest declamatory form (the recitative), and in the fixed, melodically-marked form of the aria and concerted pieces. It was thus that music began to enter on the task which one feels inclined to claim for it, nowadays, almost exclusively, namely: to be the interpreter of human passion—out of the style of the old church music, obeying the most restrictive laws of harmony and rhythm, however great results it may have effected in its way, nothing could have been produced bearing the remotest resemblance to modern music. Though from the important part assigned to the solo singer, vocal virtuosity has attained to the most objectionable abuse of its strength, and even though Italian serious opera may have long been ossified, the comic opera of the Italians (the *opera buffa*), on the other hand, laid the foundation for the entire rich development of modern music. The greatest composers, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, have to thank the Italian school principally for the expansion of their powers. Not only would there have been no *Don Juan* without this "relapse into paganism," but we should have no sonatas by Bach, no symphony by Beethoven, and no *Tannhäuser* by Wagner. That which we nowadays term melody, and which constitutes the soul of music, could not, by any means, have been obtained without the "original rythmical quality;" and if we owe this also to heathendom (a fact, however, anything but proved), we have reason to be more grateful to it than we imagined, even after all the treasures it has lavished upon us. As matters stand, we cannot, without being altogether unjust, deny the extraordinary, and, in the main, happy influence which the Italians have exerted upon the development of music. Even the Oratorio, which, at a later period, was raised by a certain Handel (whom Wagner passes over without naming) to importance in the history of civilisation, took its rise among the Italians; nay,

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even in the domain of instrumental music, the Italians have not only given great impulses to others, but have produced considerable works themselves.

When Wagner, with daring strides, comes to speak of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the three pillars of instrumental music, he again puts forward, with exaggerated one-sidedness, the influence of "dance-melody" upon the wonderful productions of this kind of composition. It is not to be denied that many dance-poems and rhythms are at the bottom of these productions (for the dance, to which belongs the *march*, is that *pure* music which is most intimately connected with our most primitive life-utterances); it was not, however, only the other forms of art, such as the fugue, &c., also mentioned by Wagner, but likewise the developed forms of vocal music, the employment of the orchestra in the lyric drama, and, finally, the free invention of the more considerable instrumental performers, which together constituted the base on which to raise a branch of art which is able, nowadays, to bring forth such extraordinary effects.

These effects are appreciated by Wagner according to all their mysterious strength, and he expresses the opinion that the "*conventional* development of languages," which scarcely any longer furnish "purely human feeling" with the organ necessary for its expression, are, perhaps, the reason that this feeling in Beethoven's instrumental music opened itself, as it were, a new road by which it might uninterruptedly flow forth. We would pass over the question of languages—a very difficult one at the present day—did it not lead Wagner to a conclusion which cannot well be given otherwise than in his own words:—

"In the face of this irrefutable recognition," he exclaims, "there can henceforth be only two modes of development open to poetry: either an entire passing-over into the domain of the Abstract, a pure combination of ideas and a representation of the world by an explanation of the logical laws of the process of thinking—and this poetry does as philosophy—or intimate blending with music, but with that music whose endless power has been laid open to us by the Beethovenian symphony."

This is pretty nearly tantamount to a death sentence on poetry, for what poetry (?) does as philosophy is no longer poetry (or is not philosophy)—while if it is confined to the blending with music, it is altogether deprived of independence, and can no longer speak as a mental art, pure and free, to our mind. This assertion of Wagner's proceeds, however, so directly from the views which most peculiarly individualise him, that the present is the proper time to pass on to those passages of his *Letter* which he has dedicated to the inward, and, although with very modest brevity, to the outward course of his development.

I am acquainted with no great composer who did not feel, in his tenderest age, attracted, almost with the force of instinct, to music, and who did not, in his earliest youth, in one way or another, by singing, playing, or composing, manifest the musical capabilities with which he was gifted. It is a very important fact, if we would understand Wagner's individuality, that matters took a completely different course with him. Although he felt a certain taste for music, and was greatly fascinated by certain productions, especially by those of Weber, it was not till later, and then, too, through poetry, especially dramatic poetry, that he came to devote himself more carefully to the study of music. He had written a tragedy, for which he wished to compose music to be played between the acts, &c., and so he took lessons in harmony and thorough-bass. The taste for composing or playing music for its own sake alone had been denied his youth. He had never, with uncritical ingenuousness buried himself in the treasures of our instrumental compositions; purely musical thought, although, at first, seldom anything else than the reproduction of what has been learnt, played, or heard, never became a habit with him. From the very commencement, he beheld in music the companion, or rather, perhaps, the higher interpreter of poetry, and, moreover, of dramatic poetry, and as soon as he had learnt sufficient to achieve "technical independence," he set about composing the music for the librettos he had written.

When he had arrived thus far, he found much to annoy him, in opera generally, as well as in the condition of the German operatic stage. It is a mournful truth, but we Germans possess no German opera, although we have produced the greatest operatic composers. Whether it results from the still prevailing taste for what is foreign, or from the management, destitute of all national feeling, of our lyrical stage, such is the fact. A Mozart, a Beethoven, and a Weber produced half-a-dozen masterpieces; but an opera, built on a foundation of genuine patriotic thought and feeling, and developing itself full of life, such an opera as not Italy alone, but France also, possesses (in her *Opéra Comique*), entirely fails us. Every author who writes an opera-book, and every composer who sets it to music, begins, if he does not borrow French or Italian forms, with the whole structure of the work, so to speak, from the very commencement. That, on this plan, a creation of great originality now and then is produced, is quite as undeniable as that such isolated creations do not suffice to form a decided taste, or, indeed, any taste at all, and that, in the confused medley offered them, the great mass of the public must be deprived of any point of support, and any opinion.

A man of passionately artistic nature, like Wagner, must have been affected by this state of things in a doubly disagreeable manner. As musical director at various theatres, he was placed in the very midst of all these miserable doings, and compelled to busy himself, down to the minutest details, with the flattest and most vapid trash. What he says on this head will, *as far as Germany is concerned*, certainly meet with the most general assent. So many repulsive impressions did not, however, render him blind to isolated instances of what was beautiful; many of the works of Spontini and Weber, and, especially, the performances of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, filled him with enthusiasm, and prevented him from losing sight of his ideal of a dramatico-musical work of art. Greek tragedy, in its religiously poetical magnificence, was present to his mind; but it is in vain that he seeks, at the present day, for an Athenian public. He has stated his views concerning the connection between politico-social and artistic matters, in a small work, entitled *Art and Revolution*. We cannot well blame him for contenting himself, in the midst of imperial Paris, with this much, and not saying any more on the subject to his French friend.

To the attention paid by him to the Greek theatre, Wagner connects the ideas which led him to compose that one of his works which—by the title at least—is most generally known, namely, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. He sees the decadence of the Greek theatre principally in the endeavour of the various arts to be regarded as so many separate ones, instead of remaining united, and thus producing the greatest possible effect upon the stage. But was this union, to the extent Wagner attributes to it, ever found in Greek tragedy? Were the propylæa a theatre? Did Phidias work for Sophocles? Was not the magnificence of the Greek theatre merely one of the blossoms of the wonderful civilisation of the Greeks? And did it not perish, because an eternal law ordains that even what is most beautiful springs into life but to die?

No matter! At all events, Wagner is indisputably right when he attributes to the connection of certain arts a most particular collective result; not only the past but the present is continually furnishing us with proofs that, from the earliest times, every one was of this opinion. We decorate profane and religious edifices with the works of painting and sculpture; we perform music in churches; and the most intimate connection of poetry with music has been, since the very commencement of civilisation, felt to be requisite by man. Opera, too, although, according to Wagner's statement, bearing the same relation to his ideal, "as an ape to a human being"—opera, since its birth, has always kept in view this union of the arts in the connection of dramatic poetry with dancing, music, painting, and architecture. Wherein, therefore, lies "the fundamental faultiness of operatic composition," in which Wagner does not find even "prepared" the ideal of such a dramatic work of art as the greatest minds have attempted to realise? It lies, in his opinion, in the insignificance of the drama (libretto) offered by the poet to the musician. The poet, he tells us, found certain fixed musical forms, with which he thought he must not interfere, ready to his hand, and their restrictive power restrained him from anything in the shape of a really important creation, while not permitting, as a rule, "really great poets" to have any connection with opera. "The ideal perfection of opera is dependent on a *total change* of the character of the poet's participation in the work of art." The

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poet himself, we are furthermore informed, must be finally conducted, by his endeavour to work more and more purely and immediately on the feelings, to the limits of his "branch of art," "and, therefore, that work must be considered by us as the poet's most successful one, which, in its last degree of completion, becomes wholly music." "The ideal subject," we are informed, "is to be found in the myth, and only the extraordinarily rich development, unknown to former centuries, to which music has attained in our day," can render possible the execution of the work of art. In this course of thought, which, however, is only implied, lie the strength and the weakness of Wagner's views.

FERDINAND HILLER.

(*To be continued.*)

MLLE. POCCHINI.—We are delighted to inform our readers that the rumour of the death of this accomplished *danseuse* is unfounded. We shall give particulars of the cause which led to the report in our next.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN.—Musical amateurs as well as professors will be delighted to hear that this accomplished musician is about to resume those lectures on musical subjects which some years ago were so deservedly and generally popular. No one before the musical world is more thoroughly fitted in every respect for the satisfactory performance of such a task than Mr. Lincoln, who, being a musician as well as a scholar, can illustrate precept by example.

CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, QUEEN'S SQUARE.—On Sunday last Mr. Wilmot, who has obtained the situation of organist to the above church, entered upon his duties. He is totally blind, and was chosen from eighteen candidates by Mr. Turle, of Westminster Abbey, as the most efficient performer.

Birth.

On Friday, the 25th ultimo, at 2 Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, the wife of Desmond Ryan, Esq., of a son.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF M. VIEUXTEMPS,

Who will make his Fourth Appearance at

THE TENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4, 1861,

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (repeated by unanimous desire), M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHARFUS, and Signor PIATTI—Schubert; song, "In questa tomba 'scura," Miss LASCELLES"—Beethoven; song, "Now summer has departed," Mme. LOUISA VINNING—Dussek; Suite de Pièces, in F major, Fugue, with pianoforte solos (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD—Handel.

PART II.—Sonata for violin, "Il trillo del Diavolo," M. VIEUXTEMPS—Tartini; song, "Come back to me," Miss LASCELLES—Henry Smart; song, "The Mermaid's Song," Mme. LOUISA VINNING—Haydn; trio, in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS, and Signor PIATTI—Mendelssohn.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully requested that such persons as may not be anxious to remain till the end of the performance will leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who are desirous of hearing the whole may do so without interruption.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104 Great Russell Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street;

And CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

ANOTHER Russian concert, and another great success! Whether it be the "touch of pain," which, to quote an eloquent contemporary,* is in every Russian melody; or whether it be the something new and fresh which strikes the ear and heart of every listener who is neither Russian, nor has lived in Russia, we cannot presume to decide; but certain it is that the concerts held by Prince George Galitzin in St. James's Hall, are among the most welcome and charming entertainments that, for many years, have been heard in London. The illustrious amateur, whose parent, honoured, as he deserved to be honoured, the most illustrious musician of his epoch, may fairly apply to himself the superb *dictum* of Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi, vici*;" for he has improvised the conquest of Great Britain quite as easily as the Roman autocrat of old, and with far more pleasant weapons. The Prince's cohorts were the sons and daughters of Euterpe, who besieged us with their voices and their instruments, and ravishing our senses, subdued us without a struggle to their harmonious despotism.

The names of Bortnianski, Lamakin, and others—but, before all, that of Glinka, "The Russian Mozart," who died at Berlin, as recently as 1857—will, if Prince Galitzin continues to sojourn and give concerts in London, soon become as much "household words" among us, as those of the gifted musical composers of other countries, with whose works we have long been familiar. *Tant mieux.* We have evidently been unjust to the Russians, not only as musical appreciators, but as musical producers. The more we know of their composers, the more we desire to know; for we feel convinced by what has already been introduced to us, that they are as genial as they are individual, and as able as they are aspiring. Prince Galitzin, in the very interesting comments that accompany his programme, cites no less than fifteen native composers for the church—besides Glinka, who was chiefly a dramatic or secular writer, and Bortnianski, almost exclusively sacred—as more or less worthy to be known.† With each and every of these, we

* "In listening to all this Russian music, we were much struck with the strain of sadness which pervades it. Almost every melody is in a minor key; and even the liveliest dance-tune has some touch of pain, which shows that there is grief in the Russian heart even in its gayest moments. We were reminded of Moore's remark on the national melody of Ireland."—*Daily News, Jan. 31st.*

† Lamakin, Dargomijsky, Teroff, Verstovsky, Villoua, Liadoff, Bachmetieff, Ignatieff, Rajenoff, Bogretzoff, Vinogradoff, Essaouloff, Davidoff, Makaroff, Dechtereff, and Beresovsky.

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would willingly make acquaintance. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his new and valuable book, entitled *The Russians at Home* (Chapter X.—"Operatic and other Music"), reminds us that the music of the Russian church was in esteem long since, attracting the attention during their residence in St. Petersburg and Moscow, of some of the most renowned composers of the last and the early part of the present century. With reference to Bortnianski the Prince himself, who cites the testimony of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, gives some interesting particulars, which space however will only allow us to reprint in a very condensed form:—

"Bortniansky, born in the Ukraine in 1752, was a serf. As a rule, a peasant in his position, however great his genius, would be without the necessary means and opportunities of developing it. Fortunately for himself and posterity, Bortniansky had a generous master, who sent him to Italy, where he studied under Galuppi, a composer who, as the readers of Dr. Burney may remember, was for some years musical director at the Russian Court. Galuppi went to St. Petersburg in 1766 (at which time Bortniansky was only 14), and had just returned when Dr. Burney met him at Venice. While in Italy Bortniansky devoted much attention and study to the works of Haydn, and composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, and vocal and instrumental pieces of all kinds. On his return to St. Petersburg he was appointed chorus-master to the Imperial Chapel, of which he afterwards became director, retaining that post until his death. At the Imperial Chapel Bortniansky confined himself entirely to sacred music, writing, among other pieces, thirty-six vocal cantatas, each founded on one of the *Psalms* of David, and eight '*Cherubim's Songs.*' He was replaced at the Imperial Chapel by Lvoff's father, the father of Lvoff by Lvoff himself, while Lvoff is now making way for Lvoff's brother. The illustrious Glinka was once associated with Lvoff in the direction of the Imperial Chapel, but only remained there a few months. It is evident that this establishment is destined to remain in the hands of the Lvoffs, and it is not surprising that it should get worse and worse every day."

About these same Lvoffs—one of whom composed the so-called "Russian Hymn," for which Prince Galitzin, not merely in his *Russian Quadrille* but on other occasions, invariably substitutes the far more impressive and striking melody of Glinka*—we have a few remarks to offer, which must be postponed until another occasion. Meanwhile we take leave of the Russian concerts, sincerely wishing them and their noble conductor all the success they so justly merit.

THE sharpness of winter is past, the theatres are beginning again to fill, and every one who takes an interest in such things is asking every one else (whether interested in them or not), why during the Christmas holidays, now happily at an end, all the playhouses, operatic as well as dramatic, fared so badly? According to the *Times*, half the ordinary theatrical public stayed at home, while the other half went to skate, or to see the skating, on the Serpentine. Doubtless the "skating scene" in Hyde Park had its attractions, and by thousands would have been preferred to the *pas des patineurs* in the *Prophète;* and it must, moreover, be remembered that if "Christmas comes but once a year" (resembling in that respect a good many other annual festivals), solid, trustworthy ice comes but once in five or six. It was natural then that "Harlequin Jack Frost," and the various open-air pantomimes in which that magician figured as presiding genius, should be the most popular of the holiday spectacles produced this Christmas.

We seldom visit dramatic theatres; but we can testify, of our own knowledge, that neither of our English opera-houses did a very flourishing business during the cold weather. One curious effect of the frost was to nip, wither, and utterly destroy two feeble, delicate plants, reared in the hothouses of Paris by that skilful operatic gardener, Victor Massé, and which it was sought to naturalise in this country. *The Marriage of Georgette*, a pale but graceful little flower, and which, when it was first shown to the public, was found to be not without freshness, enjoyed for some weeks a really brilliant existence, thanks to the affectionate and intelligent kindness with which it was tended by Miss Louisa Pyne. The Covent Garden specimen was superior, from its very simplicity, to the one afterwards exhibited in the Haymarket. *La Reine Topaze*, though Miss Parepa took it up tenderly, and sang it with care, was without perfume—which is what chiefly distinguishes natural from artificial flowers—and, though undoubtedly showy, possessed no beauty of form. Of course the late frost, which, according to the Registrar-General, killed so many delicate beings in whom the action of the heart was weak, paralysed *Topaze* and *Georgette* in no time. They are now no more. Peace to their floridities!

Man, says an amiable philosopher, is distinguished from the inferior animals by a belief in the immortality of the soul and a taste for alcoholic drinks. Is it the lofty or the low tendency of man's nature, we wonder, that takes him to music halls? Is it the soul-elevating melody or the animal-spirit-elevating, brain-confusing, body-disturbing gin, whiskey, and brandy that he seeks in these caverns, to which true music is as much a stranger as it was to the infernal regions before they were visited by Orpheus in search of a wife? We find, to our surprise, that we have already answered our question. But, seriously, the increase in the number of these singing saloons, taverns, pot-houses, or whatever they are called, is becoming a terrible nuisance. At present we have an intelligent and respectable musical public. If the mania for Canterbury Halls lasts much longer, we shall soon have nothing but a quantity of musical "publics."

The barbarousness of the music of Music Halls reminds us of a suggestion made to us last week, which, if it had reached us in time, we should have forwarded to the Secretary of the Musical Society of London. Mr. Walter Thornbury, artist by inclination, Spaniard, Turk, and descriptive essayist by profession, musical amateur by fits and starts, is of opinion that the instruments of semi-cultivated, and, above all, savage nations, have not been sufficiently studied; and that at the soirées of the Musical Society of London should be exhibited not only ancient harpsichords and modern gongs, but also the *balalaika* of the Russians, the *guzla* of the Slavonian provinces on the Danube, the Turkish instruments which Mr. Thornbury has himself so well described, and, last of all, though foremost in importance, the orchestral wonders of the Arabs, the Persians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Japanese, the natives of the islands in the Pacific, &c., &c. He is convinced that in Otaheite a new wind instrument might be found, of which the novel

* "As a conclusion to my quadrille," says the Prince, "I have introduced the *real* Russian Hymn. The word *real* requires an explanation. The Emperor Nicholas, at the beginning of his reign, *ordered* the composition of a *National* Russian Hymn, for until that time, at all state ceremonials, "God save the Queen" was played. Foremost in the list of competitors appeared the names of the Colonel of Gendarmerie, Lvoff, and Michael Glinka. Glinka, a composer of *conscience* and of *genius*, *created* a National Hymn, whereas Mr. Lvoff found it much more simple to *borrow* one. Glinka's Hymn is formed out of Slavonian elements; that of Lvoff disfigured from the hymn of the 'Sicilian Mariners.' But Lvoff had the advantage over Glinka of being not only a composer but also a servant of the State, and the Emperor Nicholas thought more of what Lvoff had borrowed than of what Glinka had created. Thus we have two hymns,—one false, the other real. Glinka took a noble revenge in placing his composition at the end of his *Life for the Tzar*, and I have done myself the honour of adding it to my *Russian Quadrille.*"

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timbre would throw M. Berlioz into ecstacies. Let the Musical Society and M. Berlioz also look to this.

In the meanwhile a concert of music, which possessed all the charm of novelty, though executed on perfectly well-known instruments, was given by Prince Galitzin on the 30th of last month at St. James's Hall. The programme comprisesd specimens of Russian popular ballads, of the melodies sung by the Moscow gipsies, and of Russian church music, together with selections from Glinka's operas, and the "Kamarinskaia," a Russian national dance-tune of the most simple character, which Glinka has harmonised in the most varied manner, in arranging it for a full orchestra. Mr. Walter Thornbury should have gone to the St. James's Hall on the 30th. It was not so far as Otaheite, and in his search for musical novelty, he might have fouud it more interesting.

THE public, in many instances, are but too apt to forget, with time, what benefits have been conferred on them. Distance, which "lends enchantment to the view," has quite the contrary effect on the memory of good deeds. A vague notion may be retained that something desirable has been accomplished, some real boon has been bestowed; but the mind requires to be stirred continually to keep remembrance alive, or the next breath of distrust may blow away all record of the past. How many, for example, of all those who hear and read about the Hullah Testimonial Fund, and discuss the matter, it may be, in different moods and with different feelings, can recall exactly what Mr. Hullah has done to merit the unusual demonstration which has been made in his behalf? We will waive the consideration of whether he is, or is not, the originator of the system which goes by his name, and which has had so powerful an influence in teaching the masses to sing, and overlooking the importance of the now world-famous work, *The Manual of Vocal Music*, which, though founded on Wilhem's "method," is so much superior, and has become the lesson-book to thousands of adults and children all over the kingdom, proceed to show what he has done to excite so much interest, and to make his name be sounded in every mouth.

It is something, it will be granted, to introduce singers to the public who subsequently have enrolled themselves among the popular artists of the day, and a few of whom have obtained the highest honours. Among the ladies who have come out under Mr. Hullah's direction at St. Martin's Hall, since 1850, we may specify Miss Sherrington (now Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington), Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Fanny Rowland, Mrs. Endersson, Miss Kemble, Mlle. de Villar, Mlle. Behrens, Miss Kearns, Miss Alleyne, Miss Dethridge, Miss Martin, Miss Carrodus, Miss Bradshaw, &c. Of these, Misses Banks, Palmer, Martin, Carrodus, and Bradshaw, were pupils of Mr. Hullah. The gentlemen who first made their bow to the public under his control, were Messrs. Augustus Braham, Thomas, Winn, Santley, G. Calkin, Atkinson, &c. Moreover, Mr. Hullah was the first to introduce Mr. Sims Reeves as an oratorio singer to the public, in *Judas Maccabæus*, at Exeter Hall, February 10, 1848, as he also did Mr. Weiss in *Elijah*. This is surely effecting something for the vocal art; and singers, at all events, are largely indebted to him.

Let us now see what Mr. Hullah has achieved in presenting new works, foreign and domestic, and how far he has impressed other directors in reviving compositions of eminent writers, which, but for him, might never have been heard in this country. The following have been produced at St. Martin's Hall, under his direction, since 1850:—Mr. Henry Leslie's Festival Anthem, and Oratorio of *Immanuel*; Mr. Frank Mori's cantata, *Fridolin*; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, and "Lauda Sion" (the same composer's 95th Psalm, and *Walpurgisnacht*, were also performed, but had been given elsewhere); Mr. Bartholomew's oratorio *The Nativity*; Herr Reinthaler's oratorio *Jephtha*; Herr Hager's oratorio *John the Baptist*; Sebastian Bach's "Credo," from the Mass in B minor; Carissimi's *Jephtha*; Mr. C. Fitzwilliam's sacred cantata, "O incomprehensible Creator;" M. Gounod's "St. Cecile" Mass, and other works, &c. &c. Mr. Hullah also introduced for the first time to a London audience, Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which had previously been performed ed once in the provinces, besides performing Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*, the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo*, &c. &c. &c.

Without going into the educational question,—although, of course, that must necessarily constitute Mr. Hullah's principal claim to the testimonial—we have in the above a goodly array of benefits conferred on the art, which cannot be ignored without the charge of gross ingratitude falling on the general public. Some of the works produced by Mr. Hullah have turned out indifferent; some of the singers he has introduced may not have proved first-rate; but these are exceptions to the rule; and if we measure what he has done by results, we must accord him the highest consideration. To his countrymen, more especially, he has shown himself a real benefactor, ever ready to lend a helping hand to talent, and not always waiting for the verdict of the public, or the tribunals, before producing a work. To his countrymen, therefore, he naturally looks for a helping hand in return, in his hour of tribulation, and, we are glad to say, has not looked in vain. The subscriptions to the testimonial continue to progress rapidly; the concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday was an eminent success; and it is to be hoped that the Grand Orchestral Morning Concert, to take place on Monday at the Royal English Opera, in aid of the Fund—which is given under the most distinguished patronage, and at which the very first talent in London will assist, including Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mesdames Catharine Hayes, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Laura Baxter, Mr. Lewis Thomas, MM. Charles Hallé, and Sainton, &c., with the band and chorus of the theatre, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—may prove the crowning triumph of the Hullah demonstration.

"A ladder," writes Mr. Charles Dickens, in his article on Mr. John Hullah's classes, in *All the Year Round*, "with the Latin motto, '*Per scalam ascendimus*,' mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplaces of St. Martin's Hall, lately destroyed by fire. The master of that hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal."

To the above indirect but expressive appeal nothing can be added. The illustrious author of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* has in a few words exhausted the whole force and gist of the argument which can be adduced in Mr. Hullah's favour. We cannot do better than leave Mr. Hullah to the eloquent pleading of Mr. C. Dickens. R.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The report which has gone abroad that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were engaged for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in the ensuing season, has been contradicted by Mr. Smith, the lessee of her Majesty's, who says both Mlle. Titiens and Giuglini are engaged by him, and also the following phalanx of talent:—Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Alboni, Lotti, Gassier, and Grisi; Signori Mario, Mongini, Bélart, Gassier, Everardi, Ciampi, Vialetti.

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VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Jan. 26, 1861.

HERR TAUSIG, a very clever pianist-pupil of Liszt, gave a concert on Sunday, the programme of which consisted exclusively of his master's compositions. The result was not flattering to the "music of the future," which, if its reception on this occasion be any criterion, is still far beyond ("the farther the better," some one wickedly remarked,) the comprehension or appreciation of an audience of the present day. The Viennese papers do not hesitate to say that Liszt possesses no talent for composition—that he is but a servile imitator of Wagner. Whether this be right or wrong, the music performed on Sunday made no favourable impression. It was a public trial; there were others besides the bigoted disciples of Wagner present, and they regretted that Herr Tausig had not selected better means for the display of his remarkable skill.

This reminds me of a story which is just now *en vogue*. A rich tailor's wife, being at a public ball, was asked by one of the *maîtres de ceremonies* why she would not dance? "The company is so very different from that to which I am accustomed," replied the lady, with an air. "Good heavens! madame," exclaimed the maître, a witty fellow, "surely you could not expect us to be all tailors." In like manner Liszt may console his pupil, Herr Tausig, that the audience could not be expected to have been all Wagners. The comparison is somewhat odious, but let that pass.

At the Opera House, Auber's "*Des Teufels Antheil* (*La part du Diable*), and the ballet *Der Verliebte Teufel* (*Le Diable amoureux*), have been reproduced. Mlle. Lieblart was very successful in the opera, and evinced more dramatic talent than I had supposed her to possess. The ballet created a *furore*. The house was crammed, as usual, with military; even the Emperor honoured the performance with his presence. "He never comes to the opera," growled one of the singers, as she brought the *rara avis* within the focus of her lorgnette. Mlle. Couqui danced admirably. A *pas de fascination*, by this graceful *artiste*, accompanied by Helmesberger, the first violin, in a great measure compensated for the devotion of an entire evening to such a dreary amusement as a ballet at the Kärntnerthor theatre.

Plans for the New Opera House are now exhibited. They are thirty-three in number, by different architects. Of these, six have been selected by the committee of taste appointed by government, as the most worthy of consideration. Among them, one sent in by the architect of Covent Garden has a very good chance of being decided upon as the best. Architects of all countries have competed, and the designs are generally, as far as I am able to judge, very good. Nothing seems to be wanting for the erection of a magnificent theatre except the money,—and where is that to come from?

The weather has changed, and a rapid thaw set in. Great fears are felt for the safety of the Leopoldstadt, which is threatened with a deluge from the Danube. Boats are placed in the streets, and materials for the erection of impromptu bridges are to be found before every house. It is officially announced in the papers of to-day that the breaking of the ice in the upper river will be made known to the inhabitants of the imperilled Vorstadt by the firing of cannon on the Bieber Bastei. The danger seems to be imminent, and those who live or have friends in the Leopoldstadt are in the greatest anxiety.

ANTEATER.

CELEBRATION OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S BIRTHDAY.*

THE fifth Gesellschafts Concert, in the Gürzenich, Cologne, on the 18th December, Carl Maria Von Weber's birthday, commenced with the overture to the *Beherrscher der Geister*, a work of the composer's youth, and which he wrote at the time he occupied the post of a *Musikdirector* at Breslau (from 1804 to 1806). It was intended for the opera of *Rübezahl*, the libretto of which was furnished by Professor Rohde. The opera was not however, completed; we as yet know nothing of a quintet, which is said to have been printed. Although the overture is inferior to Weber's more masterly efforts in the same style, it is still a specimen of music far above mediocrity, and by the dash of its ideas and intentional contrasts, exhibits the germ of that genius which was afterwards so gloriously developed. (We, in England, are accustomed to regard the overture entitled *The Ruler of th Spir its* as one of Weber's very best.)

The next pieces contained in the programme, as proofs of Weber's importance as a pianoforte composer and player, were the *Concertstück* with band, and the E flat major rondo, Op. 62, both admirably performed by Herr Edward Franck, from Berne, formerly our fellow-townsman. In consequence of the still lively recollection of his exertions at the Conservatory here, as well as generally in the cause of musical matters in Cologne, this gentleman was greeted with the loudest and most hearty expression of that esteem which he has gained for himself both as an artist and a man. In addition to noticing his performance at this concert, we would especially mention the high treat he afforded us at the last meeting of the Musical Society, on the 16th December, by his rendering of J. S. Bach's pianoforte concerto in D minor, in the first allegro of which he introduced a cadence that satisfied the highest requirements of art, both as regards its elevated style and masterly execution.

Between the two pianoforte pieces Mlle. Genast sang two songs by Weber, "Wenn's Kindlein süssen Schlummers Ruh?" and "Unbefangenheit." The last especially she gave in a most charming manner, the composition itself being one of the most graceful songs to be found in the exceedingly copious list of works of this description, and by its natural character far surpassing all the samples of modern affectation intended to imitate it.

The pianoforte rondo was followed by a selection from the opera of *Oberon*. After a spirited performance of the overture, Mlle. Amalie Rottmeyer, a young actress at the theatre here, spoke some verses written for the occasion by Professor L. Bischoff, the elfin chorus in F major (Introduction No. 2) being appropriately introduced. After the verses, the chorus for male voices, No. 8, the arietta, "Arabiens einsam Kind," No. 10, and the finale to the second act, beginning with the song of the mermaids, were very excellently rendered. The chorus especially distinguished itself by the precision and great delicacy with which it gave the light, fairy-like strains entrusted to it.

The second part of the concert was filled up with the music to the play of *Preciosa*, music which Weber, in a letter to one of his friends, declared he considered a worthy forerunner of his *Der Freischütz*. The first performance took place on the 14th March, 1820, in Berlin, and excited real enthusiasm, and not merely that kind of newspaper enthusiasm so popular now-a-days. The characteristic style of the music, the natural freshness of the choruses, the wonderfully beautiful melodies of the melodramatic portions and of the romances, the charming instrumentation, distinguished by a simplicity, in the means employed, not heard since Mozart, not one of all these various elements failed to produce its accustomed effect even in the concert-room, far from all the illusions of the stage. On the contrary, the audience were entranced, and worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially as at no theatre probably are the choruses executed by such fresh and youthful voices as those at the command of our concert-givers.

Mlle. Rottmeyer spoke the melodramatic scenes with deep feeling, which, joined to her graceful appearance, did not fail to produce a strong impression. The poem by C. O. Sternau, explaining very successfully the action of the play, and uniting the various pieces of music into one complete whole, was delivered by Herr Laddey in an intelligent and expressive manner, enhanced by a sonorous voice.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*.

AN ACTRESS WITH FIVE HUSBANDS.—An extraordinary case of bigamy has just been developed in Dublin. Kate Collins, a ballet dancer, who has for some time been bewitching the residents in the Irish capital, suddenly vanished, her object being to escape from the clutches of the law; the gentle Kitty being charged with marrying no less than five husbands, each of whom had been remitting her weekly sums for her support. The discovery was made by the unexpected meeting of three of the duped Benedicts at her residence.

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DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN.

NEED we inform our readers who "Dr. Mark and his Little Men" are? We trust not, or there is no significance in our front advertisement columns. The fame of the learned Teutonic Doctor and his English pupils is far spread. It has resounded in the four quarters, and has been echoed through the length and breadth of the land. What the Doctor has effected in the musical education of the youthful branches of the community in this country, has been recorded times out of mind. The highest patronage has been bestowed upon master and pupils. Her most Gracious Majesty herself, after hearing the performance of the "Little Men" at Windsor Castle, took a decided interest in their progress; and, if we are informed aright, advised their appearance in London. Acting upon this right royal hint, the Doctor undertook to exhibit his "Little Men" in a series of concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which came off on Saturday, the 12th ultimo, and was continued through the two following weeks. Their first appearance was completely successful; and this was followed by a succession of triumphs. Dr. Mark's head-quarters are at Manchester, where he has an establishment for the reception of juveniles of musical promise, the pupils being boarded, clothed, and instructed at the expense of the Doctor, his remuneration being obtained from the proceeds of the concerts given with the more advanced students, and from the sale of musical works which he has published.

The performances of the "Little Men" must not be measured by the customary standard of criticism, but must rather be regarded as specimens of what may be done both collectively and individually, with youths who display any aptitude for music. Doubtless the cordial applause which was bestowed upon the efforts of the students, and which, we may presume, proceeds from every audience that listens to their interesting performances, will not have the baneful effect of rendering them self-satisfied, for the execution of the music is by no means free from shortcomings, and the worthy Doctor will be careful to point out to his young charges that the approbation expressed is not awarded with the same motive that would dictate the plaudits bestowed upon experienced artists. A detailed notice of the performances is not called for. It is enough to state that the "Little Men" are nearly forty in number, and that their instruments are the violin, flute, piccolo, cornet-à-pistons, saxhorn, concertina, double bass, &c., for which selections from operas and other pieces are arranged. A *pot-pourri* from *Il Trovatore*, Jullien's "Semiramide Quadrille," and a capital "Post-horn Galop," composed by Dr. Mark, were among the "Little Men's" most admirable achievements. Solos were executed by Masters E. Sturge (cornet), Osborne Sturge (violin), and Donovan (sax-bass), with considerable effect, and the extremely juvenile portion of the corps was represented by Corporal Bob Smith, Arnold, Leigh, and Kay, who gave simple melodies on the cornet, piccolo, violin, and concertina, to the extreme delight of the audience. Dr. Mark presided at the pianoforte, and a Mr. Frank Reed sang some tenor songs very pleasingly.

The success of the "Little Men" at St. James's Hall will, no doubt, have the effect of inducing the doctor to pay another artistic visit to London, when we may reckon upon his still further inoculating us with the merits of his tiny minstrels.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—A man at forty years of age is generally said to be "in the prime of life." At fifty the meridian is past, and if incipient signs of the decadence of his powers begin to manifest themselves from that date, no surprise is expressed, it is looked upon as the ordinary decay of nature, and impaired energy and lessened powers may be expected as a matter of course. Here and there we may find exceptions; but still, as a general rule, at fifty the hey-day is over, the rapid pace has settled into the steady jog-trot; from that time the speed slackens, until by and by the race is ended and the motion stops altogether. With the Monday Popular Concerts, however, the exact converse of this proposition holds good, for the series having reached the exceedingly respectable number of fifty, and being now at the ninth Concert of the third season, far from any symptoms of weakness, much less of decay are visible: each Concert seems to gain in vigour, and there is every probability that at the hundredth "Monday Popular" the strength will be as great or greater than in the youthful days of these pleasant gatherings. Certain it is that so long as Mr. Arthur Chappell provides such excellent fare, his patrons—not the titled few—the "oiled and curled darlings" of fame and fortune,—but the many, the really great public, who, after all, are the only real supporters to look to, will continue to fill St. James's Hall to repletion, as they did last Monday, many previous Mondays, and unquestionably will for many Mondays to come.

Those who know Mendelssohn's glorious Ottet in E flat for four violins, two tenors, and two violoncellos (given here for the first time in April, 1859) looked forward with pleasure to its repetition, and their anticipations were more than realised, for under the leadership of M. Vieuxtemps it was, without exception, one of the most magnificent performances ever heard. Undoubtedly one of the noblest instrumental chamber compositions in existence (although written when Mendelssohn was only fifteen years of age), its beauties are so vast and so varied that it would require far more than our limited space to attempt anything like a faint outline of their enumeration. To those who are acquainted with the work it would be idle to descant upon its merits, to those who have the misfortune not to know it, words would be equally idle to pretend to give anything like an idea of its merits. Suffice it to say then, that the execution was worthy of the music, and we have the nearest description of perfection attainable. But it would be injustice to those gentleman who so ably conduced to this end to omit their names—and we have only to mention Messrs. Ries, Carrodus, Watson, Schreurs, Webb, Paque and Piatti, as a guarantee that our praise is not misplaced. Not content with such a superb "*pièce de résistance*," quite sufficient attraction in itself one would have thought, two novelties were also given. A sonata in D major of Clementi, played by Mr. Charles Hallé, in his most masterly style, and a sonata of Mozart in A major, not to be confounded with another sonata from the same pen in the same key but in two movements only. In this M. Vieuxtemps' violin playing was as remarkable as the pianoforte playing of Mr. Charles Hallé, and both performers retired amidst the well earned plaudits of an audience which had been already roused to such enthusiasm as to demand the repetition of the wonderful "scherzo" in the Ottet. We have, however, one fault to find with the concert (and after such frequent repetition of praise it is refreshing to be able to find fault sometimes):—it was too long, it being ten o'clock when the first piece in the second part had concluded, leaving then two vocal pieces and a long quartet of Beethoven to complete the programme. Music of this class requires serious and fixed attention for its thorough appreciation, and, however enthusiastic one may be, at a late hour of the evening, after listening to so much that is excellent the mind is incapable of doing justice to a great work. We therefore did not stop for the Beethoven quartet (in G major—Op. 18), although we have no doubt that it was equally well executed as all that had preceded it.

Mesdames Louisa Vinning and Laura Baxter, with Mr. Tennant divided the vocal music, the first named lady singing Mendelssohn's charming song "On Music's softest Pinion," joining Mr. Tennant in Blangini's duet "Per valli, per boschi," and Madame Baxter in Paer's "Puro ciel." The last lady also sung Henry Smart's beautiful "Estelle," with admirable expression. Mr. Tennant's solo being the "Cara imagine."

HULLAH FUND.—The audience at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening in aid of the committee of the above fund was far from being so numerous as we could have wished, or indeed expected, under the circumstances; for, apart from the excellency of the object, there was a most attractive programme which in itself should have been sufficient to command a full room. Let us hope, however, that most of the places we saw vacant were taken, and if their owners did not think fit to attend the loss was theirs. The concert was divided into three parts, the most remarkable feature in the first being M. Vieuxtemps' performance of his own *Fantasia Appassionata*, with orchestral accompaniments, consisting of an introduction, *largo*, *tema con variazioni* and *saltarello*, each movement in the highest degree characteristic, and the whole stamped with thorough originality. The whole performance was received with great enthusiasm—the entire orchestra most heartily greeted the accomplished virtuoso, and would not rest satisfied until he had returned to the platform and again bowed

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his acknowledgments. Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, conducted by the composer, occupied the second part. Upon its production at Norwich Festival last year, we had occasion to speak of its merits at length, and again subsequently when it was given for the first time in London at Clara Novello's Farewell Concert. There is, therefore, no need to enlarge upon the details of this really charming work, which gains upon each hearing, and bids fair to become as popular as Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* or Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*—indeed we have already heard hinted in a reliable quarter the probability of its forming one of the principal features at the next Hereford Festival. It was a graceful act to assign the soprano and contralto parts to Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, both ladies having made their first appearance under the auspices of Mr. Hullah. Despite a little nervousness at first, Miss Banks did full justice to the music, and her liquid sympathetic voice told so well in the exquisite song, with chorus, "Mark the waves that rippling play," that an irresistible encore was the result. Miss Palmer, too, acquitted herself admirably, while Mr. Weiss fine voice and artistic style were all that could be desired, eminently contributing to the general effect. The tenor part found a most efficient representative in Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who delivered the trying *scena*, "From worldly cares," with a vigour and energy for which we were hardly prepared, and indeed sang throughout in a most finished manner. The execution of the whole cantata, or "*Lyrical Legend*" as it is styled, was altogether praiseworthy, and deservedly evoked the plaudits of the assembly. Two overtures, Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, with Meyerbeer's Coronation March from the *Prophète*, and a variety of miscellaneous vocal pieces, made up the remainder of the programme, which must not be dismissed without a special word of praise to Mad. Weiss for her very fine delivery of the great air "I will extol thee," from Herr Molique's *Abraham*—an oratorio which we hope to hear in London this season. C.

CHELSEA VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—An evening concert was given in the New Vestry Hall, King's Road, on Thursday the 24th ult., at which the following artists assisted:—Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Jessica Howard, Miss Poole, Miss Ellen Stuart, Miss Emma Stuart, Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Frederic Penna, vocalists; Dr. Bennett Gilbert, horn; Miss Rosa Brinsmead, pianoforte; and Mr. J. Parry Cole, pianoforte, instrumentalists. Miss Poole, as a matter of course, distinguished herself among the vocalists, singing the two Irish ballads, "Forget not your Kathleen," and "Barney O'Hea," in her most fascinating manner, and obtaining a rapturous encore in the latter. The choir gave the following part-songs: — Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves;" Festa's "Soon as I careless strayed;" Mr. Martin's "Our Saxon fathers," "The last Rose of Summer," and Mendelssohn's "The Lark," and were encored in the last and Mr. Martin's "Saxon fathers." They also gave Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot," so excellently as to necessitate its repetition. Miss Rosa Brinsmead created a decided sensation by her performance on the pianoforte of a German national air by Chopin, and being encored, played Weber's rondo, "Il Moto Continuo," with admirable effect. This young lady's talent must not be concealed under a bushel.

Provincial.

THE provincial season just now is superlatively dull. Accounts from our correspondents and notices in the papers are of the most meagre kind. Nothing of importance has taken place recently at any of the large towns, and musical entertainment in the country seems like a ship becalmed between two seas, which, nevertheless, the next instant may float on the summit of the highest wave. No doubt touring parties are making active preparations, and will appear seasonably with spring onions and radishes throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mr. Willert Beale, above all, is plotting some tremendous musical raid, or inroad, into the heart of the kingdom, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, is furnished with some startling novelties. The sensation created by the Monday Popular Concerts in the provinces has been identical in all places, and calls imperatively for a renewal. To this, doubtless, when time serves, the Director will not be averse. At present, however, it would be difficult, even independent of *the* Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on the regular day, which could not be interfered with, to obtain the necessary executants in London, and convey them to the provinces. Our country cousins, therefore, will have to wait, however great their anxiety may be, and put up with moderate fare in the mean time.

A WINDSOR correspondent informs us that the fourth and last of the second series of the People's Concerts took place on Tuesday evening week (22nd ult.), and attracted a large audience. The vocalists were Miss St. Clair, Miss Jarrett, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Lambert; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. Snelling, clarionet, and Mr. Goss Costard, pianist. The concert was in three compartments, like a modern iron frigate, the first and third parts being miscellaneous, the second devoted to the old masters. The directors were determined the "People" should have their money's worth. The same party subsequently gave a concert at the Town Hall of GREAT MARLOW, which appears to have been no less successful than that at Windsor.

It was rather a bold attempt at innovation, we think, to give a dramatic reading at the Saturday Concerts at the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER. Mr. Walter Montgomery, however, seems a special favourite in the cotton-and-hose-speculating city, and attracted an usually large attendance, we learn, to hear him read the scene from *King John* between Hubert and Prince Arthur, Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and a poem entitled "Shamus O'Brien." Mr. Walter Montgomery, it would seem, is about to make his *début* in London, and is engaged to come out at the Lyceum, which fact may be ascertained by reference to an advertisement in the *Times*, wherein it is set forth, that "Mr. Walter Montgomery has the honour to announce to his friends and the public generally that his appearance at the Royal Lyceum Theatre is unavoidably postponed." The musical part of the entertainment introduced Miss Armstrong, Mlle. Merei, Mr. Delavanti, Mr. de Jong, and the band of the 84th Regiment. Mlle. Merei obtained a loud *encore* in the ballad, "On the banks of Allan Water," and appears to have made a hit.

The *Huddersfield Examiner* gives a lengthy account of an "Organ opening," or "Inauguration," which took place last week at Lane Independent Chapel, Holmfirth. We append an extract from the notice, purposely abridged, which we consider sufficiently interesting to present to our readers: —

"The day being fine, the attendance was large, and the chapel was densely crowded in the evening, every available inch of space in the pews, aisles, and pulpit stairs being occupied. Such a scene is not often witnessed in Holmfirth, and it was most pleasing and impressive. The Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., of Sheffield, was the preacher both afternoon and evening, and very admirable were the discourses delivered. Mr. Richard Mellor, organist at Ramsden Street Chapel, Huddersfield, presided at the organ, and was supported by an efficient staff of singers, the principals being Mrs. Hirst, Mr. T. Hinchcliffe, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Etchells, and Mr. Gledhill. In the afternoon the recitative, Comfort ye, my people,' and the air 'Every valley shall be exalted,' were sung in excellent style by Mr. Whitehead. The chorus, 'And the glory,' was delivered with great effect. The anthem, 'Judge me, O Lord' (Mozart), was also ably executed. Mr. Etchells acquitting himself ably in the 'O thou that tellest.' In the evening, the service commenced with the hymn 'Rise my soul,' set to music by Mr. Mellor. Dr. Clarke's anthem, 'O praise God in His holiness,' was admirably performed, the solo—'Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet,' being sung by Mr. Hinchcliffe, and 'Praise Him in the cymbals,' by Mrs. Hirst. Mr. Hinchcliffe also rendered 'For behold darkness,' and 'The people that walked in darkness.' The succeeding chorus, 'For unto us a child is born,' from the *Messiah*, very trying both to singers and organist, was splendidly performed. The time was accurately kept, and the delicate alternations of light and shade were marked with great precision. Mr. Whitehead sang 'Lord, what is man?' evidencing powers which cannot fail, if properly developed, to lead him to eminence. The 'Hallelujah' chorus was next given with great effect. This concluded the performances during service; but after the benediction had been pronounced, Mrs. Hirst sang 'But thou didst not leave,' and the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' and 'Worthy is the Lamb.' This brought to a close one of the most satisfactory performances of the kind it was ever our lot to attend. The music had been rendered as only Yorkshire singers can give it, and the organist accompanied and sustained them with great ability. Immense improvements have been, in recent years, made in organs, and organ playing in certain kinds of music; but we have seldom heard Handel's glorious music so well played as on this

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occasion. The most perfect understanding appeared to exist between the singers and the organist, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory. We felt proud of the district which could furnish such thoroughly efficient performers of sacred music, and on every hand we heard the warmest eulogies pronounced on the day's proceedings. The following is a description of the instrument, which in its outward appearance harmonises well with the other parts of the chapel, and greatly improves it:—

SWELL ORGAN.	GREAT ORGAN.
Cornopean	Sesquialtra
Piccolo Flute	Fifteenth
Principal	Flute
Stop Diapason	Principal
Open Diapason	Viol di Gamba
Double Stop Diapason	Stop Diapason, Bass
	Clariabella Treble
Couplers, Swell to Great	Large Open Diapason
Great to Pedals	Small do. do.
Bourdon Pedal Pipes	

The organ does credit to its builder, and for its size is a very complete and efficient instrument. The diapasons are rich and full, and the flute remarkably clear and sweet; the viol di gamba is also a very beautiful stop. The chorus stops harmonise well, and are sufficiently brilliant without being noisy. The swell, as described above, contains six stops, which are remarkably effective.

A ST. LEONARD'S correspondent writes about the concert of Mr. W. H. Acraman and Herr Carl Deichman, which took place recently at the Assembly Room. The concert-givers were assisted by Mad. Jenny Bauer and Mr. Harold Thomas. The programme was almost entirely devoted to classical music, and furnished an unusual treat to a brilliant and numerous audience. Our correspondent is enthusiastic about the whole performances, particularly so with regard to a clever *trio*, the composition of Mr. Acraman, but is somewhat scanty of information respecting the keys and numbers of the various pieces. Signor Piatti especially is complimented for his refined and finished playing.

Accounts from an IPSWICH correspondent relate that the second and third monthly series of the Wednesday and Saturday popular concerts was a great success. A selection from Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, including the overture, was given, the singers being Miss Bacon, May Queen, Lover, Mr. Bowles, and Robin Hood, Mr. E. Matt. A selection was also given from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. The third series was brought to a triumphant conclusion on Saturday evening last. The overtures were Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*, and Auber's *Crown Diamonds*. The leading vocalist was Miss Matt. The greatest attraction, however, has been the performance of the *Messiah*. The new patent *Minima* organ by the Messrs. Stidolph of Ipswich was used. —The people's concerts are given on the same evenings as the above, and have been better attended since the return of the East Suffolk Artillery Band from Portsmouth a few weeks since. Mr. Charles Gunning, the master, is painstaking and energetic, and fully qualified for his position. He has taken the best of his own band, and the best from the First Suffolk Rifle Corps band, and formed into one good brass band. Holding the two concerts on the same evening is altogether wrong, inasmuch as those who might be disposed to attend both, are prevented. The musicians ought to come to an understanding with each other, and not allow themselves or their "art" to be made the playthings of those who care not for either.

A correspondent writes that "The directors of the Birkenhead Music Hall Company having invited architects] to furnish designs for the building of a Music Hall in that town. About sixteen were sent in, and after careful examination, the directors awarded the premium of twenty guineas to one contributed under the distinctive mark of a circle within a circle, and which proved to be by Mr. Walter Scott, architect, Liverpool. The building is to be at once proceeded with under his superintendence. It is to be placed at the corner of Claugh's Road and Atherton Street, and will have handsome fronts to each. The Music Hall, which is a handsome, well proportioned room, will seat 600 persons. There are capital cloak rooms with lavatories for ladies and gentlemen, four rooms for singers and musicians. An excellent supper room, forty-eight by thirty feet, with large serving room and kitchen adjoining, ticket office, hall keeper's home, room and other convenience. The supper room will be admirably adapted for tea parties, soirées, dinners, public meetings, &c., and the Music Hall will serve for large meetings, balls, &c. The whole building will meet wants long felt in Birkenhead, and is expected to be opened by the first of November next.

Our own correspondent from LEEDS informs us that Mr. Henry Smart appeared there last Saturday to conduct Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The spirit infused into the whole performance roused the audience to great enthusiasm. The chorus singers, comprising one hundred members of the Leeds Madrigal Society, were in ecstacies with Mr. Smart's mode of conducting, and they followed his behest *con amore*. The principal performers were Miss Helena Walker, an excellent unpainstaking soprana; Miss Carrodus, sister of the talented violinist; Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Spark, the latter playing the organ accompaniments in an admirable manner. Our correspondent hints that Mr. Smart will in all probability again visit Leeds shortly, to conduct a recital of *Der Freischütz*, in the Town Hall.

Our Leeds correspondent also informs us that the arrangements for the Triennial Musical Festival are fast progressing. On Saturday last Professor Bennett, the conductor elect, met the committee at the Festival Rooms, in the Town Hall, when several important matters were discussed. It was decided that the festival shall be held during the first week of September, commencing on Tuesday. There are to be four morning and three evening performances; and, on the second morning, Professor Bennett's new sacred work will be given. I have heard that this work is fast approaching completion; but its character, and the scriptural subject it illustrates, are still kept secret. It is said, however, that this latest effort of the Professor's will partake more of the cantata than the oratorio form, and that it will occupy only a portion of one morning's performance. Mr. R. S. Burton, who occupied the post of chorus-master in 1858, has been re-appointed to that office. The guarantee fund already reaches the liberal sum of *5,500l.* For the first Leeds Festival, in 1858, it was not until June that the guarantee fund reached this amount.—Last Monday week a dress concert was given in the Town Hall, at which the only solo vocalist was Mr. Sims Reeves. He was, however, assisted by Mr. Charles Hallé and a chorus of about 200 voices. The great tenor was in the most splendid voice, and was frequently encored, when he readily repeated his songs, thereby proving himself unfaithful to the principle of resisting such demands, which it was hoped he had fairly commenced. Mr. Hallé was likewise "drawn upon." The chorus sang several glees and part-songs excellently.

On Thursday, the 17th ult., a handsome gold watch and chain and a purse of sovereigns were presented to Mr. E. J. Spark on the occasion of his retirement from the office of choir-master at the parish church of Bury, which he had held for nine years. The rector of Bury presided on the occasion, and made the presentation on behalf of the clergy, choir, and congregation of the parish church.

The annual meeting of the members of the LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Society was held on Wednesday in the Cotton Sales-room Exchange Buildings, Mr. Cruttenden presiding. The annual statement of accounts was accepted as satisfactory, and the report showed that the taste for music was spreading rapidly in the city. The committee for the year was appointed, and the number of concerts and charges for admission were fixed.

The *Edinburgh Courant* furnishes us with an account of the thirteenth Saturday Evening Concert, at which Miss Clari Fraser and Mr. George Buckland sang. The lady introduced the popular song of "Huntingtower"—one of her most excellent achievements —with admirable effect. She also sang "My mother bids me bind my hair," and, with Mr. Buckland, the "Singing Lesson" duet by Fiovaranti. All three were loudly encored.

From the *Glasgow Daily Herald* of the 21st of January we learn that, notwithstanding the rainy weather at the last Saturday Concert, the City Hall was inconveniently crowded, the great attractions being Mr. and Mad. Weiss and Miss H. Kirk. "Mr. Weiss's splendid vocal powers," writes our contemporary, "need not be criticised here, as they are very well known and appreciated; suffice it to say that, by his magnificent vocalisation, he fully ingratiated himself with a Glasgow audience. Mad. Weiss's fine

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soprano voice was heard in the most piano parts of the songs at every corner of the hall. 'Angels ever bright and fair' was admirably sung by her, as also the soprano part of the 'Chough and Crow,' 'Meeting of the Waters,' 'Rataplan,' and 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.' Miss Helen Kirk's singing continues to delight the audience, and, in conjunction with Mr. and Mad. Weiss, her success was brilliant. Mr. Banks presided at the piono, and Mr. Lambcth performed on the grand organ in his usual first-class manner."

Mr. and Mad. Weiss also assisted at a concert on the 22nd at DUNDEE, in the Corn Exchange Hall, of which the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser*, gives rather an original account. "We need not say," writes the critic of that journal, "the performances were first class, for the artists were so." In the same strain we have the artists called to task or eulogised. We learn that the airs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and 'Angels ever bright and fair,' are sung by Mad. Weiss "in a style different from that in which these solos are usually given." Mark the why!—

"The difference lay chiefly in the excessive use of the crescendo and diminuendo, which the complete command which she possesses of the vocal organ enables Mad. Weiss to excel in. This, however, like every other excellence, may be misused, and the great contrasts its constant use creates are apt to detract from the grandeur of the subject and the magnificent simplicity of Handel's "setting" by the undue display of the individual abilities of the artist. In a word, Mad. Weiss's singing of these pieces was faulty in its being *too fine*."!

In a word, the writing of this notice is faulty in its being *too fine*. But poor Mlle. Bertha Brousil receives a terrible castigation from the classical *stylum* of the severe journalist for daring to play a fantasia on the fiddle:—

"In the first part Mlle. Bertha played an *andante* movement to the satisfaction of all her audience, and was deservedly recalled, when she gave—what?—ye spirits of Handel and Haydn hear it not?—"Il Carnavale" *a la* Paganini. This is to be regretted, for the bad taste shown in playing such musical trash amongst the masterpieces preceding and following it was not a little shocking to the musical taste. Besides, Mlle. Bertha should be above condescending to charlatanism—the leading feature of our modern school of instrumental solo playing. She does not require to do so, for her talents are far too good to be so prostituted. Let her leave such buffoonery to mere India-rubber finger clowns of the day whose whole aim is to catch the penny. Her course is upwards in the region of art, where all is pure, lovely, and genuine. We have no wish to be unkind, but when we see such talent as Mlle. Bertha's drawn into the vortex of sham and claptrap, we must give a word of warning at the risk of inflicting pain. If our best artists are so to forget their legitimate calling, we can see the ultimate triumph of the false over the real, a result the fair performer is bound to do all she can to avert, as well for the art as for herself as an artist."

The same party appeared at ARBROATH on the 25th, and we believe the same critic accompanied them. Hear the *Arbroath Guide* again, *in re* Mlle. Bertha Brousil:—"Miss Bertha Brousil's music is as charming as ever, and *the elegance of her bowing is only second to the beautiful notes she extracts from her Cremona*." The writer must wind up his remarks with an æsthetic sentence:—"Now that good music is shown to be well patronised in Arbroath," he propounds, "we trust Mr. Methven (the concert-giver) will not forget to include our town in his arrangements of *the circuit of the leading artists* he may hereafter engage." The writer, nevertheless, does every justice to the singing of Mr. and Mad. Weiss, who were encored in everything they sang.

A correspondent from DUBLIN sends us a detailed notice of the concert of the Ancient Concert Society, upon which he bestows unqualified praise. The features of the programme were Mr. Benedict's cantata, *Undine*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*. Both were received with unbounded applause. The principal singers were Miss Palmer, Miss Julia Cruise, Mr. R. Smith, and Mr. Cumming. The *Evening Mail* pronounces the concert worthy the best days of the society.

We learn from a DUBLIN paper, that Mad. Catherine Hayes is about to make a tour through Ireland. The date of her visit to Dublin will be about the 19th of February. She will be accompanied by an efficient party—Miss Lascelles, contralto; Mr. Tennant, tenor; Signor Burdini, bass; Herr Becker, violinist. M. Francisco Berger accompanies the party as conductor. Mad. Hayes and party will visit in succession Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Belfast, Armagh, Ballymena, Derry, Enniskillen, and Galway.

From the *Limerick Chronicle* of January 26th we gather that Mad. Rudersdorff and her party were giving a series of Italian operas in the city famed for its girls, its gloves, and its gallantry. M. Durand, it would appear, with a courage not to be overestimated, had undertaken the part of the hero, a trifle out of his line; and Mad. Rudersdorff, of course, sustained the part of Donna Anna. Of some of the other characters we are permitted to form our own conjectures, since all we are informed of two of the leading personages is, that "Signor Tito Palmieri and M. Morelle were accorded the merit due to their talent and ability." *Martha* was also given, and Signor Palmieri's singing of "M' appari" is spoken of in raptures. No doubt he is much improved since he left the Crystal Palace. On Saturday, the 25th, Mad. Rudersdorff took her benefit, and selected the *Traviata*. The opera was a great success, or, as the Hibernian journalist has it, "the performance was first-rate from an enraptured assemblage."

HOBART TOWN.—The long expected Italian Opera Company arrived in Hobart Town, from Launceston, and opened a short campaign at the Theatre Royal, on the evening of the 22nd ultimo. The company consisted of Signor and Signora Bianchi, M. Paltzer, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Messrs. J. Gregg, Megson, and Winterbottom, the well-known bassoon-player. They remained only a week, and although they introduced, and well performed, some of the choicest works of the modern lyric drama, they were not patronised so liberally as they deserved to be.—*Hobart Town Mercury Puff*, Nov. 22.

ROME.—You were lately informed of the demonstration that took place at the Apollo Theatre each night that the *Trovatore* was performed, when the chorus of soldiers sang about "*la nostra bandiera*." The lines in question are sung twice in the commencement of the third act, and each time there was a short but vehement burst of applause from the audience. This could do very little harm; it might have been considered puerile and silly, were it not that such small means are all that are left to the Romans whereby to signify their dislike of their present rulers, and their adherence to the national cause. It certainly was not worth the interference of the executive, but the nature and habits of the Papal Government are essentially meddlesome and vexatious. A few nights ago, by order of a certain Pasqualone, who is chief policeman under Monsignore Matteucci, the twelve police inspectors, or commissaries, of the twelve *rioni*, or districts, into which, Rome is divided, went to the theatre, each one of them accompanied by a sergeant in plain clothes, to observe the demonstration. An unfortunate Jew, named Gratiano Piperno, who was there with his wife, was arrested and sent to prison, where he is to remain, according to the reply reported to have been given by one of the chief *sbirri* to a question on the subject, until Victor Emmanuel shall come to release him. Let us hope, and not for the sake of the poor Israelite alone, that his deliverance may not be long delayed. Meanwhile, a family of eight persons, dependent for support on some small traffic he carried on, may beg or starve. It is reported that other arrests were made, and this is possible, and even probable, for such things are of frequent occurrence here; but I have no positive information of them. Fifteen young men who were at the theatre that night were prohibited, under pains and penalties, from returning thither. The demonstration has been discontinued.

THE KING AND THE DANCER.—The municipality of Turin being anxious to present King Victor Emmanuel with a gold circlet, and Italian jewellers being unable to get one ready in time, a Jew presented himself, and offered them a magnificent diadem for 250*l*. His offer was accepted, and the money paid; but lo! the discovery was afterwards made that the circlet in question had been bought at the sale of the effects of Fanny Elsler, the celebrated *danseuse*, and, as proved by an inscription inside, that it was given to her after a performance in London, by an Englishman, who was a fanatical admirer of her dancing.

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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

"'*Merrily, merrily over the Snow*,'—Schloesser's celebrated song, arranged as a brilliant piece for the pianoforte by T. MAUSS" (Boosey and Sons). We were not aware of the celebrity attached to this song, though we acknowledge its prettiness (as who would not that is acquainted with a certain chorus in *Guillaume Tell*?) Herr Mauss has turned it into a pianoforte solo which is showy without being over difficult. "'*Le Corsaire*,' *galop brillant pour le Piano*," same composer (same publishers), is, however, immeasurably superior as a piece, and besides this, has a more legitimate claim to be styled "brilliant." The second theme, in A flat, is well displayed for the instrument, and would be still more welcome did it not bear so strong a resemblance to the *cabaletta* of "*Ernani involami*" from *Ernani*, which reminds us, by the way, that Verdi is a much more prolific inventor of tune than is generally credited. But for a somewhat awkward jumble between the keys of G minor and E flat (caused by an A flat in bar 1, line 3, page 3), "'*Nourmahal*,' *nocturne de Salon*," same composer (same publishers), would be an elegant and agreeable movement of its class, notwithstanding the free notions Herr Mauss evidently entertains with reference to what are termed "passing notes."

Mr. Balfe's new opera of *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, has furnished pianoforte arrangers, transcribers, fantasy-makers, and dance-manufacturers with copious and rich materials for the exercise of their craft. First, and certainly not least welcome, are the "*Favourite Airs*, admirably (and conveniently) arranged as pianoforte solos, in three books, by the experienced hand of RUDOLPH NORDMANN (Boosey and Sons). This presents both the readiest and the pleasantest means of becoming thoroughly "well up" in the beauties of a work; and in the instance of *Bianca*, the superfluous elaborations and difficulties of the orchestral score have been most skilfully modified by the arranger, without altering the composer's harmonies or otherwise interfering with his design. "*Three gems*," from the same opera, exhibit Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS, the most elegant of "arrangers," at his best. The "gems" are, as it happens, really gems (not too systematically the plan, by the way—"gems" being prepared for the market out of all sorts of materials). The first is the graceful ballad, which its own expressive tune and Miss Louisa Pyne's exquisite singing have made so popular—Bianca's "Power of Love," in short, "'*Twas he, my only thought*." The second is the animated song of "*Gold rules the world*," only a degree less popular than the other. The third and last (why the *last*, Mr. Brinley?) is "What sunshine bright,"—the vocal brilliancy of which has been most happily caught and transferred to the key-board by the expert practitioner, who never loses sight of an effect, while never sacrificing the genuine characteristic requirements of the universal instrument for which he composes. Mr. Richards, indeed, *writes well for the pianoforte*—no insignificant talent now-a-days. "*Fantaisie Brillante*," by JULES BRISSAC (same publishers), is a clever and showy piece, constructed upon two of the most striking melodies, and foremost of the two (as might have been anticipated), "'*Twas he, my only thought*," upon which the fantasist has built a remarkably graceful, and at the same time telling variation. The genial song of "Glorious wine," which Mr. Harrison delivers with such vigour and animation, follows in due order, and is treated with no less felicity. This is a good, honest piece, fulfilling all the conditions of "*fantasia*." "A *Brilliant Fantasia*," by G. A. OSBORNE (same publishers), trenches on other ground, and with eminent success. How greatly Mr. Osborne excels in this kind of writing, what a skilful pianist, and what a practised musician he is, our readers need scarcely be reminded. His utmost care has seemingly been bestowed upon the *fantasia* before us, one of the most agreeable and striking points in which, is the very happy use he has made of the broad phrase of melody ("From my childhood didst thou pray me") which Miss Pyne delivers in the grand duet with the Duke, in the third act of the opera. All the rest, however is to match, and the peroration is as animated as the introduction is imposing. "*Fantaisie de Boudoir*," by W. KUHE (same publishers), is, perhaps, second to none of the foregoing in interest. Three of the most popular *motivi*, "He was my only thought," "Glorious Wine," and "What sunshine bright" (the theme of the *rondo finale*, one of the most sparkling that ever dropped from Mr. Balfe's "untired plume") are knit together with a grace and facility peculiar to Herr Kuhe, who has rarely displayed more tact, or more successfully, to employ a familiar phrase, "hit the nail upon the head." This boudoir fantasy, moreover, flattering as it is to the pianist, has the advantage of being unusually accommodating to the fingers. "*Galop Brillant*," for the piano, by the same expert arranger (same publishers) is a thoroughly honest, but not the less vigorous, transcription of the galop (so cleverly contrived by M. Petit) in the last act—a galop which for vivacity, freshness, and *entrain* has only been surpassed by Auber, since Auber wrote the famous galop of *Gustave III.* Add to these the "*Bianca Polka*," the "*Bianca Galop*," the "*Bianca Quadrille*," and the "*Bianca Waltz*," by HENRI LAURENT (same publishers)—all effectively written, the themes well selected, the spirit of the original retained, and the fingers of the player accommodated, while the ear of the listener is fascinated, (how, indeed, could this be otherwise with M. Henri Laurent as the arranger?) and our *Bianca*-budget, certainly a most acceptable budget in every particular, is exhausted. There must be genuine, lively, and *original* tune in an opera to allow of so many and such diverse transformations without loss. This, however, as all the world knows, is the enviable gift of Mr. Balfe, who has rarely used it to better purpose than in *Bianca*.

"'*Notre Dame*,' romance for the pianoforte"—by EMILE BERGER (Boosey and Sons)—is an extremely attractive little piece, illustrating, as it were, in music a story of devotion. We have the "Angelus," supposed to be accompanied on the organ; the "Ave Maria," and the "Prière à la Vierge." The themes are from Pergolesi; but the treatment, which is both ingenious and happy, is M. Emile Berger's own property, and worth being any one's copyright.

"'*Toujours gai*,' *Galop brillant pour le Piano*"—JOSEPH ASCHER (Boosey and Sons)—is one of this clever and fashionable pianist's most animated productions, and thoroughly bears out the signification of its title. It is appropriately ascribed to M. Leopold de Meyer, himself a marvellous hand (or marvellous hands) at a galop. We should like to hear him play it, although M. Ascher himself would be quite brilliant enough on an emergency.

"*Schubert's Serenade*," and "*Schubert's 'Ave Maria'*"—by KUHE (Boosey and Sons). These are arrangements or "transcriptions" of two of Schubert's most beautiful *lieder*, in the form of short, brilliant, and moderately difficult caprices. They are remarkably well done. Four more are announced—the "Adieu," the "Wanderer," the "Praise of Tears," and "Thine is my heart." *Ils seront les bienvenus.*

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BERGER (FRANCESCO) "The Defiance Galop."

Also the following pieces by ARISTIDES VERRI:—

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"The Lord's Prayer" (Author—Southampton).
"Ruth" (J. H. de Monti—Glasgow).
"The Bride of Freedom" (Ditto ditto).

INSTRUMENTAL.

"Auld Robin Gray" (J. H. de Monti—Glasgow).
"A Chant for the Fingers" (John Adams—Southampton).

Also by GEORGE LINDLEY:—

VOCAL.

"Metrical Annals of the Kings and Queens of England." } Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.

And the "Early History of the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music," By James J. Geskin (George Emery).

INSOLVENT DEBTOR'S COURT.—Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the harpist, applied under the Protection Act. The debts were not considerable, and the proceedings showed that the insolvent had been struggling for years with difficulties, which had been increased by illness and the decline of harp music. No creditors appeared in opposition, and Mr. Sargood watched the case on the part of the petitioner. On the schedule was an item of 20*l.* as a loss by a benefit which he had taken at St. Martin's Hall, in the hope of getting him out of his difficulties. Mr. Commissioner Nichols inspected the schedule, and put no questions. He appointed a sitting for the final order, with renewed protection.

TURIN.—Mr. Lumley's Italian company, consisting of Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Casaloni, and Signors Giuglini and Cima, have been performing the *Trovatore*, at the Théâtre Regio. *Norma* was intended to follow soon after, and a new tenor, Signor Sirchia, also belonging to the *troupe*, was expected to make his *début* very short.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—Letters from Vienna bring the welcome intelligence that this celebrated *virtuoso* is entirely restored to health.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

February 6, 1861.

AT present the concerts furnish the most important and noteworthy part of the musical doings in Paris. I shall therefore continue the few observations I made last week on their chief features of interest. By far the most prominent event of this class has been the concert given by M. Jules Schulhoff, whose recent arrival here from Germany I announced to you some time since. A considerable interval had elapsed since this artist was first heard in Paris, during which he has been recruiting his health in his native air, and though well known, and even popular by his compositions, many of the existing musical public had never heard his performances as a pianist. Consequently, the greatest curiosity prevailed among those who knew him as a virtuoso, to note what progress, if any, he had made, and among those to whom his pianoforte playing was unknown, to judge whether it deserved the encomiums bestowed on it. Schulhoff does not stand distinguished for the mere brilliancy and perfecting of his mechanism, in which, however, he may claim the highest rank, it is in the exquisite quality of the tone he produces, in which respect he has been likened to Chopin, and in the variety, grace, and truthfulness of his expression. Besides several of his own compositions, the *Capriccio*, *Souvenir de Venise*, *Polonaise*, *Ondine*, &c., most of which are recent works, Schulhoff played the *Sonate Caractérisque* of Beethoven, and the pianoforte part in the trio in C by Haydn, in a manner to satisfy as well as charm the severest critics. The success of the pianist composer was, in fact, in every respect, of the most flattering description. The other concerts I have to mention are altogether of far inferior interest to this, which may be said to have made quite a sensation in musical circles. There is that of M. Perelli—Gennaro Perelli—to complete his nomenclature, a rising pianist of the fast and flashy school, whose ambition is set upon startling transitions, passages of lightning rapidity, energetic octave-smitings, and other quasi-acrobatic digito-metacar palisms—if "Petipace" will allow me the expression. With the exception of the sonata in A flat by Weber, in which M. Perelli showed more comprehension of the higher purposes of music than might have been expected from his chosen path, the pieces in which he exhibited himself were chiefly of his own elaboration, and numbered, among others, a *scherzo* pastoral and a *fantaisie dramatique*, both with orchestral accompaniments, of which all that can be said is, that if there should arise, by any chance, a question as to M. Perelli's comparative merits as a composer and as a pianist, the balance would incline to the latter. A concert by Mlle. Marie Darjou, a pupil of M. Emile Prudent, and another by Mlle. Elvira del Bianco, may be merely mentioned as bringing forward two female pianists of decided ability. I ought, perhaps, not to omit a concert given by four yo ung ladies rejoici in the honoured name of Clauss, though I bel ieve in no way r lated to the clever Mad. Szazvady. Two of these draw sounds from violins, one bestrides a violoncello, and the fourth trusts to the mingled powers of her fingers and her larynx, being both pianist and vocalist—truly a polyphonous sisterhood.

Of operatic news I have little or none. *Semiramis* and the grand ballet, *Le Papillon*, have alternately furnished forth the entertainment afforded to the public by the Grand Opera during the past week. Of the one the sisters Marchisio, and of the other the graceful Emma Livry, are the *pièces de résistance*, and nobly support the cut-and-come-again principle on which the fulcrum of a feast should ever repose—if "Petipace" will once more indulge my euphuistic humour. In the meanwhile, the approaching production of *Tannhäuser* greatly occupies the attention of all classes of folk here—dilettanti, professional and lay. Anticipation, indeed, produces a greater commotion of the public mind and spirits than the accomplished fact, be it what it may, is likely to do. Philosophy, German and other, will easily account for this—so will common sense uncommonly enough. First of all there is the natural anxiety of all the artists who are to take share in the execution of the much-talked off work, which is communicated to their friends and supporters, and thus spreads out in a wide circle of emotional out-looking. I grow quite Teutonic on this subject. Then beyond this divulgated individualism (patience, "Petipace"!)

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as it were, there is the eagerly and fiercely expectant attitude of the two camps into which the musical public at large is divided — the Wagnerites, and the antagonists of the transcendental music prophet. Lastly, like a croaking chorus from the frogs of Aristophanes, whose βρεκεκεξ κρωαξ is hardly more dissonant than their excited exclamations, there are the German residents, who enthusiastically back up their countryman, and extol his pretensions beyond probably their real credence, simply because the fatherland claims him. I am informed, moreover, that there is actually an immigration astir, a sort of eruption of barbarian hordes—the hirsute clansmen and acolytes of Wagner—who will thunder at the gates of the Parisian temple of fame to gain admittance for him, as erst the Germanic warrior tribes thundered at the gates of Rome to bear in Genseric upon their human tide. As Paris criticism vaunts its independence with great pride and jealousy, it is not likely to allow its judgment to be carried by storm in this way, and there is accordingly a very pretty chance of a "row," which will carry Wagner's fame higher than ever, unless the anti-German feeling thus aroused should lead to the precipitate realisation of the projects the Emperor of France is said to entertain respecting the Rhenish frontier, and so bring about a European commotion, Wagner's fortune will be made.

Of theatrical intelligence I have but a mite, which is that at the Ambigu Comique a drama is in preparation of "peculiar interest" as English managers have it. It is to be called *l'Ange de Minuit*, and the authors are MM. Theodore Barrière and Edouard Plouvier, approved good men both. Much expensive scenery is to enhance its effectiveness, and it will give occasion for several *débuts*, among them, that of Mlle. Méa, who made a sensation lately in the part of Andromaque at the Odéon, though as much by her beauty as anything else.

You will have shortly to add a new item to your weekly budget of musical notes and records, under the head of Chinese music. The Celestial Empire is not only now thrown open to commercial interchange, but to the higher mutuality of art. It is said that the literary mandarin, Lu Ling, who is the Jullien of China, is about to visit Europe to gain some insight into the musical absurdities of the barbarians, and to shed the light of true musical principles for the first time upon them. He will bring with him an orchestra composed of the most skilful musicians of Pekin, who will execute his own magnificent compositions, as well as those of Fo-Hi, a contemporary of Noah and Pscheng Fo-Tsi, who is the Rossini of the Chinese, and lived some two hundred and twenty years ago. Chinese music resembles in nothing our own, and this suggests a curious idea. Suppose it should be found that Wagner and Lu-Ling were come to Paris pretty much on the same errand, and that after all the music of the future, which is to establish the true principles of the art, is only the music of the past—of Noah, Jubal, and Fo-hi. *Nous verrons.*

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Feb. 3, 1861.

As I anticipated, no impresario has been found courageous enough to speculate in the Kärntnerthor Theatre, and subscribe to the extravagant conditions upon which it was to let. It is to continue in the hands of Government, and the Emperor has within the last few days appointed Signor Salvi director, to replace the provisional committee by which the theatre has lately been managed. Signor Salvi is well known in Vienna as a singing-master, and as having been now and then associated in theatrical undertakings. He would appear to have great influence at court, having been chosen in preference to many other applicants, some of whom are said to be more competent to fill the position. The director or manager of the Kärntnerthor Theatre receives 4000 guilders a year. On Sunday last the second Philharmonic Concert of the season was given, the programme of which consisted of Mozart's symphony in D and Mendelssohn's music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. To listen to such well-known strains, so admirably rendered by the Philharmonic Band, was

"A delight as sweet
As that of lovers when they meet."

The old symphony came with a friendly greeting, while the fairy-like music of Mendelssohn sparkled more joyously than ever. Both individually and collectively the members of the orchestra did every justice to these master-works. Nothing could be more exquisite than the delicacy of light and shade—the refinement of colouring with which particularly Mendelssohn's music was given; the performance, in fact, was an honour to every instrumentalist concerned, as well as to their talented conductor, Herr Dessoff. Of the vocalists, both chorus and soloists, perhaps the less said the better.

Sunday (may the Puritans pardon me for recording the fact!) was altogether a fête-day at the Opera House. The Philharmonic Concert just mentioned, in the morning, was followed by Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* in the evening. Could the most rabid "Fanatico" desire a better bill of fare? The opera was sung as well, and by the same vocalists, as when I mentioned it in a former letter.

But one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and so but one line from Mozart and Mendelssohn to Offenbach—from *Don Giovanni* and *Elijah* to the *Bouffes Parisiens*. Offenbach is in Vienna. A large multitude assembled to see him conduct his own operettas at the Treumann Theatre on Monday night. He was received with imperial honours, the band playing a tune equivalent to our "See the conquering hero comes," when he took his place in the orchestra. Perhaps you won't believe it, and suppose I'm joking, as did the critic in Berlin last week, when he announced that the proposition to erect a statue to the composer of *Barkouf* (Offenbach's last opera) had unexpectedly met with a few opponents; but no, the successful composer of *Tschin-Tschin*, *Orpheus*, *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, and a hundred other pretty trifles, has been, and is, most extravagantly fêted by the Viennese public, as well as by the Viennese managers, whose fortunes, indeed, he has during the past year redeemed, Offenbach's pieces being the most attractive that have been produced for a very long time. They are, perhaps, more popular here than in their native Paris.

The text has been freely dealt with by the German adapters, and made the medium of reference to passing local events. The music is melodious. Why does not Mr. Harris try an Offenbach *Bouffe* at the Princess's Theatre? Who knows but that he would sing "See the conquering hero comes," as did Herr Treumann, when the spirit of the Passage Choiseul deigned to wing its way to Oxford Street?

I have seen Ernst this week. He is slowly recovering, and speaks hopefully of seeing his friends in England soon again. Joachim has announced a concert for the 6th. It appears he is *en route* to Pesth to visit his family. The concerts are less numerous this year than ever, while balls and dancing parties are considerably increased in number. A good valse or a pretty polka is better appreciated by the Viennese than almost any other class of music. A select few attend the quartet performances by Hellmesberger and others, but they are very few, and there must be some novelty even to attract them.

The Bürger ball, in the Redonten Saal, last Wednesday, Jan. 30, was well attended, but did not go off with great *éclat*. The Emperor greatly disappointed the visitors. He has never yet been seen in public except in uniform, and was humbly solicited by the citizens to do them the honour of appearing at their ball in evening dress. The request was unheeded. His Majesty paraded the rooms in his usual military habiliments, and thereby threw a very good chance away of increasing his popularity, which is just now nothing to boast of.

ANTBATER.

NATIONAL CHORUS SOCIETY.—This society gave a performance of the *Messiah*, on Wednesday evening, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, in aid of the funds for the relief of the Coventry weavers. The performance took place under the patronage of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Bishop of London, the Archdeacon of Coventry, and several city firms. There was a large attendance, and the execution of the Oratorio was on the whole highly creditable to the choir, which mustered 500 strong for the occasion. The principal solo singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

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THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.*

SECOND LETTER.

(*Continued from page* 72.)

Is it possible for a poet, following quite freely and without any obstruction his poetic fancy, to produce a dramatic work of art, which shall, in the highest sense of the words, *require the aid of music* (*musikbedürftig ist*)? This is plainly not possible; even if released from all consideration for so-called musical forms, he must restrict himself to those regions which, as a rule, still contain sensations expressible by music. Can a composer, when he sets about the composition of an opera, proceed with the same freedom, limited only by the nature of the laws of music, as if he were composing a symphony? Certainly not; he must satisfy the internal and external dramatic requirements of the subject, and lay aside the *purely* musical standard. As we see, it is an alliance between two powers, which, in order to co-operate, are compelled to make reciprocal concessions. The determination of the measure of these concessions is just the question which, since the time of Gluck, has so often thrown men's minds in commotion. When stript of a mass of empty phrases and secondary details, it forms the pith of the noisy Wagner-question, which sets so many pens going. The real answer to it can be given only by works of art, and not by æsthetical conflicts of words. To conceive a drama in which the struggles represented are, in the main, confined to such as proceed from the world of sensations; whose action shall, with "circumspect swiftness," so proceed as to keep the sympathies of the audience always alive, without, in consequence, preventing the music from being developed with the requisite breadth; whose poetical dialogue, finally, shall not express so much as to render music superfluous, or so little as to render it impossible, and whose diction shall not, by its superabundant beauty—or platitude—reduce the composer to despair, is certainly no easy task, but, at the same time, it is not one which has never hitherto been accomplished. Nor is it an easy task for the composer—while striving in his expression to do justice to each situation, each character, and each word, as well as to the general tone of the drama—to avoid depriving his work of musical beauty, and, while doing so much for the poem, not to impinge upon the rights of his own art. Wagner's complaint against opera hitherto (and, in far too many instances, he is certainly not wrong), is that the musician has demanded too great concessions, which the poet has but too willingly made; our complaint against Wagner is, that he has often, somewhat criminally, attacked music, and the deepest conditions of its existence, in favour of the stage. His followers may not allow this; we, however, cannot agree with the assertion that the most important operas hitherto produced, not with regard to the music alone, but to the poems as well, hold the same relative value to his works (for it is only by means of these that we get anything like an idea of his ideal), that "the ape does to a human being,"—and if there has been, in many quarters, so strong an opposition against him, one principal reason for this is to be found in the fanatical exuberance of many of his partisans, who endeavour to raise him to an eminence to which he had no claim.

The peculiar and genial feature in Wagner's character consists in the varied nature of his talent. When he produced his *Tannhäuser* in Dresden (people were then far from making a kind of poetically musical Messiah of him), every person who left the theatre must have said to himself, that, despite all objections that might be raised, the most sincere recognition of his ability was due to the man who had conceived the subject of such an opera, who had worked it out, both linguistically and musically, and who, lastly, had so admirably got up and produced the work upon the stage. From this, however, to a combination of the powers of a Shakspeare with those of a Beethoven, in a single head, was a great stride; and, while every educated person allowed that Wagner's poem rose, by its conception and execution, above the operatic writing prevalent *in Germany*, it could as little be considered a literary production of the first rank, as the music, despite much that was interesting and effective, could be placed by the side of what our great composers have done, while in those parts which many have praised as the most important in the opera, people saw deficiency rather than progress: in other words, a frequent immolation of the truly musical in favour of the declamatory element, a fact on which I must speak somewhat at length.

The theories of an artist have their first and deepest roots in the powers and inclinations with which he was born. We have seen that, from the very commencement, Wagner was filled with a passionate impulse for the stage; but an impulse in which music did not find a place till afterwards. He is deficient in the primitive and instinctive delight in what is purely musical, however full he may be of the creations of Beethoven. The *Letter* we are now discussing points often enough to this fact. The so-called "opera melody" he always treats with sovereign contempt; while, on the other hand, he goes into raptures with "the endless melody." There is, not, however, any endless melody, any more than there are special opera melodies. There are musical thoughts which flow with a more rapid or broader stream, which are constructed after some model, or originally, and which are expressive or inexpressive, trivial or noble. But a recognisable form must possess some musical thoughts, if it would combine in itself character and sensual charm. Wagner may still continue to see an "idealised dance-form" in the wonderful structure in which a man like Beethoven connects and carries out his ideas, repeating them in the most animated turns. It is a fact, however, that the freest of all masters was so great in this, because he knew how to give his melodies a form as strong and firm as though they had been cast in bronze. But a Beethovenian composition is by no means "a single melody, accurately connected;" it is a chain of melodies, carried out into a work of art full of unity. That most primitive gift of musical invention, which is granted to all men of great musical genius, and which, *above all things*, is manifested in the creation of such, so to speak, palpable motives, is the weakest side of Wagner's talent. It is, however, a piece of ingratitude in him to be so evilly-disposed towards the "opera melody;" for in his operas, it is to those pieces in which he has managed to give us melodies, and, consequently, "opera melodies," such, for instance, as the chorus of pilgrims and the festive march in *Tannhäuser*, that, in spite of everything that can be said, he owes his greatest musical success.

In stating that Wagner had been denied the power of purely receiving pure music, I was led to the assertion by some other passages in his *Letter*. For instance, after speaking of the symphony as "a revelation from another world," which forces itself upon us with such overpowering force, and determines our feelings with such certainty, that our logicising reason is totally confused (?) and disarmed (?) by it, he says, shortly afterwards, that the question about the "Wherefore" is not completely silenced, even at the hearing of a symphonic composition, but is actually productive of "a confusion in the causal conceptive power of the hearer, a confusion not only capable of disturbing him, but of becoming the ground of a false judgment." The mysterious element in the impression produced by the higher kind of instrumental music, may and should urge the philosopher to seek the "Wherefore;" that the unmusical hearer, but one not destitute of fancy, may start the question not as to the "Wherefore," but as to "What does that mean?" may pass; but that the musical hearer, and much more the musician, should not receive a symphony by Beethoven as a creation perfect and complete in itself, and completely satisfying *musical* logic, the only logic with which we have here aught to do, is scarcely credible. Whoever, after the enjoyment of such a work, asks for any kind of explanation, may possess a highly educated mind, but decidedly no really musical nature.

"To answer this disturbing, and yet so indispensable, question, in such a manner that it may be eluded by the silencing of certain measures, can be only the work of the poet," Wagner goes on to say, adding that this must be done in the drama.

"The drama, at the moment of its being really scenically represented, immediately awakes in the spectator an intimate interest in an action so truly imitated, at least as far as is possible, from actual life, that in this interest man's sympathetic feelings of themselves are worked up to a state of ecstasy, in which he forgets the mysterious 'Wherefore,' and at once, in the greatest excitement, willingly delivers himself up to the guidance of those new laws, in conformity to which music makes

* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

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itself so wonderfully intelligible, and, in a profound sense, immediately alone answers rightly the 'Wherefore?'"

Or, to express ourselves simply:—When music is sung to words by certain defined individuals, and in clear situations, every one knows what it is meant to express. But little is gained by this; for if the music is not beautiful, no heart is warmed by the "Wherefore" being answered; while if, in its beauty, it exercises its power, the force of this power is as wonderful when the music has a substratum of words as when such is not the case. Nay, it becomes even more wonderful, for the power of words, the highest power on earth, vanishes before it.

Who has not experienced the truth of the very common fact, that the most magnificent poem is incapable of producing any effect in a bad composition, while a middling libretto not only does not injure fine music, but, through it, is actually raised into a higher sphere? It is a truth which cannot by any means be disputed, that, in the connection of poetry with music, the immediate and the stronger effect is produced by the latter. When we reproach Wagner with sacrificing far too frequently the really musical to the declamatory element, even in cases when this, in a certain degree, is not at all rendered necessary by the importance of the words, we find, at the same time, an excuse for him in his double capacity of author as well as composer of his dramas. But we must protest against the result of a totally individual endowment, which may be called simultaneously over-complete and incomplete, being elevated into a law—against deficiency being pronounced advancement. Grant that Wagner's example may tend to better lyrical dramas being offered by better authors to the composer; grant that he has taught those German composers, who did not previously know it, that it is not necessary to work on a French or Italian model for the purpose of producing effect; there is certainly no objection to this; but the composers who have sworn allegiance to his banner may rest assured that they will sink into a bottomless abyss, if they do not present us, even on the stage, with what is independently musically beautiful; for besides, and above all the charm exerted by action, legends, figures, and rhyme, men require, if they do hear music, that it shall be genuine music.

But Wagner's successes speak in his favour; he says so himself. Yes and no. After a great many, mostly superfluous, wordy disputes, Wagner's operas have been received into the repertory, where they find a place among the works of the composers of all nations, without affecting the impressions produced by those works—a proof that, on the one hand, they do not differ so very much from the latter, and, on the other, that they are not sufficiently strong to act in a really reformatory manner upon the public taste. This, by the way, Wagner himself confesses, at least as far as *Tannhäuser* is concerned; for he says, "If I should have the pleasure of seeing my *Tannhäuser* favourably received by the public of Paris also, I feel sure that I shall owe my success for the most part to the very evident connection of this opera with those of my predecessors, among whom I will particularly remind you of Weber." (The connection between *Lohengrin* and Weber is perhaps not much less evident.) He hints, however, that Weber made concessions to the "Gallery," while he himself (Wagner) has abstained from so doing. We cannot here enter into the consideration of these concessions, our only object being at present to state the most material views of our author; but if the refusal to make certain concessions is a proof of courage, it is not always a proof of wisdom.

Wagner will not, however, at any price, allow us to expect from his earlier works "the most stringent" of the conditions resulting from his theoretical maxims; he will permit us to do this only in the case of his newest work, *Tristan und Isolde*, which, although published, has never been performed. "Not," he tells us, "because I formed it according to my system, because all theory was completely forgotten by me, but because, in this case, at last, I proceeded with the greatest freedom, and the most entire disregard of all theoretical considerations, in such a way that, during its execution, I became aware that I soared far above my system." In this opera he has had recourse to the orchestra of the symphonist, and allowed the poet (himself) to call to him:—

"Stretch out your melody boldly, so that it may flow like an uninterrupted stream through the whole work. In it do you say what I pass over in silence, while you alone can say it, and silently will I say everything, because I lead you by the hand.

"In truth, the greatness of the poet is mostly to be measured by what he passes over in silence, in order to allow us, also silently, to say what is inexpressible; it is the musician who converts this silence into clear tones, and the infallible form of his *loud-sounding silence is endless melody.*"(!)

The orchestra is here to assume towards the drama a relation somewhat similar to that taken by the tragic chorus of the Greeks towards the dramatic action; and yet again this is not so; for the relation of the chorus was of a reflective kind, and stood apart from the action, while the orchestra takes a most lively share in all the motives of the latter, and the great total of this symphonic opera (I am giving only a short but accurate outline of what Wagner says) will produce the impression, which nature, full of life, produces, in the forest for instance, with her thousand voices, on him who gives himself up to her.

The score of *Tristan und Isolde* has been published, and I have read it through as carefully as I could. I should not think, however, of giving an opinion on it now. What completely distinguishes the music of this opera from all that has hitherto been created in the domain of music, is that it contains only slight indications, not of no model-like "opera melody," but of no vocal melody at all. The orchestra forms an unceasing and very complicated web of tone, and gives us by far the principal part of what the composer is attempting to express. If Wagner succeeds in effectively producing this work, we shall, with reason, be able to say of him, that he has done not only what never has been heard, but also what never has been heard of.

I must now notice several detached observations contained in the *Letter*. Wagner says he wrote his theoretical works in an "abnormal" state, which "oppressed in a strange manner" his brain; and he almost appears to regret what he has penned. It is possible that his operas (if I may be allowed so to designate his dramatic works) would have met with more impartial appreciation without the works in question, but the appreciation would then have been far less noisy. It is not to be disputed that the critics were partly very much opposed to Wagner, though again, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that his partisans filled the press with their laudations in a manner which had never been witnessed even in the case of the greatest productions. When Wagner says that his known operas were so scurvily treated by the musical critics, partly on account of his theories, although these compositions were written *before* the appearance of his literary works, he should not forget that these very works have been adduced, by his partisans, as proofs of the excellence of his esthetical views. What is right for the one set of men is just for the other.

As people are accustomed to hear Wagner and Liszt mentioned as obeying the same views, the following apothegm of Wagner's, in reference to Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, must appear worthy of remark:—"*It is not a programme*, which excites more than silences the obstructive question as to the 'Wherefore,' which can, therefore, express the importance of the symphony, but only dramatic action itself, scenically carried out."

The ominous expression, "Music of the Future," which forms the title of the *Letter*, is treated, quite incidentally, as one erroneously derived from the idea of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. Every one, who has really the interest of music at heart, will be heartily glad to see "the Spectre of the Music of the Future," as Wagner designates it, disappear, and to return to the simple definitions of good and bad, beautiful and trivial music.

Although I have given utterance to only the most inconsiderable portion of the thoughts that the perusal of Wagner's pamphlet have suggested to my mind, I will conclude my letter, which is already, perhaps, far too long. May these hasty lines in some degree help "to dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," and to bring people back from extreme views, which are calculated to produce more mischief the longer they obtain.

FERDINAND HILLER.

MR. WILLERT BEALE is returned to London from his continental trip, and is making active preparations for the forthcoming *tourneé* in the provinces.

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NOTICE.—It is respectfully requested that such persons as may not be anxious to remain till the end of the performance will leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who are desirous of hearing the whole may do so without interruption.

*** In answer to many inquiries, Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL begs to state that Mendelssohn's Ottet will be repeated at the 13th Concert (Third Season), on Monday, Feb. 18th; and that, in obedience to a desire very generally expressed, Spohr's Double Quartet, in D minor, will be performed at the 14th Concert, on Monday, Feb. 25.

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To Correspondents.

ERRATUM.—In the correspondence from Leeds, for "Miss Helena Walker, an excellent *unpainstaking* soprana, read "an excellent *and* painstaking soprano."

M. W. (Oxford).—About the volumes of the MUSICAL WORLD there is a difficulty, the present publishers having only commenced publishing it in 1854. With reference to Her Majesty's Theatre, we should say that just now there was no chance of either of the contingencies hinted at by our correspondent.

G. B. A. (Dublin).—The pieces have *not* come to hand.

E. B. (Norwich).—The publication alluded to has never reached us.

HARMONICA.—We are acquainted with no special work of the kind, but any primer teaches how to know in what key a piece of music is written; that is, of course, if our correspondent means *on paper*. If he means *by ear*, he must consult Providence. That secret is beyond human explanation. The faculty is either born with us, *or not*—or it comes, sooner or later, *or not*; but how or why is a mystery. The lady's age may be calculated pretty accurately when it is stated that she was 21 in 1842.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

THE new *cantata* of Messrs. H. F. Chorley and Henry Leslie, produced on the 1st inst., at St. James's Hall, deserves more than the mere record of its success, which will be found in another part of this day's impression. The scene is the court of Mary at Holyrood. The Queen, but lately returned from France, is with difficulty aroused from a fit of melancholy by a concert of vocal music, which the ladies and gentlemen of her retinue impovise for her diversion. Unmoved by the strains of a genuine Scottish ballad from the lips of her favourite, Mary Beatoun (one of the "four Marys"), the royal heart only yields to the persuasive melody of an Italian canzonet which David Rizzio sings in the Italian tongue, so charming the Queen that, inspired herself in turn, she graciously responds to her favourite minstrel with a snatch of the melody of France—a ballad in which the attractions of that "*plaisant pays*" are set forth one by one in glowing colours. Song, now, at Mary's desire, gives way to dance; and a minuet is executed by the Queen and her associates to the accompaniment of a choral "Fal, lal, la," &c. The cheerful revels are unexpectedly arrested by the sounds of a Puritan psalm from without, the purport of which may be explained in Mr. Chorley's own lines:—

"O thou who sittest on the throne,
And wilt exalt thine horn on high,
While captive men in prison groan,
And women poor of hunger die,
Beware! albeit a Haman proud,
Served by thy slaves on bended knee,
The heaven can speak in thunder loud,
And rent to dust both them and thee."

Mary, paying but little heed to this solemn warning, after a moment's pause, orders the dance to be resumed; which is accordingly done, in quicker step, to music of an animated character, and with laughing chorus, as before. A second time, however, in still more dismal tones, the Puritanic voices are lifted up; and the Queen has scarcely time to express surprise at the intrusion, when she is confronted by the chief of the offenders, the sombre Knox himself. Untouched by the fascination of the royal presence, and indifferent to the blandishments of the Queen—who receives him courteously, as one,

"by name and nature known
For his honest speech unsparing,
For his faith sincere and daring"—

the fierce reformer launches his denunciations with unflinch-

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ing vigour, becoming—like the witches in *Macbeth*, though in language less mysterious and symbolical—considerably more prophetic than polite. Thus, at Mary's own solicitation, does John Knox sum up her "future":—

"After bridal cometh *murder*,
Murder of a bridegroom sleeping,
Anguish feigned and wicked weeping
His detested corse beside.

After murder cometh *battle*,
Battle with a people's anger,
Quick escape from fearful danger,
Shameful rout and midnight ride.

After battle cometh *prison*,
Prison under Scottish warder,
Prison past proud England's border,
For the pale, thrice-wedded bride.

After prison cometh *scaffold*,
Scaffold in a castle stranger,
With the axe of the avenger,
Laying low the false one's pride."

These ominous forewarnings, nevertheless, fail of their intended effect. The Queen, instead of consigning the insolent intruder to prison, allows him to depart in peace, and reassures herself with the somewhat vague consolation that his words are but "a *cloud unclean*." Thus jauntily she dismisses him:—

"Sir, farewell! enough to-day!
You would preach, and we *not* pray.
* * * * *
Let him go, and hear our laughter!
Mirth to-day, whate'er come after!"

The relentless Puritan departs amid contempt and obloquy, and the *cantata* terminates with a choral apostrophe to the perfections and fortunes of the Queen—"Scotland's Lily-flower," whom "Darksome care shall fly," and "Time not dare come nigh." In spite of the license which Mr. Chorley has permitted himself with regard to John Knox, an occasional stiffness in the versification,—*ex. gra.*,—

"A hand of fire was on the wall
To stop Belshazzar's impious feast,
Which told how monarchs' crown must fall,
Because had ancient empire ceased."—

and a general leaning towards quaintness of expression in the use of quasi-obsolete words, such as "shaw" for grove —*ex. gra.*,—

"The mavis carols in the shaw"—

Holyrood is, we think, his best lyric production. The four characters—the Queen, Mary Beatoun, Rizzio, and Knox (soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass)—are skilfully portioned out, and happily contrasted with a view to musical treatment; and had the prophecy of Mary's crimes and fate—which is wholly repulsive to the unexciting (but by no means uninteresting) character of the rest—been omitted, there would be little fault to find. In selecting the period of Mary's innocent life, Mr. Chorley would, we suggest, have done more wisely, and carried out the ends of poetry more legitimately, had he abstained from all hint of the terrible future, and confined the part of John Knox within the limits furnished by history. We should then have had an unsullied picture, and a far more agreeable one, while the composer would not have been saddled with a task from which (with the context in view) Meyerbeer himself would have recoiled.

Mr. Henry Leslie, too, in the music of *Holyrood*, has written what, in our opinion, if not his most ambitious, is in a great measure decidedly his most genial and spontaneous. As a mere composition, there is very little in the work against which criticism could take exception; while in expression it is invariably unaffected and real, only falling short at that one incident which, as we have already said, had better be left out. He has treated the situation where the Queen's revels are interrupted by the Puritan singers admirably, adding both force and solemnity to the repetition of the psalm-tune (a very good one), by enriching the accompaniment (a so-called "moving bass")—which at first (like the tune itself) is in unison—with harmony. His dance-music in both instances is excellent; the minuet (with its pretty vocal trio, "Fal, lal, la") being as sober and stately as the quick step—appropriately ushered in by an imaginary bagpipe, and introducing, as in duty bound, those "consecutive fifths" recognised as a traditional inheritance of Scottish dance-music—is bustling and lively. The whole of this scene, indeed—to make use of an old phrase—is "musick'd" with an unflagging spirit. The three songs, too, have each their individual merit and marked character. The pretty ballad of Mary Beatoun, "There was once a a maiden," would, however, be just as acceptable without the melodic jerk at the end of each verse, which does not render it a bit more Scotch, or a bit more engaging. Rizzio's canzonet, "Colla stagion novella" (words by L. Carrer), is on a larger plan, and naturally of a more refined character. It consists of a graceful slow movement and vigorous *allegro*, evidently modelled on the Italian manner, though (in the case of the first especially) rather modern Italian than what may be supposed to have been Italian in the time of Rizzio. But best of all is Mary's French ditty, "In my pleasant land of France," in which are most effectively alternated a plaintive minor theme, and a melody waltz time, ending in the major, the whole set off with a gay and brilliant peroration (*coda*). The duet for the Queen and Knox, "E'en if earth should wholly fail me," a sequel to the incident of the prophecy, is vocal, melodious, and impressive, a grateful relief, moreover, to the gloomy matter that precedes it. The recitatives, solo or in dialogue, are everywhere well composed, and show Mr. Leslie an adept in the art of putting vocal declamation to music. Equally worthy of praise are the choruses, whether the short and in some degree fragmentary ones, "Will she not listen?" and "Hark! 'tis her foot," the unison psalm-tune of the Puritans, already named, or the more extended pieces which commence and terminate the work—"The mavis carols in the shaw," and "Hence, with evil omen," the first (in three divisions, with solo for contralto, after the Scotch manner) tuneful and eminently pastoral at the outset, expanding in vigorous treatment and interest with the allusions to the Queen—the last appropriately jubilant and lively throughout, both (like all the rest of the *cantata*, by the way) instrumented for the orchestra with unvarying skill and proportionate effect.

Here we must desist, with a promise to return to the subject. *Holyrood* is worth a second hearing.

—♦—

IT is a good saying, "the right man in the right place." It is also a good saying, "the right thing in the right place." The managers of both our English Operas have fallen into the mistake that pantomime would succeed in a theatre devoted to musical performances. They have found out their error by this time, and in all probability, in future, the fortunes of Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine will be transferred *in perpetuo* from her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden to Drury Lane and the minor theatres. Indeed, this is a consummation devoutly to be

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wished for by all true lovers of music. Already mischief enough has been done to the art by these Christmas baby-shows, excellent entertainments in their place, no doubt, but not at all fit to serve in conjunction with music.

What was the immediate effect of the pantomime at her Majesty's Theatre? Mr. Sims Reeves refused to sing; *Robin Hood* was withdrawn in consequence, in the midst of a triumphant success; some fourth-rate French opera was attempted to be foisted on the public; the natural result of all being a beggarly account of empty boxes. Now, be it understood, this was no fault of the pantomime, which was in every way a good pantomime of its thumps and faces, and which obtained the applause of the entire press. But the whole affair seemed awry to the public mind. The frequenters of the Opera doubtless cared little for the tricks of Harlequin and his *troupe*, under any conditions, and many would take offence at having music made a stepping-stone to folly and nonsense. There is a great deal, too, in custom. We like champagne in its proper glass, and would not drink ale from pewter. It seemed almost a desecration, in an abstract sense, to behold her Majesty's Theatre converted into a song-room for "hot codlins;" to hear the shrill squeak of Pantaloon where Pasta and Rubini sang; or follow the impossible feats of some muscular family over the same boards, where Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Pocchini swam before the ken. It is impossible to divest ourselves of these associations, and in such regard a theatre may be as sacred as a church. The aristocracy, moreover, when they have waived the banner of their patronage around a place of entertainment, do not like to see it made too common; and what can make a theatre more common than a Christmas pantomime? Mr. E. T. Smith proved himself too much of a reformer, too much of an anti-monopolist? He thought he did everything for the best—everthing to please the general public. This was his error. Her Majesty's Theatre was not constituted to please the *general*, but the *particular*, public. Let Mr. Smith try back, to speak in hunting parlance; he may come upon the traces of the game he has lost, and, with his splendid pack, may yet have a long and magnificent run.

What was the immediate effect of the pantomime at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden? The withdrawal of Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca*, which had been running a most successful career, and promised, like *Lurline* and *Satanella*, to make the fortune of the theatre. Did Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison really believe that the pantomime would prove as attractive as *Bianca*? At the best, it was parting with a certainty for an uncertainty; and now assuredly they regret not having adhered to the opera which everybody was so anxious to hear. It may be said that the success of the pantomime last year warranted the highest expectations this year on the part of the Royal English Opera directors; but even that success was gained at the sacrifice of Mr. Wallace's opera, which, up to the close of the season at Christmas, continued to draw all London, and which, when reproduced towards the end of the run of the pantomime, went comparatively out of favour. The London public does not like to be trifled with and tantalised. What else can we call it when we find managers in the very zenith of a success, when curiosity and anxiety are on the stretch, withdrawing a piece which all praise and every one desires to hear? The pantomime at Covent Garden has been no less injurious than that at her Majesty's Theatre. In both cases the managers have to blame themselves. They set aside a positive attraction to make room for that which could only be doubtful, and reckoned upon the first success being resumed at leisure, though all previous facts had proved the contrary.

What remedy to commend to the directors of the two English Operas, unless an entire repudiation of the Christmas entertainment, we know not. It appears to us that operas and pantomimes are incompatible, not because the sentiments they create are opposite, but because they are antagonistic. The opera appeals to a class of the public the very antipodes of that which pantomime does. No manager can expect to conciliate at the same time two distinct audiences of entirely different tastes and feelings. As well have two separate entertainments at once. Like oil and water, opera and pantomime will not coalesce. By shaking them violently together, they may be made to form a seemingly homogeneous substance of a disagreeable colour; but allow them to rest, the water subsides, the oil ascends, and each retakes the transparency and brightness which constituted its original attraction. Let the managers of the English Operas draw their inference from the meeting and separation of the oil and water.

IN all the biographies of Carl Maria von Weber, the 18th December, 1786, is fixed on as the day of his birth, and it is certain that he himself considered and kept it as such.

The same date is adopted, likewise, in an angry letter written by Weber, then thirteen, on the occasion of his first operatic attempt, *Das Waldmädchen*, (subsequently worked up into the opera of *Sylvana*) in Freyberg, to J. G. F., the *Cantor*, or singing-master of the place. In this letter, Weber replies as follows to an assertion made by the *Cantor* on the 24th January, 1801:—"That I was born at half-past ten o'clock, p.m., on the 18th December, 1787, is proved by my baptismal certificate; therefore, I am not merely nominally but actually *thirteen*."—In this instance, by mentioning the year 1787 instead of 1786, he made himself out a year younger. Weber's date agrees, therefore, neither in the day nor year, with the tablet erected against the house where he was born, in the Lübecker Strasse, Eutin, and which was first uncovered on the 12th September, 1853.

The inscription on this tablet runs thus:

"In this house was born
CARL MARIA VON WEBER.
Baptized at Eutin, 20th November, 1786.
Died in London, 5th June, 1826."

On referring to the notice which appeared in No. 533, page 180, of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of the 17th September, 1853, we read:—"that the composer's father, Franz Anton von Weber, was summoned to Eutin in 1785, and that, shortly after his appointment there in 1786, his son, Carl Maria, was born. The child's birthday is not, however, mentioned in the parish register, but only the *day on which he was christened*, namely the 20th November, from which it may be concluded that Carl Maria von Weber was born on the 18th November, because it was then the rule at Eutin that children should be christened on the third day after they were born."

MR JOHN COOPER.—This veteran actor, whom most playgoers, whatever be their age, will recollect as one of the well-tested props of the "legitimate" drama, has at last retired from the stage, which has become to him a second nature through a service of 40 years. But from his other profession, that of a teacher of elocution, in which he has acquired equal celebrity, he does *not* retire, and he has warned the public not to confound one retirement with the other.

HERR BECKER, the eminent violinist, has returned to London from his native town, Strasburg, where, our readers will be happy to learn, he has been thoroughly cured of the effects of his late serious accident which had almost threatened him with blindness. Herr Becker will again share the post of "leader" with Mr. H. Blagrove at the Philharmonic Concerts.

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WHAT WAGNER MEANS BY HIS LAST LETTER.

(*Communicated.*)

IN his last work, "*Quatre Poèmes d'opéras, précédés d'une lettre sur la Musique*," Libraire Nouvelle, Paris 1861, he clearly explains his views. He maintains that the libretto must be a well written poem,—the poet must have liberty to use whatever verse metre he fancies best suited to the expression of the subject,—the music must express the sentiment of the poem, or rather aid the poem in that expression. He is deep in his admiration of Beethoven, concerning melody; he maintains that the operatic melody should have a symphonic character. ("History of Melody.") Greek music was associated with the dance, the poem and melody were ruled by a dance rhythm.

With the first Christian communities dance rhythm was thrown aside as something profane, hence the monotony of Gregorian chant.

Harmony was introduced later by the school of Italian ecclesiastical music, which gave it a certain accent, as rhythm had done with Greek music. At the rise of the Italian opera, the composers sought rhythm by the easiest means, gave it a dance rhythm, which did not accord with modern verse metre, as that had grown up with the church music without rhythm. Italian opera composers left away harmony, which was a characteristic of the ecclesiastical school. IN Germany, church music developed itself—but harmony was retained. The Germans also reintroduced dance rhythm, such as it had been perpetuated all along in the national dances; from this combination arose the symphony perfected by the immortal Beethoven.

Mozart, Glück, &c., composed operas in the Italian style. German music developed itself in symphony not opera. Wagner now introduces this symphonic system into the opera, which seems to be natural and rational.

P.S.—National dances contain a dramatic action — some love story, and dance that action, true sister of opera—may be idealised *ad libitum*. Where is modern ballet?

GNAT.

[Bravissimo!—"Gnat."]

HULLAH FUND.

THE concert given on Monday at Covent Garden Theatre, in aid of the Hullah Fund, was much better attended than the entertainment of last week in St. James's Hall. The house was tolerably well filled, and the audience exhibited more enthusiasm than is usually shown at morning performances. The programme, indeed, was of unusual excellence for a benefit concert, and of refreshing shortness. The ladies who gave their services were:—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, who sang her favourite shadow song from *Dinorah*, with all her accustomed brilliancy; Mad. Catherine Hayes, who executed the vocal polka from *Le Tre Nozze*, which Signor Alary has wedded to such strangely inappropriate words, and also her eternal "Last Rose of Summer;" Mad. Laura Baxter, who selected Mozart's "Voi che sapete," the native freshness of which time cannot impair; and the canzonetta, "Fanciulle che il core," from Meyerbeer's last opera; last, not least, Mrs. Sims Reeves, who now never appears in public except on some rare occasion of special interest. It was therefore doubly graceful on her part to come forward in so good a cause as a testimonial to Mr. Hullah, as the audience, by their warm reception, seemed anxious to testify. Mrs. Reeves selected the delicious "Breeze song" from Auber's *Haidée*, which we have had so few opportunities of hearing since she deserted our concert rooms. Mr. Sims Reeves displayed his taste in choosing the wonderfully expressive air from Gluck's *Iphigenia*, which he gave with exquisite feeling. His singing was no less admirable, though in opposite style, in "Come, if you dare." He was encored with enthusiasm in Purcell's fine air, but he declined to accept the compliment until the amusing obstinacy of the choristers, who seemed as anxious as the audience to hear the song repeated, and who remained on the stage for that purpose, left him no alternative but to yield. Mr. Thomas, the only other male vocalist, sang "Non più andrai;" M. Sainton played with power and feeling a *fantasia* of his own, introducing several of the most expressive and touching melodies of *Rigoletto*; and Mr. Hallé performed with his usual energy the G minor concerto of Mendelssohn, in which, by-the-by, the orchestral accompaniments were so admirably performed that they never for a moment overpowered the touch of the supple-fingered pianist. The instrumentalists had a still better opportunity of displaying, both in the overture Beethoven wrote to the *Men of Prometheus*—the ballet in which, as some German writer says, the Titan is put into tights, and made to dance—and the elaborate prelude to *Dinorah*. The thanks of Mr. Hullah's committee are due to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison for the use of the theatre; to the orchestra and chorus of the establishment, and to Mr. Alfred Mellon, for their kindness in offering their valuable services, no less than to the principal vocalists.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S CONCERTS.

THE concert recently held by Prince George Galitzin in St. James's Hall, was one of remarkable and varied excellence. A first-rate band, led by that practised English violinist, Mr. Willy; a chorus, exclusively of amateurs, giving the music set down, for them as perfectly as though they had been a body of expert professors; and solo singers, thoroughly up to their work, constituted the executive force. The programme had the double merit of being excellent in itself and almost entirely new; and this, combined with the unquestionable talent of Prince Galitzin, whether regarded in the light of composer or conductor, stamped the whole entertainment as one of genuine and uncommon interest.

A large part of the selection consisted of Russian music. Prince Galitzin had already afforded the English public an opportunity of estimating the purely national genius of Bortnianski at its proper value. No. 7 of the *Cherubim's Songs* was heard with unequivocal satisfaction in June, 1860; and on Wednesday night No. 6 ("Adoramus"), from the same original and striking series, justified all the praises lavished on its companion. The music of the Russian church more than three quarters of a century ago elicited the lively sympathy of foreigners. From Sarti, Cimarosa, Galuppi, and Paesielo—the four most renowned Italians who, by munificent offers, were persuaded to visit and compose for the Russian capital—to Boieldieu, "the French Mozart," as he has been not unfairly styled, and who wrote several operas for the Russian stage, we hear nothing but eulogistic allusions to its simplicity and grandeur. Of all the Russian composers for the church, Bortnianski was the most justly eminent. Although a serf in the Ukraine, he had a generous master, who, struck with his early aptitude, sent him to Rome to study under Galuppi; and not the least merit in Bortnianski was, that after his return from Italy, when appointed chorus-master to the Imperial Chapel, he rendered himself famous by the production of music as unlike that of Galuppi as possible. But this same Bortnianski possessed undoubted genius; and it is a fair question whether, if Galuppi had gone to Russia, to practise with Bortnianski, instead of Bortnianski going to Italy to practise with Galuppi, there would have been much difference in the end. The music of the Russian has an earnestness to which that of the somewhat trivial and (not quite undeservedly) forgotten Italian can lay no pretension. Another Russian composer was brought forward on Wednesday night by Prince Galitzin. We allude to Lamakin, whose works, though for the most part existing in manuscript, are highly esteemed, and—as the well-written and extremely interesting comments on the programme remind us—marked "by a simple and devotional character rarely obtained except by the greatest masters." The chorus of Lamakin presented on this occasion illustrates one of the most solemn incidents of High Mass, and is a very favourable specimen of his manner. The most striking features of Prince Galitzin's proconcert, nevertheless, were the vocal and instrumental selections from Glinka, who, as a musical composer, is to Russia what Mozart is to Germany, Rossini to Italy, Auber to France, Gomez to Spain, and Bishop to England. Glinka is not only the greatest genius of Russia, but universally accepted as the national composer of that country. Of his opera, *Life for the Tzar*, we have spoken, more than once, and we were positively charmed with the air, "Wittern Warheit," introduced for the first time on the present occasion, and well suited to the magnificent bass voice and energetic delivery of Herr Joseph Hermanns, whose imperso-

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nation of the Commendatore at her Majesty's Theatre made so great an impression in the summer. A "Persian chorus"—so called, the melody being pronounced of Persian origin—afforded some idea of Glinka's second opera, *Rousslan and Loudmila*, which many connoisseurs even go so far as to prefer to his *Life for the Tzar*. Into this question it is unnecessary to enter, but if all the rest of *Rousslan and Loudmila* equals the "Persian chorus," it must be a work of a high and imaginative class. The chorus is for women's voices, and the ladies of the choir may be fairly complimented for the unexceptionable style in which it was given. Not satisfied with presenting his favourite as an operatic composer, Prince Galitzin enriched his programme with a "page" from Glinka's instrumental works, in shape of a *scherzo* for orchestra, entitled *Kamarinskaia*. This—in its way, as genuine a masterpiece as could be heard—is founded on two national melodies, the one a popular air frequently sung at betrothals, the other an ancient Russian dance-tune. The orchestration is as fanciful as the themes are graceful, piquant, and suggestive, and the conduct of the entire movement just as ingenious. It was played by the band to absolute perfection, enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated. A brighter example of Glinka's skill and invention as a composer for the orchestra could hardly have been picked out, although—as doubtless, in forthcoming concerts, Prince Galitzin will make the English public aware—some of the great Russian musican's so-called "*fantasia-overtures*" are well worth an attentive hearing. A "selection" from the first act of *Life for the Tzar*—in which (after the manner of the late M. Jullien's *pot-pourris*) several of the most striking themes and musical situations are interweaved—and a vocal trio, called "Les quatre soupirs" (sung, and well sung, by Miss Susannah Cole, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. Henry, were the other specimens from Glinka. The "selection," arranged for the orchestra with masterly skill by Prince Galitzin, was splendidly executed, the solos (for flute, oboe, cornet, and ophicleide) by Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Levy, and Hughes, being warmly and repeatedly applauded.

Some pieces of Prince Galitzin's own composition afforded unequivocal pleasure, and among these may especially be named the *Chanson Bohemienne*, with solos for *contralto* voice and oboe (Miss Lascelles and M. Lavigne)—the melody of which strongly recalls the principal theme in the passionate last movement of Beethoven's quartet in A minor—a delicious polka, entitled *Lelia*, as short and concise as it is sparkling; and the *Russian Quadrille*, founded on the national airs, "*Sontze na zakate*" ("The sun is setting"), "*Mnié markatso molodieneki*," &c.—the last and most vigorous of which, Glinka's own Russian hymn, introduced at the end of his *Life for the Tzar*, excited the utmost enthusiasm and was unanimously encored. A more effective and brillant production of its class than this *Russian Quadrille* has not been heard for years, nor could a finer performance have been desired, even by the composer himself.

Last, not least (to end with the beginning), the concert opened with Beethoven's grand and truly superb overture in C major (Op. 124), prepared for the inauguration of the Josephstadt Theatre at Vienna, on the occasion of the Emperor of Austria's fête (1822). This overture was dedicated by Beethoven himself to Prince Nicholas Galitzin (Prince George Galitzin's father); to whom also were inscribed, and for whom were expressly composed, the three renowned quartets ("Posthumous"—as they have been incorrectly styled) in E flat, B flat, and A minor—Op. 127, 130, and 132. The execution of the overture, under the Prince's direction, was quite worthy its transcendent merits, and inaugurated with appropriate "pomp and circumstance" an entertainment which must have interested and throughly satisfied every amateur present. Prince George Galitzin cannot be too highly praised for his manner of conducting, which is at once clear, emphatic, and thoroughly musician-like. He takes rank, in short, with the ablest orchestral directors of the day.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—If there was less of novelty in the programme of the last concert, the selection was, at any rate, quite as unexceptionable as any that had gone before, and afforded as great gratification to an audience numerous and attentive as ever. Some change in the arrangement was necessitated by the unavoidable absence of Miss Arabella Goddard, the cause of which, we regretted to learn, from a circular in the programme, and from a short and well-delivered speech of Mr. Benedict, was indisposition. Signor Piatti, however, kindly volunteered Bach's prelude, *Sarabande and Gavotte*, which he has rendered so popular, and which was given, of course, to perfection. We hope, nevertheless, on a future occasion to hear Handel's *Suite de Pièces* in F major, which had been intended for the pianoforte solo. Mendelssohn's quartet in D major (Op. 44) must be always welcome to the lovers of genuine music, and worthily did duty for the trio (No. 2) in C minor, originally set down as the concluding piece. Schubert's quartet in D minor (given for the first time on January 14th) was again received with all the enthusiasm that a Monday Popular audience so well knows how to express. A second hearing of this work fully confirms our high opinion of its merits. The *allegro*, the *scherzo*, the *presto*, each remarkable for individual beauty, were all played superbly; but it was in the exquisite *andante*, with variations, where the violoncello of Piatti rivalled the fiddle of Vieuxtemps, that the genius of Schubert was felt in the fullest degree; and long and earnest was the applause that followed the conclusion of this truly expressive movement. It would be an injustice to Messrs. Ries and Schreurs, who held the second violin and viola, not to make honourable mention of their efficient aid in this very fine performance. M. Vieuxtemps, in his solo—Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo*—proved himself a veritable magician with his instrument, and the word marvellous could alone express the feeling of all who listened to this extraordinary display of skill. The pianoforte accompaniment (executed by Mad. Vieuxtemps) was faultless. Mad. Louisa Vinning contributed two pieces—Dussek's "Now summer has departed," * heard for the first time (a fresh and charming composition), and Haydn's well-known "Mermaid's Song." Miss Lascelles' rich contralto gave great effect to Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura," and Henry Smart's delicious ballad, "Come back to me," † the solemnity of the first contrasting effectively with the graceful feeling of the last. Mr. Benedict was, as a matter of course, the conductor. Next Monday's programme is peculiarly rich in attractions, embracing Beethoven's last pianoforte sonata (Op. 111) for Miss Arabella Goddard, the famous Kreutzer sonata by M. Vieuxtemps and the accomplished pianist just named, and the Lieder "Kreis and Adelaide" for Mr. Sims Reeves. C.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Not merely was the entire programme at the second concert (on Friday evening, Feb. 1st), good, but a sometime promised novelty of more than ordinary pretensions was included, in the shape of a *cantata* from the pen of Mr. Henry Leslie himself. The title of the new work—which (we may at once record) was entirely successful—is *Holyrood*. The poem, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, although constructed out of very slight materials, comprises more than one situation well adapted for musical treatment. In another column, however, will be found what we have to say at present both about words and music. It is enough here to mention the flattering reception accorded to *Holyrood*, and briefly chronicle the merits of the execution. In this first performance of a new composition, the members of Mr. Leslie's Choir covered themselves with honour. Every movement of the conductor's bâton was anxiously observed, and very few points, in consequence, were left open to objection. Mr. Leslie was also lucky in the possession of such accomplished solo singers as Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, and Weiss, who all did their very best, and were in every instance entitled to the composer's warmest acknowledgments. Madame Sherrington has never sung with more brilliant effect; her French air ("In my pleasant Land of France"), which created a "furore," was a masterpiece of taste and facile execution combined. Miss Palmer gave both her solos, and especially the ballad of Mary Beatoun ("There was once a maiden"), in a style quite irreproachable; Mr. Wilbye Cooper displayed his refined artistic feeling to the greatest advantage in Rizzio's Italian canzonet ("Colla stagion novella"); and the superb bass voice and admirably emphatic delivery of Mr. Weiss brought out the solemn phrases allotted to John Knox, in the prophecy and elsewhere, with a weight and dignity that left nothing to desire.

* "Monday Popular Concerts' Library" (*Vocal Department*).
† *Ibid.*

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The duet for the Queen and the Puritan, ("Even if earth should wholly fail me"), between this gentleman and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, was altogether faultless, and elicited the most rapturous applause. The success of *Holyrood* was decided, and the composer who, of course, directed its performance, was unanimously summoned at the end, and enthusiastically applauded by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in St. James's Hall. A few words must suffice for the second part of the concert, which began with a clever performance of Professor Sterndale Bennett's graceful and masterly Caprice in E major for pianoforte with orchestra, the solo player being Miss Cazaly, who though one of the most distinguished members of the Vocal Choir, is also a pianist of equal talent and promise. Mr. Henry Smart's beautiful "Ave Maria," a great favourite here, was sung in the usual manner, and as usual encored; the same honour having been previously conferred upon one of the magnificent sacred pieces composed by Mendelssohn for the Berlin cathedral—a setting of the 43rd Psalm for eight-part choir, the execution of which may be briefly described as the most faultless ever achieved by Mr. Leslie's singers, and probably one of the most faultless ever heard. The enthusiasm created by this performance was unbounded. A quintet from Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, ("Di scrivermi ogni giorno"), in which the principal singers already named, with the addition of Mr. Henry, took part; together with the unaccompanied trio (Mad. Sherrington, Mr. Percy and Miss Palmer) and subsequent chorus from *Elijah* (rather out of place), completed the programme.

M. MUSARD'S CONCERTS.—A series of Promenade Concerts, to last for one month, was commenced on Saturday night at St. James's Hall, under the direction of M. Musard. Jullien has had no successor, and there seems to be a good opening for a man of enterprise and talent to turn his attention to the organisation of Promenade Concerts, and devote to this one object the enthusiastic energy of that famous *chef d'orchestre*. We should not overlook Jullien's zeal in ransacking all Europe in search for talent; nor must we forget that he was the first to invite the general public to an acquaintance with the highest forms of musical art. At first sight it would seem that M. Musard is well calculated to succeed his late countryman. All frequenters of Paris must remember the large room of the Hotel d'Osmond, in the Rue Basse du Rempart, in which the "Concerts Musard" nightly took place. This portion, by the by, of the Boulevard des Capucines—opposite the Rue de la Paix—is now a waste of *débris*, but the spot is shortly to be adorned by the new Académie de Musique and a gigantic carvanserai, to rival the Hôtel du Louvre in magnificence and extent. In the summer months M. Musard's orchestra attracts large numbers to his gaily lighted garden behind the Palace de l'Industrie. Besides the advantages the new candidate may be supposed to have derived from his father's long experience, he has himself had great practice in conducting. But, if we are to judge by the programmes presented during the week, he is not very likely to attain the high position which rewarded Jullien's exertions. He seems, indeed, to be possessed with the erroneous notions of his countrymen on the subject of musical education and taste in England. The programme of any one night is just such a selection as M. Musard would have arranged for his concerts in the Champs Elysées, and the conductor evidently labours under the impression that music —if the "grand *pot-pourri*" which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the evening is to be dignified with the name—which is just fit for a Parisian *flâneur* to listen to as he smokes his cigar on a summer's evening in the open air, is good enough for an English audience at St. James's Hall. Now, he could scarcely have committed a greater mistake. With all their boasted taste, and facility for writing light pieces, our lively neighbours are far behind us in their estimation of good music; and in the second, St. James's Hall is emphatically the most musical place in London. In fact, there is more first class music devoutly listened to in that one room in a month than is performed—and not listened to—in Paris in a whole year. An outline of last week's proceedings will, we imagine, satisfy even M. Musard of the truth of our assertion. On Monday, at the Popular Concerts, the famous *Ottetto* of Mendelssohn, the mere mechanical difficulty of which prevents its frequent performance, was played in a style which could not possibly be surpassed, and was listened to with an attention and applauded with an enthusiasm that nothing less exciting than the barking of M. Offenbach's *Roi Barkouf*, the canine hero of his last opera, could have elicited from a miscellaneous audience of the metropolis of France. On Tuesday we had M. Benedict's graceful and charming *Undine*; on Wednesday the unknown music of Russia received the most earnest attention from the audience, and the most cordial appreciation; and on Friday a new cantata by a talented native musician, and one of the most admirable choral performances ever heard of compositions by Mendelsshon, the greatest genius of our time, and the composer who has, therefore, always failed to command attention in Paris—completed the musical operations of the week.

To detail the various programmes would be a waste of time. They consist, for the most part, of variations for different instruments—in every case executed with very remarkable skill, but tiresome from their constant repetition, and dance music that depends upon some trick for effect. Such, for instance, as the polka entitled "The Kisses," in which that osculatory feat, pleasant though it be in practice seemed to us "very poor wit," when performed by the gentlemen of an orchestra; and the quadrille, "Les Echos," in which the variations for clarionet, cornet-à-pistons, and piccolo appeared repeated by other instruments in some adjoining room. The arrangement of the air "Tu vedrai Sventurata," from *Il Pirata*, with variations for *three trombones in unison*, has, at least, the merit of originality. The pieces of most interest and novelty combined, given during the week, were two marches by Richard Wagner — that from *Tannhäuser*, and that from *Lohengrin* — called in the programme "March of the Intended,"— comprising the wedding chorus, which was performed by the Philharmonic Society, during Wagner's short-lived reign over that respectable body. The one really classical piece was the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the violoncello part of which in the first movement was admirably played by M. Lemoury, and the general performance would have been irreproachable but for the predominance of the brass instruments. There were no less than eighteen instruments of brass and percussion in an orchestra of something over sixty performers,—a large proportion, though not unusual in France. The solo performances of M. Lalliet (oboe), M. de Vroye (flute), M. Barey (piccolo) M. Fabre (clarionet) M. Delpech (cornet-à-piston) M. Moreau (ophecleide), and MM. François, Richir and Quentin (trombones), were all remarkably fine; while M. Legendre's execution on the cornet has scarcely been surpassed. Signor Valsovani sings the Garibaldi Hymn every evening, to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—Passing through a country lane near Hampstead this morning, I was greatly amused by the display of musical talent on the part of a dog's meat vendor, who thus proclaimed his wares:—

I retained the melody for the amusement of your readers, if you like to print it.

As a melodic form, it is really not so bad, and perhaps some learned antiquarian can inform me if it is an old street cry, or what would be still more curious, a display of talent on the part of the purveyor. The long pause and the perfect cadence at the end greatly enhanced the effect.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

St. James's Hall, Feb. 2nd, 1861.

AUGMENTED INTERVALS.

SIR,—As an augmented interval generally is marked 𝄪 or 𝄫, why should a × or 𝄫 not be signed like 𝄪 or 𝄫?—Yours, &c.

Belfast. L. K.

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The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The revival of *Robin Hood* on Tuesday, with Mr. Sims Reeves' reappearance, attracted by far the largest audience since the Christmas holidays. Such an attendance, indeed, must have forcibly presented to Mr. Smith's imagination the loss he had sustained by not giving Mr. Macfarren's opera, in conjunction with the pantomime, up to the present time. That this arrangement was not a part of the managerial system is generally believed; but, whatever the cause, the interruption to *Robin Hood* injured the theatre, and did good to nobody. Mr. Sims Reeves could not appear in the opera immediately after Christmas, having previously contracted numerous provincial engagements. Had Mr. Macfarren's opera continued its career uninterruptedly from the beginning, it would, we do not doubt, have made a vast difference, in a pecuniary sense, to Mr. Smith, for which reason, if for no other, its temporary suspension was to be regretted. Let us hope, nevertheless, that *Robin Hood* may obtain a new lease of public favour. Indeed the performance of Tuesday night points to such an issue as not unlikely. The audience were as delighted as ever with the music, and never applauded with greater enthusiasm. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more superbly, or with more uniform success. "My own, my guiding star," was so vociferously and unanimously redemanded, that the singer was forced into a compromise, and had to come forward to acknowledge the honour. Even then the call for a repetition was persisted in—but in vain. The great tenor's triumph, however, was not confined to his love-song, but equally conspicuous in the national airs, "Englishmen by birth are free," and "The grasping, rasping Norman race," and the grand air in the prison scene, in which he "surpassed himself." Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington appeared to have gained fresh brilliancy and power by her long rest from the fatigues of the stage. She sang throughout with the greatest effect, and created a furor in the grand scena of the same act. The variation on "True love, true love," which constitutes the *finale*, was warbled with the fluency and sweetness of a lark, and brought down the curtain with immense *éclat*. Mr. Santley sang splendidly, and Mad. Lemaire was more than usually painstaking in the part of Alice. Mr. Honey's humour in the Sompnour was as genuine and telling as before, and was occasionally provocative of "inextinguishable laughter."

Mr. Vincent Wallace's *Amber Witch* is underlined as in active preparation, but the date of its production will probably depend on the continued attraction of *Robin Hood*.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday evening a performance of a very novel nature will be given previous to the opera. Mr. Robert Stœpel, a musician of talent and acquirement, and not unknown to our readers, left England some years ago for America, and, when in Boston, set Longfellow's celebrated poem, *Hiawatha*, to music. It was performed there, in 1859, with great *éclat*, and subsequently at New York, and other States of the Union, with like success. Mr. Stœpel having returned to England, has determined to try the fortunes of his "Indian Symphony" in this country. Like the *Antigone* of Mendelssohn, the poem of *Hiawatha* is partly recited and partly sung, the verses being interspersed with solos and choruses. Mad. Stœpel (Miss Heron), who is a *tragédienne* of eminence in the United States, will read the poem, and the band and chorus of the Royal English Opera, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, with some of the principal singers, will execute the music. There is a good deal of curiosity excited about the work, which, according to the transatlantic journals, created a profound sensation, wherever it was heard, in America.

Meanwhile *Bianca, or the Bravo's Bride*, finds new admirers nightly; the pantomime is to be withdrawn on Monday; *Satanella* to be given on Tuesday; the *Domino Noir* (English version) is talked of; and Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* already *announced*.

GRAND TOUR BY MR. WILLERT BEALE.—The sun of music will shine in the provinces during the month of April and part of the month of May, with beams more than usually golden. Mr. Willert Beale, the most enterprising and imaginative of all impresarios—or, to speak by the card, *impresarii*—has planned a grand *tournée* throughout the kingdom, calculated indeed to astonish the natives. At the head of the list of artists stands Marietta Alboni—the brightest star now shining in the musical hemisphere—whose name alone is a tower of strength and a beacon to allure all far-off gazers. Next comes Mlle. Sedlatzek, of whom the London musical public bears such pleasing recollections. With the ladies appear Signor Montanaro, *primo tenore* of the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, for whom rumour has many a favouring word. He will make his first appearance in England. The instrumentalists are Miss Arabella Goddard and Giulio Regondi. It is not for us to emblazon the reputation of native artists so inimitable as these. Herr Goldberg will be the conductor, and Mr. Land the director-in-chief. A more admirable and attractive *troupe* we cannot even imagine. Success shines on the very forehead of the enterprise.

Provincial.

THE fifth concert of the EDINBURGH Musical Association, which was to have taken place on Saturday last, was postponed to make way for a second miscalled "Monday" Popular Concert, that given in the Music Hall on the 8th of January having proved so eminently successful as to amount to an imperative *encore*, which the director, Mr. Arthur Chappell (unlike Sims Reeves), did not think proper to ignore. The following programme was given:—

PART I.—Trio in D minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mendelssohn; song, "O! cara, imagine," Mozart; canzonet, "Now summer has departed," Dussek; sonata in C (Op. 53), for pianoforte, Beethoven.

PART II.—Tema con variazioni in D, for pianoforte and violoncello, Mendelssohn; canzonet, "The Mermaid's Song," Haydn; sonata for violin, *Il Trillo del Diavolo*, Tartini; song, "When we are parted," Blumenthal; duet, "Per valli, per boschi," Blangini; sonata in A (Op. 47), for pianoforte and violin, Beethoven.

The instrumentalists were MM. Vieuxtemps and Hallé and Signor Piatti; the singers, Mad. Louisa Vinning and Mr. Tennant. The whole performance, according to the *Edinburgh Courant*, created a profound sensation, more especially the sonata for pianoforte and violin, the famous "Kreutzer," which the writer declares to be the most admirable performance of the piece ever heard in Edinburgh. "M. Vieuxtemps' playing," he adds, "shows a combination of rich tone and lightness of touch which is by no means common, while his fiery attack and rigid attention to light and shade make him an invaluable assistant in concerted music." A truism is not always unacceptable. The critic, indeed, is not particularly enthusiastic, and does not heed finding fault with the Music Hall for its non-adaptability to the performance of pianoforte music, nor recommending Mad. Louisa Vinning to enunciate her words more distinctly. Mr. Tennant, on the other hand, is stated to have merited the recall he obtained in Herr Blumenthal's song, "for the graceful and unaffected manner in which it was sung." Miss Clari Fraser and Mr. George Buckland appeared a second time at the Saturday Evening Concerts on Saturday last.

The thirtieth series of lectures and entertainments, says the *Brighton Guardian*, was inaugurated at the Brighton Athenæum on Wednesday evening last, the 30th ultimo, on which occasion the large room of the Town Hall contained a very good attendance to witness Mr. Ransford's new nautical entertainment, entitled *Tales of the Sea*. The songs were given with a hearty genuine feeling and considerable dramatic effect, and were applauded throughout, particularly the lecturer's own composition, "The King of the Sea," and Dibdin's celebrated ballad, "Tom Bowling."

The *Manchester Examiner and Times* has a glowing effigy on Mad. Lancia, as she appeared at the Free-trade Hall, on Saturday last, in the new entertainment, "Light and Shade," which is just now making a tour of the provinces. "Mad. Florence Lancia," says the writer, "is an artist in the highest sense of the term,—it is not only that she possesses a pure soprano voice of compass, of delicacy, and power; but she also adds to the charm by grace of action, by truth of declamation, by pathos as well as by passion." At Hull the same entertainment met with a warm reception.

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A letter from an occasional correspondent at LIVERPOOL contains the subjoined delectable piece of news:—

"We have had another importation from America, in the shape of a company calling themselves 'Father Kemp's Old Folk,'—numbering about thirty. These 'niggers' dress themselves in the costume of New Englanders of the last century, and actually sing *hymns!* and spiritual songs, together with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Hail! Columbia,' &c. They began proceedings in this favoured town, and on the first night actually asked the audience *to join them in singing the last verse of the hymn!* The harmonies they sing are of the *most* ——— description, and, as they will 'appear' at St. James's Hall in a day or two, you would do the cause of music infinite service by placing these American entertainments in their *true light*. Although music is the only attraction they can depend upon, the art is invariably degraded by these Yankee exhibitions, which are really a series of the most vulgar displays imaginable."

By the way, an enthusiastic music-seller of Liverpool exhibits at his shop window, in one of the leading thoroughfares of that town, a diminutive bust of the famous *chef d'orchestre*, with the following inscription underneath:—"MICHEL COSTA, THE GREAT MUSICIAN."

In accordance with a previous announcement, writes a correspondent, the new organ built for the Free Wesleyan Church, HUDDERSFIELD, was on Thursday evening, Jan. 31st, publicly tested by E. J. Hopkins, Esq., the eminent metropolitan organist. The organ (which has cost 700*l.*) contains three complete manuals and pedal organ, and is a very superior instrument; the diapasons are remarkably fine, their principal feature being a singular breadth and roundness of tone without being overpowering to the ear. It is quite refreshing to meet with this character of tone after the miserable abortions under the *name* of *diapason* which we so often encounter in various organs. The reeds are very powerful and smooth in the voicing, and several of the solo stops are of delicious quality. Messrs. Conacher and Co. may well be proud of such an instrument, and they certainly have every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which its qualities were displayed by Mr. Hopkins.

The SHEFFIELD Choral and Instrumental Society performed M. Costa's Oratorio *Eli* on Wednesday evening. "Costa's *Eli* was the oratorio selected," writes the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, "and as it is a work not yet sufficiently known and appreciated, and being also difficult of concert interpretation, some misgivings might naturally be felt as to its successful performance." The solo vocalists were Mad. Weiss, Miss Crossland, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Butterworth. The chorus went well under the direction of Mr. G. H. Smith, and the success of the performance was undoubted.

A correspondent from DUDLEY informs us that on Tuesday evening, a concert of sacred music was given in the Rose Hill School Room to a crowded audience. The popular vocalist, Mrs. Sunderland, was engaged, with Mr. George Mainwaring and other vocalists of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Sunderland in "With verdure clad," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "If God be for us," and "From Mighty Kings," won universal praise. Mr. George Mainwaring gave "The people that walked in darkness," and "Why do the nations," in excellent style. The choruses conducted by Mr. William Mainwaring gave satisfaction.

The *Shrewsbury Journal* given us the particulars of Mr. Walter C. Hay's first annual concert. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was engaged, and by her brillant vocalisation justified the high encomiums which have been lavished upon her by the London press. Miss Fanny Huddart is also a favourite in Shrewsbury. Mr. Weiss obtained an encore in Loder's "Martin, the man-at-arms," and substituted his own song, "The Village Blacksmith," which says our contemporary electrified the audience. Mr. Weiss also sung his new ballad, "The Knight's Vigil." Mr. Lemmens played the harmonium in a style never before heard in Shrewsbury, while it is needless to say that M. Sainton justified his reputation as one of the finest violinists of the day.

It is announced in the *Belfast Journal* that Mad. Catherine Hayes, having been induced to accept an engagement from the Classical Harmonists' Society, intends to take advantage of the opportunity to visit some of the other Irish provincial towns. "It is safe," writes our contemporary, "to predict for her everywhere a hearty welcome; and one of the heartiest, we are sure, awaits her at Belfast, where her reappearance will be under the auspices of so popular a society, and the direction of so accomplished a musician and composer as its conductor, Mr. G. B. Allen. Under this gentleman's able tuition, the society has attained a degree of proficiency which, together with the merits of the artists engaged, must render their forthcoming concerts eminently attractive."—Several preliminary meetings have been held, with a view to establish, in Belfast, a Musical Association in connection with the congregations belonging to the Presbyterian Church. The object of this organisation is to cultivate the science of sacred music, and to improve congregational psalmody. It has been long felt that a sufficient measure of attention has not been given to this important part of worship; and it is hoped that, by a simultaneous effort, a great improvement may be effected, and a new stimulus given to the practice of psalmody in other parts of the country.

From our own correspondent at BELFAST we have received the following:—

"The Classical Harmonists gave their second subscription concert on the 22nd, when the Dettingen 'Te Deum' was produced for the first time in Belfast. With the exception of one point, the passage for sopranos, unaccompanied, 'We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,' &c, in which the voices got flat, as is indeed usually the case everywhere in this passage, the performance was a very fine one. Mr. Thackeray, tenor, sang 'When thou tookest upon thee,' very nicely, but having only just risen from a bed of sickness, his voice was unequal to his other solos on this and the following night. Mr. Briggs was the bass, and he gave great satisfaction. The second part of the programme was a selection from the last part of the *Messiah*, beginning with 'Lift up your heads.' The soprano was Miss Whitham, who on this occasion made her first appearance in Belfast. She possesses one of the finest voices we have heard, and her style is substantial and good.

"On the 23rd, another People's Concert was given, when the *Creation* was sung by the same artists, and as this work gave Miss Whitham a better opportunity for displaying her very considerable powers, a corresponding amount of excitement was raised in the audience, who broke through the rule generally adopted here at oratorios, and demanded an encore of her first piece, 'The marvellous work,' in which her splendid C in alt told with amazing effect. We shall look forward with pleasure to her reappearance here. The whole went well, and gave perhaps greater satisfaction than any performance of the same work given by the Society. The band and chorus numbered upwards of one hundred, and were well up under the hands of Mr. Allen, the conductor, Mr. Loveday leading, and Mr. Edeson presiding at the organ. The Hall was crowded to excess both nights.

"The Society have announced two more concerts the later end of February, for which they have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mr. Tennant, and other first-class artists."

A correspondent in DUBLIN writes as follows:—

"Miss Ellen Williams' concert, held in the Great Hall of the Antient Concert Society, was fully and fashionably attended. The concert-giver was assisted by Miss Julia Cruise, Miss Manley, Mr. Croft, and Mr. Dunne, vocalists; and among the instrumentators were Herr Elsner (violoncello), who played the *obbligato* part to a German *lied*, charmingly sung by Miss Williams; Signor Barricelli (oboe), who assisted the same lady in the *obbligato* to a new *valse*, 'Italia,' composed by Signor Operti; and Herr Oberthur, who played a harp solo entitled 'Bonnie Scotland,' his own composition, in a masterly manner. Besides the talented performance of Miss Williams, Miss Cruise gave, with expression and finish, a new song by Herr Oberthur, entitled 'Dost thou look at even?' His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant was present. Mr. J. O'Rourke was the conductor."

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THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VII.

But the man with the money would not listen to the demands of the members of the band, who clustered round him like so many bees upon a bag of sugar. They threatened to leave the Gardens, and, perhaps to their surprise, were requested to do so at once —substitutes were at hand, the concert could be given without them. ——, upon taking his place in the orchestra that evening, indulged his passion for speech-making. He excited the sympathy of the audience by telling them how his Sepoys had revolted, and left him, as they supposed, completely helpless. "But these brave men (pointing to the deputies) have helped me like true Englishmen." It was at the time of the Indian rebellion, and the allusion had the desired effect. The audience gave three cheers for ——, and as many groans for the "traitors," who, had they been present would, I dare say, have given their own version of the story.

The Farewell Festival was successful. The "star" of the Surrey Gardens shone brightly meanwhile. Grisi, Alboni, Gassier, and other celebrated artists, who drew large receipts, were engaged, and —— had the credit of bringing the season to a satisfactory termination. For this result he had to thank the energy and activity of a few stanch friends, who spared neither trouble, time, nor capital in his behalf. One of these friends, and perhaps the most devoted, was Mr. ——, whose sad fate in —— has lately caused such universal sorrow. In every undertaking in which he was concerned, and particularly during the last season at the Surrey Gardens (where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance), Mr. —— evinced as much anxiety, and exerted himself as strenuously, as though his own interests were directly involved. We passed many days together at that time, and had many a hearty laugh, and many a serious consultation, over the various incidents and obstacles which menaced the success of our mutual friend, who would sometimes interfere in our deliberations, and disturb them as much as he did the meetings of the Directors. A word of remonstrance, however, from —— invariably silenced him, and made him leave us, biting his pocket-handkerchief, as if to prevent himself talking. It being known that the arrangements of the programme, &c. of the Farewell Festival were submitted for approbation to Mr. —— before publication, he was, of course, addressed by innumerable aspirants to fame, who are always in search of an opportunity of making an appearance before the public. One letter he brought me, I remember, amused him immensely. It was from a tight-rope dancer. The lady requested, as an especial favour, that she might be allowed to make her "perilous ascent" to the top of the Music Hall, which was to be lighted by fireworks during the feat! —— always expressed his admiration for his friend ——, and indeed no man ever more truly deserved the good will of another. Such a friendship was not merely an outward form, but a sentiment which found expression in deeds of brotherly kindness and generosity—a friendship which knows no selfishness, and ennobles the character of him whose heart is guided by its influence. Such a friendship had —— for ——, as well as for all those with whom he became intimate.

In his likes and dislikes —— was very violent, and could with difficulty be reconciled to anybody with whom he had once quarrelled. He always supposed the cause of the dispute to exist, and invariably returned to the subject whenever opportunity occurred. He, moreover, was convinced that he made the fortune of everybody with whom he became associated; and if a separation happened from some misunderstanding, it was, that having gained experience and knowledge while with him, the seceder wished to avail himself of the same, to his own advantage. —— was, in fact, in his own estimation, the only ladder by which the temple of fame and fortune could be attained. He always cited the case of a well known enterprising impresario with whom he had been connected during the first years of his career in England, and who, if the truth was known, had been as useful to —— as ever —— had been to him. "Voyez-vous, mon cher," he would begin, "when I first knew that man he was poor, he *walked* to the theatre. The second year he came in a cab; and then on horseback. The fourth year he drove his brougham; and the fifth year, when I taught him to give —— —— under my name, he drove two horses! He walked, he rode in a cab, he drove one, then two horses, and all through me, by ——!' [ANTRATER.

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Reviews.

"*Moonlight and the Gondola*"—by HENRY W. GOODBAN (Metzler and Co.)—is a *nocturne* for the pianoforte, in the quiet unpretending key of G. Not merely is this a sensible well-written piece, marked by the finish of a conscientious musician; but it has a certain grace of its own, which evinces a capacity in the author both to think and *make* for himself. A short introduction, constructed out of elegantly-dispersed arpeggios, followed by an *andante con espressione*, on a really tuneful theme, which is not termed "*andante con espressione*" without good reason, and which is as appropriately brief as the introduction—*voilà tout*. Nevertheless, the "*tout*," unobtrusive as we find it, is so neatly put together that it may be praised without reserve.

"*Reminiscences d'Oberon*"—by AUGUSTE ERGMANN, Op. 13 (Ashdown and Parry). A clever *pasticcio* made out of three of the most striking *motivi* in Weber's English masterpiece. Among these are the *cantabile* from the overture (the second subject of the *allegro*, afterwards used in the air for Huon, which Braham ejected and Mongini injected), and the delicious "Song of the Mermaids" (not Mermaid, according to Mr. E. T. Smith.) In contrast we have the savage chorus in unison, supposed to be founded on a genuine Eastern tune. These materials fit well together, and Mr. Ergmann, evidently a practised hand, has made the best of them. If his "Op. 13" is not equal to Beethoven's (the *Sonata Patetica*) it is interesting nevertheless.

"*Two Musical Sketches*," for the pianoforte—by JAMES LEA SUMMER (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas)—with a strong leaning towards Mendelssohn and the "*Ohne Worte*," are at the same time cleverly written, and stamped with real musical feeling. The first, a brilliant allegro in G, exhibits a not very striking melody, ingeniously accompanied throughout, by arpeggios divided between the two hands. The second, an *allegro agitato* in A minor, is also good; and though, as a whole, inferior to its companion, contains a passage, beginning at bar 8, line 2, page 2, to which the other reveals no parallel—a passage, in short, of genuine prettiness. The "*Two Musical Sketches*" are inscribed to Mr. Charles Hallé. No wonder that Mr. Summer should write his very best.

"*Batti Batti;*" "*Vedrai Carino*"—by ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER (Ashdown and Parry), are as good in these as in such "transcriptions" (to which, where the great masters are concerned, we entertain the strongest possible objection) ordinarily turn out. But what, in the name of Jean de Bethune, Evêque de Cambrai, who prescribed statutes, in the year 1211, for the Confrèrie du Saint Esprit, does Herr Schloesser mean by the *andante*, commencing in A minor, which he has made the introduction to "Vedrai carino"? It has really as much to say to "Vedrai carino" as "Vedrai carino" to Jean de Merode, Seigneur de Duffel, d'Issiche, &c. "*The Mermaid's Song*," by ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER (same publishers), is a similar transcription of the well-known canzonet of Haydn, only a little more brilliant, as the character of the original would naturally suggest. It is just as well done as its two companions, *but* (Haydn being also a "great master,") open to the same objection.

"*Souviens Toi, mélodie chantante*"—by WILHELM GANZ, (Hopgood and Crew)—is a graceful *allegretto*, in D flat, waltz measure—with a *più mosso*, in the subdominant, of a lighter and more brilliant character.

"*Le Depart, ballade pour violon, avec piano*"—JOSEPH GREEN (Schott and Co.)—though somewhat dry, is clever and not without sentiment. Both instruments are well accommodated.

"*Cinq Morceaux caractéristiques, pour piano*"—*par* HAROLD THOMAS (Robert W. Ollivier) — might, considering that Mr. Harold Thomas is an Englishman, have just as decently been entitled "Five Characteristic Pieces, for the Pianoforte, by Harold Thomas" (literal translation). They have merit, like most of the things we have seen from the pen of their author; and, also, like most of them, they are overcharged with concerts of harmony, modulation, and accompaniment. Mr. Thomas is evidently inclined both to Chopin and Stephen Heller, but especially to the latter, as a glance at No. 5—"*Across Country,—chasse-étude*" (whatever a "*chasse-étude*" may mean)—a spirited piece in E flat, will show. No. 3—"*Wave-Spray, capricietto*" (whatever "*capricietto*" may signify) in A major, is graceful and pretty, though somewhat monotonous. No. 4, "*Album-Leaves, a Cycle of waltzes*" (whatever "*a cycle of waltzes*" may suggest)—is also pretty, each of the the three numbers being more or less engaging. No. 1—"*Promenade Solitaire, impromptu*" ("*impromptu*" means *impromptu*)—would be irreproachable, but for the obstinate tonic pedal at the commencement, and its abrupt dismissal as a discord. Nevertheless the opening reminds us vividly of something (we forget what) which Mario is in the habit of singing, in his most passionate style. No. 2—"*Dream of a far off land, barcarole*" ("*barcarole*" means *barcarole*)—is extremely pleasing, but by no means original. The general title for the "*Cinq Morceaux*" (*Five pieces*) is "*Souvenirs de Hastings*" (*Reminiscences of Hastings*). On reflection, if Mr. Harold Thomas would fix his ideas in less elaborate shells we should be better able to detect their precise melodic worth. As it is, it is very difficult for the most critical pin to approach, much more *pick out* the periwinkle from its ingenious (almost impervious) enclosure.

"*My love is on the sea*," words from the *Family Herald*, music by JOHN MORGAN (Ransford and Sons)—is an ordinary sort of chamber-ballad, which, but for the *consecutive fifths*, in similar directions, between voice part and bass (Page 2, line 4, bars 3, 4—"wood-side,"—G, F, melody, C, B, bass), might pass muster, as inoffensive.

We like a book out of season. We like a winter book in summer. Nothing, to our mind, is so cooling and refreshing in the dog-days as a volume of Ross or M'Clintock, with their marvellous stories of ice and snow.

In this cold weather we like a summer book, and if any of our readers are of the same taste, would recommend for their perusal the "*Thames Angler*," by ARTHUR SMITH, who, by the magic of his pen, has converted our arm-chair into a fishing-punt, and, though we are sitting over a roaring fire, has made us, in imagination or anticipation, enjoy all the pleasures of a day upon the river. Delicious sensation—delightful hallucination at this time of year!—what are salmon and cucumber at Christmas compared to such a luxury? Verily, Arthur, thou art a magician!

Have we not, for the last two hours, been led by thee through the pleasant fields of Richmond—a basket slung across our shoulders, fishing-rod in hand, and felt the summer sun scorch our cheeks? Have we not inhaled the gentle breezes, laden with the perfume of new-mown hay;—have we not caught trout, pike, jack and perch innumerable, following thy directions—wondering at the bleak skimming on the surface of the water, because, as thou sayest (inscrutable Arthur!) it is troubled with a worm in its inside; and have we not laughed at the good stories thou hast told us, as we sat watching our floats bobbing up and down?

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We had known the "Thames Angler" by sight, long before becoming so intimately acquainted as we are at present. Our first impression was not favourable.

That extraordinary red and white peg-top which has lately been seen in every thoroughfare in town, appeared to our sensitive mind as a caricature of the fascinating floats, and made us apprehend that friend Arthur had selected the innocent anglers and their craft as a medium for the display of his wit and humour. Glad were we when the investment of a shilling removed our doubts, and once more proved the fallacy of judging by appearances.

It is a pleasant book, whether for summer or winter; for the arm-chair, or fishing-punt. The epicure will find some good reading in directions for cooking the fish when caught; (they will sharpen his appetite if he reads them before dinner,) and those who can enjoy a joke will not be disappointed. There are many, from which we select the following, for the benefit of those who have not yet placed their shillings at such good interest as the "*Thames Angler*" offers them. Piscator Smith, with his friends Brown and Jones are on a fishing excursion, and converse:—

"BROWN.—Thank you much; and I will keep my word now, and ask you my piscatorial riddle. You won't have time to guess it, though; for I see now on my left the noble residence of our good Queen. 'When is a fish most out of water?' I shan't trouble you to wait long, for I will give you the answers at once. (JONES *is about to hazard*, 'When it contains the ashes of the grate,' *but suddenly remembers that this has something to do with Westminster Abbey and a kitchen fender.*) I say answers, because it has twelve:—

"1. When it's a perch in a bird-cage.
2. When it's a pike on the Epsom-road.
3. When it's a dab at a polka.
4. When it's a sole on a boot.
5. When it's a muscle in a lady's neck.
6. When it's a Chubb in St. Paul's Church-yard.
7. When it's a Jack in a box.
8. When it's bleak on a common.
9. When it's a bar bell.
10. When it's a skate in a cutler's shop.
11. When it's a place on the roof of a 'bus.
12. When it's a Cockle making antibilious pills."

As we have mentioned Arthur Smith's fishing book in our paper, which is not essentially a fishing paper, we must justify our doing so, by calling him to account for the very irreverent manner in which he has mentioned certain music in his book, which is not exactly a music book. However nearly we may coincide with his opinion, we feel bound to caution him to be more careful in future, and to suggest that he treat such a subject as caviare, which can never be on his hook, or caught in the Thames by any bait. In conclusion, we heartily congratulate all fishermen upon this addition to their library, and sincerely pity the fish for whom Arthur Smith has told us how to put our rod in pickle.

ANTBATER.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

VOCAL.

AMES (MRS. HENRY) "Switzerland" (duet).
Ditto. "Good bye to winter" (trio).
OBERTHÜR (C.) "The sun's last smile" (song).

PIANOFORTE.

LIDEL (BLANCHE) "Valse de Salon."
ROECKEL (JOSEPH) "Un mot du cœur."
OBERTHÜR (CHARLES) "Santa Lucia" (Harp solo).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

VOCAL.

BUNNETT (C.) "Cantate and Deus Misereatur" (Organ accompaniment).
Ditto. "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis" (ditto).

DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.

VOCAL.

BALFE (M. W.) "The Banner of St. George."

PIANOFORTE.

JOEL (J. VON) "The silver cord," Waltz brilliant.

EWER AND CO.

VOCAL.

ABT (FRANZ) "Six two-part Songs" (Op. 174).
ALTHAUS (BERNARD) "The poet's bridal gift" (Wedding Song).
Ditto. "My love wants no jewels."
Ditto. "Thou art gone."
Ditto. "Eileen a roon."
BEYER (ERNEST) "Drowsy Polka" (Voice and Piano).

PIANOFORTE.

PACHER (J. A.) "Twelve Melodious Studies" (Op. 30).
Ditto. "Tendresse" (Op. 53).
Ditto. "Le Ruisseau" (Op. 34).
Ditto. "La Harpe" (Op. 9).
RUBINSTEIN (A.) "Polka Mazurka."
SILAS (E.) "Costanza," Impromptu (Op. 49.)
SPINDLER (FRITZ) "L'Oiselion" (Op. 76).

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Feb. 6, 1861.

PIANOFORTE playing is perhaps more general in this country than in any other. It is a common accomplishment of both sexes—one that is cultivated by the members of all classes and professions. I have met military men to whom the compositions of Bach and Beethoven are as familiar as the word of command, and have many a time wondered at the seeming incongruity of a captain booted and spurred, sitting down to the pianoforte, and playing off many a long fantasia, while his charger was neighing impatiently for its rider. All the most eminent pianists, those who by their practical skill and by their writings, have developed the resources of the instrument are, with one or two honourable exceptions, of German origin. And yet in Germany hardly any advance in the structure of the pianoforte has been made for the last fifteen, indeed I might say twenty, years. Those improvements in the mechanism of the instrument which have been introduced at different times by the manufacturers of England and France, and which have tended so considerably to its perfection, have not been adopted by the German makers, from whose factories pianofortes are still produced, remarkable for the primitive simplicity of their action and similarity of tone. It is not that the improvements and recent inventions are unknown or unheeded, but whenever they have been copied, the result has not been favourable; the old principle has always been found the most profitable, and is consequently adhered to. Economy is urged as the chief object of the German manufacturer, and any innovation which increases the expense in making an instrument therefore eschewed. The price of pianos in Germany is considerably less than in England and France, eighty or ninety pounds being as much as can be expected for a grand, and the average charge much lower.

Notwithstanding their adherence to the old system of construction and mechanism, the German makers turn out some very excellent instruments. Those of Bosendörfer are acknowledged to be the best that are made in Vienna. This firm has but lately opened a new establishment, in which are to be found the factory, a magnificent suite of show rooms, a concert room to accommodate 600 or 700 people, and a princely residence for the proprietor, all under the same roof. It is a splendid building, situated in Neu Wien, a Vorstadt consisting entirely of modern houses, which, in point of solidity and appearance, surpass those of Vienna proper. At the invitation of Herr Dachs, a talented pianist of the classical school, who may some day become as well known in England as he is respected in his own country, I visited Bosendörfer's new premises last week. They are admirably fitted up with every possible contrivance for the expeditious manufacture of the pianos in the different stages, from the very commencement to the moment when they are exhibited for sale in the show rooms. There are 300 men employed, who finish, upon the average, 30 pianofortes per week, a small number, perhaps, compared to the supply of such houses as Erard, Broadwood, and Collard, but adequate to the demand, which, it must be remembered, is almost limited to Austria and Southern Germany.

The building is handsomely decorated. In the reception hall stands a colossal statue of Beethoven, as the sole ornament, giving the visitor a favourable impression of the taste of the proprietors, an impression which is confirmed by every object he sees throughout their model establishment.

At the Opera House, Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was given on Sunday, Feb. 3rd. With this exception there has been little doing in the way of music since I last wrote.

The chief topic of conversation among musical people, is whether Madame Csillag will return here next autumn. Those who pretend to be good authorities on the subject assert that her engagement with Ullmann has been forfeited by the bankruptcy of that American impresario, and that the lady has had an extraordinary

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offer of an increased salary (according to the official list she already receives more than any of the other artists) if she will renew her contract at the Kärntnerthor Theatre. Whether this be true or not, it is certain Madame Csillag cannot well be spared from Vienna, and I can easily understand the new director, Signor Salvi, advising his imperial master to induce her to remain. There are few *prime donne* anywhere with such a *répertoire* at her command, and no one who is so popular with the Viennese.

A new theatre is spoken of, to be erected on the Schotten Glacis. There will be no Italian opera this spring in Vienna.

ANTHATER.

AUBER'S NEW OPERA.*

SPEAKING of the remarkable bust of M. Auber by Danton, jun., we said—and the whole theatrical press has honoured us with a prolonged echo—that the statuary-anatomist had seized the very slightest lines of the physiognomy—so highly intellectual, if ever physiognomy was so—of the author of *Le Maçon*, the *Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavolo*, *L'Ambassadrice*, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *La Sirène*, and a host of other lyrical masterpieces, become popular not by the vulgarity of their melodies, but by the natural and sparkling rhythm of their smallest musical phrases, and by the stamp they bear of delicacy, good taste, and essentially French *esprit*. M. Auber, we added, displayed on his lips and in his eyes all the treasures of his music; nay, even in every one of his features, which may be divided and multiplied at pleasure, without losing any portion of their harmony, which is so characteristic. The entire effect, and the thousand details, are what Danton's chisel, inspired to such good purpose, has reproduced with as much talent as admiration for the works and the person of the French musician *par excellence*. The *Circassienne* has not failed to prove, once more, how in what an eminent degree M. Auber is really, as we have remarked, the French musician *par excellence*. In him we possess an unchangeable model, bequeathed by Providence to two generations of composers, with the evident intention of protecting the French school against the fogs of the Music of the Future. Auber will never know aught of the sharp hoar-frosts; autumn will scarcely have touched him with its wing; spring and summer—flowers and fruit—such are the only seasons familiar to him, so that, in one of his most recent *feuilletons*, M. Fiorentino observed, "Auber is four times twenty years of age—but he is not, and never will be, eighty-four."† M. Auber's eternal youth is a fact in the possession of history, and, for our future Scribes, a perfect *libretto* in perspective for a comic opera. Unfortunately—at least we cannot help fearing so—the hero of the piece will be no longer here to compose the music for his own history. Let our young musicians, therefore, hasten to derive inspiration from this vivifying model, containing a whole course of instruction in itself, for M. Auber's music proves, in the clearest and most incontestable manner, that not only has the French school not grown old, but that alone it can still charm by speaking, at one and the same time, to our reason, our heart, and our mind, by its truth of expression, and by its variety of form.

Having said thus much, we will at once proceed to analyse the book of the *Circassienne*,—but without dwelling on the details and wit which M. Scribe has so liberally scattered throughout the three acts, just illustrated by M. Auber with his most youthful, clever, and refined music—music, moreover, admirably adapted for the stage.

During the first two acts the action takes place in Circassia. The curtain rises upon an humble Russian fortress, situate in the midst of snow, and guarded by an advanced post of hussars. In order to kill time, and forget the weather, which is as glacial as can well be imagined, every one is drinking and smoking; stories are related; and the inmates of the fortress are even on the point of getting up a little French opera, *Adolphe et Clara*, which is brought to the place, at the nick of time, in the valise of a stage-traveller, the painter Lanskoï, a friend of Lieutenant Alexis Zouboff, and charged by the Czar to undertake an artistic exploring expedition in the Caucasus. Zouboff is to play the part of Clara, as the change of costume has already rendered him good service, under certain circumstances, at the villa of a countess, into which he has managed to make his way disguised as a lady's-maid. It would even appear that the brother-in-law of the countess aforesaid, General Orsakoff, a boor and a savage, although a prince and a general, took it into his head, on the occasion referred to, and at the same villa, to fall in love with the false soubrette, who was compelled to disappear from the house in order to escape the general's passion. It was the first love of this Crimean tiger, who previously had entertained a profound aversion for the fair sex. Now the fierce Orsakoff happens to command the troops in the Caucasus, and appears before the fortress at the very moment the rehearsals of the projected entertainment are commencing; at the very moment that Lieutenant Zouboff has just assumed, with more or less elegance, his costume as a fair Circassian. At first the General halloes and raves, menacing both soldiers and officers with the knout, but suddenly recognises his adored soubrette, the beautiful Frascovia. Everything is now all right, and the lieutenant passes himself off as the sister of Alexis Souboff. I must inform my readers, however, that the lieutenant, on his side, is smitten by a certain Olga, a young and rich heiress, the niece and ward of Orsakoff, whom he (the lieutenant) has met in the Crimea, in a château where she resided with her aunt, and where he was nursed when wounded. On being left alone, at the death of her aunt, Olga has come to her uncle, who thinks of placing her in a convent until the end of the campaign. On seeing the young Circassian, Olga thinks he bears a striking resemblance to Alexis. But what is there astonishing in that? *He is her brother*. To complicate the action still more, the general begs his niece to engage Frascovia as her companion. Frascovia is by no means loath. But the chances of war give a different turn to matters. A band of Circassians invade the fort and carry off Frascovia, which young lady, or rather young gentleman, is annexed to the harem of the Sultan, Aboul-Kazim. On her side, Olga, who also is a prisoner, thanks to the treachery of the guide charged to take her to the convent, particularly charms the eyes of Aboul-Kazim, who will not give her up for any ransom, but names her his chief sultana. Olga and Frascovia have, however, another interview, when the false Circassian maiden falls at Olga's feet, and confesses to being not the sister of Alexis, but Alexis himself. Then comes a little conspiracy got up by the ladies of the harem, seconded, very opportunely, by the arrival of Russian officers and troops, who take possession of the harem and the Circassian village.

The third act transports us to the palace of General Orsakoff at Moscow. The general dreams of nothing but Frascovia, who has disappeared after the taking of the harem. The painter Lanskoï the friend of Alexis, has concocted a letter, in which the Circassian confesses to the general that it is only through excess of love that she has fled from him, and that, unless he does her the honour of making her his wife within three months, she will shut herself up in a convent. As this letter does not reach the general till six months after it is written, he sets about discovering the convent to which his fair correspondent has withdrawn, and, in the mean time, loads with favours his future brother-in-law, Alexis, appointing him captain, aide-de-camp, and colonel, and even consenting to give him the hand of his ward, Olga, on the express condition that the young man, on his part, consents to the union of the general with the beautiful Frascovia. Scarcely, however, has the first of these marriages been solemnised, ere a letter is received by the general. "Your silence reduces me to despair"—so writes Frascovia. "When you read these lines, I shall have ceased to live, and, as a proof, I return you the ring which was to have united us for ever."—After all, there was no other means but the sudden death of the Circassian which could rescue every one from embarrassment, and, as the fair creature has died *from love*, the vanity, at least, of General Orsakoff is satisfied; he has been loved once in his life .... and he will never be caught again.

As may be surmised from this very meagre sketch of the piece, the first act is that which is best worked out and most full of incident. As a natural consequence, the musician has lavished his talent on it. From the first to the last note, everything charms,

* From the various reports of the first performance of the new opera by MM. Scribe and Auber (very recently brought out at the Opéra Comique in Paris), we select for translation the one which appeared in *Le Ménestrel*, from the able and practised pen of M. Heugel.

† "Auber, il est vrai, a quatre fois vingt ans, mais il n'aura jamais quatre-vingt."

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flatters and entrances the ear; solos, choruses, and orchestra combine in the most delightful fashion, multiplying and sparkling deliciously. It is like a perfect bouquet of fireworks. After the overture—which is cut rather short, we will, passing over the introduction of the half-frozen drinkers and smokers, and the couplets of the lieutenant, "O ma maîtresse!" to which the Brigadier Perrot replies: "O ma bouteille!" come to the entrance of the painter, Lanskoï, who instantly proposes to begin the rehearsals of *Adolphe et Clara*. The reader should see and hear the soldiers giving vent to their feelings in a chorus of "bravos," which was enthusiastically received by the public. M. Scribe foresaw this when he wrote the appropriate words:

"Quel bon public que celui-la."

Without stopping at the heroic air of General Orsakoff:

"Qu'on m'abhorre! qu'on me déteste!
C'est mon plaisir à moi!"

we must direct attention to the trio and the romance of the Circassian: "Si vous m'aimez!" The tender accents of Montaubry, a new Orpheus, are not long before they melt the fierce Orsakoff:

"Tant de charme et tant de grâce!"

exclaims the general in a duet, followed by the delicious quartet which procures us the first appearance of the beautiful Olga: "Au milieu de la Circassie!" How charmingly and how naturally does Mlle. Monrose express, while singing on a syllabic rhythm, her surprise at finding her Lieutenant Alexis in the costume of a fair Circassian! After this quartet, the composer has developed a finale as temperate as full of fire, as simple as complicated, so much does clearness and the art of sonority preside over the combination of melodic ideas and of the progress of harmony.

The second act is quieter. We are in the seraglio of the Circassian chief, Aboul-Kazim, (M. Troy), who sings, soundly and sonorously, a bass air, marked with great rhythmical boldness. The act opens with a chorus of odalisques, in the form of a graceful and poetic introduction—the ladies are dreaming of new dresses—and then, after the bass air already mentioned, the Circassian appears, singing and pacifying the seraglio by a most sweet melody. Like the Circassian, Frascovia, the beautiful Olga also appears a second time, when there is another surprise, rendered, on this occasion, by a duet, which serves to introduce the toilet scene. Next we have a conspiracy of the ladies, and, lastly, the reappearance of Lanskoï and the general, for the requirements of the finale to this second act, which contains, among other pleasing details, the vocal entrances and exits of the eunuch Babel-Boudour (M. Laget), which had previously enlivened, in a singularly effective manner, the finale of the first act. I have forgotten to mention, in this second act, the *pas* of the "Almées," whom M. Auber sets dancing to a waltz-motive borrowed from his ballet in *Marco Spado*. There is something wanting as far as regards local colouring, but the motive is so graceful, and will become so popular, that the reason of its introduction is understood.

Let us now proceed to the third act, of which Mlle. Monrose, as Olga, does the honours. She is at home, or, rather, in the house of her uncle and guardian. She is consequently at liberty to indulge in a ballad *à vocalises*, a grand air, also in the bravura style, and a love duet with Montaubry. These afford an opportunity for feats of strength which the *prima donna assoluta* generally forces upon the composer. When the lady is sufficiently strong to magnetise her audience, the latter allow her to have her own way, and wait gallantly for the end of a bravura air, and then resume the thread of the action; but if the talent employed is not sufficient for the task, there result "lengths" from which every one suffers; the authors, the artists, and the public. This does not apply absolutely to Mlle. Monrose; however, without injuring the graceful and already brilliant qualities of Duprez's charming pupil, we have reason to fear she does not possess the stuff of a Cinti-Damoreau, or Miolan-Carvalho. Nevertheless, let us reserve the future, and state that the present is of the most agreeable kind. Mlle. Monrose is, moreover, perfectly dazzling with grace and beauty in her three rich costumes, without counting the scenic and vocal capabilities developed by her, especially in the first act, in which her entrance enchanted the whole house. Montaubry was invariably equal to his part. If he sings rather too much with the *falsetto* and head voice, this results from the character he has to represent in the first two acts. He assumes, moreover, the soprano so easily, that the audience, though regretting the tenor, give themselves up to the pleasure of applauding him. The *Circassienne*—the "creation" of which does him the greatest honour in every respect—is for him a real success. Barrielle—General Orsakoff—did not absolutely satisfy every one. His air in the third act was condemned; but the judgment was undeserved. There was, at the time, behind the scenes, a certain "double quick"—in the Italian manner but with the French stamp—which carried away the entire audience. The same cannot be asserted of the distant chorus of the betrothal; placed under unfavourable acoustic conditions it would not reach the footlights. What shall we say of Couderc's couplets in the third act! The painter Lanskoï, gives them like a poet and musician; not a word, not a note, not the slightest intention of the literary author or of the composer, was lost. What a formidable encore was the result! Mads. Bosquet and Prevost figure only in the condition of ladies of the seraglio, let us, therefore, proceed to the principal event of the evening: the spontaneous and unanimous call for M. Auber, whose name was on every tongue.

The success of the piece was real; the audience were excited and in raptures; for anybody else the occasion would have been a tempting one. M. Auber hastened to escape from it. This was a fresh act of delicacy—a proof of that exquisite modesty which every person acknowledges him to possess. Some time previous to the first representation of the *Circassienne*, a friend surprised the *gran maestro*, at his desk, pen in hand and paper before him, writing quite simply, without the slightest effort, the last few pages of his score. Far from receiving his visitor with the air of a genius, torn away from the devouring fire of inspiration, he thanked him for the agreeable repose his conversation was about to procure him. Taking advantage of this, his friend complimented the *maestro* by relating all the agreeable things people said of his new opera. "I only hope it may be *new!*" maliciously replied the *maestro*, with the smile of a man happy at having found the means of escaping, before betters, the praises which the *Circassienne* was destined so little to spare him after the first proof. True modesty is so natural to M. Auber that he instinctively avoids being in the house, among the audience, whenever one of his operas is played, even were it for the three hundredth representation. He scarcely appears on the stage, and, if there is any danger of a call, he hastens to confide to the stage-manager the secret of a most simple fugue, conceived in the best taste. Every one was able to judge of this last Saturday, when it was the duty of M. Palianti to say, in a voice full of conviction, if not of sonority:—"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with regret that I inform you that M. Auber has quitted the theatre." The regret was on the part of the public.

THE THEATRE LYRIQUE AND A NEW OPERA BY CLAPISSON.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Paris, Feb. 11.

Before proceeding to aught else, it is right that we should notice the incessant efforts made by the management of the Théâtre Lyrique. M. Réty causes one novelty to succeed the other with indefatigable ardour. The revival of the *Val d'Andorre* was a proof of good taste and intelligence. A month ago there was *Les Pêcheurs de Catane;* to-day we have the merry *Madame Grégoire*, presented by MM. Scribe, Boisseaux, and Clapisson. There is no doubt that by thus seeking, and always creating, M. Réty will soon find one of those successes which make the fortune of a theatre. Perhaps he may not have to go very far to attain his object, and the success of the first evening permits us to hope for his new fair acquisition the length of days which her proverbial gaiety promises. To laugh is to live; and Mad. Grégoire laughs in the good old fashion.

Well, would you like to know, in a word or two, what Mad. Grégoire does, while she is laughing thus? She is conspiring, that is all. Her conspiracy, however, is directed against Mad. de Pompadour alone. There are reports of another favourite. The courtiers do not know on which side the new star is about to arise. The Lieutenant of Police, among others, ends by seizing the knot

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of the intrigue in Mad. Grégoire's own wine-shop. A woman in a mask is there, with a letter from the king, announcing that her reign has begun. The worthy Baron d'Assonvilliers, as blind in his own affairs as all the lieutenants of police, past and to come, attaches himself to the fortune of the presumed queen, lodges her under his own roof, and is bent upon taking her back to the king, and all this without perceiving that it is his own wife, who, to take her refusal personally, has been compelled to quit the conjugal roof; on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, Carnival serves as a pretext for a good many things. All the baron's family — whom he has locked up before going out—are gadding about town; his wife, to remain faithful to him, it is true; his niece Lucette, to accompany her aunt; and his nephew, Gaston, to console himself for the disdain of his cousin, who is, however, secretly in love with him. All these personages come and go, escape from the house — thanks to Mad. Grégoire, the god-daughter of the baroness, and an intimate acquaintance of the baron's secretary — meet at the wine-shop of the Vert Galant, return demurely home by daybreak, and end by coming to a most satisfactory understanding, after having grazed the Bastille, menaced Mad. Pompadour, and, it must be confessed, amused the public during three acts which is not so easy a feat as may be imagined. Mix up with all that has been described a great nobleman in love with the baroness and watching over her; and a Swiss soldier in love with the fair wine-seller, running on her errands, and eaten up by jealousy, and you will have all the elements of this *imbroglio*, which possesses, in my opinion, the enormous advantage of being an honest comic opera, a kind of thing that, for some time past, has been greatly neglected, but for which our fathers entertained a sincere admiration.

M. Clapisson's music, also, is real comic-opera music, and the first act is perhaps the richest in the score. Frank, open melody, and clear instrumentation, easy to catch, without, however, neglecting the researches of art, distinguish this work, and cause us to recognise the happy author of *La Fanchonnette*. We may mention, as among the pieces which produced the greatest impression on us, the overture, which is worth mentioning on account of its agreeable sonority, and its joyous colouring, free from vulgarity; the grand air of Mad. d'Assonvilliers (Mlle. Moreau); a very pretty trio; Mad. Grégoire's couplets, in which the traditional refrain is introduced very ingeniously; and, lastly, the sestet, "Bon soir," a delicious bit.

In the second act we are at the wine-shop. Here we must notice a chorus of maskers; the rondo on the well-known words of the period, "Cotillon deux, Cotillon trois;" the Tyrolean couplets of the soldier, which were encored; and a finale, too much developed, perhaps, but the peroration of which, on motives from the overture, is brought about in the most admirable manner possible. The third act, which is rather short, both in the words and the music, offers scarcely anything remarkable except a delicious little trio *en canon*, the effect and arrangement of which are charming. Mad. Grégoire's grand air, which is very difficult of execution, although it did not please us much, procured for Mlle. Roxiès a regular round of applause. We must add, that this young lady displayed intelligence and spirit in her part. Mlle. Moreau adds to her personal charms the charm of a voice remarkable for its extent and purity. She gave evidence of real progress, which merits the warmest encouragement. Mlle. Faivre, MM. Wartel, Delaunay-Riquier, Fromant, Gabriel, and Lesage, co-operated valiantly towards the success of the work, which, let us hope, will prolong the night of Shrove-Tuesday till long after Lent.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fifth concert of the season, on Friday the 8th instant, presented Haydn's *Creation* to the subscribers and public. Many opinions, during the last few years, have been expressed, both by the press and the audiences, in favour of the production of new works, and the discarding of some well-known masterpieces. In the present state of things, this is simply impossible; and, for the same reasons that it is so, it is unadvisable. The *Messiah* of Handel, and the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, are almost the only works that draw audiences again and again to oratorio performances; and, while they are so, the management must be very cautious in hazarding costly novelties in their announcements. Haydn's *Creation* is almost as sure a "draw" as the two pieces above alluded to; and this year the demand for places is such as to justify a repetition. This may be accounted for by Mad. Sherrington's appearance in the principal soprano part. Haydn's songs, always genial and pleasant, always smacking of his old-world and somewhat periwigged manner, are relished by many who are incapable of soaring to the height of Handel's sublimity, and whose dulness can show no zest for the seraphic beauty of Mendelssohn; and when produced by an artist whose soul, voice, and manner are adapted more peculiarly for all that is light, pleasing, and piquant, are sure of a hearty welcome from any auditory. Mad. Sherrington is progressing rapidly as a classical singer; her voice is gaining strength, her intonation certainty and precision. Her singing is peculiarly suited for the execution of floridities; but we will hear her in some more works before we pronounce as to her power of pathos. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang (which probably amounts to "nobody ever sang") better; his "In native worth," was a marvel of vocalisation and expression. Mr. Weiss was also excellent throughout. The band and chorus conspired to make this performance almost unexceptionable as to accuracy of tune; and the judicious tempi used by Mr. Costa completed the good work. Beethoven in D, *Missa Solennis*, is in rehearsal. It is six years since it was performed, and it then attracted much attention on account of the extraordinary beauty of some of the movements, and the wild, fantastic, and ghostly spirit of others, as well as on account of its difficulty. The Mass has, we have been informed, suffered "adaptation," (word of uncertain signification), probably at the hands of one of M. Alary's rivals; and when we say we tremble for the result, it is simply out of respect to the memory of Beethoven.

THE BARNSBURY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE inaugurated their new quarter by giving a concert in Myddleton Hall, under the direction of Mr. Carlo Minasi, when the following artists among others appeared:—Mrs. Harriette Lee, the Misses Jane Palmer, Fitzpatrick, and E. H. Jameson; Messrs. George Tedder, George Allen, Viotti Collins, Leonard, Howard Harris, G. H. Cooke, and G. Hartley. Mr. George Tedder was encored in two of his songs, "The pilgrim of love," and "The death of Nelson;" Mr. Viotti Collins in a violin solo of his own composition; and Mr. Leonard in "Largo al factotum," a compliment, by the by, Mr. Leonard well deserved. Miss Jane Palmer, who sang "Nobil donna" (*Les Huguenots*) has a voice of nice quality, and deserves a word of praise for the careful way in which she gave Meyerbeer's difficult "cavatina." Miss Fitzpatrick, too, an improving young pianist, must not be passed over without a word of encouragement for her accurate performance of Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." Mr. T. H. Herring and Mr. Minasi, as accompanists at the pianoforte, performed their duties excellently.

THE PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION'S seventh concert of their fifth season was numerously attended. The exertions of the choir were confined to a part song, "The open air," by Mendelssohn, an arrangement of "The blue bells of Scotland," by Mr. Paxton, and Dr. Cooke's glee of "Hark! the lark," all of which went well, under the guidance of Mr. F. Osborne Williams. Two of the most successful pieces of the evening, both of which were encored, were the *trio* from Balfe's *Rose of Castille*, "I'm not the queen," sung by Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Leffler, and Mr. George Perren, and "Largo al factotum," by Mr. Leonard. The other vocalists were a Mlle. Annie C** and Mr. Purkess. Miss Ellen Henderson, an improving young pianist, contributed a rondo, by Weber, and a fantasia, *La Straniera*, by Thalberg; and Mr. F. O. Williams performed the duties of conductor with his accustomed intelligence.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union gave a concert on Thursday week, at the Public Hall, Croydon, which attracted a very large audience.

"It has been reserved for Mr. Land and his accomplished colleagues," writes the *Croydon Journal*, "to interpret in the very highest style of art gems of music which had long remained latent, and for the revival of which Mr. Thomas Oliphant—so celebrated for his musical erudition—may claim a large share of the honours which they have so justly won. As much as we were prepared for some excellent singing, we scarcely expected to enjoy so unalloyed a treat, or that the unaccompanied human voice, by dint of practice and long and patient rehearsals, could become so faultless. The blending of the various voices was so delicately balanced that at times they resembled the vibrating chords of an instrument."

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWELFTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(53RD CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, 1861,

The Programme will be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

Second Performance this Season of MENDELSSOHN'S "OTTET."

Sixth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Grand Ottet, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (by unanimous desire) MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, CARRODUS, WATSON, SCHREURS, WEBB, PAQUE, and PIATTI — Mendelssohn; Song, "Estelle," Madame LAURA BAXTER—Henry Smart; Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone, Mr. CHARLES HALLE—Beethoven.

PART II.—Chaconne, in D minor, for Violin solo, with Pianoforte accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts). M. VIEUXTEMPS—Bach; Song, "Gentle Zephyr" Madame LAURA BAXTER — Sterndale Bennett; Quartet, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. CHARLES HALLE, M. VIEUXTEMPS, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Mozart.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

*** In answer to many inquiries, Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL begs to state that in obedience to a desire very generally expressed, Spohr's Double Quartet, in D minor, will be performed at the 13th Concert, on Monday, Feb. 25.

In consequence of many hundreds of persons having been unable to obtain admission at the 11th Monday Popular Concert, on Feb. 11th, 1861, when the entire programme was chosen from the works of Beethoven, there will be another Beethoven Concert on March 4th, 1861 (14th Concert), when the principal features of the selection which afforded so much gratification on that occasion will be repeated. M. Vieuxtemps will lead (with MM. Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti), the Rasoumowski Quartet in E minor, (No. 2); and the Trio in E flat (No. 1) for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello. Miss Arabella Goddard will again perform the grand Sonata, for Pianoforte alone, in C minor, Op. 111—the 32nd and last sonata of Beethoven; and the Kreutzer Sonata, for Pianoforte and Violin, with M. Vieuxtemps. Mr. Sims Reeves will repeat the Lieder Kreis, and the "Stolen Kiss." Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully sugested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Of CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Music-sellers.

MR. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN'S engagement at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will conclude on Thursday, 28th, when RICHARD III. will be performed (for that night only), being for the Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean.—THIS EVENING (Saturday, 16th), and Wednesday, 20th, THE WIFE'S SECRET. Tuesday next, 19th, LOUIS XI. Monday next, 18th, and Thursday, 21st, HAMLET. No re-engagement can take place, as Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean are to appear at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Monday, 4th March.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH. Engagement of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN (for Eleven Nights only). The Last Night but Twelve of the most successful Pantomime of the season. This Evening, THE WIFE'S SECRET, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN will appear. To conclude with the new, magnificent, and successful comic Pantomime of PETER WILKINS. Scenery by Beverley.

Upper gallery, 6d.; lower gallery, 1s.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 2s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s; stalls, 6s.; private boxes, three guineas, two guineas, and 10s. 6d. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Grand Combined Attraction.—Last Night of the Great Pantomime. —THIS EVENING (Saturday) will be performed Macfarren's successful opera of ROBIN HOOD. Robin Hood, Mr. SIMS REEVES; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. PARKINSON; Hugo (the Sompnour), Mr. HONEY; Sir Reginald (the Sheriff), Mr. SANTLEY; Outlaws, Messrs. PATEY and BARTLEMAN; Alice, Madame LEMAIRE; and Maid Marian, Madame SHERRINGTON. Conductor, Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Concluding each evening with the Children's great successful comic Pantomime, entitled HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB; or, Merlin the Magician, and the Good Fairies of the Court of King Arthur. With gorgeous effects by Beverley. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine by the celebrated Lauri Family. Sprites by the tribe of Arabs. Doors open at half-past 6, the opera commences at 7 o'clock each evening. Carriages to be ordered for half-past 11. Box-office open daily from 10 to 6, where places may be secured. In active preparation, and will be produced on Saturday, February 23rd, a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, by W. Vincent Wallace, entitled the AMBER WITCH. Principal characters by Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. PATEY, Mr. BARTLEMAN, Miss FANNY HUDDART, and Madame SHERRINGTON.

Notice.—The Performances at this Theatre will, on and after Monday next, the 18th inst., commence at 8 o'clock at heretofore. The doors will be opened at half-past 7 each evening.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

IT was not likely that one so shrewd and intelligent as M. Musard should continue to misappreciate English taste and English feeling for music. The programmes of his first concerts were neither discriminative nor complimentary. The clever Frenchman no doubt implicitly believed that the audiences of the Champs Elysées and St. James's Hall were identical in their requirements and sympathies. He did not know, or had not calculated, how much Jullien had elevated and invigorated the musical mind of the people of England; how he had led them by insensible degrees from apathy to attention, from indifference to admiration; with what art he first allured, then taught, then engaged, and finally enchained them; how all was accomplished by purely legitimate and artistic means; and, how in the end, the prefix of "Promenade" to the concerts became a misnomer, and the word was dropt by universal assent and that of "Jullien" adopted. We can readily understand how M. Musard was instigated to make essay of his concerts in London. He was naturally desirous of becoming the successor of Jullien; he believed that no one else was in the field to start candidate for that high post of honour and emolument; he had faith in his own competence as a conductor and director; and trusted to the supposed supremacy of his band. It was, therefore, natural that M. Musard should come to London to search after a fortune that no other person was looking for. Nobody can blame him. Nevertheless, he might have considered that even Jullien did not jump into popularity in one season; and still more, that Jullien's talents and instinct were of no ordinary kind, and had bequeathed an influence not easily to be eradicated. But M. Musard depended on his Parisian fame, and left the remainder to chance. His reputation in the French capital has not served him in London exactly as he anticipated. He has been judged scrupulously, according to his merits as a conductor and *entrepreneur*. The former have been variously canvassed; the latter did not prove entirely satisfactory. The programmes of the first concerts were, with one or two exceptions, composed of the veriest trifles; trifles, too, of no interest, selected for no other purpose than to show off the excellence of the solo performers, for which, it must be confessed, M. Musard's orchestra is remarkable. But Jullien invariably found music for his soloists that could not fail to please, and herein he showed one phase of his consummate art as a director of the so-called "Promenade" concerts. Of course Jullien had the advantage

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over M. Musard of being a far more ready and experienced composer, and was thus enabled to combine music, which would be agreeable to the popular ear, with what would be specially suitable to the instrument written for. The ambitious conductor of the new "Promenade Concerts," however, might, we imagine, have considered the goodness of the music in the first instance, not the excellence of the solo player—a mistake he has evidently fallen into, by not being acquainted with the musical taste of the English people.

Moreover, M. Musard fell into a grave error in selecting St. James's Hall for his concerts. Of all places in London—not excepting Exeter Hall or Hanover Square Rooms—the splendid music-room standing midway between Piccadilly and the Quadrant is most redolent of the classic odour. Not merely have the Monday Popular Concerts thrown a halo of antiquity and solemnity around the new hall, but the other entertainments given therein are, for the most part, of a grave and earnest character, and such as demand the profoundest attention on the part of the hearers. No doubt to many who attended M. Musard's concerts the first night, the feeling engendered by the miscellaneous congregation of carelessly attired and rough-looking perambulators, and by the echoes of the dance-tunes, must have been in the highest degree discordant. Had some of the theatres been chosen as the locality instead, no such feeling could have been awakened. The covered pit joined to the stage seems the proper area for the listening crowd at Promenade Concerts; the boxes, private and public, the fittest receptacle for the lookers-on. M. Musard, however, had no preference in the matter; every theatre in the metropolis was in occupation when he came, and his choice fell of necessity on St. James's Hall.

That M. Musard has changed his sentiments respecting the feeling for music in this country we may take for granted by the announcement of a "**Mendelssohn Night,**" *à la Jullien*, for this evening. That this is a step in the right direction we feel confident the event will prove. As it is never too late to learn, the director of the new Promenade Concerts, by the result of his first classical entertainment, may read a lesson which, if he contemplates paying us a yearly visit, may be worth his while to read attentively. If he hope to establish his concerts as firmly in London as in Paris, he must especially bear in mind three things:—first, that February is about the worst month in the year for such performances; secondly, that St. James's Hall is about the unfittest possible place in the metropolis in which they could be given; and thirdly, that the English public is not behind, but in advance of, the French public in musical feeling and intelligence. Let M. Musard take these three propositions into his serious consideration, and they may serve him to good purpose on his next visit to London.

WHATEVER else the people of the United States may be, we do not think they have any title to be considered a musical nation. We believe they have a fine Opera House at New York, which they have foolishly named the "Royal Academy of Music;" and a still finer one at Philadelphia, of which the appellation is not known to us. Then an American hatter, with the madness for which persons of his calling have long been proverbial, paid a larger sum than was ever paid before or afterwards by any one else for the privilege of hearing Jenny Lind. Lastly, and seriously, the New Yorkers fully appreciated Mad. Bosio's singing before that charming vocalist had gained a tithe of the reputation which she afterwards enjoyed in the chief capitals of Europe, and which she retained undiminished until the moment of her death.

On the other hand, the Americans have musical faults, both of omission and of commission, to answer for. Why (with the exception of Mr. Bristow, and that very eccentric musical critic and very uncritical musician, Mr. Fay) have they produced no composers of the slightest pretensions? Why, above all, have they paid so much attention to nigger music, and written such quantities of those vapid commonplaces, known as "nigger melodies" (we speak here not of genuine nigger airs, which are bad enough in themselves, but of imitations thereof, which are a hundred times worse)? Russia, the youngest of all the great European states, has had its periods of infancy and childhood, and its moments of *naïve* inspiration, such as are met with only in youth. It has its thousands of popular proverbs; it possesses an inexhaustibly rich mine of national melodies; it boasts of an ancient ballad literature; and, naturally, it has its poets and its composers. But the country whose greatest bard is Longfellow (one from whose works we have only to strike out what he has borrowed from Germany and Finland, and nothing will remain), and whose national air is a low, comic tune, fit only to be associated with ribald words—this land of ready-made, transplanted citizens, without local traditions, without a peasantry to cherish them even if they existed—in short, without any of the elements of poetry in its past or present conditions of life—can hardly be expected to bring forth anything good in the way of music. If the Americans were content to adopt the early traditions of England it would be different; but these, as a rule, their national vanity, not to say their very nature, compels them to reject.

The above reflections were suggested by the announcement that, on Monday last, Prof. Longfellow's poem of *Hiawatha*, with music by Herr Robert Stoepel, would be recited, and the music performed at the Royal English Opera. The first American composer for the stage ever heard of in this country was Mr. Bristow, who wrote an opera on the subject of *Rip van Winkle*.* He was a genuine Yankee, we believe, but had been educated in England, and was a pupil of Mr. Macfarren. The second is a German who, thinking no doubt to please the Americans by composing music to one of their most popular poems, selected for that purpose a work founded on an Indian story, and imitated closely as to form and style from the great Finnish epic, the *Kalewald*!†

What sort of national character, we wondered, had Mr Robert Stoepel given to his music? None at all? or Finnish combined with Red Indian—the whole flavoured with Yankee? The most appropriate kind of music for the "national" American poem of *Hiawatha* (a very beautiful poem we admit—though that has really nothing to do with the question we are considering) would consist of Indian melodies, harmonised in the style of the Finns, and sung through the nose after the manner of the Americans. E.

THE chief, if not indeed the only, medium for the expression of political opinion of which the citizens of Rome can boast, in these days of impending transition, seems to be the opera. Demonstrations against the government — as we

* So often announced, though never produced, by the managers of the Royal English Opera. The late M. Jullien—that prince of musical ecclectis — gave the English public a specimen of Mr. Bristow's talent, some years ago, in the shape of select movements from an orchestral symphony.

† For a highly interesting account of this poem see the first number of *Temple Bar*.

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gather from the letters of all our correspondents from the south, south-west, and south-east of the Italian peninsula—take place nightly in each of the Roman theatres. The *Trovatore*, of which the plot is usually considered unintelligible, has been prohibited, because the incidents, in various places, have been discovered to have a deep political signification. The *Traviata*, immoral though the subject may be, was considered unobjectionable enough in a political sense, and yet now even the *Traviata* is not allowed to be performed. The public found out that the following sentence, uttered by the physician of the dying heroine in the last act, might well be applied to the Papal Government:—"*La tisi non ti accorda che poche ore.*" "Consumption leaves thee only a few hours to live."

This speech was vociferously applauded at a recent performance. The representative of the Doctor seemed to fancy, for a few seconds, that he had, by some mistake, been singing in tune, and that the audience were applauding *him*; but the police understood what was going on in a moment. Several of the chief political *claqueurs* were arrested on the spot, and at present the *Traviata* is in the Pope's *Index expurgatorius*. The Minister of Police has issued a document in which he "trusts that the *Ballo in Maschera* will not cause a similar scandal."

Poor Venice! What is *her* medium of political expression? Nothing reaches us on this head. Are her pleasant theatres closed?—her lively singers dumb? Or are they open and eloquent for the exclusive benefit of Croat long-thrusts and swashbucklers from Bohemia? That the Venetians themselves do not attend the theatres now, may be taken for granted. They are for the moment prostrate and browbeaten; and will remain so until *some one*—one whose name is on—every lip—waiting to be shouted forth—the Hercules of his age, cleanser of Bourbonian stables, and what not?—shall approach with undaunted step and knock at the gates of Venice. When that looked-for period arrives, the Venetians will again be tongue-loosed, again be musical; and instead of "Parigi O cara!" their song will be "Giuseppe O caro!"—

"Who's dat knockin' at de door?
Garibaldi! Garibaldi!
De Gen'ral Garibaldi!
'Tis Old Jo' knockin' at de door!"

Verdi (in his way, another Hercules) will adapt this to his loudest and most strident unisons. All Venice will utter it. All Italy will echo it with lungs of brass. All France ——but we are trenching on politics. *Taisons-nous.* The preachers of harmony, the disciples of concord, the advocates of sweet sounds, the followers of the "Divine Art," have nothing to say to politics. Flutes and clarionets, fiddles and bassoons, are our instruments of predilection; drums and fifes and trumpets are but accessories. Moreover, we prefer a round to a canon, and a fugue to a field-marshal. P.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—This day, at 11 a.m., the band of the Philharmonic Society—with FORTY-SEVEN new players, to replace the FORTY-SEVEN (involuntary) seceders—meet in the Hanover Square Rooms, to try their strength, under the honoured bâton of Conductor Sterndale Bennett. *Noblesse oblige.* Professor Bennett must not (*will* not) drop a leaf from his laurel crown.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the General Meeting which took place last week the annual report of the council was read by Mr. Secretary Salaman, and the financial statement it contained, together with the general account of the business of the society for the past year, afforded unanimous satisfaction to the fellows and associates assembled. There was some discussion on points of no public interest, but all objections were satisfactorily answered, and the meeting, which was more than ordinarily well-attended, separated with votes of thanks to the secretary, the chairman (Mr. John Simon), Mr. Henry Smart, choral director, and other officers connected with the business of the society. We may state here that the instrumental pieces to be performed at the first Orchestral Concert are Spohr's symphony in D minor (No. 2); Beethoven's violin concerto (M. Vieuxtemps; the overtures to *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn); *The Tempest* (Benedict), and *Le Philtre* (Auber).

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—A Parisian journal states that Rossini has just composed two duets and two solos for the Sisters Marchisio—a piece of intelligence, if true, as significant as interesting.

MUSARD'S CONCERTS.—The selections have been varied nightly during the week, and Mad. Louisa Vinning has been added to the attractions. To-night the programme will be devoted entirely to the works of Mendelssohn.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The winter concerts, which had been suspended during the holidays, were resumed on Saturday, the 2nd instant, and proved highly attractive. The programme exhibited the usual care and taste on the part of Mr. Augustus Manns who, were that possible, appeared more than ever zealous and energetic. The symphony was one of Haydn's, in D, the overture Weber's *Preciosa;* and Herr Pauer played Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto (No. 2) in D minor. Miss Banks and Mad. Laura Baxter were the vocalists, each lady selecting an Italian air and an English ballad, and joining in two duets. The concert on the 9th surpassed the former one in almost every respect. The programme was selected entirely from the works of Beethoven. The *Eroica* symphony was given, and the band reinforced to confer due honour on that stupendous work, the execution of which, indeed, reflected infinite credit on Mr. Manns and his instrumentalists. The pianoforte concerto in E flat, a composition vieing in splendour and grandeur with the symphony itself, was played in the most brilliant and magnificent manner by Miss Arabella Goddard, whose performance from first to last created a profound sensation, and who was recalled unanimously at the conclusion. The overture was *the* grand *Leonore* in C major—*Fidelio*, No. 3, which, no less than the symphony and the orchestral parts of the concerto, showed Mr. Mann's band in the most advantageous light. The singers were Miss Banks, Miss Martin, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Miss Banks gave the "Song of the Quail," and joined Mr. Cooper in the duet from the prison scene for Leonora and Florestan from *Fidelio*. Miss Martin, who is a pupil of Mr. Hullah's, and a promising one, sang Marcellina's song from *Fidelio* (Act I., scene 1), and "Know'st thou the land?" and Mr. Cooper, in addition to the duet with Miss Banks, sang the fine chamber song, "O beauteous daughter of the starry race"—all performances entitled to praise. The weather was anything but inviting, notwithstanding which the attendance was numerous and fashionable—a proof that good music may successfully contend even with the elements.

DUDLEY GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—On Saturday, the 2nd instant, the London Glee and Madrigal Union concluded, most successfully, their annual series of performances. This tuneful choir, organised and directed by Mr. Land, and aided by the "*intercantatory* remarks" (as they were aptly termed by a daily contemporary) of Mr. Thomas Oliphant, has greated a great impression in musical circles, and done much good service to the cause of English chamber-music. The singing of the "four-men-song-men" (as Shakspeare denominates such as sing in four-part harmony), namely, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler, was perfection, especially in Horsley's glees, "By Celia's arbour," and "When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree," which the illustrator, Mr. Oliphant, correctly terms the highly-finished miniature pictures of glee-writing. The admirable manner in which Miss Eyles renders the pathetic ballads, such as "Barbara Allan" and

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"The Oxfordshire Tragedy," is notorious; nor is she a whit inferior in the humorous Maypole song, "Come lasses and lads," "O weel may the keel row," and the quaint ditty, "Oh, mother, a hoop!" written in 1710, and peculiarly illustrative of the antiquity of "crinoline." Miss J. Wells is improving rapidly, and we can compliment her on the simple and unaffected execution of that most difficult ballad to sing with due effect—"Auld Robin Gray." Mr. Oliphant thus concluded a short farewell address:—

"We have no Rode's airs with variations to take your ears by storm; no sky-high flights of vocalisation, such as some old lady described to Samuel Johnson as being 'astonishing, wonderful,' &c. 'Wonderful! madam,' said the Doctor; 'I wish to Heaven they were *impossible!*' On the contrary, it has been the aim of the London Glee and Madrigal Union to win your favour by an appeal to your understanding and to your feelings; and I trust you will accord to us at least some portion of that honour in our generation which, according to *Ecclesiasticus* (chap. xliv. verse 5), is "the meed due to such as found out musical tunes, and recited ditties in writing."

We are glad to learn that Mr. Land is making arrangements to renew these very pleasing and instructive entertainments in the course of the spring.

Letter to the Editor.

ORAZI (ORAGI) E CURIAZI (CURIAGI).

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the review of this celebrated composer's song from "*Orazi e Curiazi*"—and your transcribing the title page *in extenso*—*literatim et notatim, neither* of which I beg to say are (*is?*) correctly given by you from the copy. I admit the error of four G's for four Z's in the *spelling* of the names, which ought to have been corrected before printing. The motive of my now addressing you is simply to reply to your query—"Did Mercadante write down such a progression as this?". In reply, I say most certainly—"Yes"—as it appears in my copy—with a *crotchet* rest, and not as in your notation with a *quaver* rest, and in the title of the song your spelling differs from my copy in two words. You will oblige me by inserting this communication in your next number. Yours,

R. ANDREWS.

Manchester, Feb. 12, 1861.

[We give insertion with pleasure to Mr. R. Andrews' apology. Nevertheless, we plead "not guilty" to the charge he makes against us of misrepresenting his orthography. As "retort courteous" we may remind him that Mercadante's opera should be called *Gl'Orazi e Curiazi*—not *Orazi Curiazi;* unless the composer's name be affixed to it—as Mercadante's *Orazi*, &c., which is not the case on Mr. Andrews' title page. To conclude, we will not believe that Mercadante—a learned though somewhat prosy musician, did write down the progression complained of, until we see it in the full orchestral score. Pianoforte arrangements—even by Mr. Andrews—are no authorities.—ED.]

Provincial.

THE third and last concert of the BIRMINGHAM Musical Union appears to have been the most attractive of these agreeable and too evanescent entertainments. *Aris's Gazette* writes in eulogistic terms of the entire performance:—

"The quartet of Beethoven (in G, No. 2, op. 18), was played by Messrs. Ries, H. and G. Hayward (violins), and Herr Daubert (violoncello), most admirably. Its numerous beauties, more especially the quaint originality of the *scherzo allegro* and the fine phrasing and accompaniments of the final *allegro*, being most ably rendered. Herren Ries and Daubert evidently played *con amore*, and fully realised the subtle delicacies of this grand composition of the great 'tone poet.' The playing of Messrs. H. and G. Hayward was also very effective. Miss Banks did herself great credit by her singing of Mendelssohn's 'First Violet.' The Mozart duet for piano (Flavell) and violin (Rees) was exceedingly fine. Mr. Flavell seems more at home with this composer than, perhaps, any other, as far as illustrative power is concerned, and in this instance his skill and talent were conspicuous. The firm and decisive bowing of Herr Ries was shown to great advantage. Weber's trio for piano (Duchemin), flute (Mathews), and violoncello (Daubert), proved to be the most attractive performance of the evening, Mr. Duchemin's intelligent reading and clever playing (taking the time to a nicety) contributing materially to its success. Herr Daubert imparted considerable interest to the Mendelssohn duet (piano and violin) with which the second part commenced, Mr. Duchemin being perfectly at home in the fine pianoforte accompaniments."

The following remarks on the general management of the society, and speculations as to its future prospects, are not without interest:—

"The society has now closed its labours for the season, and we trust without any pecuniary loss. They certainly have had the satisfaction of arousing the attention of amateurs to the fact, that there are resident professors who are both able and willing to place before them works of that refined nature which there would be no opportunity of hearing in Birmingham, were it not for the efforts of such gentlemen, since there are few amateurs capable of coping with the difficulties which beset the realisation of the sterling conception of the classical writers. We cordially hope the members of the Birmingham Musical Union have found sufficient encouragement, during the season now closed, to induce them to resume their interesting labours next winter."

Mr. W. G. CUSINS (writes a correspondent) gave a *soirée musicale* at the Mathematical School, ETON, on the 8th instant, by permission of the head master, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey. There was a long list of lady patronesses, of high worthy names, so that altogether the affair was first caste. Mr. Cusins had for his coadjutors, in the instrumental department, M. Victor Buzian (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello), and, in the vocal, Mad. Louisa Vinning and Miss Rainforth. The pianoforte performances, solo and in combination, were Beethoven's trio for piano, violin and violoncello, in G, Op. 1 (No. 2); Mendelssohn's sonata, in B flat, Op. 45, for piano and violoncello; Thalberg and De Beriot's grand trio on the *Huguenots*, for pianoforte and violin; and Thalberg's grand fantasia, for pianoforte solos, on *Mose in Egitto*. Mr. Cusins was in the best play, and was profoundly appreciated by his refined and attentive auditory. He was ably assisted by the talented violinist and violoncellist. Miss Rainsforth sang "Old Robin Gray," in a style we are not often accustomed to hear now-a-days, when genuine simple ballad-singing seems to have died an unnatural death, and crooked sentimentality to have supplied its place. Mad. Louisa Vinning, if not so true a ballad-singer, is an oftener singer, and has therefore more chances of success. Both ladies in duet were very happy, especially in Mendelssohn's "Merry bells." Mr. Victor Buzian executed a difficult piece on the violin, which was more difficult than interesting. Also, M. Paque presented a solo on his instrument, and Mr. Harold Thomas presided at the pianoforte. [We have preserved our correspondent's article intact.—ED.]

The concert at PLYMOUTH for the benefit of Mad. Jullien, which took place on Monday night at St. George's Hall, Stonehouse, was, we are well pleased to record, a bumper. Of this interesting affair we beg to present our readers with a detailed account (inevitably abridged) from the *Western Daily Mercury* of Tuesday:—

"A 'Grand Jullien Festival,' for the benefit of Mad. Jullien, took place last night, at St. George's Hall, Stonehouse, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Morley, Sir Thomas and Lady Pasley, the Hon. Mrs. Soltau Symons, Major-General and Mrs. Hutchinson, Colonel Holloway, C.B., Colonel Hamilton, Major Wickham, Major Harene, and the officers of the different regiments. The hall was filled by a brilliant and fashionable company, including all the rank and beauty of the neighbourhood. The arrangements made by Mad. Julien for the comfort and convenience of her patrons were all that could be desired. The hall is not the most convenient in the world, and its fittings are not creditable to the gentlemen who have the management of the property. However, the fair *bénéficiare* took care not to overcrowd the audience, and there was consequently no discomfort felt by any one. Besides Mad. Anna Thillon, Miss Rance, the *protégée* of the lamented Jullien, Mrs. Henry Reed, the pianist, and Herr Hermann, first basso at her Majesty's Theatre, the orchestra comprised the bands of the Royal Marines, of the 12th Regiment, and of the 61st, who played many of Jullien's most effective pieces, in a manner that elicited the heartiest applause. The performances opened with the overture to *William Tell*,

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which was beautifully played. Herr Hermann sang Mozart's 'In diesen heiligen Hallen,' from *Zauberflöte*, with a clearness of tone and a rich and powerful distinctness of utterance. His voice has great force, and is rich and melodious. Mad. Anna Thillon discoursed sweet music most eloquently. The first song was 'Una voce poco fa,' into which she threw all the gaiety which its sentiment ought always to inspire. In the ballad of 'Minnie,' which she sang by desire, she was encored. Mrs. Henry Reed played a solo, on the piano, by Weber, and a fantasia by Prudent, both of which evinced her mastery of the instrument. Miss Kate Ranoe sang Mozart's 'Deh vieni non tardar,' and Braga's 'Santa Lucia' in a very sweet and charming style. She was most warmly received, and we never heard her sing to greater advantage, or with more success. She has become a favourite with the Plymouth audiences. We should like to have spoken more in detail of the performances of the band, which was ably conducted by Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. Rix, and Herr Sauer. In the *British Army Quadrilles*, the solos on the cornet-à-piston, flute, clarionet, flageolet, trombone, and bassoon, reminded us of those days when Jullien, in the height of his successes, used to join in those thunders of well-merited applause which it so much delighted his heart to see accorded. The concert was altogether a success, and we trust that Madame Jullien may be gratified by her renewed acquaintance with her Plymouth friends.

The *Messiah* was performed in the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER, on Wednesday, being the usual Ash Wednesday performance, Mr. D. W. Banks being conductor, and Mr. W. T. Best presiding at the organ. The principal singers were Mad. Florence Lancia, Mrs. Fanny Huddart, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Mr. Henri Wharton. Particulars have not reached us.—On Saturday Mr. Willott's entertainment, *Light and Shade*, was given at the same locality, with Mad. Lancia and Mr. Augustus Braham.

"The more (says the *Manchester Weekly Times*) we hear and see of the gifted Lancia, the more we are satisfied that she is a true artist; one that, ere long, will take a position inferior to none in operatic singing, where dramatic feeling is required. There are few things of the kind finer than her 'War Song,' from Verdi's *Attila*, in one direction, or the humorous ballad of 'Perliceman A' in the other."

Dr. Mark and his little men have been paying a visit to WORCESTER, and, if not attracting large crowds, have at least been gratifying their admirers. "The 'little men,'" writes *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, "went through their clever performances with extraordinary skill, and the concerts were enlivened by some songs by Mr. Frank Reid, who has a most musical tenor voice, and who sang Braham's favourite song, 'The anchor's weighed,' with great judgment and effect. The laughing chorus by the 'the little men' was given so truthfully that the audience involuntarily joined in it."—The same journal speaks praisingly of Mr. Evans' concert at the Music Hall.

The Concert Society of LEEDS gave a performance of *Der Freischutz* at the Town Hall on Saturday, Mad. Catherine Hayes and Miss Lascelles sustaining the two female parts. Further particulars next week.

The Saturday Evening Concerts in EDINBURGH, taking something of their tone, doubtless, from the success achieved by the two Monday Popular Concerts recently given in that city, are beginning to indicate a greater bias towards the "classics" in their programmes than was their wont. At the fifteenth concert, on Saturday last, Haydn's *Adieu* symphony, the overture to *Egmont*, and the *Marcia Funebre* from the *Eroica* symphony, were performed. The *Edinburgh Courant*, nevertheless, appears to think that "orchestral performances do not seem to be as much appreciated by popular audiences as vocal"—"which," it adds, "is to be the more regretted, because for the latter Mr. Howard is in a great measure dependent upon assistance from the other side of the border, while the former can be easily and well supplied in our own city." What audiences, if not *popular*, the Monday Popular Concerts commanded, the writer does not trouble himself with thinking about. Miss Clari Fraser, who made her third appearance at the Saturday Concerts, continues to please.

"By her graceful and simple style of singing (writes the journal quoted above) she gave universal satisfaction. She was repeatedly recalled. One of her songs, an old English ditty, 'Oh! mother, a hoop, a hoop,' was exceedingly appropriate to the present time, but the audience did not seem to appreciate its humour. 'Ilka blade o' grass,' most sweetly sung, was more successful."

The Edinburgh Glee Union, a recently-formed society, gave a concert on Monday evening at the Masonic Hall, which attracted a large audience. The London Glee and Madrigal Union has evidently been the model upon which this new Union is established. In addition to the glees and part-songs, the programme contained several solos, two of which were contributed by Miss Helen Kirk, a native of Glasgow, who made her *début* in the City Hall there last month, and whom the *Edinburgh Courant* represents as highly promising. The principal members of the Union are Messrs. Geoghegan, A. W. Smith, Bishop, and Rutherford.

The *Caledonian Mercury* gives a lengthened account of the performance of the *Creation*, in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on the 23rd ult., under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Hargitt, and speaks in eulogistic terms of the singing of Mad. and Mr. Weiss, who took the leading soprano and bass parts in the oratorio. The chorus consisted of the members of the Edinburgh Choral Union, with the full orchestra of the Musical Association.

A correspondent from DUBLIN informs us that a *matinée* was given by Herr Oberthür, at the Misses Leishmans' Educational Institute for Ladies, on Saturday, and was numerously attended, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. A *trio* for harp, violin, and violoncello, by Herr Oberthür, was excellently played by the composer, Mr. Levey and Herr Elsner, and listened to with earnest attention, and applauded after each movement. The other performances by Herr Oberthür were a fantasia for the harp on *Oberon*, and a "transcription" for the same instrument of Reichardt's popular *Lied* "Thou art so near and yet so far," "an elegant composition," writes our correspondent, "which Herr Oberthür played with remarkable taste, and which will, no doubt, soon become popular among harpists." Miss Julia Cruise sang Mr. Joseph Robinson's song "Summer," accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, with great expression; and Miss Ellen Williams contributed her talent to enhance the interest of the vocal portion of the programme. A solo for violoncello was played by Herr Elsner, and ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Dr. Stewart, and the concert terminated with a *trio* of Herr Oberthür for harp, violin, and violoncello, entitled the "Alpen horn."

At the last concert of the Philharmonic Society (Feb. 8th), M. Vieuxtemps, Signor Piatti, and Herr Pauer performed. The concert was almost entirely instrumental, and included, among lesser things, one of Mozart's symphonies in C major, Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello, the overture to *Oberon*, and Vieuxtemps' violin concerto. The concert, it need hardly be said, was eminently successful. The *Evening Mail* thus delivers its opinion on the performers:—

"We liked M. Vieuxtemps better in the fantasia on *Lombardi*. Here the old singing tone, the almost vocal phrasing, the neatness of execution, boldness, and complete mastery over the instrument, were all apparent, and the M. Vieuxtemps of some years stood before us. Of Signor Piatti's playing it would be hard to speak in too high terms. He combines with entire command of the instrument a thorough feeling of what he interprets, and he renders the melodies so exquisitely that we are reminded of the most finished vocalism. Herr Pauer was the pianist, and a more genuine pianoforte player could scarcely be desired. Though he does not possess the delicious finish, liquid rapidity, and and faultless brilliancy of Arabella Goddard, neither the comprehensive manner of Thalberg, yet there is a choice execution combined with moderated power, and a clearness of idea in his playing surpassed by few performers. His own valse manifested talent, but the subject is too dry to be attractive, and he wisely substituted another piece to the *encore*. Mendelssohn's trio could not have been given more perfectly than it was by M. Vieuxtemps, Signior Piatti, and Herr Pauer. But with such a trio of performers why curtail the work, as it was on last evening, by omitting the first movement? If this were done, fearing the concert might be too long, it would be wise to have left one or both of the duets which were rendered so oddly as to make a great number of the audience wonder at their being given at all."

Very true, brother *Mail*; and we only wonder Mr. Russell should have lent his sanction to such an act of vandalism.

A LIMERICK correspondent writes that Mr. Corbett's concert, in the Theatre, attracted a large and fashionable audience. Miss Cruise was the vocalist, and sang with admirable taste "The

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meeting of the waters" and "The beating of my own heart" (G. A. Macfarren). Miss M'Carthy, the pianist, performed Mr. Benedict's brilliant and popular fantasia, "Erin," * with equal taste and spirit, and was rapturously applauded. Mr. Levey's performances of "The last rose of summer" and "The boys of Tipperary," on a single string, elicited loud praise. Herr Elsner was the violoncellist, and Herr Oberthur the harpist. The latter created quite a sensation in his clever "transcription" for harp solo of Reichardt's popular lied, "Thou art so near, and yet so far." The concert altogether was a great success.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Fra Diavolo* was produced last night, for the first time at this theatre, with the following cast:—Zerlina, Miss Parepa; Lady Allcash, Mlle. Alessandri; Fra Diavolo, Mr. Swift; Lorenzo, Mr. Parkinson; the Robbers, Messrs. Bartleman and Patey; and Lord Allcash, Mr. Honey. We shall notice the performance in our next. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* is announced for Saturday week.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday night, the pantomime having at length been laid aside, a new musical piece was produced, entitled *The Song of Hiawatha*, founded on Longfellow's celebrated poem. The *Song of Hiawatha*, which was brought out at Boston, in 1859, with great success, is the composition of Mr. Robert Stoepel, a gentleman not unknown in musical circles in England, and who, some years since, went to the United States, and married Miss Matilda Heron, an American actress of high standing. Mr. Stoepel had his "legend," as he calls it, subsequently performed at New York, and other States of the Union, with a result that tempted him to try its fortune in home-land; and accordingly having arrived in London and submitted it to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, it was approved of, accepted, and produced on Monday night on the stage of the Royal English Opera, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, with the band and chorus of the establishment, and Messrs. St. Albyn, H. Corri, Wharton, and Madame Palmieri as principal vocalists. Miss Matilda Heron (Madame Stoepel) recited the poem, which, we learned, had been altered and abridged by the poet himself to fit it for musical purposes. On the present occasion we do not feel called upon to give a detailed account of the music, which we had an opportunity of hearing the first night only, and which we consider too earnest and comprehensive to be thoroughly understood after a single hearing, more particularly as the performance was far from perfect, the singers having had but two or three rehearsals. The *Song* comprises fourteen pieces, choruses, orchestral illustrations, an Indian dance, a trio, and solos. Our impression is that the *Song of Hiawatha* is a composition of high merit, and that Mr. Stoepel has proved himself an original no less than a graceful thinker. Miss Matilda Heron delivered the verses with admirable point and feeling, and was most liberally applauded throughout.

Mr. Balfe's *Satanella* was given for the first time this year on Tuesday evening last, and was on the whole as good a performance as we remember of that most sparkling and attractive work. Miss Louisa Pyne was in exquisite voice and sang delightfully, creating the usual impression in "The power of love," which was rapturously encored. Mr. Harrison, too, in the "Glorious vintage of champagne," and "An angel form in dreams behold," displayed all his old vigour and energy. Miss Leffler assumed the part of Stella for the first time. R.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—We can scarcely think that any one will now be found with sufficient hardihood to repeat the senseless parrot cry, heard so frequently at one time, that the English were not a musical nation. Should any such demented individual, however, be still in existence, we would advise a visit to St. James's Hall any Monday evening, and if after that he was unconverted in his opinions, we should feel inclined, if not to "write him down an ass," at least to set him down as a being in no way amenable to reason. The fact is, that in no city in the world is so much really good music to be heard as in London. Let any one who doubts this assertion read the reports of our foreign correspondents, if unable to verify by personal observation, what musical fare is provided in continental capitals and large towns. Where do we find any societies corresponding in magnitude, importance, and number to our Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies — we speak not of London alone but also of the many provincial associations bearing the same name? Can Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or anywhere else, show a tithe of the concerts and various musical entertainments that are given in London every season — to say nothing of the two large opera houses open throughout the greater part of the year, and provincial concert and operatic tours? And, though last, by no means least, is there any place where classical chamber music of the highest order is brought week after week within the reach of the shilling-paying masses, as it has been now no less than fifty-two times at St. James's Hall, to say nothing of eleven similar concerts in the provinces quite recently, swelling the total of the Monday Popular Concerts to no less than sixty-three within two years of their foundation. Such a result is unparalleled in the history of musical entertainments. Last Monday's concert offered special attractions for the connoisseur, and we were therefore not surprised to find that standing room was at a premium in St. James's Hall, and numbers turned back much to their chagrin, being unable to obtain admission. The entire programme was devoted to Beethoven, and comprised no less than four *chefs d'œuvre* of the great "tone-poet"—two for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. The quartet in C major (op. 59), which has been already heard at these concerts (Nov. 14, 1859), and is the last of the three dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, and, as all our readers know, one of the most strikingly original of the stringed compositions of the great master. Enough to say that, in the hands of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Schreurs and Piatti, the performance left nothing for the most fastidiously hypercritical taste to desire. So with the trio in C minor for violin, viola and violoncello (the last of four), which was equally faultless in execution, and made a worthy commencement to the second part, the performers being summoned forward at the end.

To Miss Arabella Goddard the musical public is in a great measure indebted for the resuscitation of Beethoven's latest pianoforte solos — the envy and despair of those with less intellectual grasp and manipulative skill who consequently pronounced these works as meaningless or unplayable — the truth being that they lacked the comprehension to understand and the fingers to execute such wholly exceptional compositions. Opus 111 — *the thirty-second and last of the sonatas of Beethoven* — was introduced by Miss Goddard some time since at one of her memorable *soirées*, and its reproduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was looked forward to with much interest, the op. 109 (E major) having been so well received in March last year. That the expectation formed was by no means deceived may be readily understood by those who know how thorough a mistress of her art is Miss Goddard, the audience showing the most strict attention and the warmest appreciation of this truly magnificent sonata, after her matchless execution of which she was unanimously recalled into the orchestra and applauded with the heartiest enthusiasm.

The last piece formed an appropriate climax to the very admirable selection of the evening, — every note of the now familiar Kreutzer sonata being enjoyed to the full and applauded to the echo. Indeed it has rarely been our lot to listen to such a marvellously spirited performance — Miss Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps outshining even themselves, and both being recalled at the end.

The only vocalist was Mr. Sims Reeves, who, by special desire, gave that exquisite chain of love-songs, the *Lieder Kreis*, in the most incomparable style, and also a charming little *ariette*, "The stolen kiss," in such a manner as to provoke an encore so irresistible and unanimous that our great tenor had no choice left but to comply, as he had complied with the "recall" after the *Lieder Kreis*. Mr. Benedict conducted and accompanied the *Lieder Kreis* in a highly artistic manner. At the next concert Mendelsohn's Ottet is to be repeated.

* Composed expressly for Miss Arabella Goddard.

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FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS.—An American entertainment without the nigger element is a novelty to commence with. Here we have a troupe of minstrels, wanting the conventional blackened faces and red ruled shirts, illustrating the various actions and passions of humanity by the power of music, and making themselves agreeable without bones, banjos, and muscular contortions. Father Kemp's Old Folks have the least possible pretentions to anything out-of-the-way. Their sole peculiarity consists in their costume, which professes to be that of "one hundred years ago," and which certainly look odd enough to belong to a century or two more remote. The troupe consists of thirty ladies and gentlemen, part forming the orchestra, part chorus, and a few soaring into the empyrean of single voices. The orchestra is not very powerful, nor is the choral force remarkable for its strength, but they sing and play well together, and Father Kemp marshals them in a skilful manner. Of the solo singers we must specially distinguish from the rest Miss Emma J. Nichols, "the favourite young American vocalist," as she is styled, who may without violence, though young, be denominated the vocal soul of the Old Folks. Miss Nichols has a very fine, powerful contralto voice of peculiarly telling quality, and which she manages with sufficient ease, although apparently without much art. To a real vocaliser such a voice would prove an immediate fortune. The young lady is an immense favourite already with the audience of the lower room at St. James's Hall, where the Old Folks are now exhibiting, and gives some of her songs nightly—more especially "The captain with the whiskers," with an effect hardly to be described. The rest of the vocal company do not number among them any Sims Reeveses or Louisa Pynes.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Professor of music at the University of Oxford, and one of the vice-presidents of this society, recently delivered a lecture, at the society's rooms in Conduit Street, "On the Development of Musical Style." The room was crowded, many musical and artistic notabilities being present. Mr. R. Lincoln Cocks was in the chair. The lecturer commenced by showing the difficulties which existed in the way of any attempt to classify music. If they adopted the chronological system the difficulty always arose where to fix the point of demarcation—what was ancient and where the modern commenced. If they classed it under the head of the names of composers, there was this objection, that all great composers had composed in almost every style. Upon the whole, the best system appeared to be that adopted by Dr. Crotch, which, by the way, he stated he had adopted in consequence of an idea suggested by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Lectures on Painting, and which classified musical compositions under three heads—the sublime, the beautiful, and the ornamental or picturesque. The lecturer entered at some length into a explanation of the peculiar characteristics of these various styles, and showed that in a great majority of compositions, two of them, sometimes the whole three, were combined in various proportions; just as in painting, the three primitive colours, and again the secondary colours resulting from the combination of any two of them, and eventually the tertiary colours, in various qualities of hue, and gradations of tint, constituted a chromatic parterre of endless and unlimited variety; the accurate combination of the whole resulting in the pure white of daylight. Historically, it was very difficult to say where harmony first commenced. It was certain that it was not relished by, but, on the contrary, was repulsive to the barbaric peoples of the south. On the other hand, there was evidence to show that amongst the Sclavonian and Celtic races of the north harmony of sound had been known and cultivated from the earliest times. It was not until the Gregorian period that the first attempt at fusing the two systems—the melody of the south and the harmony of the north—was made; and with what result they all knew. The lecturer afterwards traced the progress of musical development through its various forms of lyric and orchestral achievement down to our own time. He illustrated his remarks throughout by references to various works of great composers of all ages. The discourse, which was of a most eloquent and convincing character, was frequently interrupted by the applause of the audience, and the rev. gentleman was loudly cheered at its conclusion. Mr. Ottley, the accomplished and indefatigable secretary of the society, then took the chair, and in few but appropriate words, commented upon the interesting lecture the audience had been listening to with such marked atttention, and seconded the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. R. Lincoln Cocks, which was carried by acclamation.

MR. VAN PRAAG.—The most polite and useful of concert agents has issued his circular for the forthcoming season, in which he states that he is about to "resume the business in which for many years he trusts he has afforded satisfaction." He should have said "unqualified" satisfaction. We have known Mr. Van Praag for many years, and can answer for his thorough knowledge of the management of concerts and balls, as well as the superintendence of bands and choruses, and in short everything connected with the getting up of musical performances. In addition to his experience and perfect acquaintance with the organisation of music meetings, benefits, &c., we may name his willingness to oblige and the energy he invariably displays on behalf of those who employ him as among his special recommendations. In short, Mr. Van Praag is a concert agent in the most exact sense of the word, and those who avail themselves of his services once will never be tempted to have recourse to any one else. For particulars we refer the reader to our advertising columns. R.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO PROFESSOR MERLET.—On Friday evening a meeting was held in University College for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting some substantial testimonial to Professor Merlet, who has recently resigned the professorship of the French language and literature, after having held the appointment for the last thirty-two years. Professor Key, who presided, referred in terms of high praise to Professor Merlet's uninterrupted devotion to his duties from the opening of the college to the present session, when, from age and enfeebled health, he was compelled to resign. It was decided, after some discussion, that the proposed testimonial should be given in the form of an annuity, or an equivalent to an annuity; and further, that all old and existing students of the college and the junior school should be requested to contribute thereto. An influential committee, including members of the council, professors, and former and present students, was formed to carry out the object of the meeting; and W. A. Case, Esq., M.A., was requested to act as hon. secretary and receive subscriptions.

SACRED MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.—A meeting was held at Edinburgh on Friday, in connection with the association founded by the late Lord Murray, for the revival of sacred music in Scotland. The Lord Advocate who presided, said,—"I don't understand, and never did, how it came to pass, that while in the earlier days of the Reformation music was certainly an ordinary part of the education of children, from the highest to the lowest, it has come to be so utterly neglected as it has been. Part singing in the earlier period of the Reformation, in the 17th century, was an ordinary part of the teaching in the parochial schools of Scotland. There are old Acts of Parliament which enjoin that every burgh shall have its song school, and there are some of these schools, existing at least in name, to this day. I know very well that it is thought that Presbyterians look with eyes askance at anything but vocal music, and that the organ, or "kist o' whistles," as it has been called, is something that ought not to be introduced into religious worship. Now, speaking for myself as a Presbyterian, I think we are hardly done justice to in the matter. We do not look upon the organ with anything like superstitious fear—quite the reverse; but we regard it as of importance that the congregation should sing when they profess to sing. I imagine that the real dislike of Presbyterians to the organ is that it tends to prevent the congregation taking their proper part in the psalmody. There can be no doubt that the noblest of all church music is the singing of the human voice. An organ may help a lame congregation; but a congregation able to sing as a congregation should does not require such assistance. I hold in my hand a book I brought down from the Advocates' Library to show that psalmody was not neglected in the earlier ages of the Reformation. It is John Knox's Psalm-Book, printed in 1565, five years after the Scottish Reformation, and in it the music is noted down along with the psalm. Knox had the strongest possible sense of the necessity of encouraging church music, and I believe that for a century after his day there was a great deal of pains taken in this important branch of public worship." Lord Neaves, in moving the approval of the report read, said,—"Whether we are ever to see in our Presbyterian churches anything that may give a little sustainment and assistance to the voice—not, perhaps, an organ, which the people might dislike—but something that might tend to improve the music and sustain the voice from falling at the close, I do not know; but now that 300 years have elapsed since the Reformation we should not be frightened because the thing was originally connected with Popery. Let us have good vocal music, at least such as will not disgrace our congregations. Certainly the psalmody is very bad in many congregations throughout the country, and it can

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be no honour to our Maker to sing in the manner I have heard many voices do." The Rev. Dr. Lee said,—"I am quite sure that the music we often hear in this country can have neither good moral nor good spiritual effect. It cannot be called music even by metaphor. I think that the reason we want instrumental music in this country is that we have almost no musical cultivation. If we had musical cultivation we could dispense with the use of instruments. It is because of our imperfect musical cultivation that we want something to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. In our congregational singing it is often a misnomer to speak of harmony; for one man sings what he calls his bass, and another sings another thing he calls bass; and the two, unhappily, are not in accord and don't make harmony, so that discord and confusion are the inevitable result." The Rev. L. S. Orde (Episcopalian) maintained that the organ did not prevent, but greatly aided, congregational singing.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.—An examination and musical performance of the pupils of this institution for teaching the blind to read, and training them in industrial occupations, took place at the schoolroom, Upper Avenue Road, Regent's Park, the Rev. E. H. Nelson in the chair. The programme comprised selections of vocal and instrumental sacred music from the works of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., all performed by the pupils, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Barnes, their master, especially two choruses from Handel's *Messiah*—"And the Glory of the Lord," and "O Thou that tellest"—in the first part, three solos on the organ, respectively by Messrs. Wilmot, Allen, and Bell, three of the senior male pupils, and Mozart's Grand Chorus "Glorious is Thy Name," sung by the whole of the pupils. Between the first and second parts the pupils read with much facility from the embossed Bibles in use at the school the 3rd chapter of the 2nd Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and were afterwards examined by the Chairman in the meaning of the more difficult passages, answering with equal readiness the questions propounded. In the second part Beethoven's solo sonata and *Sonata Patetica* (op. 13) was performed by Allen, some part songs—one entitled "Christmas," composed expressly for the pupils—and the slow movement from Mozart's symphony in C, on the organ, by Wilmot. After the concert the Chairman briefly addressed the visitors. He considered that what they had that afternoon heard was satisfactory evidence of the proficiency of the pupils; they had not only performed the music well, but were evidently grounded in religious matters; their instruction in music was a solace in their affliction, and he trusted those who had heard them would do what they could to benefit the school. The proceedings terminated by the pupils singing the National Anthem.

CONCERT AT THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL, WESTMINSTER.—A large party—including the Vice-Chancellor Sir Wm. Page Wood, Mr. Maude, the Rev. John Jennings, M.A., rector of St. John's, the Rev. W. Tennant, &c.—assembled on Wednesday evening in the school-room of the Blue-coat School, Little Chapel Street, Westminster, at a private concert given by Mr. Elliot, treasurer and head governor. The performance consisted of a selection of glees, four-part songs, &c., by the boys, and nearly 20 young men who had volunteered their services, together with "Violets" and "My Pretty Jane" by Mr. Dawson, of Westminster Abbey (both encored). Mr. Sarsons, master of the school, conducted the singing; and Mr. W. Williams, a young and rising musician, accompanied on one of Broadwood's pianofortes. In the course of the evening Mr. Elliot complimented Mr. Sarsons and his school, and the number of governors being very small, hoped some of the gentlemen present might become governors, as the funds were at a low ebb.

MR. HULLAH, THE "VILLAGE COQUETTES," &c.—"And will a once good and kind master of mine in the craft of letters be angry with his old 'prentice and journeyman if in these desultory reminiscences I set down among the *fasti* of the St. James's Theatre a certain opera called the *Village Coquettes*, to which he, a very young man then, with long silky hair, and a cataract of white satin for a cravat, as you see him in Mr. Maclise's picture, wrote the libretto, and in which John Braham enacted the part of a convivial but dissolute squire (in a scarlet velvet coat and top boots of shiny leather)? The *Village Coquettes!* I remember almost every line of the words and every bar of the music. John Parry, the vivacious, the genial, the evergreen prince of buffo-singers was among the *dramatis personæ*. There was that charming song of 'Autumn Leaves,' which I sincerely wish somebody would revive now. John Braham had a wondrous song about 'Snipe shooting in the snow.' Whether are fled the days of the *Village Coquettes*? The squire in the scarlet velvet coat is dead. There was a gentleman attached to the St. James's Theatre, who united the functions of treasurer and writer of burlesques, and whose name was Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. He lived to be a writer of leaders in *The Times* and one of the most upright magistrates that ever sat on the bench. He died very sadly and prematurely, too soon for friendship but not too soon for fame. Laughing John Parry laughs yet, and carols gaily. The writer of the libretto is alive and famous to all the world. His name is *Charles Dickens*; and did I need a further excuse for routing up these old memories, it would be in the fact that he who composed the music to the *Village Coquettes* also lives, a good and honourable and just man? He has unhappily fallen upon evil days, and in life's wane has to begin the world again; but the author of the words to his songs has no more forgotten the old days than I have; for at the head of the committee for raising the funds for a testimonial to John Hullah I find the name of Dickens."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (*Temple Bar*).

VERDI IN PARLIAMENT.—Our readers who now and then hum "Il Balen," "La mia Letizia," and dozens of other popular melodies, will be glad to hear that Verdi, who is an ardent liberal (not republican) politician, has been elected a member of the Italian parliament. Through the spirited medium of Reuter's telegraph, we have received an anticipatory report of his maiden speech, which is as follows:—*Care compagne e voi teneri amici*, I am glad to meet you on the parliamentary stage of our beloved country, and I trust my humble efforts may be instrumental in introducing concord and harmony in our deliberations, and composing our fears. Let us, *amici miei*, act together in concert, and soon our beloved *Italia* will no longer be a *Traviata* among nations. Under the guidance of our Ré Galantuomo, we will also soon free *la Bella Venezia* from Austrian tyrants, and when he cries to us, "*Suivez-moi*" and "*Vieni in Roma*," let our response, as a band of brothers, be *Guerra, guerra!* and if our words are *piano* let our blows be *forte*, so that the *finale* of our operations may be a blaze of triumph, such as Il Signor Bunn, *mio caro amico Inglese*, never dreamed of in his most poetic flights. With such a leader and conductor as *Vittore Emmanuele* and *chefs d'attaque* like Garibaldi, Cialdini, Persano, and other great warlike artists, we must succeed; and though the Pope and Francis Joseph, on the score of some of my works being produced in Rome and Venice, style me a double base traitor, my *aria d'intrata* shall ever be *Viva l'Italia Unita*. Let us repel overtures on any other terms, either from foreign, royal, and imperial managers, or the *sediziose voce* of Bombastic bravoes and reactionary prompters. This speech which was delivered in recitative, excited the greatest *furore*, and the members were so excited, that for several minutes the cries of "Bravo" and "encore" shook the building.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

MILAN.—(*From a correspondent.*) Signor Luigi Sessa, who, some time ago, held some *séances* of classical music, with the highly talented English pianist, Mr. Deacon, gave two concerts of the same kind in the *Ridotto* of the Scala, for the relief of the wounded and invalided in the late Italian campaign. Both concerts were not equally successful. At the first, from some reason not to be accounted for, the attendance was not what it should have been. At the second, however, the audience was both brilliant and numerous, all the *élite* of the higher classes in Milan honouring the *Ridotto* with their presence. At the second concert (I did not attend the first) the programme comprised a quintet by Boccherini; Mendelssohn's sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello; Beethoven's sonata-quasi-fantasia, for pianoforte, in C sharp minor; *adagio* and *rondo*, from Rode's seventh violin concerto; and Onslow's quintet, in E flat, for pianoforte and stringed instruments. I need not inform your readers who Boccherini is. The analytical programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts have made his name and his wonderfully fertile genius familiar to them. Few old composers, perhaps, can vie with Boccherini in originality, the more remarkable, as in his time all music, even that of the great masters, reflected the frivolous sensuality and abandoned state of morals of the period. In the quintet played at the *Ridotto*, the *adagio* is extremely melodious, and the *allegro* remarkable for its unflagging spirit. It was executed very finely by Signors Sessa, Ferari, Santelli, Guarenghi, and Negri. Mr. Deacon did real honour to his country beside the Italian professors. His playing both in Beethoven's sonata for piano solus, and Mendelssohn's sonata for piano and violoncello, was most admirable, and produced a powerful sensation. Not to be minute, the whole concert afforded a treat to the audience, and must have realised no despicable sum for the funds.

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SILAS, E., Op. 49, Costanza Impromptu	...	...	...	3	0
SPINDLER, F., L'Oisillon	...	...	...	2	6
WOLLENHAUPT, H. A., Op. 19, Grande Marche de Concert			...	3	0
" Op. 23, La Gazelle	...	...	...	3	0
" Op. 24, Galop di Bravura			...	4	0
" Op. 26, Helene. Grand Valse Brillante			...	4	0
" Cordelia. Schottisch	...	...	...	3	0
" La Violette. Polka de Concert	...	...	...	3	0

MOLIQUE'S ORATORIO—"ABRAHAM."

Soprano Airs.—I will extol Thee, my God	...	...	...	4	0
" Hear my prayer, O Lord	...	...	...	3	0
" Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes	...	...	...	4	6
Contralto Air.—They kept not the law		...	...	1	6
Tenor Airs.—Who walketh uprightly	...	...	...	2	6
" Pour out thy heart before the Lord		...	...	2	6
Baritone Airs.—Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness		...	...	3	0
" Let there be no strife	...	...	...	2	6
" The joy of my heart is ceased	...	...	...	4	0
" Lord have mercy upon me	...	...	...	4	6
Duets.—Cast out this bondwoman. Alto and Baritone		...	...	4	6
" It is of the Lord's great mercies. Soprano and Baritone			...	3	0
Trio.—Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Let all those rejoice		...	...	3	0
Quartet.—S. A. T. & B. Go in peace before the Lord		...	...	4	6
March.—Arranged for Pianoforte Solo	...	...	...	2	6
" " Duet	...	...	...	4	0
" " Organ (arranged by W. T. BEST)			...	3	0

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First New Philharmonic Concert this season will take place on Monday evening, March 11; the First Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, March 9, at half-past 2. Conductor, Dr. Wylde. Programme:—Overture—Egmont; violin concerto—Mendelssohn; Schubert's Grand Symphony in C; Weber's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; overture, Alencoragen—Cherubini. Pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, M. Vieuxtemps, his first appearance at these concerts; vocalists Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c.; orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Subscription for the series of Six Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals:—Sofa stall, £3 3s.; balcony, first row, One Guinea and a-Half; second row, One Guinea.

Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; W. Gradèn Nicholls, Esq., Hon. Sec., 28 Argyll Street, W.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Season 1861. The FIRST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, at St. James's Hall, and commence at half-past 8 o'clock precisely. The doors in Regent Street and Piccadilly will be opened at a quarter to 8 o'clock to enable all the members to be seated before the commencement of the performance. Programme:—Part 1. Overture, Ruy Blas—Mendelssohn; cantata, Mia speranza Adorata, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington—Mozart; concerto in D, violin, M. Vieuxtemps—Beethoven; scena (Euryanthe), Mr. Weiss—Weber; overture, the Tempest—Benedict. Part 2 Symphony in D minor (No. 2)—Spohr; duo, La Gazza Ladra, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss—Rossini; overture, Le Philtre—Auber. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

N.B.—Members who have not yet paid their annual subscription for 1861, are respectfully reminded that they should do so immediately to Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street, by whom the tickets of the Society are issued. Those members who purpose to withdraw from the Society should signify their intention to the Hon. Sec. as soon as possible, to enable the Council to fill up vacancies.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec., 36 Baker Street, W.

St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce that she has REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce, that they have removed to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where they will continue to give lessons on the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 27 Berner's Street, Oxford Street, W.

THE MISSES ELTON (Duet Singers), beg to announce they have returned to town for the Season.

All communications respecting Concerts to be addressed to their Agents, Messrs. Hopwood and Crewe, 42 New Bond Street.

THIRD WEEK OF THE LATEST SENSATION.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS. — Miss EMMA NICHOLS, 30 LADIES and GENTLEMEN, from America, in ANCIENT COSTUME, every night at 8, and Wednesday and Saturday morning at 3. St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery 1s.

MADAME OURY'S BRILLIANT FANTASIA on Jacobite Airs, 4s.—Madame Oury's Souvenirs d'Ecosse, 4s.—Madame Oury's "Auld Robin Gray," 4s.

Boosey & Sons, Holles Street, and Patterson & Sons, Edinburgh.

CARL FAUST, of Breslau.—Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co. have the pleasure to announce that, having concluded an engagement with HERR CARL FAUST, of Breslau, they are enabled to introduce for the first time to the English Public the Works of this distinguished composer, hitherto known in this country to the courtly circles exclusively. For melody, rhythm, and thoroughly dansant qualities, the productions of Carl Faust excel everything known in Europe since the days of Strauss. His compositions have accordingly met with an enthusiastic reception throughout Germany. Now ready, ELECTRA POLKA, 2s.; Louise March, 2s. 6d.; Cataract Galop, 3s.; Heart's-ease Valse, à la Tyrolienne, 3s.; the Britannia Quadrille (founded on English national airs), 4s.; the Mephisto Galop, 2s. 6d.; the Enchanting Polka, 2s. 6d.; Flora Suite de Valses, 3s. See Robert Cocks and Co.'s List of Musical Novelties, furnished gratis and postage free.

London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W., publishers to the Queen and the Emperor Napoleon III.

LATEST PIANOFORTE PIECES, by W. VINCENT WALLACE. Come where my love lies dreaming, melody, transcribed, 3s.; the Shepherd's Roundelay, pastoral sketch, 4s.; the Volunteer Rifles' March, decorated title, 3s.; La Luvisella, favourite Neapolitan melody, transcribed, 3s.; Beethoven's Ruins of Athens, fantasia on airs from, 3s.; Good news from home, 3s.

London: Robert Cocks and Co., and of all Musicsellers.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, ACCOUNTS, and BALANCE SHEET of the Mutual Life Assurance Society for the year 1860 are this day published, and may be had by a written or personal application to the Head Office, or to any of the Society's Agents.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

The Mutual Life Assurance Society,
39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C., London, 20th Feb. 1861.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D.—First Concert, March 4. Subscription, four guineas, and Family Tickets of not less than four, 3½ guineas each; Single Tickets, 15s. each.

Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210 Regent Street, W.

PREMIERE TARANTELLE, pour Piano, par BRINLEY RICHARDS, dedièe à M. Charles Hallé, 5s.

TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC, a new work, in Three Essays which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD. By JOSEPH GODDARD. Readers of the MUSICAL WORLD and the Public, wishing to encourage the publication of the above, may do so by forwarding their names to Mr. J. GODDARD, 6 Crescent, Camden Square, N.W. Price 5s. For further particulars, see the MUSICAL WORLD of Dec. 15th, 1860.

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HOWARD GLOVER'S OPERA, "RUY BLAS" shortly to be performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.
Ransey and Sons, Holles Street.

ASHDOWN and PARRY (successors to Wessel and Co.), beg to inform the profession that they forward Parcels on Sale upon receipt of references in town. Returns to be made at Midsummer and Christmas.
Their Catalogues, which contain a great variety of Music calculated for teaching purposes, may be had, post-free, on application.
London: 18 Hanover Square.

TWO MUSICAL SKETCHES for the PIANOFORTE, dedicated to Mr. Charles Hallé, by JAMES LEA SUMMERS, price 3s. 6d. each, "are cleverly written and stamped with real musical feeling."—MUSICAL WORLD.
London:—Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

AN ORGANIST and PIANOFORTE TEACHER is about to be APPOINTED at Wellington College. Persons desirous to become Candidates for this situation may learn particulars on application, by letter only to the Rev. E. BENSON, Wellington College, Wokingham.

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Especial attention is requested to the above, which will be on sale on and after Thursday the 28th of February, 1861, at the Offices of the Conservative Land Society, No. 2 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.
Plans of the Estates will be forwarded by post, on receipt of seven stamps, for each separate plan.
Printed particulars of each Estate will be forwarded free of charge. Prospectuses free, as to the Share and Deposit Departments. Interest 5 per cent. on the former, 4 per cent. on the latter.
CHARLES LEWIS GRUNNEISEN, Secretary.

LEYTONSTONE NATIONAL SCHOOL ROOMS.—A Concert was given at the above Rooms on the 12th instant, in which the following singers took part: Miss Annie Cox, Miss Emma Boden, Mr. C. Searle, Mr. Alexander Thornley and Mr. A. J. Hubbard; Mr. W. Seymour Smith accompanied, and Mr. A. J. Hubbard conducted.

HARROW SCHOOL SPEECH ROOM.—Mr. J. B. Turner, the pianist, gave a Concert on Tuesday morning in the above Hall, by permission of the head master, the Rev. H. M. Butler, M.A., and masters of the school. Mr. Turner was assisted by Miss Banks, Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Montem Smith, and Weiss, as vocalists; and Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), Mr. W. Pettit (violoncello), and Mr. T. Harper (trumpet), instrumentalists.

EYRE ARMS.—A concert was held at the Assembly Rooms last week, in aid of funds for reimbursing the Rev. Joseph Irving for heavy losses sustained through the destruction of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Carlton Road, by fire. The concert was highly successful, and was attended by a numerous audience. Miss Fosbroke, Miss Ellen Bliss, and Mrs. Friswell were well received, Mrs. Friswell being unanimously encored in Giuglielmi's "Gratias Agimus," the clarionet *obbligato* to which was most efficiently played by Mr. A. Williams, R.A.M.; and Miss Fosbroke eliciting considerable applause in Regaldi's ballad, "The calm repose of eve." The pianoforte solos were executed with much delicacy and finish by Miss Ellen Bliss, a rising pianist. Mr. Frank Elmore sang "Come into the Garden, Maud," and Reichardt's "Thou art so near," with great taste, and was encored in each. Mr. C. Henry's rich baritone told well in the "Wolf," and Leslie's ballad, "Speed on my bark." Some part songs, including Bishop's ever fresh and charming "Sleep gentle lady," were carefully rendered. The concert was conducted by Mr. Finlayson.

HERR SCHACHNER has just returned to London from Berlin, where his new grand Oratorio, *Israel's Heimkehr* (the Return from Captivity), was produced on the 20th January, at the Berlin Academy, with great success. The Oratorio is in four parts. 1. The Captivity; 2. The Deliverance; 3. The Reconciliation of Jehovah with His people; and 4. The Covenant. The Libretto is partly taken from Holy Scripture, and partly from the Hebrew Melodies of Moore. The performance was conducted by Professor Grell, the principal singers being Mad. Flavriers-Vifern, Mlle. Baer (alto), Herr Geier (tenor), and Herr Krause (bass).

HERR FORMES.—The celebrated German *basso* is reported to have arrived in London.

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Reviews.

"*Les Arpèges, Etude de Salon.*"—THEODORE KULLAK, Op. 59 (Ashdown and Parry). This study, or rather show-piece, is modelled very nearly after the pattern of *Les Perles d'Eaume*, by the same composer, which Miss Arabella Goddard used to play so often and with such success. Nor is *Les Arpèges* at all inferior to its precursor in grace and brilliancy. Nothing could be better written for the instrument, nothing lie readier for the hand of a tolerably expert performer, and nothing make a more imposing display out of what after all amounts to only a moderate degree of difficulty. In short, this really elegant study may be recommended to professional pianists, whether as a *morceau de bravoure* for public exhibition, or an extremely good practice for the fingers with no ulterior object than that of acquiring fluency and evenness of execution. Herr Kullak should write more in this style.

"*Trivagium*—No. 1;" and "*Thee will I Love*" (Willis; and Addison, Hollier and Lucas) are additions to a compilation entitled "*Sacred Music, adapted for public and private devotion*"—by R. ANDREWS. They call for no special remark. "*The Christmas Hymn, with variations*"—by R. ANDREWS (C. Jeffrys, London; R. Andrews, Manchester)—is No. 2 of "*Six Sacred Melodies*," varied for the pianoforte. Neither this nor "*A happy, happy Christmas*" ("*Songs of the Poets of England and America*"), "edited, varied, arranged, and the music composed" by RICHARD ANDREWS (Music Repository, Oxford Street, Manchester), demand more than the mention of their existence. Nevertheless, we should like to be initiated into the mystery of Mr. Andrews' labours. We find, for example, the name of "John S. B. Monsell" (author of *Spiritual Songs*), attached to the words of "*A happy, happy Christmas*," and yet Mr. Andrews, according to the authority of the title-page, has had the pains of *editing, varying, arranging*, and *setting to music*. And all this for a piece which just occupies *five lines!*

"*Operatic Selections for the Harmonium*" arranged by G. W. GOODBAN (Metzler and Co.) We have received Books 1, 2, and 3 of the above. The first contains, "A te o cara," a delicious *air de ballet* from *Guillaume Tell*, and "Come è gentil;" the second, "Quando il destin" (*La Figlia del Reggimento*), "Convien partir" (do.), and "In si barbara" (*Semiramide*); the third, "Libiamo" (*Traviata*), the Page's first air in the *Huguenots*, and the *Ranz des vaches* movement from the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. As might have been expected from Mr. Goodban, the arrangements are good—well adapted to the instrument, and *effective*.

"*Rondo Apassionato, pour piano*"—AUGUSTE ERGMANN (Ashdown and Parry). This piece is dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard, and as might have been guessed, on that account alone, is one of more than ordinary pretensions. It comprises an introduction, *andante*, in B major, and a *vivace assai* in B minor (ending in the major)—just like (by the way) a certain composition of Mendelssohn's, in which (by the way) the same keys are employed in much the same manner. There is more aim than accomplishment (as it seems to us) in the introduction, which moreover includes a progression (page 3, line 3, bar 4), which as it stands is very harsh, but with A *natural*, instead of A sharp, would be easy enough. The *rondo* is a regularly constructed movement, although in style it is a kind of mixture of Weber and Mendelssohn. The first theme is *Weberish*, decidedly; the second, both in melody and treatment, *Mendelssohnish*, as decidedly. At the same time it is but fair to add that Mr. Ergmann does not present us (like so many others) with wishy-washy Weber, or maudlin Mendelssohn, but rather with vigorous imitations of both. To conclude, though somewhat diffuse, his rondo is cleverly conducted, and if executed with vigour and correctness would assuredly produce an "effect." Some places want revising here as in the preceding movement. What, for example, does Mr. Ergmann mean by bars 6, 7, line 2, page 9?

"*Six nocturnes, for the pianoforte,*" *by* JOHN FIELD—edited by FRANZ LISZT (Ashdown and Parry). In re-publishing these *nocturnes* (in E flat, C minor, A flat, A, B flat, and F) Messrs. Ashdown and Parry are helping further to promote the taste for sterling pianoforte-music which is now (thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts &c. &c. &c.) so widely spreading in these kingdoms. It would be superfluous at this time to criticise pieces which have long been acknowledged by the higher authorities as *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way; and we need add no more than a strong recommendation to our pianoforte-playing readers to possess and make themselves masters of these *nocturnes* without delay. They should be on every desk. John Field has been allowed to glide out of the memory too easily; but his coming back again will probably endow him with an extra fascination. Such fresh, genial and artistically-made music can never die for want of intrinsic charm; it has only to be heard (from kindred and sympathetic fingers) to win the admiration—nay *affection*—of all who love what is genuine, healthy, and true.

"*Holyrood, a cantata*"—words by HENRY F. CHORLEY, music by HENRY LESLIE (Addison, Hollier and Lucas). Here—in a handsomely got up volume, bound in red cloth, with gilt letters—we have the *cantata* of Messrs. Chorley and Leslie of which we spoke so favourably, and at such length a fortnight since. We have nothing to add to, or retract from what was written about *Holyrood*, and with the assurance that it looks just as well on paper as it sounds from the orchestra, we heartily commend it to our readers.

"*Linger, linger, gentle maiden*"—words from the Finnish, music by HENRY KILLICK MORLEY (R. Cocks and Co.); "*O sister, sing the song I love*"—words by L. M. DAVIDSON, music by the same (S. Clark); "*I never knew how dear thou wert*"—words by CATHERINE WARFIELD, music by the same (Duncan Davison and Co).

These ballads have more than ordinary merit. They are tuneful, *singable*, and correctly written—good things, in short, without pretension, and therefore welcome. Perhaps the best and most graceful of the three is, "*I never knew how dear thou wert*," composed expressly, we believe, for Miss Lascelles. The first, nevertheless (dedicated to Miss Poole), is just as likely to please, and moreover has the advantage of very beautiful words. Mr. Morley should have affixed the name of the translator, who has no cause to be ashamed of his work.

"*Scales and Chords in all the Major and Minor Keys*"—edited by BENNETT GILBERT (J. H. Jewell), is a very handy, complete, and useful little work. "*Esmeralda, schottische élégante*," for the pianoforte, "*composé par*" ERNEST BENNETT GILBERT (J. H. Jewell). But for the "*composée par*" we should not have an objection, however slight, to offer against this sparkling and elegant little dance-piece, which deserves to be entitled "Esmeralda."

"*Souvenir de Cambria, fantaisie élégante*"—by BENNETT GILBERT (J. H. Jewell). Here "*composée par*" would be in better keeping. However, not to be hypercritical, whether

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the theme upon which this fantasy is built be a national tune, or the invention of the fantasist, it is extremely pretty. On the other hand, the treatment is both clever and ingenious. The last variation is as brilliant and effective as the first is graceful.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

PIANOFORTE.

JONES (J. TOMLINS) "La Gracieuse Mazurka."
Ditto. "Souvenir de Madère."
Ditto. "La petite rivière."
OSBORNE (G. A.) "Love's young dream."
SCHLOESSER (A.) "Les Enfants de la Garde."

DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.

PIANOFORTE.

HOLMES (GEORGIANA) "Andante in E flat."
HOLMES (W. H.) "Highland Echo."

VOCAL.

AGUILAR (EMANUEL) "Farewell."
FERRARI (A.) "Vieni, vieni."
Ditto. "Ah se piacer mi vuol."
Ditto. "L'onda che mormora."
THOMSON (JESSIE) "Music breathes in everything."

HALE AND SON (Cheltenham).

VOCAL.

CLARIBEL "The trefoil leaf."
GUERNSEY (WELLINGTON) "Courting days."

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

GOSSEC AND GATEL.

GOSSEC, and afterwards CATEL, cleared the path for the Nicolos, the Méhuls, the Boieldieus, &c., by supplying the Opéra Comique with works more correctly written than those of their predecessors, and thus forming the taste of the audiences. Their dramatic works, however, were not those which contributed the most to their celebrity. François Joseph Gossec* owed his principal title to fame to his instrumental music, his religious compositions, and patriotic songs. When he arrived in France, in 1751, he obtained, through the patronage of Rameau, to whom his master had sent him, the place of director of the orchestra in the household of the farmer-general La Popelinière. He subsequently became director of the *Concert Spirituel*. Struck with the backward state of orchestral music at that time in France, he wrote symphonies which shone in a remarkable manner next to those of Lulli, Mondonville, and Rameau, which formed the stock of the *Concert Spirituel*. He wrote what were then called periodical symphonies at about the same time Haydn was composing such works in Germany. These were destined to become known on this side of the Rhine twenty years later, and to cause the works of the French musicians to become in turn forgotten. Gossec sought to introduce his instrumental reform into operatic works. He constituted an orchestra very much in the same as it is now, only retaining among the stringed instruments the violin, the viola, the violoncello, and the double-bass. He substituted for the flute with a mouth-piece which was false in intonation and disagreeable in tone, the German flute; he extended the use of the clarionet, and proscribed the hunting-horn in favour of the *cor d'harmonie*. His claims to rank as a composer of Opéra Comique are based on four one-act productions presented to the Comédie Italienne, viz.: *Le Faux Lord*, 1764; *les Pêcheurs*, April 8, 1766, (his greatest success); *Toinon et Toinette*, and *Le Double Déguisement*. The latter was less fortunate than the rest, and was only played one night. Gossec was one of the best masters of composition of the French school, although attached, as well as all his musical compatriots, to the system of the fundamental bass. Among his pupils were Charles Simon Catel,† who overturned the ancient theoretical edifice of Rameau, and distinguished himself by a treatise on harmony which has continued to be the basis and outline of other more developed works since written on the subject. If French opera has German and Italian blood in its veins, the same may be said of our musical theories. Catel condensed in his logical and clear treatise whatever he had found that was obscure in the rational and confused works of the German and Italian masters. He wrote several comic operas, which were not attended with the success they perhaps deserved: *L'Auberge des Bagnères* (1807), the words of which were, as we have seen, by Elleviou, contained charming melodies, a dramatic truth of expression felicitously hit upon, and above all, great purity of style—a rare merit in that time, and one which probably turned to the disadvantage of Catel. We are all familiar with the absurd prejudice of a certain part of the public against the works of composers who have the reputation of being erudite. *Music by rule of three* is the ridiculous phrase by virtue of which many men of talent have seen the fame due to them eclipsed, and often enough by positive mediocrity. The qualities which shine in *L'Auberge des Bagnères* reappear in *Les Artistes par Occasion*, a comic opera produced the same year, but the libretto of which was too poor to keep its place on the stage. There is a pretty trio in this work which is yet to be heard at concerts. In 1812 Catel produced *Les Aubergistes de Qualité*, a somewhat frigid composition, but from which I nevertheless may quote a pretty duo for two soprani and a tenor :—

"D'un seul vœu mon âme est remplie."

He afterwards wrote the music for a drama in three acts, called *Wallace*, which obtained a deserved success, and in which a soprano air was much applauded :—

"Soyez sensible à ma douleur."

L'Officier enlevé (1819) was his last work. The grand opera *Sémiramis* was his most valuable gift to the stage, but his masterpiece met with the fate which befel the works of Gossec: the libretto of *Semiramis* was destined to furnish the canvas for a work of surpassing brilliancy which should throw Catel's opera into oblivion.

Although the fact has no connection with the history of the Opéra Comique, I cannot mention Gossec without observing what is rare enough among artists, that he was full of admiration for the composers of talent who lived in his day. If he became the *protégé* of Rameau, it is that he rendered homage to his works, as at a later period his admiration for the operas of Gluck won him the attachment of that great genius. It was with delight that he beheld the progress of musical art in his day, a progress which often left his works lagging behind among the old-fashioned antiquities. Catel submitted his treatise on harmony to him, and he embraced him, saying, "Thou makest me understand at last that which I taught thee." And in like manner it was a great happiness to him that he had "the singular good fortune," says Adolphe Adam, in the charming pages of his book devoted to him, "of hearing the last performances of the operas of Lulli, and witnessing the first triumphs of Rossini."

NICOLO AND MEHUL.

Nicolo belongs far more than the two preceding writers to the history of the Opéra Comique. Although not an irreproachable writer, he united some of the qualities of Gossec and Catel, with the charm of the melodies of Grétry and Dalayrac. His real name was Nicolas Isouart. Born at Malta in 1775 of French parents, he was sent to Paris to study. It had been intended that he should enter the royal navy, but the revolution of '89 disturbing his father's plans, he returned to Malta, where he devoted himself to commerce. This new career was, but ill-suited to him, and he already felt growing within him his passion for music. He procured lessons of harmony from the chapel-master of the Knights of Malta. Isouart, senior, discovering that his son devoted a great deal of time to the study of music, separated him from his master, who had taken him into affection, seeing how rapidly a talent for composition was developing in him. Nicolas was sent to Palermo, but here he found even better opportunities than at Malta for following up his artistic inclinations. From Palermo he was transferred to Naples, and placed with some German bankers. In this city he completed his studies in composition:

* Born in a small town in Hainaut, January 17, 1733, and died at Passy, February 16, 1829.

† Born at Aigle, June 1773, died at Paris, Nov. 26, 1830.

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his sojourn in the native land of Leo, Durante, Scarlatti, Pergolese and Cimarosa, having definitively fixed his vocation. He obtained a libretto (*Avviso ai Maritati*) for the theatre at Florence, and signed the same with his Christian name in Italian,—NICOLO, he thought having a more musical sound than ISOUART. The *Avviso* was not crowned with any great success, and this may have caused the young composer to reflect. He may probably have feared that he had done unwisely to abandon commerce, but he was more fortunate at Leghorn with his opera of *Artaserse*, which procured him the acquaintance of the Grand-Master of the Order of Malta, who brought him back to his native island, and procured him the post of chapel-master to the Order. After the landing of the French at Malta, and the suppression of the Knights, he was taken by General Vaubois to Paris, where he was persuaded to settle. He was patronised by Kreutzer, who smoothed for him the difficulties of his access to the stage. Nicolo made himself known as a dramatic composer by the music of the *Tonnelier*, an old opéra comique which had been parodied by Delrieu, and for which he wrote new music. The piece was unsuccessful. The same year (1799) he produced an opéra comique in one act, *La Statue, ou la Femme avare*, which was not more fortunate than the *Tonnelier*. After some successful joint productions, such as the *Baiser et la Quittance*, a score to which Méhul, Kreutzer, and Berton contributed some part, he succeeded in several small operas: *Michel Ange* (1802), *Le Médecin Turc* (1803), *L'Intrigue aux Fenêtres* (1805). His lasting successes, however, did not come till later, when he had to vie with a rival more powerful than himself, Boieldieu, by whom Nicolo was unwilling to be eclipsed. He had, nevertheless, another rival of distinguished merit, the author of *Joseph*; but the works of Méhul, as will shortly be seen, although of a more solid stamp than those of Nicolo, had the misfortune, which was also a merit, of being beyond their time. His severe and magisterial music was not destined to be appreciated at its just value until our own day, whereas that of Boieldieu possessed charms which produced their effect at once. There were then two camps formed, constituting an agreeable counterpart to the Gluckists and Picinists. Nicolo, to maintain his reputation, was forced to write scores of a higher musical value than he had hitherto produced. It was from this time that his great successes commenced: *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*, one act (1805); *Un Jour à Paris*, three acts (1808); *Cendrillon*, three acts (1810); *Le Billet de Loterie*, one act (1811); *Joconde*, three acts, and *Jeannot et Colin*, three acts also, both in 1814.

(*To be continued.*)

SIGNOR ARDITI.

OF all the foreign musical artists who have established themselves in this country, there is no one more deserving the esteem of the profession than this well-known *chef-d'orchestre* and composer. A few details of his career, during which he has been associated with the most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists of the present day, cannot but be interesting to our readers. Luigi Arditi was born at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont, in 1822. Evincing great musical talent when very young, he was placed under the celebrated Professor Caldera, with whom he rapidly acquired a proficiency in violin playing and composition. At the age of fourteen, by the advice of Caldera, his father sent him to the Conservatoire at Milan, where he devoted himself to a serious course of study, and distinguished himself by the production of an opera entitled *I Briganti*, which was performed with considerable success during the carnival of 1841. In 1842 he gained, for the third time, the prize at the Conservatoire for composition, as well as for violin-playing, and on this occasion was presented with a violin by Viceré, as an especial mark of approbation. He took leave of the institution in the autumn of 1842, and may be said to have commenced his public career early in the following year, when he was engaged as orchestral conductor at Vercelli. He afterwards performed in several of the principal towns in Italy, and returned to Milan in company with the sisters Milanollo, for whom he composed and arranged some of their most effective duets. During 1844 Arditi extended his travels to Rome and Verona with Bottesini. Their success was unprecedented. Encouraged by the result of their concerts, they had determined to visit England together, when an advantageous engagement for America, offered by the impresario Marty, induced them to set sail for that country, where they arrived in September 1846.

Arditi was appointed conductor of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre in the Havana, Bottesini being in the orchestra under his direction. At the conclusion of their engagement with Marty, they made a tour through the United States, and remained some time in New York. Recalled by Marty to conduct the opera at the Tacon Theatre, Arditi remained in the Havana until the end of 1850, during which season the company included the well-known names of Bosio, Steffenone, Tedesco, Salvi, Bettini, Lorini, Badiali, Beneventano, Marini, &c. &c. When in the Havana he was generally called "Créolio," from the many graceful dances he composed which became popular. In 1852 he was engaged by Alboni to accompany her during her *tournée* through the States, and then, desirous of holding the reigns of management as well as the conductor's baton, he became impresario in partnership with Mad. Devries, and maintained the enterprise successfully for fourteen months.

He was subsequently under an engagement to Sontag at New Orleans, at the expiration of which his services were secured by Mr. Hackett to direct the operas and concerts given with Grisi and Mario during their visit to America. At this time he conducted the performances on the opening of the Academy of Music at New York.

It will thus be seen that Arditi was connected with every musical undertaking of importance in the New World for a period of ten years, or from the time of his first contract with Marty, in 1846, to the moment of his leaving the United States for the purpose of revisiting his native country, in 1856. Upon his return to Europe, he accepted an engagement as conductor at the Naum Theatre at Constantinople, where new honours awaited him, and where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Order of the Medjidie. Upon leaving Constantinople, Arditi returned to Milan, here his reputation and ability as a maestro induced the indefatigable Lumley to make an engagement with him, which has continued up to the present time, and thanks to which, his remarkable talent has become known to the English public.

During the last twelvemonths Arditi has published many of his compositions, some of which have become popular. Among these will be remembered the Valse Chantante in D, entitled "Il Baccio," which was sung with so much effect by Piccolomini, for whom it was expressly composed. One of his works which is still unpublished, is an opera called "La Spia," of which those who have heard it speak in the highest terms.

It has afforded us much gratification to have been able to give this brief outline of Signor Arditi's successful career, his musical acquirements and amiable qualities making him in every respect worthy of the social and professional position he has attained in this and every other country he has visited.

ANTEATER

THE NEW ORGAN, WITH THE MUSICAL SERVICES, FOR THE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS', KENSINGTON PARK.

ON Wednesday, M. Lemmens, professor in the Conservatoire of Brussels, and organist to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, gave a performance of his own compositions upon the grand organ that has just been completed in the manufactory of Messrs. Gray and Davison, for the new church of All Saints', Kensington Park, of the beauty and elegance of which there has been, from time to time, so much said. M. Lemmens performed the selection from his own organ compositions.

PART 1.

1 Prelude en E flat . . . . . MS.
2 Introduction et Fugue, en C. mineur.
3 Fantaisie en D majeur . . . . . 1 Fanfares.
4 Prière en E majeur . . . . . 2 Cantabile. 3 Finale.
5 Hosannah! Grand Chœur et Cantabile.

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PART 2.

6 Prelude funèbre en D mineur.
7 Introduction et Fugue, en C majeur. Septième mode, "Laudate Dominum omnes Gentes!"
8 Thème Varié. MS.
9 Quatuor.
10 Fantaisie en F mineur.

The compositions themselves do not call for much remark, with but this exception, they are one and all so entirely similar in construction and form, as to need but little comment; at the same time his combinations and treatment of the various stops were most elegant and charming, and to which, no doubt, may be attributed the greater portion of the applause awarded by a numerous auditory to M. Lemmens upon the conclusion of almost every piece he performed.

En passant we may just mention, that the smoothness of his fingering and playing, united to a remarkable command of the pedal board which he possesses, lent a charm and delight to the listener, which few, very few, of our English organists are able to produce.

The organ itself, which, after all, should be the object to which we ought mainly to address ourselves, is, without exception, one of the finest and most melodious instruments to which we have ever listened, and is, in every particular, suitable to the purpose for which it is designed and intended, viz., for the use of a church, the service of which we understand to be, in all its entirety, a cathedral service. For the purposes of accompaniment to the voices of the choir, sustain for giving every possible variety of sound, from the most gentle pianissimo to the most majestic and thundering fortissimo.

In a really proper treatment and combination of its stops, every degree of loudness and softness may be obtained, the most delicate light, shade and gradation achieved, while, in conjunction with a really good choir, that has been properly taught to depend upon itself, the organist may give every scope to his fancy, sometimes tranquillising the feeling of a congregation by a soft and delicate treatment of the accompaniment, at other times leading the way and transporting with the grandeur and majesty of the full organ; sometimes gliding away like the gentle breath of zephyr, at other times bursting forth into beautiful melody and massive harmony. As just stated, for cathedral duty, this organ reflects the highest credit upon those who designed and those who built it.

The following is the arrangement and disposition of the stops, &c.:—

GREAT ORGAN.

1.	Double diapason, throughout	16 feet.
2.	Open diapason „	8 „
3.	Gamba „	8 „
4.	Stop diapason „	8 „
5.	Harmonic flute „	4 „
6.	Principal „	4 „
7.	Twelfth „	3 „
8.	Fifteenth „	2 „
9.	Mixture „	3 ranks.
10.	Furniture „	3 „
11.	Trumpet „	8 feet.

CHOIR ORGAN.

1.	Dulciana, metal throughout	8 feet.
2.	Stop diapason, wood „	8 „
3.	Principal „	4 „
4.	Flute „	4 „
5.	Piccolo „	2 „
6.	Corno de Dapetto, gamut G	8 „

SWELL ORGAN.

1.	Bourdon, throughout	16 feet.
2.	Open diapason „	8 „
3.	Stop diapason, bass „	8 „
4.	Keraulophon, tenor C	8 „
5.	Clarionet flute, throughout	8 „
6.	Principal „	4 „
7.	Fifteenth „	2 „
8.	Mixture „	3 ranks.
9.	Cornopean „	8 feet.
10.	Oboe „	8 „
11.	Clarion „	4 „

PEDAL ORGAN.

1.	Double Diapason	16 feet.
2.	Violon	16 „
3.	Principal	8 „
4.	Trombone	16 „

The Great Organ contains	798	pipes.
„ Choir Organ	310	„
„ Swell Organ	636	„
„ Pedal Organ	464	„
	2,208	

There are seven coupling stops, six composition pedals, a tremulant to act upon the stops of the swell organ. It is tuned upon equal temperament, by which all the musical scales are rendered alike available. The organs are contained in two cases, the great, the swell, and the pedal organs in the large one, while the choir organ stands in front of the keyboard, and which has a very chaste and elegant appearance. The decoration of the front pipes and case is novel and exceedingly handsome.

Many may ask, where is this church, and where is Kensington Park? As far as we are able we will explain its position, and as we proceed offer a few general remarks, which are intended to draw the attention of our readers to one of the most important steps in connection with church music which has been taken for some considerable time. The church of All Saints', Kensington Park, which has been for nearly seven years in course of erection, and is now gradually and rapidly drawing near its completion, is situated to the north of Notting-hill Gate and Westbourne Grove, and upon the southern confines of the Great Western Railway.

This church, which has been described as a miniature cathedral, and which has cost some 20,000*l*., was originally founded by the Rev. Samuel Edmund Walker, D.D., Rector of St. Columb-Mayor, Cornwall, as a memorial to his father and mother, and is now being finished in a style of great magnificence and munificence, through the indefatigable and untiring energies of its first incumbent, the Rev. John Light, M.A. It may not perhaps here be out of place to mention that the services of this church will be musical, and we understand will be carried out upon the simple but beautiful directions of our Liturgy, as laid down by the Book of Common Prayer; that not only one but every part of the service will receive its due and proper attention, and that, as far as we are able to gather from various sources of reliable information, no department of the Church's service will be mutilated in any shape or particular. The musical portion of the service of our Church, which in itself is a very great element and source of delight, has received much careful attention from the incumbent, who has entrusted the creation and training of a choir of some thirty voices to the care of Dr. James Peeh and Mr. William Sudlow, by whose aid it is confidently anticipated that a truly beautiful musical service will be attained. It is also worthy of remark, and we are glad to learn the fact, that the incumbent is one totally unconnected with any party ultra high or low, and to the former of which most frequently these services are usually associated. To the neighbourhood its daily services will unquestionably prove a boon, while, to the public and to the church as a body, they will present a pleasing and gratifying contrast to that usually drowsy and dreadfully insipid performance once a week of the public worship in the majority of our churches, and, perhaps, in a great degree assist to revive that interest in the services of the Church and Church's music which has so unmistakeably been lost through the ignorance, indolence, and indifference of many of the clergy, as well as, from a feeling of repugnance, in a great measure existing in the public mind, to the house of God being solely converted into a mere arena for oratorical display, and not unfrequently a channel for monetary speculation,—a place in which to worship the creature rather than the God. We sincerely and heartily wish the Church all the success that it will deserve; it is a step in the right direction, and success it will eventually obtain should it be carried through with the determination and integrity of purpose with which its incumbent has started. He has only to make his efforts *well, not partially*, known, not only to the district in which his church is situated, but to the metropolis and country at large. Efforts of

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this kind should be known as a great public good. Such a great and glorious undertaking should be placed unmistakably above the influences of mere local petty feelings, impressions, prejudices, and interests. It is the great and discriminating public that will really and unselfishly sympathise with a man and his efforts, especially when such efforts are devoid of all those mummeries and objectionable ceremonials which have no authority for their introduction, and which enshroud nearly all classes of such communities as are placed in power in the ultra-high churches of London and the country. But, in conclusion, however, we may add that it is one thing to begin well and firmly, and another to end with timidity and indifference, as it is too often the case in works of this kind. There is but one straightforward course in all these matters,—to begin and end upon one common truthful principle. The Book of Common Prayer is the best and only guide for all difficulties in which an incumbent may be placed by secret or public opposition to its ordinances, for opposition in one quarter or the other—such *innovations* as they are termed, but which would be more properly styled *restorations*, will create sooner or later in a myriad-headed congregation, such as this new and almost unknown district of Kensington will produce, backed up by the latitudinarianism of the present occupant of London's episcopal chair, and so accomplish a really great and holy purpose, for which many have struggled but so few endure to the end, because in many instances they are untrue to themselves, to others, and their God. Again we repeat that we sincerely hope for the well-being and success of this church, and that the Rev. John Light may eventually reap that reward which he merits for his past continued exertions in the cause of this interesting church. J. P.

MUSICAL SOLEMNITIES IN COMMEMORATION OF FRIEDERICK WILHELM IV. OF PRUSSIA.

Cologne.

At noon on Sunday, the 20th ult., the Cölner Männergesang Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, royal music-director, executed, in the large hall of the Casino, a musical service in memory of the late King. A numerous audience, headed by the principal civil and military authorities, had responded to the invitations, by especial cards of the committee, and completely filled the area of the hall and the galleries.

The Verein regarded the ceremony as an act of profound reverence for the deceased king. In the year 1855, His Majesty received the congratulations of the society on his birthday, and honoured with his gracious attention and approbation the performance of several vocal pieces, in the apartments of the palace of Sans Souci. He also presented the society with the large gold medal for art, and endowed them with corporative rights. The hope that His Majesty would take the society under his especial protection remained unfulfilled, but only in consequence of the inscrutable decree of providence which lately plunged the country into consternation and grief.

The programme was carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion, and one deeply impressive from the feeling way in which the music was sung. The choral, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," by B. Klein, commenced the ceremony. Next came the "Bardenchor," by Silcher, with new words for the first and second strophes); "Ecce, quomodo moritur Justus," by Palestrina; and "Hoffnung," by J. C. Schärtlich. Herr L. Bischoff, who is an honorary member of the society, then recited a poem, written by himself for the occasion, and entitled: "Der Sänger am Grabe des Königs" ("The Singer at the Grave of the King"), which was instantly followed by the "Lacrimosa dies illa," and "Pie Jesu Domine," from Cherubini's *Requiem*. Then came Silcher's chorus: "Stummschlift der Sänger," G. Söllmer's "Salvum fac regem" closing the ceremony, which had been listened to by all present with the deepest sympathy and devout attention.

The sixth Gesellschafts-Concert, in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, had been set apart, by the managing committee, as "A funeral service in honour of his late Majesty King Friederick Wilhelm IV," and took place on Tuesday evening, the 22nd ult. The hall presented a deeply moving spectacle. The whole of the chorus and audience—numbering above fifteen hundred persons—were dressed in mourning. The front of the stage was adorned with black velvet and silver hangings, while sacrificial flames burned in high golden candelabra wound round with flags.

After an "elegiac march," composed for the ceremony by Ferdinand Hiller, Herr Laddey recited a poem: "Zur Erinnerung," by Wolfgang Müller. Hereupon were heard the first chords; the chorus rose and joined in Mozart's "Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetual luciat eis." It was a very solemn moment. The imperishable monument of Mozart's genius once again—by the union of purely human feeling, religious sentiment and artistic conception, which, in his case, had blended into unity and into the peculiar expression of his artistic nature, directed to the highest objects—filled all hearts with comfort and elevating devotion.

The solos were sang by Mlle. Rothenberger, Mad. B. Herren, A, Pütz and K. Hill-Malapert, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

What else would follow the *Requiem* in honour of the memory of the deceased monarch, but that sublime composition by Beethoven, which he called the *Sinfonia Eroica?* The execution was admirable. Added to this was the solemn frame of mind of the spectators, so that, perhaps, the great thoughts, the wonderfully interwoven melodies, and the striking specimens of harmony, especially in the first movement and the funeral march, were scarcely ever so grasped by the performers, in all their significance and profundity, as on this evening.

MUSIC AT MUNICH, IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1860.—Now that Prince Carnival has again definitively grasped his all-powerful sceptre, and handed over the concert-rooms to dancing and masquerading, I am enabled to furnish you with a tolerably complete sketch of the first portion of our musical doings during the months of last November and December.

The Musikalische Akademie, under the direction of Franz Lachner, performed at its four Odeon-concerts, an overture for a full wind-band (first time), by Mendelssohn; an andante for eight wind-instruments, by Beethoven; a prelude and fugue for full band, by Franz Lachner; an air from *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Joseph Hadyn; two of the most recently published vocal quartets of M. Hauptmann ("An der Kirche wohnt der Priester," and a song from *Mirza Schaffy*); and, lastly, two charming vocal quartets, for soprano and four male voices, by Ferdinand Hiller ("Lebenslust," and "Die Lerchen"). Besides these, we had Beethoven's symphonies in D major and A major; Mendelssohn's symphony in A major; the symphony in D minor (introduction, allegro, romance, scherzo, and finale), by R. Schumann; the overture (No. 3) in C, to *Leonore*, by Beethoven; the overture to *Euryanthe*, by Weber, and the Scotch piece, *Im Hochland*, by Gade. Herr Lauterbach played Lafont's sixth violin concerto; and Herr Walter, Molique's third (that in D minor). Mlle. Stöger sang Beethoven's concert air in E flat, while Mlle. Stehle, alone, gave us an air with *obbligato* pianoforte accompaniments by Mozart, and, with Mad. Diez, a duet from *Idomeneo*.

The Oratorio-Association, under the direction of Herr von Perfall, repeated, at its first concert, Handel's *Messiah;* at its second, it performed, for the first time, a motet for eight voices ("Herr, höret mein Gebet"), by Hauptmann; the "Christnacht," by Ferd. Hiller, and the "Pilgerfahrt der Rose," by R. Schumann.

Chamber-music was satisfactorily represented at the concert of Herren Werner and Venzel, aspiring young members of the Court orchestra, and at two concerts given by the pianist, M. Mortier de Fontaine, as well as at that got up by him, for a select circle, on the anniversary of Beethoven's death. Two orchestral concerts of Herr Seidel presented us, as a novelty, with a symphony (in G minor) by Méhul* and one by Rommel, who is a professor at the Conservatory here. Finally, in the way of *virtuosi*, we heard, in addition to that excellent pianist, Mad. Kolb-Dauvin, at present stopping amongst us, the brothers Holmes, violinists, at three concerts, in which the public was especially pleased with the admirable manner in which they played together in Spohr's duet-compositions.

JENNY LIND.—"It is reported," says the *Court Journal*, "that Mr. Gye has succeeded in obtaining the valuable services of Jenny Lind for this season." (*Fudge!*)

GRISI AND MARIO.—If report speaks true, the direction of the Crystal Palace have entered into an agreement with Mr. E. T. Smith to give a series of Italian operatic performances during the summer, for the purpose of exhibiting the talents of Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario, who are engaged to him for the season. It is added that a theatre is about to be erected in the centre transept for the purpose.

* So often recommended by ourselves to our own musical societies.

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LIST OF

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S ORCHESTRA

FOR 1861.

(DEDICATED TO MICHAEL COSTA, ESQ.)

"Old Double" still alive.

First Violins.

BLAGROVE, } (Principals).
BECKER, }
BANISTER.
BEZETH.
CLEMENTI.
COLLINS, (VIOTTI).
DAY.
BUZIAN.
KETTENUS.
JACQUIN.
GRIESBACH.
RENDLE.

Second Violins.

PAYTON.
PERRY.
JAY.
NICKOL.
BETTS.
GUNNISS.
VAN HEDDEGHAN.
WHEATLEY.
CALKIN.
SCHONING.
LOADES.
BOOSE.

Tenors.

BLAGROVE, R. (Principal).
BAETENS.
BOILEAU.
THOMAS.
WESTLAKE.
LUTGEN.
TOLHURST.
COLCHESTER.

Violoncellos.

PETTIT (Principal).
PEZZE.
DAUBERT.
SCHRŒDER.
SMITH.
VIEUXTEMPS.
WOHLERS.
GOODBAN.

Double Basses.

ROWLAND (Principal).
WHITE.
GILARDONI.
EDGAR.
PICKART.
BLACKESTON.
GRIFFITHS.
WAUD.

Flutes.

SVENDSEN.
CARD (E.)

Clarionets.

WILLIAMS.
POLLARD.

Oboes.

LAVIGNE.
MALSCH.

Bassoons.

WAETZIG.
CHISHOLM.

Horns.

STEGLICH.
KEEVIL.
HANDLEY.
WATERSON.

Trumpets.

ZEISS.
WARD.

Trombones.

WEBSTER.
GERMANN.
HEALEY.

Drums.

THOMPSON.

[The above list is authentic. (*Signed*) **PETIPACE.**

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the last general meeting of the fellows and associates, Mr. W. V. Wallace (professional) retired from the council, and Mr. Benedict was elected in his place. The Rev. Sir William Cope (non-professional) retired, and Mr. John Sampson Peirce was elected in his place. The other retiring non-professional member of the council, Mr. Edward James, Q.C., no other candidate being put forward, was re-elected. The full list of the council stands now as follows:—Jules Benedict, Esq.; Henry G. Blagrove, Esq.; Wm. Chappel, Esq., F.S.A.; James William Davison, Esq.; Joseph F. Duggan, Esq.; Charles E. Horsley, Esq.; Edward James, Esq., Q.C.; Joseph Lidel, Esq.; G. A. Macfarren, Esq.; Frank Mori, Esq.; Geo. Alex. Osborne, Esq.; John D. Pawle, Esq.; John Sampson Peirce, Esq.; E. F. Rimbault, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.; Charles Salaman, Esq.; Augustine Sargood, Esq.; John Simon, Esq.; Henry Smart, Esq.

BIJOU THEATRE—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Miss Grace Egerton (Mrs. George Case), on Monday evening introduced to the London public her musical and colloquial entertainment, entitled *Latest Intelligence*, which has lately been achieving a great success in the provinces. The entertainment has been written expressly for Miss Egerton, by Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. N. Harrington; and the plot may be thus defined:—Mr. Case has gone on a tour to the continent in search of novelties for a new entertainment, leaving his partner Miss Egerton, rusticating at a secluded village in Devonshire. The lady, bored almost to death by *ennui*, goes over to Boulogne, and puts up at the same hotel in which her partner is "recruiting," after the fatigues of his journey. She accidentally discovers his apartment, and disturbs his quietude by a series of visits in different disguises. Mr. Case becomes infuriated at the frequency of the visits which he receives from unknown persons, and disgusted with the want of attendance at the Hotel, leaves for England. He arrives at Folkestone, sea-sick and weary, and determines to have a few days' rest before setting out to London. But this is denied him. Miss Egerton again follows him, and again renews her personations, representing in the whole a dozen different characters, until in the end all is satisfactorily explained. Miss Egerton has a tolerable voice, and sings skilfully; but her great charm consists in her acting, which is really fascinating from its grace, ease and wonderful *esprit*. In seeing her, indeed, we are struck with the irreparable loss the stage has suffered by her absence. Miss Egerton is assisted by Mr. George Case, who varies her impersonations and songs by performances on the concertina, of which instrument, we need hardly say, he is an eminent master. The elegant and most beautifully fitted up little theatre in the old opera house, is just the place for enjoying so agreeable and lively an entertainment as that of the *Latest Intelligence*.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(54TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 1861,

The Programme selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

First Performance of SPOHR'S GRAND DOUBLE QUARTET in D MINOR.

Seventh Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in B flat, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, M. VIEUXTEMPS, Herr RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Mozart; Canzonet, "Name the glad day," by general desire, Miss BANKS (her first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Dussek; Partita, in B minor, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. CHARLES HALLE—Bach.

PART II.—Double Quartet in D minor, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, CARRODUS, WATSON, SCHREURS, WEBB, PAQUE, and PIATTI—Spohr; Song, "The Charmer," Miss BANKS—Mendelssohn; Sonata, in B flat, for Violin and Pianoforte (by particular desire), M. VIEUXTEMPS and Mr. CHARLES HALLE—Dussek.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

*** In consequence of many hundreds of persons having been unable to obtain admission at the 11th Monday Popular Concert, on Feb. 11th, 1861, when the entire programme was chosen from the works of Beethoven, there will be another Beethoven Concert on March 4th, 1861 (14th Concert), when the principal features of the selection which afforded so much gratification on that occasion will be repeated. M. Vieuxtemps will lead (with MM. Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti), the Rasoumowski Quartet in E minor (No. 2); and the Trio in E flat (No. 1) for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello. Miss Arabella Goddard will again perform the grand Sonata, for Pianoforte alone, in C minor, Op. 111—the 32nd and last sonata of Beethoven; and the Kreutzer Sonata, for Pianoforte and Violin, with M. Vieuxtemps. Mr. Sims Reeves will repeat the Lieder Kreis, and the "Stolen Kiss." Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Of CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Music-sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—The lessee begs to announce the following arrangements: THIS EVENING (Saturday), positively for the last time ROBIN HOOD. On Monday, a favourite Opera; and on Tuesday, the 26th of February, will be produced, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, Mr. SANTLEY; The Pastor, Mr. PATEY; Claus, Mr. TERROTT; The King, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, Miss HUDDART; and Mary, Madame L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH. The last four Nights of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN. The Last Night but Seven of the most successful Pantomime of the season.—This Evening, THE GAMESTER, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN will appear. To conclude with the new, magnificent, and successful comic Pantomime of PETER WILKINS. Scenery by Beverley.

Upper gallery, 6d.; lower gallery, 1s.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 2s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s; stalls, 6s.; private boxes, three guineas, two guineas, and 10s. 6d. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent.

MR. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN'S engagement at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will conclude on Thursday, next, 28th, when RICHARD III. will be performed (for that night only), being for the Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean.—On Tuesday next, 26th, inst., (for the last time) LOUIS XI. THIS EVENING (Saturday 23rd, for this night only), THE GAMESTER. Monday next, 25th, (for the last time) HAMLET. Wednesday, next, 27th (for the last time), THE WIFE'S SECRET. No re-engagement can take place, as Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean are to appear at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Monday, 4th March.

ERRATA.

In the second "leader" of the last number of the *Musical World*, for Mr. "Fay" read Mr. Fry. Mr. Fry is one of the most eminent musicians and musical critics in America.

In the article, "Auber's new opera" read "Auber, it is true, is four times twenty—but he is not, and never will be *eighty*." By the misprint of "eighty-four" for eighty the point of M. Fiorentino's compliment to to the great French musician is entirley lost.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

FEW, excepting those who have been employed on the task can understand the difficulties of translating into English an Italian or French *libretto*, and adapting it to music. The Italian is extremely hard to master, but the French is almost insurmountable. The genius of the French and English languages are as opposite as day and night. The one is plastic, flexible, accommodating, susceptible of modification, easy to mould, not averse to alteration, and capable of being elongated, or abbreviated at convenience—an india-rubber language, in short, wonderfully suited for the purposes of a certain kind of music. The English tongue, on the other hand, is as rigid and immoveable as granite, admitting of no accentual interference, obstinate, immoveable, unmalleable, unmanageable. In French comic music the difficulty of translating and fitting the words into the vernacular becomes greater, since greater liberties are taken with rhythm, accent, and pronunciation. That "patter" music in which the French language runs so glibly, and in which the productions of the Opéra Comique abound, is entirely opposed to English verse unless in the form of burlesque. We consequently find that in translating French comic works, our adapters have hitherto never been able to achieve a success. No matter what amount of skill and pains has been expended, no matter who the poet, the result has been more or less a failure.

The new translation of Auber's *Domino Noir* (now being given at the Royal English Opera), written by Mr. H. F. Chorley, one of our most experienced and able adaptors, constitutes no exception. Mr. Chorley exhibits consummate tact and unusual command of versification on several occasions; but more frequently the language appears to defy all his efforts, and he gives up rhyme, accent, and even reason in despair. For example the lines which make the burthen of Jacintha's song in the second act, and which M. Scribe has written

"Vieille duègne,
Ou tendron,
Si nous tenons
A notre règne,
Pour cent raisons
Choisissons
La maison
D'un vieux garçon—"

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Mr. Chorley renders thus: —

"When one is fifty or sixty,
And rents should be ready,
The very best earthly nest
Is near a single man grown very old."

So also the words of the chorus of nuns in the last act, which are of the simplest kind and form, are, from their necessity, we have no doubt, rendered vague and unmeaning in the English. The original words are—

"Ah! quel malheur!
Ma chère sœur!
Quel accident!
Est-ce etonnant
Et désolant
Pour le couvent!"

One would have thought that these words, more especially as they involved no "female" terminations, would have presented little difficulty to the translator. On the contrary, Mr. Chorley, with all his art and knowledge, is entirely abroad in their adaptation, as the reader will perceive.

"What do they say?
On such a holiday,
When all should be gay
And make a grand display,
To cure her head again,
And take away
Her very inconvenient pain,
Suppose we go and pray!"

The "Aragonese" is translated with extreme felicity, and ne words fit the music admirably. We cannot say, however, that we are fascinated with the idea of music "singing out *spitefully*," nor do we exactly understand how a muleteer can be "*miles* too slow." In Brigitta's couplets, in the beginning of the third act, we cannot be quite so lenient with the poet, who, we certainly think, could, with a little pains, have done M. Scribe's verses more justice, and have infused a little more elegance and style into his translation. The last couplet runs thus in the French:—

"Humble et les paupières baissées,
Jamais de mauvaises pensées...
Mais avant d'entrer au parloir,
On jette un coup-d'œil au miroir.
Si vous voulez, jeune fillette,
Etre à fois prude et coquette,
Savez-vous où cela s'apprend?
C'est au couvent."

And has been translated into—

"Looking upon the ground for ever,
With a worldly fancy, no never!
Hating the very name of glass,
While we talk about ourselves, alas!
If anywhere can envy smoulder,
And most of all as we grow older,
Answer me! answer me!
Such a place is where?
'Tis convent where a gentlewoman,
Flouted is by elders most common;
Yes—yes—that holy place is there.

Now, with deference, we think the words we have italicised are susceptible of improvement. We might take exceptions to the dispensing with the definite or indefinite article before the words "glass" and "convent;" but this is a matter of style. The scene in which the adapter displays his greatest mastery of the language is the supper scene, which demands little allowance even on the score of a translation, and might be written for an original work, so smooth are the versicles, so well-chosen and pithy the expressions.

Indeed the utmost forbearance should be shown towards the translation of a foreign *libretto*, which even talent, experience, facility, and command of words, so seldom succeed in rendering available to the singer, and agreeable to the reader. If the verses can be made tolerably smooth, the plainest words be always employed, the meaning never obscured, and common sense ever apparent, the triumph of the poet is attained, and he may smile at such as are only contented with the higher qualities of style, felicity of thought, grace of diction, and flow of versification. It must be remembered that "translation" is one thing, and "adaptation" to notes another. In translating an opera the poet must consider the music in the first instance. For the time being he is the absolute slave of the composer. When all is borne in mind, the difficulties of his task will be acknowledged, and his short-comings and crudities overlooked. Let no man say, when reading a translated *libretto*, "this is a bad book," without considering thus far. He cannot else do credit to his judgment.

R.

TAKING up the *Times* on Thursday to look for a notice of the *Domino Noir*, all that we found in the way of news, in any manner relating to it, was a simple telegram, informing us that the author of the piece, M. Eugène Scribe, had expired the day before. We had been present at the first performance of the work in question by the company of the Royal English Opera; and reflecting how its sparkling music, and not less sparkling and ingenious *libretto* had delighted the audience, we could not help saying to ourselves that, after all, Scribe had died, like a great general, on the day of a victory. Then, however, we remembered that the victory of the *Domino Noir* had been so often gained that to have heard of its latest repetition—had M. Scribe but lived a few hours longer—would probably not have made any great impression upon him. Why, Scribe's pieces of all kinds are played in every part of Europe, and not a night passes but some one of his works is represented in his own city, which he loved so much, and of which he has depicted the little vanities and weaknesses with a satire so goodnatured that it is sometimes almost tender. Still we could not help returning to our first idea. At least there was something affecting, to a Londoner, in a celebrated dramatic author dying the day on which one of his most charming works was presented to the younger portion of the London public for the first time; an occasion on which the most experienced theatregoers, the most hardened *habitués*, must have acknowledged that, if this was not the first time of *their* seeing the *Domino Noir*, they certainly, since its first production, had never seen anything in the same style that could be pronounced so good. In proof of our assertion, we ask any one whether the audience would not have been profoundly touched if, after the fall of the curtain on Wednesday evening, when all the principal performers had been called for, and the enthusiasts of the pit were still calling, almost at random, for anybody who liked to come, and for one (the author), who was less likely than other person, mentioned to show himself; if, then, some one had appeared on the stage, and had simply said, "The author of the piece, so full of life, which you are now applauding, died this day," if he had been a pedant (a most improbable supposition, we admit), the spokesman might have added, "I will not say "*Valete et plaudite*," but "*Valete et lugete*."

A full biography of Scribe will doubtless be found—this week or the next—in another part of our columns. All we know at present about his last moments is that he expired suddenly in his carriage. Dramatic authors sometimes die suddenly in England as in France, but not in their carriages.

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The most in this way that a dramatist living solely by his plays could aspire to in England would be to breathe his last in a Hansom cab. Scribe made no secret of having conquered his position "at the point of his pen," as his compatriots would say. On the contrary he was proud of it, and boasted of it as much as a man of his wit, sagacity, and good taste could boast of anything. Any true Parisian would have known who the expiring man was in the carriage which bore the dying Scribe, if only from the arms and motto on the panels. The arms—two pens crossed above an inkstand; the motto—a supremely modest *Industriâ*. It always seemed to us that *Scribendo* would have been a more appropriate device. Proprietors of hereditary escutcheons would perhaps have exclaimed against the bad taste of such a legend; but there are many such (as, for instance, the celebrated "*Ver non* semper viret"), to which the same objection might be urged with more force, together with the more important one of frivolity.

It is a curious fact that the two most popular and prolific dramatists of modern France have both died sudden deaths. One, of course, was M. Scribe; the other was M. Scribe's son-in-law, M. Bayard. M. Bayard died at a ball given at his own house. M. Scribe, who was present, invited the dancers to the next day's funeral. Then he set to work, revising and completing M. Bayard's unfinished manuscripts. Who is there now in France worthy to perform a similar kind office for the author of *La Camaraderie* and a hundred other masterpieces? E.

[M. Scribe was in a carriage, on his way to join M. Auber, and a party, to celebrate, at a *déjeuner*, the success of the new opera *La Circassienne*. On setting out he was in perfect health. He left home at noon, and was brought back, dead, in little more than a quarter of an hour. He was in his 70th year. Ed. M. W.]

THE Cathedral of Halberstadt, in the province of Saxony, is one of the largest and finest in Germany. It is built in the purest Gothic style, and attracts many lovers and judges of architecture, who, after once admiring its architectural proportions, seize every opportunity of revisiting it. To the admirers of the old edifice, are now likely to be added a new influx of organists and amateurs of organ music, attracted by the grand old cathedral organ, which has not only been thoroughly restored, but increased in power and dimensions. This rare and magnificent instrument, with the renovations and additions of Herr Buchholz, organ-builder of Berlin, is now open to inspection.

As far back as the year 1361, the cathedral possessed one of the very earliest organs, built by the oldest German organ-builder on record, the monk Nikolaus Faber. This instrument, which, for the time, was a large one, had fourteen diatonic, and eight chromatic keys, extending from great B to the one-lined A. These twenty-two keys were divided into two manuals, the upper one containing the soprano, and the lower the bass notes. The necessary sound was supplied by twenty pairs of bellows, worked by the bellows-blowers. Organs did not then have stops; the pipes were placed together in one mixture. In the imperfect condition of the mechanical arts at that time, however, it was scarcely possible to execute the simple melody of a song, far less a harmonic accompaniment; the heavy and very broad keys could only be weighed down by the fists, just as is now the case with peals of bells in churches.

After the invention, in 1471, of the pedal, by a German named Bernhard, the cathedral-organ at Halberstadt was renovated in 1495 by George Kleng, and received a pedal, consisting of only eight keys, which, as the pedal possessed no separate pipes, were connected, by means of small strings, with the keys of the manuals. This organ, in its then condition, cannot have been used in the cathedral later than the middle of the sixteenth century at the utmost, for a second organ, the builder of which is not known, was, about the end of the seventeeth century, removed from the cathedral to the St. Andreas-Kirche, where, after having undergone considerable repairs, it is still used, although in a very dilapidated condition. The organ then had two manuals, one pedal, and thirty stops.

The third cathedral organ, built by Heinrich Herbst and son of Magdeburg, for 12,000 thalers, and handed over, as complete, to the authorities on the 19th July, 1718, had five manuals, namely, three placed one over the other, with pedal, and two separate manuals, one on each side the organ, one being in chamber-tone. By means of this peculiar arrangement, three performers could play simultaneously upon the instrument; but as only two manuals could be coupled, the arrangement was attended with the defect that in the full organ scarcely half the stops could be employed by one player. One side key-board was only built for the sake of symmetry, and, as it possessed no separate stops, was connected with the lower key-board. This organ possessed sixty-five stops, supplied with wind by eight large pairs of bellows. The intonation of the stops, as well as their material was as fine and solid as is the case with Silbermann's celebrated instruments; but it had the same defects which are peculiar to all old organs.

In 1838 this organ was almost completely rebuilt in all its parts, with the exception of its case and the tongued-pipes, by Herr Schulze, of Paulinzelle. It received four superposed manuals, of which the three lower ones could be coupled, and one pedal. The four manuals had a compass from C C sharp up to high F, and the pedal from C C sharp chromatically through two octaves to the high D. It received eight new twelve-feet pairs of bellows, four of which furnished wind to the manuals and four to the pedal. The tone-pitch, which had previously been chorus-pitch, was changed into chamber-pitch.

The organ suffered so much from the repairs carried on during a space of ten years in the cathedral itself that it was not astonishing that many stops and pipes, in which the dust was nearly half an inch deep, would no longer sound, or answer their object. A thorough course of cleaning and repairing was indispensable to save the splendid instrument from utter destruction. The commission was given by the authorities at Magdeburg to the firm of Buchhols and son of Berlin, already celebrated for having built a great many large organs, and after Herr Buchhols had executed his honourable task in real artistic fashion, the organ was again handed over for use, as it now stands, on the 9th November last. Herr Buchholz, jun., who worked for a considerable period in the manufactory of Cavaillé-Col, at Paris, and where he perfected himself in his art, has proved, as artistically as modestly, his great mastery, and has done more than was to be expected from the limited resources at his command. He has freed the whole instrument from dirt and dust, and intonated all the stops in so masterly, a manner, that both the softer character-stops and the remaining full stops in the full organs are unrivalled. He has moreover renewed nearly all the reed-stops and, as the three lower manuals when coupled could be played only with great effort, has succeeded so admirably in remedying this defect, by means of a pneumatic machine, that the three

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manuals when coupled are now as easy to play as formerly a single one was. Furthermore, by a clever but extremely simple arrangement, he has produced a *crescendo* and *decrescendo* for the eight stops of the upper four-foot manual, the results being that these soft stops have received a three-fold modification. Though Herr Buchholz, as we have already stated, has turned all the stops in a masterly manner, he seems to have treated the softer ones of this manual with especial love, for every one who hears, after the chords of the full organ, this manual with its wonderful character-stops, is surprised and absolutely carried away by the tones which surpass in perfection everything he ever heard before. The full organ possesses a grandeur of tone, power, and brilliancy almost unexampled, and has elicited the greatest astonishment from all who have enjoyed the opportunity of hearing it.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The *new band* assembled in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last at 11 A.M., under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The result of the first trial was eminently satisfactory. The grand *allegro* of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), and Spohr's overture to the *Alchemyst* were performed with wonderful spirit and precision. No more proof was wanted about the efficiency of the new band, which one might have imagined had been playing under Professor Bennett's direction for the last twenty years—intead of, as it were, just "scraping" his acquaintance. Thus the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts may rest satisfied that they will experience no diminution of their pleasures.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—It was only to be expected that Mendelssohn's Ottet would be promptly repeated "by unanimous desire," and the enthusiastic welcome accorded to its second performance is sufficient warrant that Mr. Arthur Chappell did wisely in again affording the public an opportunity of hearing it. That such a production should have emanated from the brain of a boy of fifteen is little less than a miracle,—it is a piece of absolute inspiration, combining a breadth and largeness never approaching heaviness, with an airy lightness equally removed from frivolity,—the whole work at each hearing disclosing fresh beauties as gratifying to the unskilled amateur as to the thoroughly-versed musician. With the exception of one trifling hitch (instantly rectified) at the opening of the second movement, the execution was altogether as praiseworthy as upon the former occasion—the instrumentalists, led by M. Vieuxtemps, being precisely the same. There was but one more concerted piece, but that a perfect gem,—the quartet, in G minor, of Mozart, for pianoforte, violin, tenor and violoncello, generally admitted to be the finest composition of its class that proceeded from the pen of the most tuneful and prolific of great masters, and rendered most unexceptionably by Messrs. Charles Hallé, Vieuxtemps, Schreurs and Piatti. Judging from the warmth of its reception, we are inclined to think the first time of hearing will not be the last. Mr. Charles Hallé gave Beethoven's Grand Sonata in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein—which was originally introduced at these concerts by Miss Arabella Goddard, May 30th, 1859, and is one of the three solos for the pianoforte (the *Sonata Appassionata*, in F minor, and the gigantic B flat, 106, being the other two) avowedly written to exhibit the brilliant mechanical qualities of the player. Replete with difficulties, it is, nevertheless, more than a vehicle for the display of rapid fingers, being instinct with all that the highest intellect of musical genius could inspire. Herr Lenz has written a heap of extravagant rhapsody on this sonata, in which he finds a likeness to the phantoms in Dante's *Inferno*, to an arsenal of artillery,—a ship of the line blown up, and——*a gad-fly!!* Were Beethoven still living he might well exclaim, "Save me from my friends." As a fit companion to this climax of difficulties for the pianoforte, M. Vieuxtemps selected Bach's Chaconne, in D minor, as an illustration of his complete mastery over the violin. This again is one of three sonatas for the instrument, the other two being fugues no less remarkable for elaborate ingenuity. Mendelssohn, whose faith in Bach is well known, has added a pianoforte accompaniment (admirably played by Mad. Vieuxtemps, by the way), which sustains without in any way interfering with the solo. Remarkable as was M. Vieuxtemps' recent rendering of Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo*, his execution of Bach's Chaconne was still more praiseworthy, the latter bearing about the same relation in point of difficulty as does the great 106 B flat of Beethoven to the "Moonlight" or any of his early sonatas. We were glad to find the vocal selection confined to two pieces in the evening, as it confers the merit (good music notwithstanding) of shortening the entertainment to a reasonable limit. Mad. Laura Baxter was the singer, and gave excellent effect to Henry Smart's charming song "Estelle," and Dr. Sterndale Bennett's graceful lyric "Gentle Zephyr." After the sentimental twaddle palmed off as drawing-room ballads (never admitted at the Monday Popular Concerts) it is refreshing to come across two compositions like these, as genial and unaffected as they are thoroughly musician-like. Both songs were accompanied by Mr. Benedict in his most finished style, and if we do not always mention that gentleman's name in connection with these concerts it is rather by oversight than design, his services as conductor being as highly valuable as they are uniformly unobtrusive. Sophr's Double Quartet, in D minor, is promised at the next concert, and a repetition of the last Beethoven selection, from which some four hundred persons were reluctantly turned away on the 11th of January, is announced for March 4th.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF all the touring parties which are formed after the London season, there are few whose travels are more replete with incident and adventure than those of a party of musical celebrities, brought together by an enterprising impresario for a tour in the provinces. They do not, it is true, brave the dangers of Vesuvius, or encounter hair-breadth escapes on the glaciers of Switzerland, neither do they experience the inconvenience of a nocturnal interview with Spanish bandits, nor a run of ill luck at Baden-Baden; but they have stories of their own to tell, which, though of less perilous and exciting scenes, are still interesting and amusing. A pleasant time they pass. Living in a style, popularly supposed to be the lot of fighting-cocks, they have no heed of hotel bills or railway tickets, it being a characteristic feature of a provincial tour that all expenses as well as salaries are paid out of one pocket—the impresario's.

In former times these musical parties consisted of a few artists, one or two celebrities being sufficiently attractive to the provincial public; but of late years they have been considerably augmented, and in some instances include the entire strength of a London Italian opera company, advancing the cause of music by more perfect performances of the best operatic works than were previously to be heard in the provinces. To arrange the movements of such a precious freight is an undertaking requiring no little care and forethought—one which has given many an enterprising impresario the heartache.

Singers, theatrical managers, Bradshaw, to say nothing of the public, have to be consulted and conciliated, obstacles apparently insurmountable to be overcome, and at the last moment all arrangements may be frustrated by a puff of wind or the late arrival of a railway train.

The principal towns are visited, Dublin being that in which the campaign generally commences. The voyage thither from Holyhead is a severe trial to the tourists. For many days before starting the weather glass is anxiously and constantly referred to. Visions of rocking steam-boats trouble the sleep of the foreign magnates. They leave Euston Square in fear and trembling. Lucrezia has laid in a stock of antidotes and eau de Cologne enough for the whole party. The Duke Alfonso has provided himself with a zinc belt, which is already fastened round his body, but so tightly that it has quite a contrary effect to that he expected, and he is persuaded by Gubetta, who is sitting opposite, to remove it for fear of accidents. An attenuated sallow-faced Frenchman, the utility bass of the company, pooh-poohs the preparations of his compa-

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nions, and tells long tales of shipwrecks, much to the discomfort of the seconda donna, who listens to them attentively, and inquires timidly, "s'il y a des rochers près de Dublin."

The train passes Bangor—dashes through the Menai Bridge—and the anxiety of our travellers increases momentarily. Heads are thrust out of the windows to see if the wind blows, and blow it always does across the Isle of Anglesea. Lucrezia declares her intention to remain at Holyhead. Gennaro upbraids her for want of courage. Alfonso readjusts his belt. The prima donna Leggiera, poor little Amina, implores some one to look after a good berth for her if they must really cross. The thin Frenchman, with the sallow face, buttons his coat, and becomes paler and paler as the train approaches its destination. The night is dark, and more or less stormy. The steamer rolls heavily at her moorings. The railway carriages reach the end of Holyhead pier, and the party alight. "Shall we have a good passage, captain?" inquires the impresario of a figure in a pilot coat. "Better than to-morrow I expect," is the reply made in the hearing of the foreigners, who now gather together and confer among themselves whether to start or not. The engine screams, the wind blusters, the sailors swear and shout to each other through the darkness, all adding to the timidity and indecision of the party.

Suddenly Gennaro leaves the group, and says he is resolved to go. Lucrezia follows him, and so do Amina, Gubetta, and many others. The Duke has confidence in his belt, and is already on board. The sallow-faced Frenchman prefers waiting till to-morrow, and returns to the hotel, in spite of all his boasting. The vessel is under weigh, and already tossing and pitching about in the boiling sea outside the harbour of Holyhead. Gennaro paces the deck, cigar in mouth, trying boldly to conquer a certain unpleasant sensation which is fast gaining ground upon him.

Some five or six members of the chorus endeavour to warm themselves against the iron platings of the engine-room. Lucrezia is extended upon a sofa in the ladies' cabin. "Gennaro, Gennaro, mi sento male!" She calls, but in vain. Gennaro by this time has dropped his cigar, and is hanging in a pitiable state over the side of the boat. Lucrezia suffers, but not alone. Orsini on the couch opposite groans most dolefully. In half an hour and the worst anticipations are realised. Antidotes, zinc belts, eau de Cologne, are of no avail. The warblers are hushed and prostrate; the only notes at all audible are indicative of distress and suffering. What noise is that like the falling of a house, that wakes the stewardess out of a dose, and alarms the passengers? Lucrezia feebly raises her head, and sees Orsini lying on the floor! She has tumbled off the couch, and fallen with a crash which threatened the safety of the ship, and all on board. There she must lie until able to pick herself up; for all efforts of the stewardess to move her are futile. It is indeed a rough night, and the wind has increased in violence. Some of the party think that the sallow-faced Frenchman was right to stop behind, and envy him his snug quarters in Holyhead. All are quite exhausted; their moaning and groaning become weaker and weaker, when the welcome intelligence is brought them that they are entering Kingstown harbour. One after another they struggle up the narrow staircase on to the deck, and feast their eyes with the sight of land. Gennaro, who has been rolled up in tarpaulin by a charitable sailor, is unpacked, and helped upon his legs. He staggers to the cabin door to inquire for Lucrezia. The Duchess appears in a most lamentable plight, and vows in a husky voice that nothing shall ever tempt her to cross the channel again. Orsini rolls over, and gets up. Amina treats the matter more philosophically than the rest, and is thankful it has been no worse.

The vessel is alongside, and the foreign magnates disembark among a crowd of the Kingstown inhabitants, who have assembled to see them arrive. Being almost incapable of any voluntary exertion, they are put into the railway carriages, and conveyed to Dublin, where they are finally housed at Morrison's Hotel. After some hours' repose, the entire company meet together at dinner, on this the first day of the tour—a critical reunion for all concerned—when it will be seen how the ladies are likely to agree, and whether the gentlemen are agreeable companions,—questions of no slight importance, considering that the pleasure or discomfort of the ensuing six weeks or two months depend thereon. The impresario is seated at the head of the table, with Lucrezia and Amina at either side; the conductor faces him a long way off, the intervening space being filled up by the seconda donna, tenors, baritones, and other members of the company, in their respective places. The feast begins. My enterprising friend must be careful how he divides his attention between the two ladies on his right and left. He must not let the prima donna assoluta suppose she is neglected, or the prima donna leggiera imagine for a moment there is any partiality shown to her opposite neighbour. Not that they are jealous, but terribly tenacious of their rights, and particularly so on such an occasion as the present. The mother of Amina sitting next her is a stout lady, with puffy cheeks and a reddish nose. She talks but little, except to the waiters in very broken English, whenever a savoury dish which is out of reach attracts her notice, then woe to the attendants if they do not obey her almost unintelligible commands.

The dinner goes off well. Conversation becomes general. Lucrezia is in good humour (the sea voyage being over is a reason for it), and tells some capital anecdotes of which she has a store. She gets up, and shows how she used to torment a Duke Alfonso of former times; how she wickedly delighted to tease Tamburini in the celebrated trio scene. Then she gives an imitation of Ronconi's by-play in the same part, and of his grimaces by which he would try to make her and Gennaro laugh at the most serious moment. The primo baritono, the merry andrew of the party, has forgotten the failure of his zinc belt, and performs sundry conjuring tricks, to the vast amusement of his companions. The cloth is removed, and after coffee the ladies retire, embracing each other in the most affectionate manner. Smoking then begins, and perhaps a game at chess, which is watched most attentively in silence, until a questionable move excites a discussion so energetic and noisy, as though the question in dispute were to be decided by him who could make the most violent gesticulations, and speak the loudest. At length the party breaks up—*buona sera*, and everybody goes off to bed, thankful they are not with the sallow-faced Frenchman, who is in the full enjoyment of the *traversée* which he had so ignominiously refused to make with them the night before.

Thus the first day of the tour may be said to have passed propitiously enough. The next morning a message is brought to the impresario, informing him of the sudden hoarseness of the basso profondo. He goes to Oroveso's apartment, and finds the old Druid panting and sighing, unable to sing a note. The manager sends for the doctor. The doctor comes. Behold him as he enters the sick room. His tall, well-built frame, slightly inclined to the obese; the genial smile upon his face, which somewhat resembles that of an infant Bacchus in spectacles, inspire the patient with confidence as those of one accustomed to wrestle successfully with every symptom of disease. Like Coleman's Dr. Bolus, who

> "Though in trade
> Which oftentimes will genius fetter;
> Read works of fancy, it is said,
> And cultivated the belles lettres.

our doctor is an accomplished as well as a learned man. His prescriptions are not, perhaps, written in verse, but he makes his physic as palateable as it is efficacious, and he can, when he has restored his patients to convalescence, discourse as eloquently upon the nourishing properties and the ingredients of different gastronomical dainties as any professed follower of the culinary art. He speaks many languages, and addresses Oroveso in Italian: "Mostrate la lingua!"

The basso, who seems somewhat puzzled why he should show his tongue because he has lost his voice, opens his mouth wide and exhibits as requested.

"Male qui?" says the doctor, pointing, to the throat. "Sì molto male," is the reply, much to the horror of the impresario who stands at the foot of the bed, anxiously awaiting the doctor's opinion, which, upon further examination, is that Oroveso will be able to sing by the evening, but that he must be kept quiet and adopt immediate remedies. The impresario's mind is relieved, and he goes to the theatre, where the rehearsal is in progress. The band and chorus make a deafening noise in the empty house. A confusion of tongues is heard upon the stage; the foreign *régisseur*

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and the English prompter are teaching the chorus their stage business, each after his own fashion. The conductor gesticulates violently in the orchestra, and screams at the top of his voice when a wrong note is played; every preparation is being made for the evening performance, when a great attendance is expected to the first night of the Italian opera in Dublin.

ANTHATER.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Although the performance of *Fra Diavolo* is not what it might be at this theatre, it presents many points of a special recommendation, which may serve to smooth away its sins. Mlle. Parepa sings the music of "Zerlina" admirably. She introduced air in the second act—that selected by poor Bosio at the Royal Italian Opera—wonderfully indeed. Mr. Swift's *Fra Diavolo* has many excellent points, vocally and histrionically; Mr. Honey makes a quaint "Lord Allcash;" and Mlle. Alessandri a nice "Miladi." Nevertheless, the cast, we imagine, might have been made stronger.

The *Amber Witch*, announced for Saturday, is postponed to Tuesday, when it is expected that all will be ready, and no further disappointment to the public made necessary.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Auber's *Domino Noir*, produced for the first time at this theatre on Wednesday, was a decided success. The cast included Miss Louisa Pyne as Angela; Miss Thirlwall, Brigetta; Miss Leffler, Jacintha; Mr. Haigh, Horace; Mr. St. Albyn, Juliano; Mr. H. Hornastle, Lord Elfoot, (called in the translation, Prince Grumboff, why we know not); and Gil Perez, Mr. Corri. This time the directors had faith in the composer, and did not attempt—as in the *Crown Diamonds*—to render his music more attractive by English ballads and Italian variations. Miss Louisa Pyne sang with wonderful brilliancy and finish throughout; and the whole performance, indeed, musically speaking, was most admirable. Of the acting, were we so inclined, we might venture to speak in irreverent terms of dispraise. The band, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, was splendid; and the chorus excellent, particularly in the magnificent scene of the nuns in the last act. The *Domino Noir* will doubtless have a run—if not, it ought. Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* is in active preparation, and will be produced about the second week in March.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—By the revival of *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, a third character is added to the list of M. Fechter, whose great success with the London public may be measured by the small number of parts he undertakes. Since his first appearance, at the beginning of the winter, he has merely alternated *Ruy Blas* with the *Corsican Brothers*, but he has acted —if we mistake not— every night, and the esteem in which he is held has progressed without reaction. His interpretation of the peculiarities of Don Cæsar's character and position solves a difficulty which will often prevent a consistent impersonation. While he is a penniless vagrant, with nothing save the blue Castilian blood to enable him to float above the common herd of mendicity, Don Cæsar can be made so extremely amusing that the actor, emulous of applause, is sorely tempted to sink him altogether into an abyss of blackguardism. This would be all very well if the Don had only to wallow to the end of the story; but as the play is written he is bound to rise in the last act, and appear the thorough Spanish gentleman, punctilious on points of honour as any hero of Lope de Vega or Calderon. Whatever his antecedents, he must be the thorough hidalgo when he defends the honour of his wife against the King, and hence the misfortune will frequently arise that the Don Cæsar of the beginning has nothing in common, save his name, with the Don Cæsar of the catastrophe. This inconvenience is obviated by M. Fechter in a manner worthy of all praise. He attaches more importance to the conclusion than to the commencement of the story, and therefore he does not, for the sake of being "funny," sink the vagabond Don Cæsar so low that he may not without losing his identity, be easily raised to the proper position of the proud, honourable Count of Garafa. Everybody knows how M. Fechter can play a thorough gentleman in the chivalric sense of the word, and readily imagine the spirit he displays when as the loyal husband he defies the royal seducer. But attention may be called to the admirable *finesse* with which, at the beginning, he makes the soul of the gentleman shine through the rags in which his body is enveloped, and shows that scampdom, thick as it may lie on the surface, has not penetrated the core. The low form of inebriety he discards altogether; he is careless and improvident, that is all; he laughs at the prospect of his own death with the truly Spanish disregard of life, but he is still the scion of the old house of which he is the last representative. This play was a favourite long before its plot supplied the *libretto* of Mr. Wallace's *Maritana*, and with M. Fechter in the principal character it is likely to thrive on a new popularity.

Miss C. Lecleroq is a very efficient Maritana, and the boy Lazarillo is prettily played by Miss Maria Harris. Indeed, the piece is creditably performed throughout, and has been put upon the stage in tasteful and appropriate style.

Provincial.

From a correspondent in GLASGOW we learn that the musical lectures delivered by Mr. H. J. Lincoln in the great towns of Scotland, have been, as we anticipated, eminently successful. Of the second lecture held at Glasgow, the *North British Daily Mail* writes as follows:—

"On Saturday afternoon, H. J. Lincoln Esq., of London, delivered his second musical lecture in the Queen's Rooms, his subject being *the Genius and Works of Weber*, with vocal and instrumental illustrations. The hall was quite filled with an assemblage comprising the *élite* of the city. William Euing, Esq., presided. Mr. Lincoln, in an able and interesting manner, described the characteristics of Weber's genius, contrasting it with that of Mozart, from whom he differed in this respect, that, while Mozart's powers as a composer were of a universal character, capable of treating successfully a great variety of themes, those of Weber were more limited, yet such as proved him to be a great master in his own department of musical art. Weber's genius belonged to the heroic and romantic class; his sacred compositions wanted the elevation and tone necessary for that kind of music; but he was able to project his imaginations, so to speak, out of himself, and accordingly he excelled in dramatic characterisation. Some men of genius throughout their works reproduced in a modified form their own feelings and sentiments, so that the individuality of the author was always conspicuous. Byron's heroes were all types of himself. But, as Sir Walter Scott embodied in literature the characteristic traits of his countrymen, so the lyrics of Weber were essentially expressive of German nationality. Mr. Lincoln illustrated the character of Weber's compositions by several selections from his works, vocal and instrumental, including the duets "Tell me truly," "Ebben da quella via caverna; song, "Crepato un tal bestion; drinking song from *Der Freischutz*; quartets, "Benedictus," and "Over the dark blue waters;" themes on the pianoforte, overtures, &c. Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Lunn, Messrs. Cumming and Lawler, executed the vocal part of the music very efficiently, and elicited loud applause. The performances of Mr. Lincoln and Herr Ries on the pianoforte were also highly applauded. The lecture and illustrations, while they were interesting from the instruction they imparted regarding the genius and works of the great composer, were no less fitted to afford pleasure to the audience as a high-class intellectual entertainment."

The selection of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* for the first concert of the season, by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, judging from the *Mercury*, appears to have pleased all parties, and to have had good results. The Philharmonic Hall was crowded in every part, and the performance, if not first rate, was satisfactory. If, on the other hand, we are to give credence to the *Daily Post*, we should be compelled to think differently. "We must confess we seldom, if ever, heard the *Elijah*," writes our contemporary, "with so little pleasure." Two causes are assigned—a weakness in the principal singers, and a preponderance of brass instruments in the orchestra. As regards the latter fault, the writer is somewhat severe on the authorities:—

"It is surprising that, in spite of all we have said, and all that every musician says month by month, that the committee are so insensible to

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the defect, and fail to remedy it at all costs. It is neither just to the performers, to the conductor, nor to the subscribers. The former are deemed incompetent because they cannot perform impossibilities; the conductor gets blamed because the band is not effective; and the subscribers, who pay a good price for the best article, don't get it."

The *Mercury*, taking a direct opposite view, asserts that the oratorio "was rendered in a manner which reflected infinite credit on the performers, generally speaking." The soloists were Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lawler, which will enable the reader, perhaps, to reconcile the conflicting statements of the journalists. The annual concert of Mr. Millar, at Birkenhead, on Tuesday evening week, the *Liverpool Mail* informs us, attracted a large and fashionable audience to the Craven Rooms. The singers were the Misses Millar, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Scarisbick, and Mr. Millar; instrumentalists, Mr. F. Webb (violin), and Mr. Millar, jun. (pianoforte). "The Misses Millar, who are *débutantes*," writes the *Mail*, "displayed admirable taste and considerable power of expression and execution in various solos and concerted pieces, and the *bénéficiaire*, though his voice is evidently effected by the ravages of time, sang a song of his own composition, "As light over the waters breaking," and Victor Massé's "Light as the falling snow," with unexceptionable vocal skill.

The performance of the *Messiah* at the Free Trade Hall, MANCHESTER, on Wednesday, the 13th, according to the *Manchester Weekly Times*, was a great musical treat, in spite of the organ being made to do duty for the orchestra. However, as the organ accompaniments were entrusted to so eminent a hand as Mr. W. Best, and as the prices of admission were Free Trade Hall prices, all grumbling was checked, and gratification reigned triumphant. We can readily imagine how superbly the organ parts were played, and that the "pastoral symphony" narrowly escaped an encore, as the same paper informs us. The principal singers were Madame Lancia, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Mr. Wharton. Of the first-named lady, the *Weekly Times* thus speaks:—

"Madame Florence Lancia on this occasion sang the music for the first time. She was very nervous, as a young artist very naturally might be under such circumstances, and before so large an audience, accustomed to hear the first talent of the country in this trying Handelian music. This feeling somewhat interfered with Madame Lancia's success in the early portion of the oratorio, but she gradually recovered, and in the beautiful air, 'But thou didst not leave,' had fairly recovered her self-possession, and won one of the most enthusiastic encores. There was no mistaking the richness of her tones, the clear, definite character of her declamation, or the legitimite reading, for here, as indeed throughout the oratorio, she kept closely to the composer's notation, never for a moment being led away into meretricious ornament. In the most trying, perhaps, of all musical declamation, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' Madame Lancia showed an amount of intelligence and dramatic expression, which is as rare as it is interesting, particularly when we consider the novelty of her position. That rapt expression of an abiding faith has not often been more beautifully illustrated, and the artist received the warmest acknowledgment from an evidently delighted audience. If we were given to prophesy, we should feel inclined to anticipate a great career for this gifted young vocalist."

Mr. Augustus Braham is commended for the vigour of his style, and Miss Fanny Huddart for her truthful expression. The choir was good, and Mr. W. D. Banks all that could be desired as conductor. The London Glee and Madrigal Union performed at the Concert Hall, on Wednesday evening, with eminent success. "After the usual scraps from foreign operas," writes the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, speaking of the glees and madrigals, "there was a freshness as of spring-time in these beautiful harmonies—for what harmony is so beautiful as that derived from the human voice in finely attuned combination." The concert was made further attractive by the performance of Beethoven's symphony in D, and the overture to *Der Freischutz*.

A concert was given at LEEDS, by the Town Hall Concert Society, on Saturday week, which comprised a performance of *Der Freischutz*, and a miscellaneous selection. The solo vocalists were Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Helena Walker, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Burdini; chorus, the Leeds Concert Choir; violinist, Herr Becker; pianist, Mr. Francisco Berger; organist, Mr. Spark; conductor, Mr. Henry Smart. The operatic portion of the concert was indifferent, owing to the want of pre-arrangement amongst the principals, and some of the music had to be omitted. The second part of the concert was more successful, Mad. Catherine Hayes singing "The last rose of summer" most admirably, and being enthusiastically encored. Miss Lascelles was also encored in the song of the goat-herd, from *Dinorah*, "Ye maidens in spring time." A solo on the violin by Herr Becker was one of the great attractions of the evening, and Mr. Berger's performance on the pianoforte of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was much applauded. Miss Walker and the Concert Choir maintained their well-earned reputation. The concert terminated with Mr. Spark's popular "Garibaldi chorus." The Town Hall Concert Society gave their final season performance last Saturday, when the Brousil family were engaged. There was a crowded audience and a very enjoyable concert.

The opening of a new organ for Trinity Church, KNARESBOROUGH, is thus noticed in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, of February the 16th:—

"Twelve months since the desirableness of procuring an organ for this church was affirmed at a meeting held in the vestry, the harmonium then used not being considered sufficient in power either to direct or sustain the voices of the congregation. An appeal for funds was cheerfully and liberally responded to, not only by those who regularly attend the church, but by many who are not in the habit of doing so; and upwards of 200*l.* was subscribed, independent of the proceeds of a most successful bazaar. The erection of the organ was entrusted to Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull; and Tuesday last was fixed for its opening by Mr. Dent Davidson, organist, Leeds. Two excellent sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the Rev J. Palmes, Vicar of Weeton. The attendance in the morning was thin, but in the evening the free seats were well filled. The collections amounted to 15*l.* 11*s.* The entire cost of the organ is 310*l.*, and is now wholly defrayed. The organ comprises two full sets of keys, and a pedal board of 29 notes. While the great organ is not large, the swell is very complete, the wish of the subscribers being to have an instrument possessing a great variety of pleasing effects rather than immense power. Mr. Davidson did full justice to the organ and choir, accompanying in a most tasteful manner, and by his judicious selection of voluntaries exhibiting the several fine solo stops, as well as the richness of the full organ.

The *Evening Courant* renders an account of a concert which was given on Saturday afternoon, at the Masonic Hall, EDINBURGH, by Signora Fabroni, and which attracted a large attendance. The lady sings and plays the harp, being far more successful with her instrument than with her voice.

As might be imagined Mad. Catherine Hayes's Irish tour is proving a series of triumphs. Two concerts were given in the Rotundo, DUBLIN, with what effect may be gathered from the following excerpt from the *Daily Express*:—

"Mad. Hayes was in splendid voice and her first triumph was attained in Bellini's *aria*, "Qui la Voce." She next—and most charmingly—sang a new song, composed expressly for her by M. Gabriel, entitled "Maureen," in the which being encored, she sang "Home, sweet Home" Gladly would the audience have had a repetition of this old melody, but they refrained from taxing one who with so much kindliness had answered their plaudits. In the second part Mad. Hayes was joined by Signor Burdini in the *duetto*, "Quant Amore," from *l'Elisir d'Amore*. She next sang a new song, "Love's Messenger," written by M. Berger, and substituted for it, on being encored, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and drew down thunders of applause, which were again and again renewed as the closing strains were heard in "Savourneen Dheelish."

Herr Becker's violin solo is highly eulogised, and the singing of Miss Lascelles and Mr. Tennant well spoken of.

The same success appears to have attended the party in CORK, the *Cork Daily Herald* rendering a glowing account of the first "Catherine Hayes's" Concert given at the Athenæum on Friday evening, the 15th instant.

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VOL. 39—No. 9 SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Hullah Fund.—A CONCERT will be given on Thursday Evening, March 7th, in AID of the HULLAH FUND, on which occasion the Choir will be assisted by the following distinguished artists:—Miss Banks, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. John Foster, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Accompanyist—Mr. J. G. Calcott. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; area or gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of E. J. Fraser, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Hullah Fund, No. 26 Craven Street, Strand; Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First New Philharmonic Concert this season will take place on Monday evening, March 11; the First Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, March 9, at half-past 2. Conductor, Dr. Wylde. Programme:—Overture—Egmont; violin concerto—Mendelssohn; Schubert's Grand Symphony in C; Weber's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; overture, Alencoragen—Cherubini. Pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, M. Vieuxtemps, his first appearance at these concerts; vocalists Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c.; orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Subscription for the series of Six Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals:—Sofa stall, £2 2s.; balcony, first row, One Guinea and a-Half; second row, One Guinea.

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THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Fifth Season, 1861. President—the Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday evening, March 12, when Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will perform prelude and fugue, ALLA TARANTELLA (J. S. BACH), and ALBION, fantasia on English airs, composed expressly for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (BENEDICT). Subscription for the series of Five Concerts and one Conversazione—Sofa stalls (double tickets), £3 3s.; balcony stalls, front row (double tickets), £2 2s. Subscribers can secure the best places at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Royal library, 33, Old Bond-street, W. The remaining dates are Wednesdays, April 3 and 17; May 1 and 22; and June 19. The Conversazione will be given on Wednesday, May 22.

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—Ninth Concert, Saturday, March 2nd. Artistes: Miss POOLE, Miss CLARA WEST, Mr. FIELDING, Mr. J. L. HATTON and HERR GOFFRIE. Conductor, Mr. F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. Mr. Hatton will play the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and two "Lieder ohne Worte." Herr Goffrie will play De Beriot's "Tremolo," and "Tema con variazioni." To commence at 7. Carriages at half-past nine.

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THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, under the direction of Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—In consequence of the great interest occasioned by the first performance of the "Messiah" by this Society, a Second Grand Performance will be given on WEDNESDAY, March 6. The Chorus, acknowledged to be the finest in the kingdom, numbers over 500 voices, being the largest ever heard in an Oratorio at Exeter Hall. Principal Singers:—Mrs. SUCHET CHAMPION, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Messrs. GEORGE PERREN and LEWIS THOMAS.

Opinions of the Press, &c., on the First Performance of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah," at Exeter Hall, Feb. 6, 1861.

"I was perfectly delighted with the performance in every respect. I can truly say that I have never heard so effective a chorus."—CIPRIANI POTTER.

"The striking chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' acquired unusual boldness and spirit from the fresh voices of which this Choral Society seems to be mainly formed, while the grand 'Hallelujah!' was no less effective."—*Telegraph.*

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"The Society is destined to prove a great success."—*Morning Star.*

"The sopranos are extremely brilliant, and the basses really magnificent."—*Morning Chronicle.*

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The Repetition Performance will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, 6th March at 7·30 p.m. Tickets 1s., 2s., 3s. each; Numbered Stalls, 5s.—Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall.

THE ARION, Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.—The First Grand Orchestral Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, March 15, at 8 o'clock. Principal vocalists—Mad. Weiss, Mad. Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, Mdle. Charlier, Miss Fosbroke, Mad. Andrea, Miss E. Boden. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wallworth and Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Violin, M. VIEUXTEMPS. Accompanyists, Dr. Bennet Gilbert; organ, Mr. W. C. Filby; harp, Mr. Layland. Stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers, and of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13 Berners Street.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce that she has REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce, that they have REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where they will continue to give lessons on the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 27 Berner's Street, Oxford Street, W.

MR. HENRY HAIGH will remain in Town for the Season, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Operas, Concerts, and Oratorios.—205 Euston Road, N.W.

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THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, ACCOUNTS, and BALANCE SHEET of the Mutual Life Assurance Society for the year 1860 are this day published, and may be had by a written or personal application to the Head Office, or to any of the Society's Agents.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.
The Mutual Life Assurance Society,
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IN THE PRESS,
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Reviews.

"'*The Banner of St. George*,' a national song"—words by John Brougham, music by M. W. Balfe (Duncan Davison).

The words and music of this song are in an equal degree spirited, healthy, and vigorous. It is appropriately inscribed to the St. George Rifle Corps. Mr. Sims Reeves himself might do worse than publicly essay it.

"'*The Silver Cord*,' waltz brilliant for the pianoforte"—by J. Von Joel (Duncan Davison and Co.)

A "waltz brilliant" (what language is that supposed to be?) which begins much too familiarly to be styled original; which has a second part, in G flat, with an objectionable full cadence (page 2, line 5, bars 3, 4); and, to make amends, an episode, in A flat, brilliant, melodious, and clever, especially where the theme is given as an inner part for the left hand, while a graceful florid passage is allotted to the right.

"'*Switzerland*,' vocal duet"—by Mrs. Henry Ames (Ashdown and Parry)—is an unpretending trifle, but very pretty, and neatly written.

"'*Valse de Salon*,' for the pianoforte"—by Blanche Lidel (Ashdown and Parry), though occasionally a little in the manner of Weber, would be wholly blameless but for one objectionable progression (page 5, line 3, bars 4, 5), where the 6, 4 on E flat is unceremoniously quitted for the common chord of F minor. This is easily corrected, however; and the thing is worthy of correction, the leading themes being tuneful, and well contrasted with a plaintive and charming episode in the relative minor.

"'*The Sun's Last Smile is Beaming*,' song"—words by John Francis Waller, LL.D., music by Charles Oberthur, Op. 165 (Ashdown and Parry).

If Herr Oberthur would alter the harmony in the fourth bar of the first line, where the chord of the dominant flat seventh, on B flat, is abruptly succeeded by that of the sixth (*sharp*), fourth, and third, on A flat, we should have nothing but praise for his very elegant and musician-like song, which (though decidedly *Spohrish* in feeling), is as well accompanied as it is melodious and expressive. Herr Oberthur invariably writes *musically*, and will therefore doubtless take our suggestion in good part.

"'*The Poet's Bridal Gift*' ('Dichter's Brautgabe')"—words by Hoffmann Von Fallersleben, music by Bernhard Altaus (Ewer and Co.).

This song is not without character, in spite of its commencing with a (hardly improved) version of a familiar Russian tune. The harmony of the accompaniment is "*choisie*," and the form unhacknied. The words (in German and English) are also good, though here and there, as in the following,

"Every cadix yet may hold
Nought for thee but sweetness,"

somewhat affected.

"'*Drowsy Polka*,' for pianoforte and voice"—words by Albert Russell, music by Ernest Beyer (Ewer and Co.).

The peculiarity of this polka is that it is not all drowsy, but, on the contrary, extremely lively. The motto, therefore—

"Oh! I am so drowsy!
Oh! I'm so done up!"

is altogether out of place. Perhaps, however, Herren Russell (Albert) and Peyer (Ernest) mean that the charm of their polka is so irresistible that even somnambulists will dance to it. *Tant mieux!* The polka is so utterly undrowsical that too much can hardly be said of its liveliness. *Vive la Polka!—la "Drowsy Polka!"*

"'*Tendresse*,' *morceau mélodieux, pour piano*"—J. A. Pacher, Op. 53 (Ewer and Co.).

Mr. Mantalini (being musically given)—had Mad. Mantalini (being musically given) performed, for his delight and edification, this very simple and sentimental piece (Miss Knaggs, Miss Nickleby, and Mr. Ralph Nickleby being present)—would have entitled it his "its *popolorum tibi*." "*Tendresse*" is just the sort of thing to please simple and sentimental young ladies. It is simple as a hammer, and sentimental as a coffee-cup. Mrs. Nickleby would have remembered to have heard—no, to have seen—no, to have heard, something very like—no, something very unlike it—by a pianist—no, by a player on the concertina—no, by a pianist, at Rosherville Gardens; or, if not at Rosherville, somewhere else; for, as she had often said to her dear departed husband, she *never* could make up her mind whether she had ever seen Rosherville or not, or whether she did not mix it up, in some way or other, with Covent Garden market, or the Temple.

"'*Polka Mazurka*,' *pour piano*,"—Anton Rubinstein (Ewer and Co)—was reviewed last year, and some specimens of its peculiarities set forth for the advantage of our readers in music type. We have only to repeat that it is dedicated to Madame la Princesse Sophie de Nassau—who, as we remarked at the time, must have ears-patent to apprehend it.

"'*L'Oisillon*,' *morceau charactéristique, pour le piano*,"—Louis Spindler, Op. 76 (Ewer and Co)—is sparkling enough and if without pretension equally without fault. Short and sweet and "chirping," moreover, while a little more difficult to execute, it is also more refined than the late Signor Panormo's "*Bird-waltz*," which, were it not already forgotten, would have been speedily cast into oblivion by Herr Spindler's superior and "characteristic"-er (if not much more original) effort.

"'*Courting Days*,'"—words by L. M. Thornton, music by Wellington Guernsey (Hale and Son, Cheltenham)—is a remarkably engaging ballad. Both words and music are pretty. In short, the author of "The Postman's Knock," and the composer of "Mary Blane," have both written "up to the mark," and not for the first time by many, done themselves real credit.

"'*The Trefoil Leaf*,'"—words by B. H., music by Claribel (Hale and Son, Cheltenham); "'*Music breathes in Everything*,'"—words (from *Harebell Chimes*) by A. J. Symington, music by Jessie M. Thomson (Duncan Davison and Co.). Both of these are nice songs, the first simple and unaffected, the last extremely graceful.

"'*La Petite Rivière*,' *caprice élégant*;" "*La Gracieuse*,' *Mazurka brillante*;" "'*Souvenir de Madère*,' *nocturne*"—for the pianoforte—by J. Tomlins Jones (Ashdown and Parry.)

There is little to say, one way or the other, about these trifles, beyond the fact that they are wholly unoffending. The *nocturne* has some graceful passages, and is perhaps the best of the three.

"'*Love's young Dream*,' fantasia for the pianoforte,"—by G. A. Osborne (Ashdown and Parry).

Mr. Osborne has treated the charming melody which he

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has taken for a theme with parental tenderness, adorning it with many graces and "*fioriture*," which it wears becomingly. The fact is that "Love's young Dream" is a young and pretty maid, who would look well in any dress, but who looks quite provoking when attired by the hands of a cunning milliner like Mr. Osborne.

"'*Ave Maria*,' prayer"—by CARL WEYNER (Robert Cooks & Co.)

A smooth, correct, and effective piece of vocal harmony for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with pianoforte accompaniment.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AYLWARD (Salisbury).

RICHARDSON (J. E.) "A Collection of Sanctuses, Kyries, and Doxologies."

AUGENER AND CO.

HARTOG (HENRI) "Premier morceau de Salon."
" " Second—ditto—(Pianoforte).

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

SELLE (W. C.) Marche Triomphale (Pianoforte).
ALLEN (G. B.) "'Twas in the pleasant mouth of June."
HARVEY (R. T.) "The old love dieth not."
METCALFE (W.) "Three Songs."

CRAMER AND CO.

ANDREWS (MRS. J. HOLMAN) "The Rainbow."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Première Tarentelle" (Pianoforte).

DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.

MAUSS (T.) "Tyrolean Mountain Song" (for Pianoforte).

OETZMANN AND CO.

BADARZEWSKA (T.) "La Prière exaucée" (Pianoforte).

RANSFORD AND SON.

BAILLOT (R.) "Trois Romances sans Paroles" (Pianoforte).
MAUSS (T.) "Points du Rhin" (Pianoforte).

VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

HERR CARL TAUSIG came here in January, most firmly resolved to bring back the Viennese to a more favourable opinion of the compositions of his master, Franz Liszt. Flying notices have appeared as the *prolegomena*, which usually precede an historical event. L. A. Zöllner's *Blatt für Theater, Musik und Kunst*, of the 8th January, for instance, says:—

"The pianist, C. Tausig, is about to give, in the rooms of the Musical Union, *four* orchestral concerts, the first of which will take place on the 20th inst. Herr C. Tausin will play a new pianoforte concerto by Liszt, and conduct the *Ideals* and the *Festklänge*. That this entertainment will attract the curious in crowds, is beyond a donbt."

The *Recensionen* of the 13th January writes as follows:—

"Liszt is great, and Tausig is his prophet. Allah cannot come himself, so he sends his Mahomet, in order to bless the Viennese with a long series of *Sinfonische Dichtungen*. Herr Tausig will give, in the rooms of the Musical Union, three concerts, in which only works by Liszt for the orchestra and piano will be played. However decidedly we should oppose performances of this description by our regular musical societies, we are quite delighted that the genial pianoforte-virtuoso, Liszt, should condescend to bear the very large expenses of such concerts himself, in order to place the Viennese in a position to hear and test his music, and then to pronounce an impartial judgment on it."

On the 20th January the same paper says: "We have received the following letter from Herr Tausig:—

"In the last number of your paper there is, in a notice concerning my orchestral-concerts, the following passage:—'We are greatly delighted that the genial pianoforte-virtuoso, Liszt, should condescend to bear the very large expenses of such concerts himself.' I am compelled, by the utter untruth of this passage, to correct it. Apart from the fact that Dr. Franz Liszt has in no way, directly or indirectly, anything to do, in a non-artistic sense, with the concert speculations of his adherents, however intimately connected with him, I must emphatically state that I consider it a material point of my artistic honour to devote my own means to the performance of the works of that master whom I especially admire and respect. Begging you will insert this correction in the next number of your paper, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"C. TAUSIG."

"It will be easily understood," pursues the *Recensionen*, "that we could not suppose any one but the Grand Master of the Future himself would and could make the material sacrifices requisite for carrying out the speculation in question. We receive, however, the above correction with the more pleasure, as by the devoted contribution of this Squire of the Future, the polyphonic crusade receives a still more heroic stamp than before." The correspondent of the *Breslauer Zeitung* of the 27th January observes:—

"We perceive in Liszt's compositions an effort to join the Music of the Future; Liszt, however, with his aristocratic nature, is too much connected with the Past; he follows, almost immediately, Beethoven, and nothing that lies between, German, Italian, or French music, appears to touch his compositions. He 'can no longer plunge into the blending stream of the new time.' His pupil, Tausig, exhibits the same serious, powerful, and technically strict style as his master—a style which leaves the *drawing-room* artists of the present day, such as Bülow and Clara Schumann (!) far behind."

The young violinist, S. Bachrich, gave a concert lately, and produced a favourable impression. His playing is distinguished by remarkable purity of intonation, good "bowing," and a certain agreeable pertness. It is, however, deficient in deep feeling, and in rapid passages wants force. The selection of one of S. Bach's sonatas, with pianoforte—that in E major—was exceedingly praiseworthy in an artistic point of view. We have had a new violin-concerto by Rubinstein, who seems rather averse to bestowing anything like finish on his compositions. The concerto appears to be just what it was when its author first conceived it; a great deal must be done to it before it can be pronounced really fit for publication. The finale, for instance, is far too short, and altogether deficient in any well-worked-out independent idea.

In the *feuilleton* of the Vienna *Presse*, of the 12th ult., under the heading "Da Ponte, the author of the book of *Don Juan*," we are informed that the memoirs of this writer, which are carried down to the period of his leaving London to settle in New York (1803), were discovered, written in Italian, in the spring of 1859, among a number of old books exposed for sale in New York, and that they have appeared in a French translation by M. Chavanne. It happens, however, that the *Memorie di Lorenzo da Ponte da Cenede scritte da esso* appeared, more than forty years ago, in two small volumes at New York, and that the *Seconda Edizione, corretta, ampliata, ed accresciuta d' un intero volume, e di alcune Note*, were published, at the same place, in three small volumes, in the year 1829-30, by the firm of John H. Turney. The Leipsic *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (No. 40, 1842), gave a long satire of the book, and in the year 1847 a mediocre translation of the second edition was produced at Stuttgard. M. Chavanne has consequently conferred no particular favour on anyone by translating into French the manuscript of the first volume, which was discovered in the manner above related, while, by endeavouring to palm this fragment off upon the world as a new and remarkable discovery, he only affords a fresh proof of the ignorance of French literary men. We may remark, by the way, that Da Ponte died on the 17th August, 1838, and that consequently (since he was born on the 10th March, 1749), he was in his 90th, and not, as is asserted by the writer in the *Presse*, in his 97th year.

Feb. 25, 1861.

Rubinstein's long looked for opera *Die Kinder der Haide* was given for the first time last night, at the Kärtnerthor Theatre, and attracted, as may be supposed, a crowded audience. No opera of late years has excited so much curiosity—none had so much care and attention bestowed upon its production. It has been in rehearsal for the last four months, and every resource of the opera house was made available for its perfect representation. Rubinstein is immensely popular with the Viennese public, by whom his first dramatic work was looked forward to with great interest, increased by the long announcement, and all that has been said and written about it by those who had had an opportunity of hearing portions of the music.

Has it had success? Certainly, if the enthusiasm of the audience last night is any criterion; but it is a question whether that enthusiasm was not attributable to the wonderful display of talent on the part of Madame Csillag, who sustained the principal character rather than to the intrinsic merit of the music. The lady was

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recalled no less than eighteen times, and her singing and acting are spoken of in all the daily papers as being beyond all praise, while the opera itself is scarcely mentioned. Herr Ander, as the substitute of Herr Wachtel, for whom the tenor part was originally intended, exerted himself most strenuously, as also did Mlle. Kraus and Herr Meyerhofer.

The music, to judge from the first performance, is somewhat monotonous, and not remarkable for originality. The finales to the 1st and 2nd acts, and a bridesmaid's chorus, made a favourable impression, and were much applauded.

A detailed account of the whole work shall be sent next week. Suffice it for the present to record that the opera has been given, and met with the appprobation of the public.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER IX.

The time arrived for the evening's performance. Morrison's Hotel for the previous hour had been alive with notes of preparation. They were to be heard in every part of the house. Lucrezia (in whom, I suppose, nobody who took the trouble to think about it while reading the last chapter failed to recognise la Diva Grisi) trying her voice—Adelgiza practising some of the most troublesome passages in the Norma duets—Gennaro (who was to appear as Pollio on the occasion) running over a cadenza or two—Oroveso growling like distant thunder, had brought all the domestics of the establishment on to the landings to listen to them, and caused considerable annoyance to a party of bachelors at dinner. At length the carriages were ordered. Gennaro, always the last, but never too late, made Lucrezia cross by keeping her waiting at least half an hour; messages innumerable had been sent to him without avail; as usual, he took his time, and was not to be hurried. At last he came, watch in hand, calculating, with provoking accuracy, that it would take so many minutes to reach the theatre, ten more to dress, and then there would be exactly two to spare. The Diva, having a more elaborate toilette to make, became alarmed at the probable consequences of the delay. They got to the theatre. There the doors had just been thrown open, and crowds were rushing in to the galleries and pit, much to the satisfaction of the manager, who, as is his wont, walked up and down behind the curtain, listening to the grateful sound of the house filling. Pleasant noise of delightful confusion,—every footfall money, every voice a shilling. He was thoughtful; now and then a placid smile suffused his countenance, and he would stretch out his hands as if to grasp some imaginary object, doubtless the coin, his share of the Italian Operas. But difficulties had to be overcome before the announcement of the evening could be fulfilled.

A box containing costumes was missing—had been left behind at Holyhead or Kingstown—no matter where, it was not now to be found when wanted. Here was a dilemma little dreamt of by the crowds which thronged the theatre, and noisily clamoured for their amusement to begin. What was to be done? How could Oroveso appear without his robes, or Flavio minus tights? The costumier approached the musing manager, and with tears in his eyes related the disaster which threatened the success of the opera engagement at its very outset.

A general search was made through the wardrobe, and substitutes for the missing dresses eventually discovered, which, although perhaps not quite orthodox, were still sufficiently correct to be made available. This obstacle having been surmounted, a speech had to be made for the basso, whose hoarseness had not altogether disappeared since the morning. Without the speech he obstinately refused to sing, and there was no alternative. The time of commencement had long since past, owing to the delay caused by the dresses. The audience had become uproarious. It was no easy matter to claim their indulgence under such circumstances. A speaker, however, was found bold enough to face them, and who having received his instructions, proceeded to fulfil the ungrateful task.

His appearance before the curtain excited the suspicions of a disappointment, and the reception he met with was anything but flattering. Taking advantage of a short lull in the expressions of dissatisfaction with which he had been greeted, he began his speech in the most ill-chosen phrase of "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sorry to inform you—" yells of indignation followed this announcement, and drowned the voice of the unfortunate spokesman. In spite of the most suppliant appeals to their feelings in dumb show, the audience would *not* be informed, no matter how sorry the speaker might be. After a while the storm abated, and a hearing was obtained. When it became known that the apology was only for the basso profondo, and not, as had been supposed, for the favourite tenor, order was restored, and the opera at last began. The old favourites were received enthusiastically; the audience soon forgot how long they had been kept waiting, and expressed their delight as loudly as they had but a short time before given vent to their displeasure. The first act over, and they were on the best possible terms with themselves and with the artistes, whose turn it now was to listen to the singing by which, to the surprise of all foreigners, the *habitués* of the galleries of the Theatre Royal wile away the time during the entr'actes. In no other country does a public make itself so completely at home in a theatre as in Ireland. There is no restraint. They sing, they converse, and their witty remarks, when not too personal, are amusing enough. Sometimes a head-dress or a pair of gloves of a remarkable colour, in the boxes, will attract their attention, and the wearer be forthwith honoured with "three cheers." A white hat is an especial object of dislike, and vain is the hope of the owner that it will pass unnoticed; wherever he may hide it, concealment is impossible, it's sure to be discovered and hooted when there's nothing better to do. Occasionally a gallery tenor will give an imitation of some popular singer. On the night in question he sang "Ah che la morte," and was for a short time listened to attentively; but the love of fun was too strong, and hints, such as "Mario's looking at yer," "Don't forget the finish," convulsed the house with laughter, and completely upset the ambitious effort of the imitator. Mr. Levey, the talented leader of the band, is familiarly addressed as Lavey, and affectionate inquiries are made nightly after his numerous progeny. When Verdi's *Macbeth* was given for the first time in Dublin, a few months since, the long symphony preceding the sleep walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened, everything looked gloomy and mysterious, the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor discovered, as usual, seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber. Viardot's appearance was awaited in the most profound silence, when a voice from the gallery cried out, "Arrah, hurry now, Mr. Lavey! tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" an inquiry which nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the commotion it caused. But while talking of the Gods and their doings, I forget our tourists, who by this must have finished the opera and gone back to the hotel to supper. The carriage, of course, has been surrounded by a crowd of musical fanatics, anxious to get a peep at the prima donna as she left the theatre. How they used to struggle and fight for a good look into the carriage! Some would scramble on to the roof, others mount the wheels at the risk of broken legs. Sometimes the horses were detached and their places usurped by a string of enthusiasts. One little lady, to whom this compliment was paid, reminded me forcibly, as she sat in the carriage, of that picture which represents a goddess seated in a chariot drawn by a flock of geese. Everyone to his choice of the means of showing admiration.

The artistes at supper were joined by the Frenchman, who indulged them with an interesting account of his voyage from Holyhead,—how ill he had been,—a most agreeable accompaniment to the soup and macaroni. They did not seem to object to the narrative, but were listening attentively, when Lucrezia suddenly rose from her chair. "*Dio mio!*" she exclaimed, "*siamo tredici!*" Now if there be any prejudice among the Italians stronger than another, it is that against the supposed ill-fated No. 13. They tell marvellous stories in support of their belief in its evil influence. How people die from sitting down 13 to table, how railway accidents are encouraged by a party of 13 travelling in the same train, how you're sure to be smothered alive by sleeping in room No. 13, and how if you read a story like this, for instance, of No. 13, something is sure to happen to you, but whether pleasant or disagreeable is not known. I should like to see a certain Italian of my acquaintance take up this number of the Musical World. It would fall from his grasp like a hot coal; he would turn pale, and all the charms

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and horns within reach would be brought into requisition to avert the consequences of the contamination.

On the occasion in question, misfortune was supposed to be imminent. All present expressed alarm, except the Frenchman, who was henceforth looked upon as a heretic, because he continued to eat his supper, regardless of what might happen. He was, in fact, the cause of the discomfort; whether wittingly or not, he had augmented the original healthy number of the party, 12, to its present ominous quantity. Relief, however, came before the spell had time to work. Wonderful interposition! Signor Fortini walked into the room, much to the consolation of Lucrezia and the rest, who then resumed their seats, and finished a hearty supper.

Antbater.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

This Society, though only in the third year of its existence, may be fairly admitted to represent the musical community of the metropolis and, to some extent, indeed, that of the country at large, many of the most influential professors resident in the provinces belonging to its ranks. The report communicated by the hon. secretary, Mr. Charles Salaman, at a recent general meeting, and now printed for circulation, informs its readers that "since the termination of last season nearly 400 new associates and nominated annual subscribers have been received into the society," which, allowing for secessions during the previous year, brings the list of members to considerably above 1,600. The objects professed by the Musical Society of London have been more than once explained, and the suggestion contained in the report, that "its reputation is by this time firmly established and the importance of its aim appreciated," is only a reasonable conclusion, drawn from the increasing anxiety manifested by the public, as well as by the profession, to take an active part in its proceedings. The mixture of the amateur and professional elements in the organisation of the society, establishes a degree of confidence which it would be otherwise difficult to obtain. It averts in the council the practicability of "jobbing," and the advancement of "clique-ism." Musicians—whether deservedly or the contrary is beside the question here—"enjoy the repute of being jealous, egotistical, and quarrelsome, no less than sensitive and enthusiastic; and if the controlling board consisted exclusively of professional men very little belief would attach to the wisdom of its policy, or the unswerving integrity of its management. Happily, as this board is made up of twelve musicians and six amateurs, the minority—among whom are three eminent members of the bar—act as a wholesome check on the majority, bringing unprejudiced argument to weigh against the "*idola*" so rarely separable from the musical mind, and tempering enthusiasm with a certain amount of common sense. Thus matters go on smoothly enough; and in case of any short-comings the general body of members have the remedy in their own hands.

The grand concerts held in St. James's Hall, which are a conspicuous feature in the arrangements of the society, may fairly take rank among the most remarkable musical entertainments ever presented in this country. As if the orchestra under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction—which in 1859 and 1860 became the theme of universal praise—was not sufficiently good, its numbers have been increased by the addition of 14 to the "strings"—(eight violins, two violas, two violoncellos, and two double basses). Its strength is now colossal, and there is no exaggeration in asserting that it is the finest body of instrumental performers ever brought together in London. The magnificent overture to *Ruy Blas*, with which the first concert began on Wednesday night, declared the efficiency of the band in a triumphant manner. A nobler piece of execution was never listened to, and it was impossible for Mr. Mellon to resist the unanimous demand of the audience for a repetition. This was in some respect unfortunate, the selection being unusually long, as may be seen by the subjoined:—

Part I.

Overture, *Ruy Blas*	Mendelssohn
Scena, *Euryanthe*	Weber
Concerto in D, Op. 61 (violin)	Beethoven
Cantata, "A non sai qual pena sia"	Mozart
Overture, *The Tempest*	Benedict

Part II.

Symphony in D minor (No. 2), Op. 49	Spohr
Duo, "Come frenare" (*La Gazza Ladra*)	Rossini
Overture, *Le Philtre*	Auber

M. Vieuxtemps played the violin concerto of Beethoven—which in largeness of design and elaboration of detail (like his pianoforte concertos in G and E flat) is on a par with his orchestral symphonies—superbly, and was accompanied by the band with a precision and delicacy almost unparalleled. His "cadenzas" were both ingenious and admirable, the first (in the opening *allegro*) being a prodigy of mechanical achievement. The second was appropriately brief, and in strict keeping with the style of the rondo—one of Beethoven's most fresh and charming "pastorals," which mere "fiddlers" are apt to render slightly vulgar, but which, in the hands of a master like the accomplished Belgian violinist, retains its natural grace while losing none of its buoyancy and vigour. On no occasion has M. Vieuxtemps experienced a more flattering acknowledgement of his artistic worth. When he had left the platform, at the end of the concerto, he was recalled and literally "overwhelmed" with applause. The honour was legitimately earned. Another surprisingly good performance on the part of the orchestra was that of Mr. Benedict's overture to Shakspere's *Tempest*, introduced in accordance with an excellent rule of the society—to give at every concert one work of more or less pretentions from the pen of a resident musician, foreign or native. A better choice could not easily have been made than this brilliant and picteresque dramatic prelude, a work as full of poetical fancy as of novel and interesting combinations. Its success was complete. With Spohr's fine symphony (written for our Philharmonic Society about 40 years since, during the composer's first visit to England) we were less entirely satisfied. The *scherzo* and *finale* were given to perfection; but the slow movement wanted delicacy, and the first *allegro* would have been all the better for another careful rehearsal. For comparatively unfamiliar pieces of great difficulty, like this symphony, one rehearsal is not enough; and if the Musical Society of London cannot obtain efficient preparation in every instance, it should confine its programmes exclusively to well-known works. Besides, the society owes some of its laurels to Spohr's 4th symphony (the *Wiehe der Töne*), and should have treated the composer with all the greater deference on that account. The delicious overture to Auber's delicious pastoral opera, on the other hand, left nothing to wish. The execution was altogether irreproachable.

The vocal pieces were unexceptionable in themselves, but too uniformly long. Mr. Weiss gave the thoroughly dramatic and thoroughly Weberian bass *scena* from *Euryanthe* splendidly, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington the beautiful *cantata* of Mozart with such intelligence, feeling, and expression that no one complained of its being transposed, for her convenience, a third lower than the original key, although it might have placed a less skilled and ready orchestra in somewhat of a dilemma. The duet for the Ninetta and Ferdinando from *La Gazza Ladra* was less suited to the singers and to the prevalent character of the selection.

Had the concert been half an hour shorter it would have been all the more enjoyable; but, under any circumstances, it was an entertainment of the very highest class. A brilliant audience completely thronged St. James's Hall.

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—On Thursday evening this society held its first *conversazione* for the season at the rooms of the Architectural Photographic Association, in Conduit Street, when there was a numerous assemblage of members and their friends, completely filling both the large gallery and the west gallery. Mr. H. Ottley commenced the proceedings by reading a paper in reference to the application of photography in illustrating works of architecture. Architectural structures, next after elevation and distribution of their parts, depended mainly for their beauty upon light and shade, under the influence of the sun, effects which by the sun were most successfully reproduced in photography. He also referred to the late catastrophe at Chichester Cathedral, and drew some parallels between the spire of the latter and that of Salisbury. A musical entertainment followed, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The programme included Mac Farren's Trio, the "Troubadour," given with admi-

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rable spirit by Mad. Gilbert, Mad. Andrea, and Mr. Layland; "Robert toi que j'aime," and the "Light of other days," by Mad. Gilbert, who was warmly applauded, particularly in the latter; A Venetian Canzonette, by Cardigiani; Louis's Ballad, "Oh if I had some one to love me," both charmingly rendered by Mad. Leonte; Hatton's ballad, "The Blacksmith's Son," by Miss Boden; Song, "Oh how I shall triumph o'er ye" (Mozart), by Mr. Lawler, who was encored; "Sweet, sweet, those hours" (A. Gilbert), a pretty song, very neatly executed by Mr. Layland; "Il Portiglione" (Balfe), given with true buffo spirit by Mr. Penna. The entertainment, which did not terminate till half-past eleven o'clock, afforded complete satisfaction to all present, and most satisfactorily inaugurated the third season of this useful and rising society.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL.

By Friedrich Chrysander. Leipsig, Breitkopf and Härtel."*

The Second Volume of Chrysander's book on Handel has recently appeared. The first was contemporaneous with the publication of the Leipsic Society's edition of Handel's Collected Works, and thus the foundations were simultaneously laid for two monuments in honour of the master, who had become a stranger in his native land; monuments which will not only hand down his memory to the remotest ages, but also, by their intellectual influence, be of indisputable importance for our own further progress in art. Both enterprises, Handel's Works and Chrysander's Biography, proceed hand in hand towards the same result, namely, to render the life and acts of one of our great masters, in all their truthfulness, the common good. Of his compositions only a few were really known, while some few more were known only by tradition to the larger portion of the public, so that merely indistinct notions of his all-comprehensive musical labours were floating about among the people. Just as, in the case of Bach, until about twenty or thirty years ago, we were contented with the limited side of his art, that is to say, his eminent technical excellence, and did not until very lately begin to penetrate to his really intellectual qualities; we shall, in a short time, change our inadequate notions of Handel's art for others more correct and complete, and, in the place of the few anecdotal narratives from which the large mass of the public derived their ideas of his life and disposition, without attaining a truthful and definite picture of his character, we shall now acquire, thanks to Chrysander's work, a knowledge of the complete and and mighty course of development pursued by the mind of one who was as elevated in morals as he was in art.

Both undertakings have come at the right time. It is an indisputable fact that the musical art of the present day possesses in itself, as a counterpoise to that extravagance and pretension of mere technicality, of which it is generally the victim, a profound impulse to maintain what is true, and to return to what is primary. The attraction towards direct knowledge—a feeling that takes us back to those sources whence the art of our forefathers flowed in never turbid clearness—appears, indeed, to be a firm basis for vigorous progress. Since the art of our own time does not appear to go further than the Past in achieving a result that may serve as a standard, and does not, moreover, possess in itself the productive power for the purpose, there is nothing better left for it to do than, by popularising the perfect works of certain definite periods, to lay down among the people the foundations for future structures. That is the great end which our editions of the works of Handel and Bach have to fulfil. Even at present, people have not as yet come to a clear understanding concerning the relative position of genius to morality, and of the artist to life; here it is that art-history enters on her rights, for it furnishes the proof that true genius is not conceivable without human worth, while, by means of the latter, it has come forth victorious from every struggle. Our first wish in contemplating the work under consideration is that Bach and all our greatest masters may find such historians as Handel has found in Chrysander, or that the latter himself may be their historian,

The endeavour, by means of old art generally, to prepare a secure foundation for our vigorous development must not be misunderstood as a wish to return to antiquated forms and notions. As far as Handel is concerned, such a thing is entirely out of the question; though, as a matter of course, certain works of his sprang up under the momentary influence of his age, it might very easily happen that, on examining our productions now-a-days, the questions: What of ours had not originated under the same circumstances as the perishable portions of Bach and Handel's works, while, on the other hand, what had risen to such a height of ideality as their great works? would remain unanswered, if we were not sincere enough to own the true state of the case. We hope that our increasing appreciation of the past and of its great masters will speedly put an end to the complacent theory of the "surmounted point of view," and its two obstetric aids, leaven-storming egotism and unthinking delight in its equal by birth, fashionable feebleness. No one, without rendering himself altogether ridiculous, can any longer give utterance to such opinions as those which recently appeared in a musical paper on Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

There is now evident throughout Germany a great amount of zeal for the restoration of old masterpieces, not in the isolated cases of collectors and historians, but combined with the wish to place these treasures within the reach of the large mass of the public. Even in our own time the spirit of indefatigable progress towards something higher does not rest a single moment, although we may not be able to perceive its workings in violent revolutionary attempts, but rather in the effort to obtain a correct view of our progress. The task of making the riches bequeathed to us by our great forefathers in art the common intellectual property of all, secures, if it be rightly performed, an honourable position even for our own age. At all events, if the highest ideas of our particular epoch have become the free property of its posterity, and thus placed an entire nation in a higher position and rendered them capable of receiving what is new to them, fresh and more extensive views are opened up in the domain of the mind, until these views are themselves realised in the endless process of intellectual development, and become the foundation for further efforts.

As yet, however, we have absorbed and rightly worked out hardly a tenth part of what art offers us; for this reason, putting all other considerations aside, the revivification of Bach and Handel, on the extensive scale on which it is now practised, is of undoubted importance for us. The notions of church music and oratorios have, at present, disappeared, as much as it is possible, from among us. Consequently we require for both of them complete models, more defined in their forms and ideas—models, such as Bach, Handel, and the older masters have bequeathed us—if these kinds of composition are not to give up their ideal empires and sink down into a mere semblance of life in consequence of a combination of subjects and means of expression negativing each other. Church music, which finds its idea in man's relative position to the highest intellectual ideas, must fall a prey to a mere over-sensual poetastering of the feelings as little as to the non-independent playing of the understanding with pure form. In our own age—which we cannot deny possesses an impulse to render clearer the views of religion, obscured by forms, although for the moment it has not got beyond a dim humanism—church-music, when it has not altogether descended to a mere concert style, has been subjected to mere sentimental ecstacy quite as often as to abstract intellectual formalism. In the works of old church-music, up to its highest exponents, Bach and Handel, the matter and the expression constitute indivisible unity, while the form of expression, although determined by the circumstances of the age, is always natural, and springs from the subject. On this account, the study of the old masters is the best invigorating means for the benefit of our own religious art, but only if we endeavour to discover, and, in conformity with the present view taken of things, to render evident in our works the inward relations between outward appearance and the living idea contained in it, and not content ourselves with the mere contemplation and imitation of outward form and peculiarities.

We are no better off, now-a-days, with oratorios, whenever we happen to come across them. Our present music, based entirely upon subjective sensation, does not possess the strength to wed itself to a purely objective conception of the matter given it, and declines into coldness and outward painting. The discordance

* From the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*.

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between the great historical figures of the Bible and our modern sentimentality is generally very great in modern oratorio. The purely historical character of the oratorio is entirely misunderstood—it was so even by Mendelssohn, who introduced into his oratorios the lyrical church elements, namely, the choral, certainly with Bach's *Passions musik* as a model, but without perceiving that the latter was a series of special works for divine service, while oratorio is only more distantly related to the purely church view of things, or even has nothing at all to do with it. Mendelssohn wanted to invest oratorio with an additional religious signification, which was quite as foreign to him personally as to the whole polite world in which he lived.

Handel was born to create and carry out Oratorio. It is a sufficient proof of the greatness and importance of this highest form of musical art, that a man of such a mind as Handel had to live a long life of active employment in every way, in order, in his greatest strength and maturity, to complete, in his greatest works, that form in which the passing of idea into reality could be effected in a manner most appropriate to music, namely, the oratorio, in which the feelings enter with the epic view of matters into a compact for the purpose of representing a real action and definite characters, that it to say, in which the feelings become objective, while the action does not step forth outwardly into life, but remains ideal, so that there is nothing to disturb the music, as is not unfrequently the case with visible action.

(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

S T. J A M E S'S H A L L,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FOURTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(55TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

(By particular desire).

First Performance of the TRIO in G (Op. 9),

Second Performance of the GRAND SONATA in C MINOR (Op. 111).

Vocalist:—Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Pianist:—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Eighth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Op. 59—No. 2 of the set dedicated to Razoumowski) MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, SCHREURS, and PIATTI—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Adelaide" (second time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone, Beethoven's last sonata (second time at the Monday Popular Concerts) Miss ARABELLA GODDARD—Beethoven.

PART II.—Trio, in G major, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), M. VIEUXTEMPS M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, "The stolen kiss," Mr. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in A major (Op. 47), for Pianoforte and Violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 6s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn, Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader & Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe; and Willis, Bond Street;

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.

And Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Production of the AMBER WITCH.—THIS EVENING will be performed, for the second time, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, Mr. SANTLEY; The Pastor, Mr. PATEY; Claus, Mr. TERRETT; The King, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, Miss HUDDART; and Mary, Madame L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening. During Lent there will be No Peformance on Wednesday and Friday Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Return of the celebrated Comedians, Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS.—Last Night of the most successful Pantomime of the season.—For the convenience of parties residing at a distance the Pantomime will be played first.—THIS EVENING, the grand comic Pantomime of PETER WILKINS. Scenery by Beverley. To conclude with THE GAME OF SPECULATION, in which Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS will appear.

Reduced prices:—Upper gallery, 6d.; lower gallery, 1s.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 2s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s; stalls, 5s.; private boxes, 10s. 6d., one guinea and two guineas. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

THE Directors of the Philharmonic Society have now a good chance of showing of what stuff they are made. Nothing but downright earnestness, vigour, and zealous perseverance, can carry them through the season in triumph. We feel satisfied, however, that no amount of energy and pains will be spared, and that A.D. 1862, the Jubilee of the Institution, will be a Jubilee in more respects than one. Last week we presented our readers with a list of the new orchestra, under favour of a frequent and valued contributor. Since then, from the same source, we have obtained a list of the subscribers for 1861. We are not going to print that, but may inform those who wish well to the old Philharmonic Society, that it is as large and influential as any we remember—little short of 400; indeed, a substantial foundation to work upon. Messrs. Anderson, Balsir Chatterton, Jewson, M'Murdie (Mus. Bac.), John Thomas, Turle, and Marmaduke Wilson (C) must do the rest, by making their programmes so varied and attractive as to wring from the public generally that liberal patronage which has hitherto for the most part been confined to Queen's visits, or extraordinary "apparitions," in the shape of distinguished "*virtuosi*" from across the main.

If we may hazard a recommendation to the Philharmonic Society in this emergency, it will be to run no risks. Theirs is a conservative institution; and it is good policy to adhere to those conservative principles upon which, allowing for inevitable "ups and downs," they have so well prospered

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now for five decades. Better give irreproachable performances of acknowledged masterpieces than questionable performances of works upon which the verdict of time has yet to be pronounced. The music of the great masters should be the chief, if not exclusive, feature of the programmes, and the most renowned artists, vocal and instrumental, whether foreign or native, alone be allowed to exhibit as solo performers. The selection for the first concert (see our advertising columns) is, on the whole, to the purpose. Mozart's cheerful, pure, and guileless symphony in C (the first) is a happy inauguration. It is like beginning the season with a smile—an emblem, in short, of good days, or rather nights, to come. Let us have Beethoven's too, in C (the first we mean); that will be another smile, or rather chuckle. And then Mozart in D (the first); and then Beethoven in D (the first); and then Mozart, in E (flat); and then Beethoven in E (flat); and then Mozart in ———; yet no, Mozart has not written a symphony in F (unless it is one of the small ones—the symphonettes, or symphoninies). But enough in respect of symphonies, without mounting the ladder ("*scala*"), has been suggested. To suggest any more—except that the second parts of the programmes of the eight (mind that, reader, *eight*, not six) concerts might be given up to Mendelssohn, Spohr, and (forget *him*?—never!—he should have been named first) Haydn—"Papa Haydn"—would be what the free subjects of the constitutional King of Italy, and even the Pope-tied denizens of the "States," not to mention the fortressed (*dis*tressed) inhabitants of (not quite) crushed Venetia, would term "*sciarpelleria*." And this too with an excellent chance (five to two, at least) of our suggestions being unread or unregarded by the directorate in its wisdom. About overtures, concertos, and so forth, we need say nothing. Weber, from spirit-land, thunders at the door. He gained his first English laurels at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, and has not yet lost a leaf of them. Cherubini approaches with vigorous step; Mendelssohn comes quickly, with a fairy tale; while Sterndale Bennett is at hand, with legends of blithe woods and running waters. (For "about *overtures*, concertos, and so forth, we need say nothing," by the way, read "about concertos and so forth," &c.) And then—to mention concertos—has not old Dussek, of late, shook (*sic*) off the dust of half a century, and stood forth, genial and vigorous, as of yore? Has not Hummel been gently tended by Arabella Goddard and young Ritter? Is not our Russian Field ("*our* Russian Field"—*sic*) John Field—within easy reach, furnished with concertos like full-grown *notturni*, the movements gliding in and out of each other, as streams that converge and separate? Will not ——— (For "about concertos and so forth," by the way, read "about and so forth, &c.")

But why proceed? We leave the rest (the "*scegliticcio*"—in its purest interpretation) to our Philharmonic King David, our worthy Balsir—J. (John?) Balsir, who knows what harpers, or harpists, to engage, and if he did not, could inquire of John Thomas; to W. Turle of Westminster, who will have an eye to the organ; to Frederick Bowen, President of the Board of Pianos; to M'Murdie, well versed in rounds and glees; to Marmaduke (Wilson), who must not be confounded with his namesake Haydn (Wilson); to Pope Anderson, who directs everything, issues bulls, and excommunicates; and to Director-Professor (Camb.) Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., who wields the conductor's stick—the Hercules who has borne the Philharmonic globe upon his shoulders, since Garagantua-Antæus-Michael cast it off and "Richard" intervened and fled. These men know what to be about, and will set about it expeditiously; they are men of parts, and will act discreetly; men of resolution and will "*never* say die."

So health and long life to "Old Double," and an appropriate pre-jubilee for the Philharmonic Concerts.

P . . . P . . E.

THE veracious and never quite uninformed Mr. PUNCH in announcing the death of Scribe, says, "the English dramatists are doing as well as can be expected." No doubt his loss will be felt severely by our concoctors of plays, but France can still boast of many writers from the fertility and ingenuity of whose brains our national authors may hope to thrive, and win repute. There are tailors who can alter coats and make them look as good as new, and are yet incapable of cutting and converting the original cloth to any good purpose. Their attempts would invariably result in misfits. Our dramatists are admirable "repairers," but very indifferent "makers." Give them the garment already shapen and stitched, and they exhibit remarkable tact in unsewing, adapting, changing, and fitting to any form. Our librettists, feebler than our playwrights, have not the same skill in alteration; but then the difficulty of fitting words to music must be taken into account.

Scribe was undoubtedly the most accomplished writer for the lyric stage that France, or perhaps any other country, has produced. His plots, even the best and apparently the most finished, will not bear close inspection. Like Turner's pictures, on too approximate an examination, they appear crude, rugged, without meaning. But draw back, and contemplate them with less anxious polyscopity, and how they resolve themselves into life and purpose! How they glow, start from the canvas, and enchain attention! The *Huguenots*—one of the grandest and most striking of all the great pictures in the Scribe gallery—furnishes a good example. Examine the groundwork closely. How strange, forced, and unnatural! Let us consider a part—the third act. A lady goes to be married in a cathedral near the Pré aux Clercs. She is left in the church after the ceremony is performed; remains alone there all the day and part of the night; is witness to an encounter at midnight between the Catholic and Huguenot parties, which is only ended by the Queen appearing on horseback; and she herself is at last sought by her spouse, who comes for her in a Lord Mayor's barge, with a brass band and a troop of dancing girls. This is no exaggeration. The whole scene represented thus may be pronounced nonsense. And who can contradict it? It is as foreign to reality, as improbable as a fairy tale. But a fairy tale may interest and fascinate by its veresimilitude, without there existing an atom of truth in its composition. Granted the supernatural power of the fairy, and the conversion of the pumpkin into a coach and mice into liveried servants, and *Cinderella* becomes consistent, and is looked upon as no imposition. Nothing can be more improbable than a young lady in a convent, on the eve of becoming an abbess, stealing away at night, appearing at a masked ball, and accepting the addresses of a lover. The thing is just as much opposed to truth as Cinderella's glass slipper, or Fortunatus's purse. But in every one of Scribe's pieces he depends for a certain amount of faith upon his audience; and this faith conceded, what a power he wields! He is a very magician, at the motion of whose wand everything striking and natural is brought vividly into play. He is always new yet always true. Incidents the most trivial and common, by a touch of his genius, are transformed into what is novel and beautiful. There is always some delicate

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trait displayed in his characters, some unexpected turn given to his situations which betokens the peculiar bent of his mind, and which may be said to have forced on modern writers a style, and to have helped to found a school. Surprise, indeed, is one of the main artifices of modern French writers, and was a special excellence of Scribe himself. When our own writers attempt anything strange they are but too likely to degenerate into caricature or burlesque.

While in every other branch of literature England is at least the equal of France; in the drama alone she pales before her. We have now no Congreves, no Sheridans, and no Goldsmiths; neither have the French Molières or Beaumarchais; but our neighbours, whether in writing for the stage proper or the stage operatic, are considerably our superiors at the present time We have our old dramatists, and may boast of them; but where are our new ones? An English author never yet wrote a moderately good book for an opera—to a certain extent we may except Mr. Planché's *Oberon* and Mr. Oxenford's *Robin Hood*—and there appears no likelihood of our improving in that respect. Perhaps one cause may be attributed to the fact that composers are indifferent to the poetic merits of a work; perhaps another, that publishers undervalue the value of good verses. Let us hope, now that there is such a capital opening for our native musicians, that a little more attention will be paid to the merits of the words in future. When an architect builds a house, his first consideration is for the strength and solidity of the ground-work. When a composer plans an opera he should look to the consistence, fitness, and durability of the poem which is his foundation. It is not difficult to form an opinion of what kind of poetry is suited for music. Plain sense, simplicity, and perspicuity, in the first instance. If he can obtain these, he may run the chance of finding the loftier elements of style and expression. R.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The repetition of the *Creation* attracted an audience little less numerous than that of the previous performance. As Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss again sustained the principal solo parts, we have little or nothing to add to our former notice beyond recording the fact of an equal success, hearty applause frequently rewarding the favourite singers; "With verdure clad" (Mad. Sherrington), "In native worth" (Mr. Sims Reeves), and "Rolling in foaming billows" (Mr. Weiss), especially eliciting approbation. Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor music in the third part and rendered efficient service in the concerted pieces. The band and chorus would be literally all that could be desired but for a tendency to loudness in the brass, of which we have previously complained. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for March 8th, but the principal singers are not yet named.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata, *Holyrood*, produced with so much success at St. James's Hall three weeks ago, was performed on Saturday at the tenth winter concert, the choir over which the composer presides forming the chorus, and the band being, of course, that of the Crystal Palace Company. The direction was in the hands of Mr. Leslie, and the execution was, for the most part, excellent. Miss Banks, *vice* Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, sang the music of Mary Queen of Scots, with much intelligence, and her air in reply to Rizzio's "Colla Stagion" was brilliantly executed. Miss Palmer, as Mary Beatoun, sang better than on the former occasion, and the music seemed to us more grateful in consequence. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang the Italian romance just mentioned, and Mr. Weiss delivered the prophecies of John Knox with great power and emphasis. The cantata was, on the whole, received with applause, but the final portion commanded the most attention, and produced the greatest effect. The brief introduction was beautifully played by the band, and the accompaniments were well executed throughout, considering the slight preparation that could have taken place, and that in all probability the parts are yet in MS. We hear that *Holyrood* will shortly be performed again at the Crystal Palace. The weather could hardly have been worse, and yet the attendance was by no means inconsiderable.

The cantata was preceded by half a dozen miscellaneous pieces. Winter's overture to *Tamerlane*, played for the first time at these concerts, Moore's "Believe me," sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. "Tell me my heart," by Miss Banks (encored); "Madamina," by Mr. Weiss; and the contralto scena from *Undine*, sung by Miss Palmer a great deal more slowly than Mr. Benedict would have allowed had the *baton* been in his hands. After the concert there was a performance by small boys in the nave. These juveniles occasionally promenaded with the visitors, and anon planted themselves at the side of the avennes, shouting out in the discordant tone peculiar to peripatetic vendors of newspapers. "Crystal Palace News, one penny!" This Crystal Palace nuisance must be at once abolished.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

From a Correspondent). — The Mendelssohn Quintet Club at BOSTON which, in one of your papers, you justly remark, seldom or never introduces a quintet of Mendelssohn into one of its concerts —recently commenced a series of "Saturday Evening Concerts" of a popular character, an act for which it has been rated soundly by some ultra classicists, who never considered that there were two classes of the musical community to be conciliated. In my opinion the "Club"—which has never deserted, and never intends to desert its colours—has gone the right way to instruct those who want instruction; and the fusion of "classical" with "popular" works—the principle on which it started—is, I think, the best way to make good music known and appreciated. When I see such names as those of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c., in the programme, I cannot decry the "Saturday Concerts," although the lighter elements of music, in the shape of ballad, dance, and fantasy may predominate. In *Dwight's Journal*, of the 9th of February, the reporter on these concerts indulges in some sensible observations as to the notions about "classical" and "popular" music, which, as I do not fancy they would be out of place in the MUSICAL WORLD, I send you for insertion.

"There is a large class of persons, who, either from a natural defect, or want of practice in listening to the *best*, or from a habit of listening to bad music, are unable to find enjoyment in what some people sneeringly term "classical" or "scientific" music We almost wish those terms had never been employed. They are so often used as an excuse for disliking good music, that it would have been better had such people been left in ignorance of the distinction between compositions conveyed in those words. There are naturally those who find anything tedious that is written by Bach or Handel; musical critics (save the mark!) who find the *Messiah* antiquated, who call the Ortetto by Schubert "broken crockery music," going into ecstacies over the *Haymakers* and *La Traviata*. Now such people are to be pitied; for surely they would wish to admire the best, if only they could. And from their individual point of view they admire the best, in *La Traviata* or the *Haymakers*. There are such people in literature and every art. What would the *New York Ledger*, to name the prominent representative of a large class of papers, do without patrons in literature? How would the daubers, who make those pictures that we receive periodically by the ship load from across the Atlantic, be able to earn a living, if it were not for just such persons, who admire the fearful specimens of *the* art of "the first European artists," as the advertisements of the auctioneer invariably read? We cannot expect that every one should stay away from the theatre, when "sensation pieces" are on the stage for weeks in succession. We cannot expect people suddenly to fall in love with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Chaucer, and leave off reading stories "that are not continued." In short, we cannot expect people as a mass to like what is best, to have a tendency for the ideal. The mass of people, on the contrary, have a tendency to what is mediocre or common place, and so we have flourishing "opera houses," nightly thronged by "appreciative audiences," places that derive a principal attraction from the fact that the natural colour of the face and hands is changed to a more sable hue. And therefore we have no orchestral concerts, no "Philharmonic Society" this winter, because there is not interest enough in the mass of the people to pay two

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and a half dollars for six concerts. There is demand for music of a low, or at least common place, character, and therefore that demand must be satisfied. And it will be satisfied. But this is a fact so well understood that it were hardly worth the ink shed in writing these paragraphs if there were not people who conceive it to be their especial duty to put in a plea for such music. It is scarcely a twelvemonth since a musical paper, not far from the town where we are writing, was inaugurated by a leader setting forth, that the concerts in Boston had been of too elevated a character; that they needed to be popularised; the public desired another class of music; and that therefore the programmes in future ought to be of a mixed character, so as to attract large (mixed?) audiences. This reminds me of the preface of an instruction book, in which the author alleges that the majority of persons that learn music do not desire or comprehend good music, and that, in view of this fact (undeniable, to be sure), pleasing music ought to be put in instruction books. Which the good man did, and thus supplied the "long-felt want." There is no danger, therefore, of that want for music of a lighter character ("Dixie," &c. &c.,) being unsupplied. It is taken care of in the places proper for it. But where it ought *not* to be supplied, is just in the Music Hall or any other place where good concerts are given. We know there is music of a lighter kind, which is not as bad as Dixie; quite good, in fact, of its kind, such as good waltzes, and polkas, and other dances, a number of operatic songs, without much lasting value, but as useful as candy or checkerberry lozenges. That too is furnished generally in its proper place by bands, in afternoon concerts, &c. We have not the least objection to its being performed at its proper time and place. But to advocate the introduction of lighter music in "Philarmonic concerts" proves the incapacity of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters. The mass of the people remain children, intellectually and morally and therefore they ought to be treated as such. Generally speaking, we have the idea that in the case of children a progressive course of instruction is best, proceeding from the rudiments up to the higher branches. Well then, if the public be like children, let them be musically instructed, proceeding from the A B C among musical compositions to the nobler effusions of the human heart, from simplest national air, or waltz, and polka, up to 'classical or scientific' music."

That the Mendelssohn Quintet Club do not contemplate giving up their regular concerts any more than they do playing Mendelssohn's quintets, I need hardly say. At the next concert they have announced, for the first time in Boston, Dussek's Quintet in F minor, for pianoforte and strings, and Beethoven's Grand Quartet in E flat, Op. 127.

Mr. J. C. D. Packer, a resident pianist, gave recently one of the most interesting performances of chamber music I have heard for a long while. The programme will satisfy you:—

Quartet	Haydn.
Variations Concertantes, for piano and violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Ario . . "Quando Mèro"	Mozart.
Sonata . . . for pianoforte, Op. 7	Beethoven.
Grand Duo, for two pianos, "Hommage à Handel"	Moscheles
Songs . . . "Sun of the Sleepless"	Mendelssohn.
"Love's Messenger"	Fesca.
Presto Scherzando } for piano.	Mendelssohn.
Valse, Op. 18 } for piano.	Chopin.
Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Schubert.

Mlle. Patti, of whom your readers have heard, and who has been compared to Mlle. Piccolommini, sang at one of the Saturday Concerts, and, being a great favourite, attracted a large audience. Herr Stigelli, not unremembered, I dare to say, by the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera in London, sang with her, and Mr. Eichbery (violinist), and M. S. B. Mills (pianist), played. The Handel and Haydn Society have engaged both singers for their next concert, when selections from the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Solomon*, *St. Paul*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be given.

But Boston must not arrogate to herself all the merit of giving choice concerts, and making out irreproachable bills of entertainment. I send you the programmes of two concerts lately given, one at St. Louis, the other at Cincinnati, at which removed places you would scarcely accredit that "classicism" was endeavouring to reign and rule. The concert at the former place was given by Mlle. Fabbri, in conjunction with Signor Abelli, the baritone, and Herr Mülder, the pianist. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro	Mozart.
Chorus, "Arise up, arise," and chorale, "Sleepers, awake," *St. Paul*	Mendelssohn.
Bravura Song, "Happy birdling"	W. V. Wallace.
Piano Solo, "Concert Stück"	Weber.
Duet, "La Favorita"	Donizetti.
Overture, "Fingal's Cave"	Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "Happy and blessed are they" (*St. Paul*)	Mendelssohn.
Violin Solo, "Le petit tambour"	David.
Scherzo from Symphony No. 7	Beethoven.
Solo and chorus, "Conjuration Scene" (*Les Huguenots*)	Meyerbeer.

The concert at Cincinnati was the third of the St. Cecilia Society. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Vintager's Chorus, from the *Seasons*	Haydn
Duo for violin and pianoforte	Heller and Ernst
Aria from *The Marriage of Figaro*	Mozart
Adagio and finale from Sonata F minor	Beethoven
a. "Passage birds, farewell" } for soprano and alto,	Mendelssohn
b. "Flowing and ebbing" }	
Scene from *Tannhäuser*	Wagner

PART II.

Hunting Chorus from the *Seasons*	Haydn
Concert Song	Eckert
Concerto for violin	De Beriot
Three Songs	Rob. Franz
a. "Love in Spring."	
b. "Autumn sorrow."	
c. "He has come in rain and storm."	
Finale from *Lorela*	Mendelssohn

I have nothing to tell you about operatic music. Indeed there is an unusual dearth of even reputable singers in America, and unless you send us a few syrens to warble Italian or English music, we shall have to close our lyric theatres altogether.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. Ramsden is giving his new musical entertainment on the Old English Songs and Ballads at this popular institution to large and enthusiastic audiences. The illustrations are selected from Mr. W. Chappell's work, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and consist of compositions full of melody, and in some cases of much vigour and spirit, all of which are rendered with excellent effect. Mr. Ramsden's voice is of limited range, and is not remarkable for force, but it is eminently sympathetic and flexible, and gives expression to every variety of emotion with artistic fidelity. The songs and ballads are strung together by remarks critical and historical, still from Mr. Chappell's work, delivered with so much fluency and neatness that their brevity is almost a matter for regret, agreeably diversifying as they do the character of the entertainment. The songs most admired in the present selection appear to be the lute song, "Since first I saw your face" (Ford, 1607), ballad, "The bailiff's daughter of Islington" (traditional), old sea song, "The Mermaid" (date unknown), ballad, "Once I loved a maiden fair" (1620), humorous ditty, "Oh! for a husband" (*circum.* 1610), ballad, "The Carman's whistle" (16th century), and "Sally in our alley" (1630). Mr. Ramsden's entertainment has proved one of the most interesting and novel ever given at the Polytechnic Institution.

A "GYEFUL" EVENT.—The *Court Journal* states that Mr. Gye has succeeded in engaging Jenny Lind for the Royal Italian Opera next season. We trust that this Swedish "turnup" will prove a first prize for the operatic Frederick the Great, and that the engagement will be a triumph for both parties. May the Nightingale with her "sounds so gyeful," enable Covent Garden to profit by the loss of Grisi and Mario—the "Diva" returning to Her Majesty's Theatre to take a *bona fide* farewell, on the strength of the sentiment "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

THE POLYHYMNIAN CHOIR.—At the last General Meeting of the Polyhymnian Choir it was determined to elect Dr. James Pech as their conductor, to appoint a season for giving a series of concerts, and for commencing weekly rehearsals.

DEATH OF VELLUTI.—The once celebrated singer, Velluti, for whom Rossini composed his *Aureliano in Palmira*, and Meyerbeer the *Crociate in Egitto*, died a few days ago at his villa near Padua, at the age of eighty. Velluti, in his earlier years, was one of the principal ornaments of the Sistine chapel at Rome.

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The Operas.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—After various delays Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* was produced on Thursday night, and achieved a success which was all along anticipated, and which, therefore, was no matter of surprise to any body. To this success every department of the establishment contributed more or less. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Patey, Terrot, and Bartleman. The band, reinforced for the occasion, was directed by Mr. Charles Hallé. The scenery and dresses were rich and new, and the scenery, by W. Beverley, highly effective and striking. At present we cannot do more than give a few particulars of the performance, which was universally pronounced one of the most complete and satisfactory which has taken place at Her Majesty's Theatre for a very long while. All the principal singers were called for at the end of the first act, and then a loud cry was raised for Mr. Wallace, who was received on his appearance with the most enthusiastic cheers. At the end of the second act, in addition to the artists and composer, Mr. Smith was summoned forth, and was welcomed with thunders of applause. At the end of the third act the same recalls took place, and again at the end of the fourth act, when the excitement was wound up by a call for Mr. Hallé, who was bound to appear, and shared in the general approbation.

We are inclined to think the *Amber Witch* is Mr. Wallace's best work. To make assurance doubly sure, however, we shall defer our judgment until we hear the opera again. Meanwhile we can only say that the greatest credit is due to the all the principals, who exerted themselves to the very utmost; that Mad. Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves both created a powerful impression; that Mr. Santley never was heard to greater advantage; that the other artists came off with flying colours; and that there was not a single hitch in the performance from beginning to end.

The *Amber Witch* will be repeated to-night, and three times during the week, until further notice.

Royal English Opera.—The performance of the *Domino Noir* was on Tuesday night honoured by the presence of her Majesty, the Prince Consort, her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, and her Royal Highness the Princess Helena. The Hon. Flora Macdonald, Lord Cremorne, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel D. de Ros, were in attendance.

Monday Popular Concerts.—The principal novelty, and unquestionably the great attraction of the fifty-fourth concert was Spohr's double quartet in D minor, presented for the first time. The double quartet in E minor was twice given in 1859, and the verdict of the public upon each occasion being unanimously in its favour, it was wisely judged that a similar composition from the same pen would be no less acceptable. A modern critic, in a work published some half dozen years since ("Modern German Music"), recorded his opinion that Spohr's music was characterised by "a general air of swooning, over-luxurious, elaborate grace, which conceals its poverty in significance and variety so well and so long, that few indeed are capable of discovering it." Moreover, we learn that his (Spohr's, not the critic's) "first thoughts are apt to be threadbare;" that his "chamber music is a failure;" that he "neither fascinates nor excites, but falls flat and dull;" he is "vapid and tedious;" his "melodies poor and borrowed, his science conventional," and much more of the same sort. True it is that musicians are not altogether agreed as to the position that Spohr may ultimately assume. It rarely happens that there is anything like positive unanimity as to the merits of a contemporary, posterity being left (and justly so) to settle the claim and award the particular niche in the temple of Fame; for, after all, time must be the real adjuster of the claims of musicians no less than of painters and poets.

Prior to the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts the profession knew little, and the public less, of the chamber compositions of Spohr, who was only associated in the general mind with oratorios, operas, and symphonies. On May 16th, 1859, the double quartet in E minor (Op. 87, No. 3) was first introduced; the executants being Herren Joachim and Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, Signor Piatti, Herr Ries, M. Bernard, Herr Schreurs and M. Daubert; and on the same night a sonata for violin and harp, written for Mad. Spohr, an excellent performer on the latter instrument. Since then three quartets have been given—each twice,—a quintet, trio, and other instrumental pieces, to say nothing of several vocal compositions, all of which have been received with decided approbation. The reception of the double quartet in D minor, on Monday last, was such as to leave no doubt as to the opinion of the audience on the subject, and we hope that a repetition of the work will give another opportunity for the public to confirm their judgment. The executants in the first quartet were Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Carrodus, Schreurs, and Signor Piatti, in the second Herr Ries, Messrs. Watson, Webb, and and Paque, the ensemble, we need hardly say, in such hands, was literally irreproachable. No less happy was Mozart's quartet in B flat (No. 4, Op, 10), given for the first time. In this the charming adagio was rendered to such perfection as very narrowly to miss an "encore," the exquisite violoncello playing of Signor Piatti contributing in no small degree to the result. There was but one instrumental solo—a Partita—or series of dance pieces (somewhat after the fashion of the *suite de pièces* of which specimens have been presented at these concerts), by John Sebastian Bach, consisting of overture, gavotte, passepied (an old French dance in $^3_8$ or $^2_4$ time), by no means unlike the "Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel, in a minor key, sarabande, bourrée (lively dance in common time, beginning with an odd crotchet) and echo. To all these movements Mr. Charles Hallé contributed due effect, and although as a piece it is not of that kind we should care to hear frequently repeated, still there is sufficient of interest, if only on account of its remarkable quaintness, to warrant its being introduced as a novelty. Dussek's sonata in B flat for violin and pianoforte, given for the fourth time, bids fair to become as popular as the well known "Kreutzer" of Beethoven, having indeed the same desirable effect on the audience, that of keeping them together until the last note, which the very familiar "Kreutzer" (to be repeated next Monday, by the way) invariably does. That Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Hallé should be perfectly at home in Dussek's sonata was only to be expected; neverthless the performance would have been brought to a more affective conclusion had the last movement been taken somewhat faster, much of the vigour and brilliancy being lost by retarding the time in the rondo finale. At Exeter Hall and St. Martin's Hall we have frequently had occasion to speak in terms of high praise of Miss Banks and were very glad to find her announced for the Monday Popular Concerts. In Dussek's Canzonet "Name the glad day" and Mendelssohn's song "The Charmer" (first time here), Miss Banks's pure liquid voice and charmingly unaffected manner captivated all hearers, and although the hearty and long continued applause at the end of both might have fairly warranted her accepting what was in each instance a genuine encore, the young lady modestly contented herself by returning to bow her acknowledgments. Mr. Benedict was, as usual the accompanist, and highly distinguished himself in Mendelssohn's song.

Stockholm.—The musical season commenced, as usual, in the beginning of September last. Opera again played the principal part, although up to now nothing especially new has been produced. Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, and *Figaro's Hochzeit*; Weber's *Oberon* and *Freischütz*; Flotow's *Stradella* and Verdi's *Trovatore* have been given. The opera which attracted most especially was *Don Juan*, which drew a numerous and educated audience, who were highly pleased with the performance as a whole, as well as with the exertions of the various artists individually. Mad. Michaeli, formerly Mad. Michal*, who was well known in Germany, particularly distinguished himself as Agatha, Donna Anna, Rezia, and the Countess in *Figaro's Hochzeit*. Susanna was sung by Mlle. Gelhaar, and Figaro by Herr Landberg, with a good deal of humour. Stradella was played alternately by Herr Richard (who is of German origin) and Herr Arnaldsen, Mad. Michaeli representing Leonora. The opera of *Gustav Wasa*, after the plot of Scribe (and Auber's) *Gustavus III.*, with music by the German composer Naumann, rescored by Franz Lachner, was performed once.

* Who played the Queen in the *Huguenots* at Her Majesty's Theatre in the spring of 1860.

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Letter to the Editor.

SACRED MUSIC.

Sir,—It cannot be questioned that one so learned as your editorial self in all that relates to the "divine art," must be acquainted with my fame, as being the first to ascertain the proportions between musical sounds. You will remember (*Macrob. in Somn. Scip. ii.* I.) that my attention was first arrested by this question in a village in the island. Samos, if my memory does not play me false, through listening to the different sounds produced by the hammers of some smiths beating out a bar of iron. I discovered this diversity of sound to be owing to the different weights of the hammers. After having adjusted hammers to express the different notes of music, I next tried to produce the same proportions between the tones of musical strings, by applying weights to stretch them, and succeeded pretty tol-lol—to use one of your good old Great-British figures of speech. Ha! ha! I often enjoy a good laugh over those puzzling, but merry times of yore, with my friend Pherecydes—the dear old soul! But I rest my claim to be heard on matters musical rather on the position I have for ages filled, and still continue with honour to fill here above, than upon what I *might* advance in connection with myself whilst on *terra firma*, viz., *conductor of the music of the spheres:* a post conferred npon me by the gods, in consideration of my earthly (but not earthy) discoveries. You, Mr. Editor, well know how I formerly travelled, and taught the higher sciences, in which I gave to music a very prominent position, through Phœnicia, Chaldea, India, and Egypt. Also how I afterwards visited Italy in the days of Tarquin the "Botty," and opened a school at Croto (or Croton, as some denominate it), a city on the Gulf of Tarentum. You also are aware that I obliged my scholars to listen in silence for two—and sometimes five years—before I allowed them to ask me any questions; a plan which if reversed in these days (on earth, of course) would be of infinite benefit to all concerned. I mean, grant your teachers a like period of time for replying to the queries of the taught. Let me here also advise certain divines of your country, who have lately made themselves obnoxious to the clerical powers that be, to take a hint from another method of mine when in the flesh—always to teach *publicly* the *vulgar* doctrine, and communicate their *real* opinions to a very select few. But this by the way.

I observe my exordium is becoming somewhat lengthy and diffusive, so must make compensation by cutting short the sermon itself. You see, as it is so long since I was personally known below, I deemed it necessary to say a few words relative to my own merits, before venturing to take others to task—always an ungracious though often a necessary one. I was perusing with great zest the Musical World (we all subscribe to it up here), on Sunday last (earthly computation), and was greatly surprised at some remarks made at a meeting held in Edinburgh in connection with the Association for the Revival of Sacred Music in Scotland. "The people don't *like* organs!!!" Then I must say the people don't like *music*—'tis as true as that effect follows cause. Dissolve your association at once, gentlemen, and rush to the ranks of the Quakers—I'm told they are getting thin. Heavens! what would *I* not have given to have had an organ in my school! or one of Evans's harmoniums! But possibly (and this was my principal reason for troubling you) the Scotch may yet be unaware of the existence of the latter instrument. This, gentlemen of the Association, is no "kist o' whistles," but a veritable sweet-many-tongued syren, who will tempt your bark on to no rock save the one of Ages. Let me, then—the conductor of the music of the spheres—entreat you, with all the fervency native to my character, to come out nationally for a stock of harmoniums, and be no longer scared from all propriety by the bugbears of superstition. Go in, I beseech you, Highlanders and Lowlanders, for music, *genuine* music. Let it no longer be justly but *basely* said (if said at all) that "one man sings what he calls bass, and another another thing which he calls bass!" Engage good masters, purchase good instruments, and determine to be behind no people on earth in celebrating the praises of your Maker in a manner worthy the high and holy object. But I must desist, for we give a grand concert this evening (your computation), in honour of a certain celestial who has written a musical scena describing the varied state of perfection arrived at by the nations of the earth in the cultivation of the "divine art," and I grieve to say I nowhere observe a bar (good in one sense) to Scotland.

I am, Sir, with most profound reverence,

The Shade of Pythagoras.

Borne on an arrow from Cupid's bow, and dropped into a P.O. on the banks of the Orwell.

Provincial.

From the *Birmingham Journal* of February 16th, we extract the following account of a:—

"New Organ for Trinity Church Coventry.—"We understand the vestry of Trinity Church, Coventry, determined to have a magnificent organ built, to take the place of the present one, which is fairly worn out. The order for the instrument has been given to Forster and Andrews of Hull, who have for many years enjoyed a high reputation for building first-class organs. This will have many peculiarities, not the least of which will consist of the instrument being supported on ornamental iron brackets, fixed to the south transept walls. To such of our readers as are interested in organs, we below give its contents:"—

Compass—Great Organ C C to G
Ditto Choir Organ C C to G
Ditto Swell Organ C C to G
Ditto Pedal Organ C C to F

GREAT ORGAN.

		Pipes
1. Bourdon	wood	12
2. Teneroon	metal	44
3. Open Diapason	metal	56
4. Horn Diapason	metal	56
5. Stopt Diapason	metal	56
6. Principal	metal	56
7. Wald Flute	wood	44
8. Twelfth	metal	56
9. Fifteenth	metal	56
10. Sesquialtera, 4 Ranks	metal	224
11. Mixture, 3 ranks	metal	168
12. Possune	metal	56
13. Solo Trumpet	metal	44
14. Clarion	metal	56
		984

SWELL ORGAN.

		Pipes
1. Sub Bass	wood	12
2. DoubleDiapason,	wood	44
3. Open Diapason	metal	56
4. Stopt Diapason	wood	56
5. Principal	metal	56
6. German Gamba,	metal	44
7. Fifteenth	metal	56
8. Piccolo	wood	56
9. Mixture	metal	168
10. Contra Fagotta	metal	44
11. Cornopean	metal	56
12. Hautboy	metal	44
13. Clarion	metal	56
14. Tremulant		
		748

PEDAL ORGAN.

		Pipes
1. Grand Open Diapason	wood	30
2. Bourdon	wood	30
3. Principal	metal	30
4. Fifteenth	metal	33
5. Trombone, wood and	metal	30
6. Pedal Octave, wood and	metal	60
		210

CHOIR ORGAN.

		Pipes
1. Dulciana, Bass	metal	12
2. Duciana, treble	metal	12
3. Viola di Gamba	metal	44
4. Stopt Diapason	wood	56
5. Gemshorn	metal	56
6. Flute	wood	56
7. Fifteenth	metal	56
8. Dulciana Mixture	metal	168
9. Cromorne	metal	37
		529

COUPLERS.

1. Great to Pedals
2. Choir to Pedals
3. Swell to Pedals
4. Swell to Great
5. Swell Octave to Great
6. Swell to Choir

7 Choir to Great
Six Composition Pedals.

SUMMARY.

Great Organ	14 Register	984	Pipes
Choir Organ	9 Ditto	529	„
Swell Organ	14 Ditto	748	„
Pedal Organ	6 Ditto	210	„
Couplets	7 Ditto		
	50 Registers and	2471	Pipes

At the last Monday Evening Concert, at Birmingham, a "Beethoven night" was given by Mr. Stimpson, who, finding the regular Miscellaneous Concerts of little or no avail, "wisely," as the *Daily Post* remarked,' "has recourse to the good offices of one of the great masters of his art, and under the banner of Beethoven, opened a gentle crusade against the insidious spirit of indifference which for some time past had been gradually freezing up the once plenteous streams of patronage." The result was not in all respects commensurate with the occasion. The attendance, however, was nearly double that of the recent Monday nights, and was so far satisfactory. The grand pieces were the Kreutzer

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sonata, for pianoforte and violin, and the trio, No. 1, Op. 1, for piano, violin, and violoncello. The performers were, Miss Summerhayes (piano), Miss Rosetta Piercy (violin), and Mr. Harrison (violoncello). Of the performance generally, the *Post* thus speaks:

"We were glad to perceive that the interest excited by the proceedings was not confined to the small section alluded to, but that the great body of the audience appeared both willing and capable to appreciate such lengthy, elevated, and elaborate works as the famous C minor Sonata for piano-forte and violin, and the first trio for piano-forte and strings, in E flat, which experienced so warm a reception at one of the recent Musical Union Concerts. The first mentioned will alone suffice to indicate the character of the entertainment, and the artistic pretensions of the instrumental executants, on whom the onus of the performance devolved. It was, to say the least, a daring feat for two young ladies like Miss Cecilia Summerhayes and Miss Rosetta Piercy (piano-forte and violin), to undertake the execution of a work which has tasked even the matured powers of such artistes as Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps, and the most we had anticipated was a showy but undignified scramble through the very intricate score, redeemed here and there by the graceful execution of some passage of moderate difficulty. The result, however, was agreeably disappointing. Without pretending to assert that the performance, viewed in any light, was irreproachable, or even that the degree of mechanical proficiency evidenced by the two ladies was always employed to the best advantage, we must allow that a very creditable rendering of a very onerous work rewarded the faith of the sanguine and rebuked the apprehensions of the sceptical. The first movement was taken at excessive speed, or rather acquired in the heat of a performance in which the struggle with mechanical difficulties was easily calculated to divert attention from considerations of time and expression. A little unsteadiness and confusion from a similar cause was even more apparent in the *finale presto*.; but the vocal expressiveness which distinguished the *adagio cantabile*, the sportive grace with which the *scherzo e trio* was rendered, and the general attention to light and shade manifested in parts where mechanical considerations might have been deemed paramount and all absorbing, redeemed these accidental defects, and showed that with a few more rehearsals this last addition to our Monday evening repertory will be unexceptionable. The trio, No. 1, Op. 1, which constituted the second great feature of the concert, in which the two young ladies were reinforced by Mr. Harrison, the violoncellist, was even more satisfactory. The tuneful character of the work recommended it more powerfully also to the taste of the assembly, and the applause which greeted its conclusion was as warm and hearty as the most popular ballad could have evoked. The other instrumental performances consisted of the overture to *Prometheus*, and the andante from Beethoven's second Symphony, executed by Mr. Stimpson on the organ.

From the *Bury Free Press*, we learn that the Athenæum Choral Society gave a performance of sacred music at the Lecture Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, on Tuesday evening, the 19th February. The principal vocalists were, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. R. Paget and Mr. Prattle. The programme included Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* and Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Mr. and Mrs. Paget were both loudly applauded in their various pieces, the lady obtaining an enthusiastic encore in the "Evening Prayer" from *Eli*. The performance reflected great credit on Mr. Nunn, the conductor of the society.

The *Leeds Mercury*, in noticing the opening of a new organ for Trinity Church at Knaresborough, remarks:—

"It is scarcely twelve months since the desirability of procuring an organ for this church was discussed at a meeting held in the vestry, the harmonium used not being considered sufficient in power either to direct or sustain the voices of the congregation. Although a comparatively large sum was required, an appeal for aid was liberally responded to not only by those who attend the church, but by many who are not in the habit of doing so. The principal contributors were the Rev. T. Collins, 25*l*.; Sir C. Slingsby, Bart., 25*l*.; B. T. Woodd, Esq., M.P., 20*l*.; and Mr. Gell, 10*l*. Altogether upwards of 200*l*. were subscribed. In furtherance of the movement, the co-operation of a number of ladies was secured, and a bazaar was held in September last which proved successful. The building of the organ was entrusted to Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull. Tuesday last was fixed for its opening, and the organist engaged for the occasion was Mr. J. Dent Davidson, of Leeds. The choral part of the service consisted of *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Birch, in G; anthem, "In Jewry" (W. Clarke), and hymns (Litchfield, Cassell, the Old Hundredth); Ebden's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in C; anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes;" and hymns (Darwell and Ely). Two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Palmes, vicar of Weeton. The collections amounted to 15*l*. 11*s*. The entire cost of the organ (310*l*.) is defrayed. The organ comprises two full sets of keys and a pedal-board of twenty-nine notes."

The same journal supplies a list of the stops and the number of pipes belonging to each organ:—

Great Organ.	Pipes
1. Open Diapason	56
2. Horn Diapason	44
3. Stopt Diapason Bass	12
4. Claribel	44
5. Dulciana	44
6. Flute	44
7. Principal	56
8. Twelfth	56
9. Fifteenth	56
10. Spare slide.	
11. Spare slide.	
	412

Pedal Organ.	
1. Violin, 16 feet open	29

Swell Organ.	Pipes
1. Double Diapason	56
2. Open Diapason	56
3. Stopt Diapason	56
4. Principal	56
5. Fifteenth	56
6. Cornopean	56
7. Oboe	44
	380

Couplers.
1. Swell to great.
2. Great to pedals.
3. Swell to pedals.

The wish of the subscribers was to have an instrument possessing a variety of pleasing effects rather than immense power. Mr. Davidson (who was for a long period pupil of Mr. Charles Hallé) did full justice to the organ and choir, by his judicious selection of voluntaries exhibiting the fine solo stops as well as the richness of the full organ. The diapasons were massive and full, the claribel and stopt flute especially clear (Rink's "Flute Concerto" being selected to display their capabilities.) The oboe is a fine mellow-toned stop, and the full organ, coupled, gave so large a body of tone as to cause the loss of a sesquialtra and trumpet (for which the great organ is prepared) scarcely to be regretted.

The re-opening of the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax appears to have been an interesting "solemnity." The *Halifax Courier* devotes half a column to a description of the building, from which we can only afford to quote the following:—

"Last night, this Hall was re-opened, after having been closed a few weeks, the interior in the mean time having been thoroughly renovated and greatly beautified. It is now decidedly a handsome room, unquestionably the finest public room in the town. The painting and colouring throughout are magnificent. A new gallery, capable of accommodating about two hundred and thirty persons, has been erected by Mr. Pulman, from plans by Mr. Rich. Horsfall, architect. The whole alterations have been carried out under the supervision of a committee, composed of Messrs. J. Stansfeld, S. Wainhouse, Henry Foster, and A. C. Foster, members of the Board of Directors. The total cost has been about 310*l*., towards which sum 250*l*. has already been promised."

The concert by which the important event was inaugurated would seem to have afforded universal satisfaction. The following description of the performance is amputated from the body of our contemporary's article, and we are glad to hear that since the ope- our contemporary is doing well:—

"It was decided—and very wisely as we think—to re-open the Hall with a grand concert, which accordingly took place last night. In spite of the exceedingly unfavourable character of the weather, which, no doubt, kept large numbers away, the room was filled in the gallery and back seats, the only deficiency, and that but a slight one, being in the front seats. The effect of the new decorations was really magnificent, and—what is even more important—we are glad to say that the acoustic deficiencies formerly apparent in the room have been completely removed. One of the artists engaged was Mad. Catherine Hayes, and she pronounces it an easy room to sing in, while we ourselves can testify that the very faintest tone can be excellently heard therein. In addition to Mad. C. Hayes, there were Miss Lascelles, the celebrated contralto, who is well remembered in Halifax—Mr. Tennant, a capital tenor with a fine voice—Signor Burdini, a good baritone—the members of the Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society also giving their valuable services. The instrumentalists were the eminent violinist Herr Becker, and Mr. F. Berger the pianist, the conductor being Mr. R. S. Burton. From first to last the performance was a complete success. The encores were frequent, and they would have been almost continuous had not some check

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been interposed in the first part; but in the second part the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and the encores had to be given as demanded. Perhaps Mad. Hayes and Herr Becker were the most severely tried in this respect, the ballad singing of the lady, and the marvellous violin playing of the gentleman evidently creating a sensation. Miss Lascelles, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Burdini were likewise loudly applauded and encored—both of which they well merited, while the members of the Glee and Madrigal Society found favour not only with those who are accustomed to their performances, but with those who, like Mad. Hayes, heard them last night for the first time. On all hands were heard remarks on the excellence of the performance, as well as on the beauty of the room, and perhaps we cannot better describe both than by saying that they were worthy of each other."

A concert of some pretensions was given at the Town Hall, Doncaster, on Thursday evening, the 21st ult., by Mr. W. Booth, the pianist and conductor of the Harmonic Society. The special features of the programme were the grand trio in C minor of Beethoven, and the grand trio of Mendelssohn in the same key. Mr. Booth had for his coadjutors Mr. Hes (fiddle), and Mr. Wilson (violoncello). Some choruses were sung very effectively by the members of the Harmonic Society.

A correspondent from Ipswich informs us that the fourth monthly series of Wednesday and Saturday Popular Concerts was brought to a close on Saturday last. So great has been the demand for admission, that on several occasions hundreds have not been able to procure standing room. Never was want more palpable than a Music Hall in this town. The only place sufficiently large is the Corn Exchange, which was built for an opposite purpose than that of conveying sound. To give an idea of the place it is only necessary to state that sundry popular singers have publicly asserted that it was the "very worst" place they ever sung in. The Mechanics' Lecture-hall is well adapted for the conveyance of musical sounds, but it is not sufficiently large. The question of a Music Hall is continually being raised, and its want continually being felt. Sites are pointed out that could be made available, but no one with sufficient influence seems to take the initiative in the matter. The programmes for the month have consisted of glees, part songs, ballads, and selections from popular operas. The instrumental has comprised dance music, operatic selections, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the overtures to *Don Pasquale, Der Freischütz, Men of Promethuss, Fra Diavolo, Zampa*, &c. On the evening of Ash-Wednesday there was an extraordinary rush to hear the *Creation*, which was most satisfactorily performed. Mr. W. Norman conducted, and Mr. J. Stidolph presided at one of the new patent *Minima* organs of the Messrs. Stidolphs of Ipswich. The leading vocalists were Miss Matt, Miss Bacon, Mr. Matt and Mr. Hayward. The People's Concerts, which are unwisely continued on the same evenings as the Popular Concerts, are carried on under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Gunning. They are kept up by public subscription, resulting from the present playing at soldiers *mania*. The committee to "increase their popularity," not satisfied, it is presumed, with their other arrangements, advertised Mr. and Miss Bowmer from the London Concerts to give a selection of *vocal* music for a number of nights; but through some cause which has not transpired their appearance was limited to one evening. [Who are the Misses Bowmer?—Ed.]

The *Evening Mail* renders a glowing account of the extra concert given by the Ancient Concert Society at the Rotunda, Dublin, which includes Mad. Catharine Hayes and party, in addition to a section of the Society's Choir. Of course Mad. Hayes was the principal attraction, and of course the programme was made to exhibit her talents in the most varied light. Of the whole performance we extract the following notice from our contemporary just named:—

Madame Hayes, in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Before my eyes beheld him," manifested those qualities which have so long endeared her to so many publics, and left her without an equal as a songstress amongst her own countrywomen. The recitatives were declaimed with genuine dramatic fervour, and the aria "Softly sighs," rendered with a pathos quite entrancing. She also sang "The Fisher's Bride," and "The Last Rose of Summer," with all that artistic excellence which has so long distinguished her. The latter was unanimously re-demanded. Mr. Tennant gave, with felicity of tone and style, Campana's romance "Amami," and Blumenthal's ballad, "When we are parted." In the latter he was encored. We do not know a gentleman at present before the public with a fairer career before him than Mr. Tennant, and we trust that his success will incite to still larger exertion. In the duo "Per boschi," with Madame Hayes, and the quartet, "Pour les attraits," he evinced his ability as a concerted singer. Miss Lascelles sang, "Che fara senza," but it was taken too fast, and the effect of this splendid music of Gluck utterly lost. The fair lady made amends in Balfe's "Reaper and the flowers," which she rendered with true feeling. Of Herr Becker's playing of the two movements from Mendelssohn's concert in E minor, we can only say that more finish, delicacy, and truthful intonation, with sufficient execution, is very rarely exhibited. He also played a fantasia on "Hungarian airs," which showed his powers over the instrument in another style, and both equally delighted the audience. Dussek's sonata in B flat was well interpreted by Mr. F. Berger on the pianoforte, and Herr Becker, violin. Mr. F. Berger played "The Harmonious Blacksmith" with such neatness and precision as not to be passed without commendation. Of the part singing by the small and select choir we could not speak too highly. "The Chapel," by Kreutzer, "Slumber, dearest," Mendelssohn, and "The Soldier's love," Kucken, were rendered with such charm of tone and feeling as to be unanimously re-demanded. The concert formed a happy termination to the extraordinary successes of Madame Hayes and her party during the concerts given at the Rotunda in the past week.

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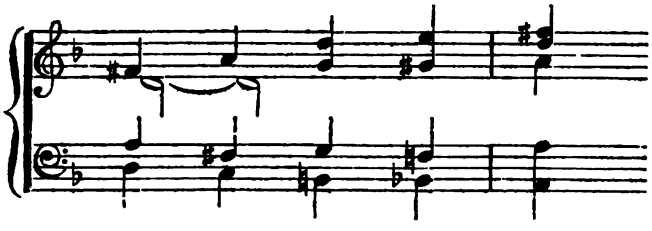
Reviews.

"*A Sketch for the Organ*"—by James Gattie (J. W. Jewell). Let this be our voluntary to play the composers in, upon whom we are about to pass judgment. It consists of an *adagio* of two lines ("12 bars"—Herr Lenz would add), and an *allegro* of ten lines ("63 bars"—Herr Lenz would add); and but for one or two such progressions as the following—



might pass muster as a lengthened chain of well-studied progressions.

And now make way for old *Dussek*, who, in answer to this conglomerate of chords, brings with him a strain of gentle melody, in the shape of another charming canzonet. "*Gentle Hope, from Heaven descending*"—words by John Oxenford, music by Dussek (Chappell and Co.)—is a welcome addition to the vocal department of the Monday Popular Concert Library, which has already given us "*Name the glad day, dear*," "*Now summer has departed*," and the duettino, "*Pardon, dearest treasure*." The canzonet under notice ("*Gentle Hope*") forms No. 2 of the *Six Canzonets*, Op. 52, the republication of which is a genuine boon to our public singers. Johann Ludwig (Jean Louis) Dussek, and John Oxenford are genial companions. They ride comfortably together "in the melodious coach, careless of where the horses may take them" (as Richard Wagner says of Rossini and Auber),—and with good cause, being well assured that the quadrupeds will lead them to the "old well," where fresh tune lies, deep and full, to be drawn up by legitimate sons of melody. Of this "*Gentle Hope*" is an unmistakeable sign. Words and music combine as if they had been intended from the first for each other. In short, if not quite equal to that exquisite specimen of Dussek's vocal inspiration and Mr. Oxenford's strong sympathy with it, "*Name the glad day, dear*," it is in every respect a beautiful canzonet. Nor can it be altogether unknown to our readers, Mr. Sims Reeves having already introduced it at the Monday Popular Concerts.

More melody, more harmony, more true musical expression in short, is at hand. The dead Bohemian is worthily succeeded by a living Englishman. "*Love me or love me not*"—words and music by Henry Smart (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—is another proof that its composer is determined to maintain the honour of our English school of vocal music. In the words, which involve a new treatment of an old theme, Mr. Henry Smart reveals a poetical faculty for which hitherto he has not received credit. Let the reader judge:—

"Among the grass a maiden *sat*,
Upon a summer's eve,
Thinking which of all her loves
She *may* the best believe.
She thought of one, and *plucked* a stem
Of the enchanter's grass;
Swiftly its little *knotted* buds
Her slender fingers *pass*.
Loves he me? or loves he *not*?
I love *not* him, so I care *not*.
Loves he me *not*? He loves *not* me.
'Tis best, because this was *not* he."

Now, although in the 1st and 4th lines, "sat" and "may," and in the 5th and 8th, "plucked" and "pass," suggest a certain confusion of the past and present tenses; and although (winking at the duosyllable with a *k*, line 7) the above is rather *notty* than smooth, it exhibits, we repeat, a poetical faculty to which Mr. Smart has hitherto laid no claim. In the second stanza (for which we are unable to find room) the maiden plucks a "spray," instead of a "stem," (We should have recommended a "twig," as more likely to help her to find out—to "twig"—the exact truth); and while, amidst blushes, she puts the questions to the spray she had already put to the stem—

"Love me?—love me not?
He loveth me!
Would it were true, for this is he!"

a voice behind her "satin shoulder," or close to her "velvet elbow," "whispers *merrily*"—

"Yes, it is true, for it is I!"

To "whisper *merrily*" is a new feat of tongue. Mr. Smart's music, however, is far superior and far more highly finished than his poetry. "Love me or love me not" is indeed a beautiful song, with melody going on all through—a pure stream of time that might have been prolonged indefinitely while its author was in the vein, and which leaves regret behind when it ceases. Why *should* it have ceased? But besides its melodious and harmonious charm, there is a deep sentiment in the song which endows it with another and a higher attraction. The alternate questions addressed by the maiden to the "stem" and the "spray" are cunningly contrasted. In the last, when the interrogation relates to the real master of her heart, an exquisite point is made, which we are sorry we cannot afford space to quote at length. To mutilate it would be sacrilege; it must therefore be left to the imagination of our readers, few of whom, we fancy, after what has been said, will hesitate to render themselves acquainted with Mr. Henry Smart's new song.

"*Good bye, Winter*," trio for treble voices—words from *Parley's New Keepsake*, music by Mrs. Henry Amss (Ashdown and Parry.) The words from *Parley's New Keepsake* are good. Peruse them, reader:—

"Winter, Winter—sad and dreary,
You are growing old and weary,
So 'tis time for you and I
To say 'Good bye!'

"Winter, Winter—bleak and blowy,
Icy, sleety, rainy, snowy,
Spring is softly stealing nigh;
Good bye! Good bye!

"Winter, Winter—pale and chill,
The snow-wreath fades on yonder hill,
The birds are singing in the sky;
Good bye! Good bye!
"Winter, Winter—sad and dreary," &c.

We hope this may be true, for the "winter," now snailishly (very) cutting its stick, has been downright inclement. We should like to add a verse or two to the foregoing pretty (and too amiable) apostrophe to the inexorable old "grip."

"Winter, Winter—drear and dusky,
Piping, snivelling, grumbling, husky,
No love's lost 'twixt me and you;
Go about your business, do!

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"Winter, Winter—wet and dirty,
Worse than any one since 'thirty'*
Scarce 'nough sun to read a letter,
Soon as you are off the better.

"*Good* bye?"—no, *ill* bye you merit,
None your naughtiness would credit;
Dull one moment, duller th' other,
Nought but rain and splash and bother!

"Winter, Winter—pray don't linger,
When you've sloped, I'll place a finger
On my nose, and say 'God speed you!'
Pray don't think we further need you.

"Winter, Winter," &c.

SPRING, you're wanted. The sooner you come the better; and we trust the prognostications of *Parley's* (*Peter* Parley's?) *New Keepsake* may be speedily verified. Then let all England be vocal with some half-dozen of Mendelssohn's fresh, and buoyant, and *springy Frühlingslieder*. Nor would it be beside the purpose if some pretty maidens, arrayed in white, with snowdrops, primroses, and violets in their hair, were to assemble in groups of three, and sing Mrs. Henry Ames' unaffected and charming little tune, which is as correct and harmonious as it is tuneful.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

March 6.

As the interregnum since my last letter, three weeks ago, has, I perceive, been partially filled up by another correspondent, on whose qualifications for the office I must be dumb, and by a translation (more or less correct) from one of the French journals, I shall take up events here subsequently to the two important lyrical occurrences their articles refer to, namely, Auber's new opéra comique and that of Clapisson. In due order of precedence, I will first speak of the doings at the Grand Opéra. These are hitherto altogether in prospect for *Tannhäuser*, which was to have come out on Monday, postponed, owing to the indisposition of Venus (Mad. Tedesco), until Friday, *latiné, dies Veneris;* and therefore, we trust, of happy omen in this circumstance. All sorts of small talk is afloat in relation to the incidents which have marked the progress of the rehearsals of Wagner's opera, and not a musical personage can you encounter without being informed of some petty circumstance in connection with the getting up of the work. This multifold chatter resembles the twittering of birds previous to the levée of the King of Day—gossiping courtiers in the antechambers of the East. The impression of the whole mass of sound is lively enough, and gives a zest to anticipation; but take any separate contribution of one throat, and it is the feeblest and most inexpressive of sparrow-chirps. Therefore will I trouble you with not one item of this news-chaff, for you are too old a bird to be caught with it. Take instead a very consistent statement of fact, to the effect that the work which is to follow close upon the heel of the German neo-composer's production is a new opera by M. Gounod, under the title of *La Reine de Saba*, the libretto of which has been written by MM. Michael Carré and Barbier, and is founded on a novel by Gérard de Nerval. M. Gueymard, Mads. Gueymard-Lauters and Belval will be invested with the principal characters. It is further said that Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*, will follow next in succession—that is to say, unless *Les Troyens*, by Hector Berlioz, should not find its way to the foot-lamps of the Academy instead,—an event which is spoken of, and would beyond gainsay be an act of justice. There have been so many slips between the cup of publicity and the black lips of Meyerbeer's heroine, that she would scarcely be affected by the consequent delay. On the 23rd of this month it is announced that there will be an extraordinary performance at the Imperial Opera House. Two hundred exécutants will perform a selection from the symphonic works of Felicien David, under the conductorship of the composer himself. The *Désert*, the fourth part of *Christophe Colomb*, the overture to *La Perle du Brésil*, and the finale of *Moïse au Sinaï*, will be included in the programme.

The manager of the Italian Opera has just engaged Mlle. Trebelli for five years. The terms are said to be 200*l.* a month the first year, 280*l.* the second, and 320*l.*, 360*l.*, and 400*l.* for the third, fourth, and fifth years. These are not bad terms even for an Italian cantatrice, and the lady, who will make her *début* in *Tancredi*, is said to be indebted for so advantageous an engagement to the two brilliant seasons which she has recently carried through at Berlin and Madrid. The *Nozze di Figaro* is in preparation. Mad. Penco, whose engagement has just been renewed, will play Susanna, Mad. Battu the Countess, and Mlle. Dalmonti, whose *débuts* will continue, the Page. Meanwhile the Italian pianist, of whom I gave you some notion not long since, is astonishing the audiences at the Salle Ventadour each night of performance with his executive feats. He has himself accompanied by an orchestra, which would seem quite a superfluous measure in his case, for the ubiquitous power of his fingers on the key-board supplies the place of another pair of hands. One thing is to be said in favour of this hard-hitting gymnast, this "harmonious blacksmith"—he conceals the physical effort his feats cost him with a placidity of exterior truly Spartan in its heroism.

Mlle. Lemercier being unwell, a new work by M. Poise, called *Le Jardinier Galant*, has had to be put off at the Opéra Comique. The Théâtre Lyrique also announces a novelty, *Les Deux Cadis*, an opera buffa in one act, by M. Imbert, whose first attempt it is, and who is expected to exhibit masterly qualities—though of course on a small scale. *Gil Blas* with Mlle. Girard will be revived next week, to be followed by *La Statue*, by M. Reyer. The run of Clapisson's new opera, *Madame Grégoire*, and of the transplanted *Val d'Andorre*, will nevertheless continue. It is announced that M. Ambroise has again perched himself with unconscious impertinence upon the bust of Shakspeare, there to twitter his inanities and perform other bird-like but less seemly functions, which tomtits are wont to indulge in, in their ecstacy at finding themselves thus elevated. Falstaff and the sacred person of Shakspeare, dragged into the ridiculous piece of his *Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté*, have not satisfied his sacrilegious ravenings. He must now render *Hamlet* even more ridiculous than he has been made of late years by inept ambition on British boards. Hamlet the hero of an opéra comique! Oh ye daughters of heaven—each of you lend me a thong to make me a cat-o'-nine-tails, that I may whip this rascally crotchet-monger through the world! Is he not a descendant of the unbelieving Thomas? If I were an M.P., I should certainly ask Lord John Russell whether he meant to allow this threatened insult to the English nation in the immortal essence of its greatest and most revered genius to be perpetrated without a remonstrance,—a remonstrance backed by an ominous rattling of volunteer rifles. Like ancient Pistol let him exclaim, "All hell (videlicit *Omnis Gallia*, which, like the *Inferno* of Dante, 'divisa est in tres partes') shall stir for this."

Apropos of Mad. Penco's re-engagement and the terms received by Italian artists, it is said that M. Colzado had to submit to an increase in that lady's demands, and has signed an agreement to pay her 252,000fr. (10,080*l.*) for three seasons of seven months, a private box on the stage, and a multitude of other pri-

* The winter of 1830 (if we remember well) was what Mr. Mantalini would call "a demned winter," or even "a demnition winter."

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vileges great and small. Signor Gardoni is to be succeeded by a tenor *léger*, Montanaro by name, whose voice is said to be very fresh and very flexible. Signor Angelini, wishing to go to Russia with Signor Graziani, has been allowed to give up his engagement, the management making no demand for compensation, which may be flattering or otherwise as a man may regard it. Mad. Tagliafico, in her normal capacity of comprimaria, will form part of the company. I told you how Signor Beneventano was to supply the place of Signor Graziani, making up in stones' weight of too solid flesh the deficiencies of the spirit. Not even his title of Baron della Piana can, however, exactly be taken in compensation for the defect in his title to rank as first barytone in a first-rate establishment.

The jury charged with examining the designs of the competitors for the new opera house have just completed their labours under the presidency of the Minister of State, Count Walewski. None of the plans sent in have been considered worthy of the first prize involving the execution of the project, but as the jury have represented that many of the attempts made by the competitors are of a very satisfactory character, the minister has granted an additional sum of 5000fr. to be distributed according to the judgment of the jury. This sum has been divided into three prizes; one of 2000fr. and the two others of 1000fr. each. Agreeably with the terms of the decree of the 29th of December last, the prizes have been awarded as follows:—Plan No. 6, M. Ginani, the 1st prize of 6000fr.; No. 34, MM. Crepinet and Botrel, the 2nd prize of 4000fr.; No. 17, M. Garnaud, the 3rd prize of 2000fr.; No. 29, M. Duc, the 4th prize of 1500fr.; No. 38, M. Garmer, the 5th prize of 1500fr. A future report will eventually explain the grounds on which the jury have decided their selection.

You are aware that the proprietary of the journal, *La Maîtrise*, together with the Congress for the restoration of Church Music, recently opened a competition for prizes to be awarded to the best sacred compositions. The examining committee is about shortly to assemble, and will classify, in the order of their respective merits, the short masses for three voices, the motets for one, two, or three voices, and the organ pieces applicable to the celebration of the various services which have been sent in to the editors of *La Maîtrise* by organists and chapel masters, French and foreign, who have taken part in the competition. Three gold medals, three of silver, and three of bronze, amounting in value to a total sum of 1250fr., have been allotted for the best manuscripts already received, or which may be sent in and examined during the meetings of the committee which commenced on the 20th of February, and will continue to the end of the present month. Those who desire to compete are invited to send to MM. Hengel and Co., No. 2 bis, Rue Vivienne, Paris, for a programme of the terms of the competition.

The first concert of the season was given last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties do not seem to fare much more delicately in their musical entertainments than do our own Sovereign and consort at their palace of Buckingham. For curiosity's sake, I will transcribe the programme:—1, Trio, *Pré aux Clercs*; 2, Duo, *Chaste Suzanne*; 3, *Les Noces Basques*, pastoral scene for the harmonicon of Debain, by M. Lefèbvre Wely; 4. Air, *Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté*; 5. Chorus and air, *La Circassienne*; 6. Quatuor, by Alary; 7. Duo, *Les Voitures Versées*; 8. Cantique, *Le Domino Noir*; 9. Variations, *les Diamants de la Couronne*; 10. *Scena, La Circassienne*. M. Alary presided at the piano, and the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant. A *chef de cuisine* who should place relatively so vulgarly inspired a *carte* before his Imperial master and mistress as their programme, would receive the Imperial sack, and most deservedly, nay, would merit exile to an English club-house. The *chef de musique* of the Imperial household is, on the contrary, "personally felicitated." His Majesty's subjects are either more faithfully served by their music purveyors, or have a better taste which they impose on the programme-maker. For instance, M. Le Président du Sénat, *alias* M. Troplong, had a concert the other day, a portion whereof were the principal scenes from the *Armide* and *Orphée* of Gluck, "interpreted" (vile word) by Mad. Viardot. Mad. Jardier de Maleville, moreover, played Mozart and Haydn to the guests of the same dignitary of the State. To go on with private musical entertainments—*musique de société*—let me mention, first, that Rossini's "Saturday evenings" are brought to a close—dying most Pesaro swanlike and melodiously. On one occasion M. Duprez organised a concert, the *personnel* of which was entirely composed of his pupils, his own daughter, and M. Vandenheuvel, her husband inclusive, and never were the maestro's salons so crowded. To this succeeded a quieter Saturday, when only four artists exhibited their talents, the basso, Signor Badiali, the new tenor, Signor Montanaro, Signor Perelli, and Signor Bazzini, instrumental, executants, to whom must be added, supplementarily, the Vicomtesse de Grandval. The other night at the Baron de M——'s a little sensation was created by the present *chef d'orchestre* of the Société des Concerts, M. Tilmant, senior, standing forward again as a virtuoso of the first rank, and recalling all the charm and excellence of his youthful days, by taking part in a quintet by Onslow, and in the first quintet of M. C. Estienne. Mlle. Clementine Tinel de Kerolan,—a lady whose high talents as a pianist are never heard in public, save when the cause of charity induces her to use them as a lure to the generosity of all who love good music,—assembled a few friends on Sunday week to hear her play Beethoven's trio in B flat, Weber's sonata, Op. 49, Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, and Prudent's *Sonnambula* fantasia. MM. Sighicelli and Emile Rignault assisted her in the concerted works. The tenor, Alexander Reichardt, has lately given a very successful concert. His sympathetic voice is as much admired here as it has been in England and Germany. M. Henri Herz announces for the 13th of the present month, a grand orchestral concert to take place of course in his own rooms — Herz of that ilk. Among the artists engaged, is M. Servais, whom one of the papers here dubs the Emperor of the violoncello. "Salve, Imperator, nos *mentituri* te salutant!" I have seen no account of Piatti's demise or abdication, have you? French votes will not make emperors in the Musical World. Servais may crown himself, or get crowned with a diadem of newspaper paragraphs; but the sacrament of universal opinion is wanting to the investiture. Emperor Fiddlestick! I refuse, for one, my allegiance at the risk of being sent *au violon*, or shut up in his violoncello-case — or bow strung, string and bow are there.

A correspondent in Brussels writes me, that on the first night of Gounod's *Faust*, the théâtre de la Monnaie was crowded, and that the opera was greatly applauded, to the calling on of the author twice during the performance. I had had no less brilliant accounts of the success of this work in Germany. At Darmstadt the Grand Duke sent for the composer, and presented him with the golden medal of merit, a reward which for twenty years past, there had not been thought any occasion to confer — on a foreigner. When Darmstadt opens its eyes to the merits of foreigners once or so in a century, it sees very far. Felix Godefroid, the harpist, has been harping to a good account in the outlying places of France, to wit, Langres, Colmar, Mulhausen, Metz and Nancy, and now he is in Paris again with the rapidity of one of his own arpeggio passages, having given as usual a *soirée* last Sunday evening in his salons. At Colmar just mentioned, M. J. Stockhausen, the barytone and son of the ancient harpist of that name, has just given a concert, when the ancient harpist in question brushed the cobwebs off his ancient harp, and with chappy fingers, which na'th'less had forgot little of their cunning, accompanied his son in the *Nachtstück* of Franz Schubert.

This evening there will take place the fourth of a series of musical performances much resembling your very successful "Monday Popular Concerts." They are at the Salle Pleyel and under the management or control of MM. Armingaud, L. Jacquart, and E. Lalo, with the assistance of Mad. Massart. Here is the programme for to-night:—1. Trio in E major, Mozart, piano, violin and violoncello; 2. Fourth quatuor in D minor, Schubert, two violins, alto and violoncello; 3. Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, Mendelssohn, two violins, alto and violoncello.

M. Schulhoff gave his third and last concert at these concert rooms last Friday, and with no abatement of the interest manifested on the occasion of his first as described by your humble but faithful correspondent.

Of theatrical news there is but little, and that little of no great interest. At the Odéon, a five act tragedy, by Alexandre Soumet and M. Louis Belmontel, entitled *Une Fête de Néron*, has been

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revived. It is a production of the romantic school, and, with the scope it gives for spectacle, and even ballet, stands widely apart from the stiff and stately puritanism of Racine and Corneille. The part of Nero, originally acted by Ligier, is played by M. Gibeau, and that of Agrippina by Mlle. Karoly, who has neither the majestic bearing nor dramatic force of Mlle. Georges, the original representative of the character. Poppœa, however, is quite adequately sustained by Mlle. Jordens. The mounting of the revival is excellent — a *divertissement* of bacchantes, and a scene representing the Gulf of Baia being especially notable. The Gymnase has at length produced *Le Gentilhomme Pauvre*, a long-expected comedy in two acts, by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue. It is founded on one of the tales in the *Scènes de la Vie Flamande* of the Belgian novelist Henri Conscience, and possesses very striking situations, some of which are due entirely to the ingenuity of the dramatisers. It is well acted, Lafontaine and Mlle. Victoria playing the principal parts. The Variétés has withdrawn the "*revue*" which had so long occupied its bills, and puts forward three novelties — *Les Ramoneurs*, a vaudeville in one act; *La Chasse aux papillons*, and *Paris quand il pleut*. The latter is in two acts, and from the pen of MM. Clairville and Moinaux. It is full of broad fun, in which Ledère Kopp and Mlles. Bader and Henry are quite at home. The title of the first-named piece, *Les Ramoneurs*, will sound obscurely to most of your readers. It alludes to the practice of certain persons who would conceal the fact that old Time has been shaving their heads with his scythe, by drawing the still flowing locks, which he as yet has only "thinned," back over the denuded portion of their craniums. A very bold subject, we should say here, for even the flimsiest farce. In France the complaint is otherwise turned by calling the piece *Un peu tiré par les cheveux*.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ORGAN.*

THIRTEENTH STUDY.—QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED, AND ITS SECOND PRINCIPAL CAUSE, FORM—THE FREE REED.

THE quality of the tone of reed pipes does without doubt most especially depend on the relative proportions of the pipe, the tongue, and the reed; but it depends, above all, on the way in which the reed itself is constructed. It is well known that reeds are of two kinds, the *free* reed, and the *striking* reed. This last kind produces a sharp metallic quality of tone, and this mainly arises from the tongue striking sharply against the edges of the groove. That sharp, trumpet quality of tone, which so takes the fancy of those who admire orchestral music, has for a long time been a cause of offence to persons who are not so wholly prejudiced in its favour, especially when they meet with it in a church of small dimensions, where there is but little sounding room, and they or others have often compared its tones, harsh and ill-proportioned to the size of the place, to the grating sound which is produced by dragging a heavy wooden bench over a stone pavement. Nor was it until long after science had ceased to devote its energies exclusively to the interests of ecclesiastical art, that, at the beginning of this century, when the sacred fire of zeal for the ancient traditions was again lighted up, a certain learned admirer of organs, M. Grenié, was inspired with the means of softening the quality of the reed pipes used in their construction. This he did by so arranging the tongue, with regard to the reed, that one might pass evenly within the other without meeting with any resistance. The two pieces are in fact so exactly fitted one to the other in his system, that the tongue would seem to be cut of the reed. Its action may be described as follows:—When the tongue, which is a thin piece of metal, is set in motion by the wind, on its passage upwards from the foot of the pipe into the reed, it gives way under its pressure for so much of its length as is pliant enough to do so, and is then brought back to its former position by its own spring-like nature. This alternate action of the air upon the tongue, and of the tongue upon the air, lasts as long as the wind is supplied to the foot of the pipe, and results in the production of a quality of tone as delicate as it is penetrating. The tones also of a reed thus constructed are far better suited to blend with those of the flue pipes than those of reeds made in the ordinary way.

There is little more than the above to say about the free reed. It is generally fitted to pipes, the bodies of which are made to a length which has been found by experience to be the best for the still further development of its tones, and somewhat shorter than those of the striking reeds. These last speak best, as is well known, with pipes which are three quarters of the length of flue pipes of the same note, while the free reed speaks well with a pipe which is not more than half the length of the flue pipe. With even shorter pipes than these M. Grenié has made free reeds, which speak the note of a 16-foot open pipe, with all the regularity and vigour which is required of them, though not with a tone which is equal in these respects to that of the French reed-stop, called the bombarde.†

The dimensions of the tongue, with regard to length, width, and thickness, are of as much importance in the construction of free reeds, as they are in that of the striking reed. If these details are not attended to, it will be subject to various irregular movements in its wrestlings with the wind. As the end, when the tongue of the free reed is fastened, is firmly fixed, no amount of wind can possibly make it vary in pitch; but this does not prevent it from being affected by an accident to which all metals are liable namely, a change in the temperature, and to this it is most sensitive. Hence heat makes it get flat, cold makes it get sharp, so that in winter a free reed will sometimes be as much as a quarter of a tone sharper than it is in summer. An extra pressure of wind has no more effect on the free reed than to widen the range of its beats, and consequently to give greater vigour to its power; a diminished pressure has, of course, a contrary effect; but in neither case is the pitch of the note altered. The ease with which its sounds may be thus augmented or diminished, according to the pressure of the wind, has given rise to its being used for the production of those effects of expression which are generally understood by the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. These effects are not, it is true, wholly inadequate for the expression of human feeling, though, after all, in a very imperfect way, and to apply them to the great organ, whose tones are throughout even and equal, is as contrary to the qualities of music in general, as it is to the traditions of music of the Church.

We would allow, then, the introduction of the free reed into an organ intended for the service of the Church, not as an expression stop merely, by which the feelings of the faithful may be moved, or their attention distracted, but because it points out to us a way, as brilliant as it is sweet, by which we may get rid both of that hard quality of tone of the striking reed, and because it will tend to put a stop to the noisy clatter of French organ-playing leaving us with nothing to fall back upon, as is the case with the Germans, but the dull monotony of wood and metal flue pipes. It may be added, that the introduction of free reeds into our larger church-organs, is, in the first place, due to a member of the French magistracy, M. Hamel, a judge at Beauvais. Of his skill and practical knowledge we have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. In the year 1827, he superintended in person the building of the large organ of the cathedral of Beauvais, and for the first time applied the free reed system to this very remarkable instrument.‡

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

† This system may be found reproduced in the *organ's expression* made by M. Muller, Rue Ville l'Evêque, Paris.

‡ It appears that, in the organ built by M. Hamel, the free reed stops were supplied with wind from a bellows of their own. For we find, in an account published by M. Daujon for the Organ Building Society, of which he says he has the artistic direction, an additional fact in the history of the origin of the free reed. "The firm of MM. Daublanie, Callinet, and Co.," writes M. Daujon, "offers to our notice, at this moment (1844), an improvement in organ building, which consists in employing for the production of expression on their stops, the wind from the ordinary organ bellows. The extra pressure required for this wind is got by means of a pedal, which is at the command of the foot of the player. Henceforward, then, a separate bellows for these expression stops is no longer necessary. For this interesting invention the firm of MM. Daublanie and Callinet has received a patent."

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EUGENE SCRIBE.*

Literature and art have, indeed, suffered cruelly in the last two months, but no loss has touched us no nearly, or been so unexpected, as the loss of Eugene Scribe. At the moment of our penning these lines, all Paris is acquainted with the details of Eugène Scribe's sudden death. It was in a hackney-carriage, while proceeding to M. Auguste Maquet's, in the Rue de Bruxelles, that the illustrious academician was seized with an apoplectic fit. The surgeons state that the aorta was ruptured. On that very morning Eugène Scribe had answered a letter of M. Crémieux, inviting him to dine on the following day, Thursday. Two hours later, the writer of the answer had ceased to exist. It was fated that M. Crémieux should possess the last autograph of Scribe — a relic which the eloquent member of the Paris bar will religiously preserve.

Had all the nations of Europe been asked to name the writer who personified most completely in their eyes the French stage and contemporary dramatic art; that writer whose durable successes, inexhaustible fertility, perfect clearness, and infinite variety, have carried his reputation to the extreme boundaries of the civilised world, there is not the slightest doubt that they would unanimously have named Eugene Scribe. Wherever a stage has been run up with a few planks, or a float formed of a lamp or two, the name of Scribe is known. As a natural consequence, the grief at his death will be immense, for he was the Providence and the Genius of the modern theatre.

This favoured author, who, for the last forty years, has supplied our dramatic repertory, leaving everywhere masterpieces behind him, enjoyed moreover the especially glorious privilege of furnishing the most illustrious composers of the present age with books for their operas. He inspired in turn Boïeldieu, Hérold, Auber, Halévy and Adam. The mere enumeration of Scribe's works would require several numbers of our journal, and even the list of his greatest successes would form a long catalogue. The following is only an instalment:—

At the Opéra: *La Muette de Portici, Robert le Diable, La Juive, Les Huguenots, Le Comte Ory, Le Prophète.*

At the Théatre Francais: *Valérie, La Camaraderie, Une Chaîne, Le Verre d'Eau, Bertrand et Raton, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre, La Bataille de Dames.*

At the Opéra Comique: *La Dame Blanche, Fra Diavolo, Le Domino Noir, Le Maçon, L'Ambassadrice, Le Chalet, Haydée, Les Diamants de la Couronne, L'Etoile du Nord, Giralda, La Circassienne.*

At the Gymnase: *Michel et Christine, La Marraine, La Chanoinesse, La Mansarde des Artistes, Le Diplomate, Une Visite à Bedlam, Le plus beau Jour de la Vie, Le Mariage de Raison,* and considerably more than one hundred others.

The number of Scribe's dramatic pieces is calculated to approach *five hundred.* To the latest hour of his life, he continued to use the fertile pen which he had placed upon the coat of arms he invented, with the motto, *Inde Fortuna et Libertas.* Several unpublished pieces, more or less advanced, remain in his portfolio; among others being a comic opera, in three acts, completely finished. This is entitled *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, and was intended for Auber, the long and constant *collaborateur* of the deceased.

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The funeral took place on Friday last. As might have been expected, the crowd was immense. Auber, completely prostrated with grief, was the first to appear in the nave of St. Roch, while the funeral procession, with the Minister of State at its head, was still coming down the Rue Royale. His Excellency followed on foot, behind M. Scribe's relations. Independently of the highest official and political notabilities who flocked to attend the procession, we observed nearly every member of the Institute of France; a deputation from the Municipal Council of Paris; the Committee of Dramatic Authors; Baron Taylor, President of the Five Associations, together with representatives of each separate association; the managers and artists of all the Paris theatres, and a deputation of pupils from Sainte-Barbe and Chaptal. In other words, even the nave of St. Roch was too small to accommodate every one, and many who had been invited to attend the ceremony were unable to obtain ingress.

The great organ was played by M. Auguste Durand, and the *orgue d'accompagnement* by M. Leprévost, both organists of St. Roch. The choruses of the Opéra Comique, the Conservatory, and of the *Maîtrise* of St. Roch, sang the "Introit" and the "Kyrie," from Cherubini's *Requiem.* M. France sang a "Pie Jesu," by M. Jules Cohen. After the mass, the Curé pronounced the absolution, and the procession wended its way to Père-la-Chaise.

In the cemetery six speeches were made. M. Vitel spoke for the Académie Française; M. Auguste Maquet, for the Association of Dramatic Authors; M. Labrouste, for the College of Sainte-Barbe; M. Paillard de Villeneuve, for the Municipal Council; M. Thierry, for the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Théâtre Français; and M. Montigny, as manager of the Gymnase.

In the evening the Théâtre Français, the Opéra Comique and the Gymnase were the only theatres closed, but, though the others were open, mourning reigned in all.—Jules Lovy.

* Translated and abridged from *Le Ménestrel.*

JOSEPH JOACHIM IN VIENNA.†

The most important event last week was the appearance of Joseph Joachim. In years gone by, the Viennese had, it is true, heard him as a wonderful *child*, but the wonderful *man* still remained a stranger to them. Vienna, the cradle, if not of Joachim himself, at least of his reputation, as well as the place of his education, had some reason to complain of the manner in which she had invariably been overlooked by the artist in the course of his long travels. Young as he is, Joachim has been considered, for nearly the last ten years, the first of living violinists, and the fact of Vieuxtemps having been, now and then, compared to him, proves that those who used such a standard were aware that they had to deal with greatness of no ordinary kind. It was no easy task for an artist to satisfy such high and long-cherished expectations of a public as experienced as ours. And yet Joachim has accomplished it in the most brilliant manner.

He began with Beethoven's concerto in D major. After the very first movement, it must have been evident to all that they had before them not only a most astonishing *virtuoso*, but a man of great importance and originality. With all his *bravura*, Joachim is so totally merged in the musical Ideal, that he might be described as a perfect musician, who had passed through and gone beyond the most brilliant "virtuosity." His playing is grand, noble, and free. There is not the slightest tinge of "virtuosity" about it; whatever, in the solos, could remind us of vanity or self-esteem is passed over, without our perceiving the faintest trace of it. This nobleness of artistic conviction is so prominent in Joachim, that it prevents our thinking until afterwards of the appreciation due to his magnificent technical skill.

What fulness and power in the tone which Joachim's grand and certain bowing draws from the instrument! It struck us, on the first occasion of our hearing Joachim, that, even in the most emphatic treatment of the lower violin passages, there was none of that peculiarly material scraping and shuffling on the string which we have at times heard in the playing of the most celebrated violinists. Joachim's shake is incomparable for purity and equality, while his polyphonic playing is, at one and the same time, so well combined, and yet so sharply distinct, that the listener frequently fancies he hears two performers. In the course of his concerts Joachim will enable us to form a still nearer acquaintance with his technical skill. After once hearing him, it strikes us that it would not be quite safe to pronounce even a general opinion on his merits, since he will probably exhibit his art to us under other aspects. After his first concert, we certainly felt inclined to believe that the expression of what is great, noble, and pathetic was the task best adapted to his nature. He must show us, in other compositions, whether he is as great a master of light grace, easy wit, and fresh humour. His rendering of Beethoven's concerto — especially his execution of the *adagio*, which he gave with deep feeling, but with such a degree of freedom that he almost appeared

† From the Vienna *Presse.*

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to be extemporising—afforded proofs of the most decided independence of conception. The concerto was more brilliant and more animated under Vieuxtemps' bow. Joachim exhibited greater depth of feeling, and, by truly ethical power, surpassed the effect which Vieuxtemps' playing produced by his gushing temperament.

The second piece was an *adagio* by Spohr, the uniformity of which lost everything like ponderousness in the vigorous and, at the same time, varied manner in which Joachim gave it; but it was in Tartini's *Teufels-Sonate* that he struck us as most astounding. We feel sure that violinists will agree with us when we say that this specimen of colossal and, at the same time, classically refined, technical skill, was something never previously equalled. The most difficult *bravura* passages in this piece—passages which the performer is generally contented to get over with unpretending mediocrity—Joachim not merely produced with ease and certainty, but absolutely, in countless instances, impressed an accent pregnant with meaning on this noisy, seething, confused mass of sounds; he "set up lights" which lent the whole thing a new and expressive character. To sum up, we remember scarcely a second *virtuoso* whose entire performance was cast so completely in one and the same mould, and consequently so pure and harmonious in its effect.*

* The writer adds other details about the concert which would have no interest for our readers.—ED. M. W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(56TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

(*By unanimous desire, and owing to the extraordinary success of the "Beethoven Nights" on Feb. 11th and March 4th*).

First Performance of the TRIO in D (Op. 9).

First Performance of the GRAND SONATA in A MAJOR (Op. 101).

Pianist:—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Ninth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

Violoncello:—Signor PIATTI.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in F major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Op. 59—No. 1 of the set dedicated to Rasoumowski) MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, SCHREURS, and PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, Miss BANKS—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in A major, Op. 101, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD—Beethoven.

PART II.—Trio, in D major, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), M. VIEUXTEMPS M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, Miss BANKS—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in C minor (Op. 30), for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s., to be had of Mr. Austin, and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradbery's London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader & Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, Willis, Bond Street, and Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

NOTICE.—*It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance may leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. Smith.—Unprecedented success of Wallace's New Grand Romantic Opera of the AMBER WITCH, which will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until further notice.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be performed (for the fifth time), with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, Mr. SANTLEY; The Pastor, Mr. PATEY; Claus, Mr. TERROTT; The King, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, Miss HUDDART; and Mary, Madame L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening. During Lent there will be No Performance on Wednesday and Friday Evenings.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) the new and successful Drama, in five parts, arranged by C. J. MATHEWS, Esq., entitled THE SAVANNAH, in which Messrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, ROBERT ROXBY, RYDER, G. HONEY, MCLEAN, FARRELL, SPENCER, MELLON, Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, and Miss THIRLWALL will appear. After which, the new Vaudeville, entitled A SMACK FOR A SMACK; Fanchette, Mlle. ALBINA DI RHONA; John Trot, Mr. W. TEMPLETON. To conclude with the grand Comic Ballet entitled LE ROI DES PIERROTS; La Danse des Pierrots executed by Sixty Coryphées and Mlle. Albina di Rhona. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7.

NOTICES.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

WITHIN the last twelve months Death has made sad havoc in the ranks of artists, and of those connected with art. Indeed, the grim King of Terrors, during this period, would seem to have chosen one section of the community, above all others, against whom to direct his arrows, whose points fail not to penetrate, and whose poison is beyond all cure. As the blight, from no pity, passes by the golden cereals and the smiling flowers, fastening on the unpretending potatoe apple, so the insatiate monster, mysterious as ruthless, overlooks beauty, opulence, and rank, and wages war upon intellect, as though afraid of the antagonism of mind, not knowing how far its operations might tend to interfere with his illimitable power. To descend to plain sense, we cannot recall a single year in which so many men who have figured conspicuously in the eyes of the public have fallen before the resistless scythe of the mower,—men, too, who had not all run out to the full extent of life's tether, and who, in some instances, had only passed the meridian of existence. Poor Jullien was cut down in the prime of life, when his mind was fullest, his energies greatest, his future most alluring. Albert Smith, still younger than Jullien, had barely reached the *mer-de-glace* of life's Mont Blanc, and was hurried away, with his eyes still fixed on the shining summit, which was the goal of his expectations. Robert Brough had only just entered on the highway which leads to the land of promise, and was

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outstripping many in his bounding career, when he was summoned away suddenly. We might name others—poor Lovell Philips, for instance, who died too young for friendship, love, and art—who perished early, and should have been spared if the shadowy monarch had owned one touched of pity, or had been influenced by feelings of poetical justice.

Scribe departed full of years, but, judging from his recent works, had not passed the zenith of his powers. Indeed Death deprived the world of a new work from his wonderfully fertile pen, which at the time of his decease he was busy inditing for the Opéra Comique, in conjunction with his friend and collaborateur Auber; and so, in killing Scribe, Death may be said to have committed a double murder. Alfred Bunn, less advanced in years than Eugène Scribe, had received frequent warnings that he would be soon wanted in the domains of Night, and should have been prepared. Let us hope that he brought himself at last to look upon the glitter and smile of life with some feeling akin to calmness.

The latest addition to Death's list is that of J. W. Maddox, who expired on Tuesday last, at his residence, Pelham Crescent, Brompton, in the seventy-third year of his age. This gentleman was for many years connected with the theatrical and musical world of London, and at one time played an important part in the fortunes of English opera. Mr. Maddox was lessee of the Princess's Theatre from the time of its opening, some eighteen or twenty years ago, and retained the lesseeship to his death. His management was characterised by great energy and discrimination, and to no London *impresario* was the public more deeply indebted for entertainments remarkable for their variety and excellence. It was at the Princess's Theatre that Macready, during the latter period of his career—dating from the time that he had given up management—most frequently performed. It was at the Princess's, under the direction of Mr. Maddox, he took his "farewell," previous to his departure for America. It was at the Princess's, under the same management, that the great tragedian made his first appearance after his return from America, when his popularity in this country was, if possible, increased by the treatment he had received from the New York public on the occasion of the "Forest Row," his reception, perhaps, being the most extraordinary ever witnessed in a theatre, the applause enduring without cessation for *upwards of seven minutes*. To Mr. Maddox, too, the theatrical world was indebted for the appearance in this country of the celebrated American actress, Miss Cushman; for the return of Miss Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler) to the English stage; for introducing to a London audience, Mr. Compton, the comedian, besides many other actors who now exhibit on the metropolitan boards.

But Music is even more indebted to Mr. Maddox than the Drama. Mr. Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, and Mr. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*—two of the most charming of English operas — were written expressly for the Princess's Theatre; as was also Mr. Schira's *Minnie*, a work of genuine merit. Two of Mr. Balfe's operas, written for the Opéra Comique, Paris, and which had not been heard in England—the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and *Geraldine* (*Le Puits d'Amour*), were brought out by Mr. Maddox, as were also Flotow's *Stradella*, Mr. Loder's *Puck*, &c., &c. Perhaps, however, the greatest boon conferred by Mr. Maddox on the musical public was the production of Auber's *Crown Diamonds*—which by the way introduced Mad. Anna Thillon to a London audience—and *The Syren* of the same composer. The singers who came out under Mr. Maddox's management are almost countless, and we need only specify along with Mad. Thillon, already named, Mlle. Nau, Miss Rafter, Miss Sarah Flower, Messrs. Allen, Weiss, Charles Braham, &c., &c. Indeed, at one time, the little theatre in Oxford-street constituted the only home of English opera in the kingdom, and native composers were beginning to look to Mr. Maddox as their future regenerator, when, in an evil hour—for music, as was supposed at the time—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean offered such tempting terms to the manager as compelled him to part with the theatre, and allowed him to retire into private life on a respectable competency. Although removed from the toils and turmoils of theatrical administration, Mr. Maddox, after his retirement from office, continued to take the liveliest interest in dramatic and operatic affairs, and was seldom or never absent from a performance of moment. He possessed a shrewd and keen intellect, and was a capital judge both of acting and singing. As a companion, he was mirthful and good-humoured; and as a friend he was sincere, hearty, and generous. His loss will be greatly felt both by friends and acquaintances.

R.

THE little Munich paper, *Neuste Nachrichten aus dem Gebiete der Politik*, contained, in its issue of the 6th December last, a notice — manufactured in St. Petersburgh, and thence distributed for circulation throughout Europe—of the pianist, Mortier de Fontange (or de Fontaine), from which we can only spare room for a paragraph or two. Meanwhile, we may conscientiously "echo" the sentiment of a German contemporary *, who remarks, that "since the glorious apparition of Ole Bull, the Norwegian fiddler, such a barefaced and colossal† puff has never invaded the columns of a German paper." It sets out thus:—

"Herr Mortier de Fontange, a gentleman who merits the highest encomiums for his interpretation of Beethoven's latest pianoforte poems, will visit Munich in December. Thirty years ago, a critic would have added: 'and give our ears a treat.' That was in the time of Field, Hummel, Moscheles, and other *virtuosi*, who were favourites in Munich. This notion is now changed! Beethoven writes for the mind. He judges all human things by the standard of the highest excitements of which the mind is capable; he points out to the mind ideal paths, which extend beyond the meridian of every-day life, and proceed higher, not contented with the *statu quo* of the world . . . A man who knows everything in Beethoven, just as an educated German carries his Schiller and Goethe about with him in his head and heart, knows absolutely nothing of the spiritual nature most peculiar to him, if he is not acquainted with *the sonatas, quartets, symphonies, and masses beyond Op.* 100.

"Such, however, are especially the above-named works, each of which forms an epoch in the history of the human mind, and a station of the latter on the road '*Forwards.*' Only a special philosophical course of study is able to grasp the succession of ideas poured forth with the whole soul. . . . Studies of freedom on human thought, such as those in Beethoven, are to be found in the history of every art and science, but nowhere *secreted in forms*, which of themselves count for so many *ideas*, but thereby afford the most glorious instance of the fructification of all matter by the mind, which alone is a living thing. Such is Beethoven in his latest works, at the height of his mental power, of which he might well say:—'I am a mountain in God, and must ascend myself.'"

It was Angelus Silesius—not Beethoven—who uttered this absurdity. But listen further to the oracle from St. Petersburgh:—

"It is to the comprehension of such a prophet that Herr Mortier de Fontange *has dedicated his artistic life:* he has listened to this sackbut of ideas, '*mirum spargens sonum:*' these manifestations of a brain which would have preferred the power of armies and cannons to musical notation for the triumph of his ideas, are interpreted profoundly and powerfully by Herr Mortier, deeply moved by his great and responsible task.

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* *The Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

† "Barefaced and colossal." Let it pass.

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No treat for the ears, no concert! — a torch which he bears aloof for himself and others! The pianist who is able to present these works in their covering of tone, devotes himself to higher aims; he becomes a priest of art, speaking to the world in the language of the mind. . . .

"Munich will hear, him, and pronounce its opinion, and it is because Munich *possesses* an opinion that the artist comes to Munich."

"Will not Herr Mortier de Fontange," — inquires our Lower-Rhenish contemporary, in a quasi-ironical tone, pay Frankfort-on-the-Main and Cöln, too, a visit, rendering both happy by his presence?" In the first-named city it is reported that the pianist of the Trans-Hundred earned for himself imperishable renown, not many years ago, through his wholly original performance of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111, and other remarkable works. But some more of the circular puff and we have done: —

"Let us apply to the artist the maxims of the statesman: 'It is not the *rights* a person exercises, but the *duties* he imposes on himself, which give him his value.' Herr Mortier has imposed upon himself the duty of standing forth as THE CHAMPION OF ARTISTIC TRUTH (!) — of campaigning all his life for enlightenment by means of Beethoven. Germany reads Sophocles and Thucydides more purely than its Beethoven, and from the first to the last edition of the five '*Schicksals-Sonaten*,' HERR MORTIER'S RENDERING IS THE SOLE CORRECT ONE (*editio mandatior*), &c. &c."

"How Munich — artistic and amateur — in the Bockkeller and at Pschorr's" (exclaims our contemporary) — "must have puzzled its brains, on the 6th December, as to the precise signification of this panegyric from St. Petersburgh! How great must have been the excitement, when, only a few days subsequently, the hero Mortier, torch in hand, made his triumphal entry into the city, and, without loss of time, seating himself at the piano (14th December), played no fewer than *thirteen* different pieces, in the following order (the programme lies before us):—

"1. Fugue — *S. Bach*; 2. 'Harmonious Blacksmith' — *Handel*; 3. Saraband — *François Couperin*; 4. Toccata — *Domenico Scarlatti*; 5. 'Tempo di Menuetto' — *Jos. Haydn*; 6. Rondo — *Mozart*; 7. Sonata, Op. 111 — *Beethoven*; 8. 'Moment Musical' — *Franz Schubert*; 9. Romance — *Schumann*; 10. Scherzo — *Mendelssohn*; 11. 'Sérénade d'un Troubadour' — *Wilemers*; 12. Etude — *Chopin*; 13. 'La Cascade' — *Pauer*."

After such a bill of fare, can anything be wanting to the complete enlightenment of the lovers of music in Munich? Ah! Herr Mortier de Fontange (or Fontaine), proceed, we entreat you, with the mission of your life, so as thoroughly to enlighten, and in the very briefest possible space of time, the miserable darkness of the entire musical world — "even down to the *Botokuden*" (slily adds the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Zeitung*) seen "in the Brazils." You will not lack a monument when the shears of the *parcæ*, rendered all the sharper by the precious delicacy of its task, shall divide the thread which holds you to existence! We, too, in London, have heard *the* Bach-*fugue* (in A minor — Herr Mortier has only *one*); we, too, in London have heard the Mendelssohn-*scherzo* (in E minor — Herr de Fontange has only one); we, too, in London have heard — *O Gemini!* — the "Op. 111." The *fugue* and the *scherzo* were so fast that they were impossible. The sonata in C minor — O GEMINI! Nor was the Russian manifesto strange to us; for it heralded Herr de Fontaine to London as it has recently heralded him to Munich. In short, for many years it has not merely *heralded*, but *chronicled, posted, advertised, telegraphed, star'd*, and *Time(s)d* him everywhere; he hoisted it as his *standard*; he carried it on his shoulder at once as his *atlas* and his *globe*. Not to be tedious, it was the *sun* which cast that light upon him in the absence of which he might have been in the dark, and so unable to "enlighten the world through Beethoven," which is his self-imposed mission.

By the way, Herr Mortier de Fontange (or de Fontaine) is the man of whom it has been said, for the last twenty years, that "*he is reported to have played the 'Op. 106' of Beethoven*, but that no one come-at-able had ever heard him." This is no more than the truth. Herr Mortier is "reported to have played the Op. 106" somewhere, but no one knows where, and before somebody, but no one knows who. Herr Rellstab said as much in an article.* Or rather, on reference to Herr Rellstab, we find that it was not Herr Rellstab, but another critic (Herr Schzbwelgwth?), who said it. What Herr Rellstab said was, that "Herr Mortier de Fontang(in?)e *intended* to play it." If when that intention is fulfilled — which, no doubt, will be the case some time hence — the "Op. 106" comes out like the "Op. 111" — O GEMINI! We trust it may be at Munich, Frankfort (on the Maine or the Oder, we don't care which), or Cöln — *not* in London.

P . . . P . . E.

THE German papers inform us that Castelli, the Austrian literary Nestor, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has just published the first volume of his *Memoirs*. From these, among other interesting matters, we learn that his dramatic poem of *the Swiss Family* †, which has been translated into every language, and played hundreds of times at Vienna, brought him in altogether, for his rights as author, the sum of *eight florins!*

This fact will nevertheless cause little surprise; theatrical annals furnish us with only too many instances of the kind; and those who are curious about the fortunes of composers in former days, may satisfy themselves to their heart's content by examining the contents of Herr Jahn's last great work. Thanks to the zealous, diligent, thoroughly impartial, and extraordinarily voluminous biography of Mozart, we know how much the compositions of the illustrious German musician realised for him in the shape of pecuniary emolument — at least in the most important instances.

In the Registers of Accounts of the Vienna Theatre (an interesting and valuable collection), we read, for 1788—1789, page 45:—

"Paid to Ponte (Lorenzo), for writing the book of *Don Giovanni*, 100 florins."

And a little further on (page 47):—

"Paid to Mozart (Wolfgang), for composing the music of *Don Giovanni*, 225 florins."

For the score of the *Magic Flute* (such is the genuine title of this masterpiece — not the *Enchanted Flute* ‡, as many have been accustomed to call it, owing to a careless translation of the title on the score printed in Germany) — for the score of the *Magic Flute*, 100 ducats were paid by Schickaneder, manager of the Imperial Theatre, who reaped an immense profit by the bargain. No other work of Mozart's has enjoyed such continued popularity and success throughout Germany. The first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place on the 30th September, 1791. § In the month of October the opera was played twenty-four times; the bills

* *Königliche privelegirte Berlinische Zeitung*, March 6, 1855, in noticing Miss Arabella Goddard's audible and visible execution of the same sonata at one of her concerts in Berlin.

† Set to music by Weigl.

‡ The flute is not enchanted, but enchanting. In plain language, it *enchants others*. The Italians were therefore right in calling the opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and not *Il Flauto Incantato*.

§ Little more than two months later (Dec. 5, 1791 — at Vienna) Mozart died, in the 36th year of his age.

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of the 23rd November, 1792, announced its hundredth, and those of the 22nd October, 1795, its two hundredth performance.

Again, the same munificent honorarium was the guerdon of Mozart, respectively on account of *Die Entführung* and *Le Nozze di Figaro.*

And what about those operas of Rossini which were originally produced in Italy? One example may suffice. The incomparable *Barbiere di Seviglia* was disposed of for an "*obolus*" — which not only purchased the right of republication but that of representation also! It must be admitted that the composers of the present day look more carefully after their interests.

EVERY week brings its funereal tribute to the mortuary tablets of the year just commenced. Letters from Weimar state that Herr Capellmeister Chelard, composer of the opera of *Macbeth*, died recently, in that Liszt-ridden city, at the age of seventy-two. Herr Chelard was director and conductor of the first German operatic company in England. He it was who introduced *Fidelio;* and afterwards presented us with his own *Macbeth.*

The Conservatory of Music of Liège, also, has lost Joseph Dupont, one of its most eminent professors, a skilful violinist, and a meritorious composer. He had just terminated an opera entitled, *Ribeiro Pinto.*

In the same week, aged seventy-seven, at Antwerp, died M. Henri Simon, last representative of the school of Lesueur and Catel. M. Simon was author of a large number of works, among which is the oratorio of *Judith, ou le Siège de Béthulie,* generally considered to be his masterpiece.

Lastly, from Paris, we are apprised of the death of André Hoffmann, who occupied a high position among dramatic artists, but whose career was cut short at an early age, by an affection of the brain. Independently of his talent as an actor, André Hoffmann was particularly happy in the "*chansonnette.*" Thus, in Grassot and Hoffmann, Paris has lost its two most popular and distinguished low comedians. They resembled each other in nothing but their histrionic talent and idiosyncratic originality; but their respective deaths are to be deplored in an equal measure by habitual frequenters of the Parisian theatres. Grassot was the idol of the Palais Royal, Hoffmann the pearl of the Variétés.

Mr. Howard Paul has introduced the American national lyric, the "Star-spangled Banner" in his entertainment, and it is received in the northern counties with enthusiasm.

The Arion Choir.— This new and highly promising society gives its first Orchestral Concert for the season on Friday. The object of the Arion Choir is, we learn from the prospectus, "to obtain the best possible performances of music hitherto unknown, and of a nature not introduced by existing Choirs, such as Cantatas, Pastorals, Masses, Psalms, &c., with or without orchestra; but particularly Motets, &c., for double choir." The object is eminently praiseworthy, and is entitled to the attention of all musicians, professional and amateur.

Monday Popular Concerts.—As might have been anticipated, the repetition of the principal features of the Beethoven programme of February 11th proved an immense success, St. James's Hall being again crammed to repletion, and many applicants turned away from the doors. The critic's office at these concerts becomes, as a general rule, a mere sinecure, the selection being invariably of the highest order, the executants the first of their class, and the result uniformly satisfactory. The Rasoumowski quartet, in E minor, was (for the second time at these concerts) listened to with profound attention, and greeted with the warmest plaudits; while the enormous difficulties of the sonata (Op. 111)—in the hands of Miss Arabella Goddard—astonished, just as her expressive grace and delicacy enchanted, every hearer, and procured for the young pianiste a hearty, unanimous, and enthusiastic recall. Nor did the famous "Kreutzer" fall on less willing ears, the performance being, as on previous occasions, in all respects worthy of the music—the very highest praise that can be awarded. Instead of the trio in C minor (for strings), we had one in G major (first time), which was admirably played, and met with unequivocal success. These trios are a delightful innovation.

Mr. Sims Reeves sang the ever-welcome "Adelaide" with exquisite feeling, the accompaniment being played with the utmost grace and refinement by Miss Arabella Goddard. Nevertheless, it was impolitic to place it after "The stolen Kiss," which on the present occasion was given in the first part of the concert. The effect produced by "Adelaide" was as great as ever, and Mr. Reeves was compelled twice to return to the orchestra—courteously, however, after his wont, declining the "encore." Miss Banks (her second appearance) repeated the songs of the previous Monday—Dussek's "Name the glad Day," and Mendelssohn's "Charmer," with, if possible, increased approbation. More purely legitimate singing it would be difficult to find, a voice more fresh, or a style more unobtrusive. Miss Banks may be congratulated upon having now established herself as a decided favourite with one of the most discriminating audiences in London.

Monday, the 18th instant, is to be another Beethoven night, when some important novelties will be forthcoming. C.

The Vocal Association will give their first Subscription Concert this season at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening next, March 12th, when Miss Arabella Goddatd will perform, for the first time, a fantasia on English airs, entiled "Albion," composed expressly for her by M. Benedict, besides Bach's famous "Prelude and Fugue *alla Tarantella;*" Onslow's Quintet in B flat will also be performed by the following eminent artists: — Leader, Mr. Dando; 2nd violin, Mr. Weslake; viola, Mr. H. Webb; violoncello, Mr. Petitt; contra-basso, Mr. Reynolds. Part songs by the choir of 200 voices, under the direction of M. Benedict.

Crystal Palace. — At the concert of Saturday last, the London Glee and Madrigal Union (under the direction of Mr. Land) assisted, and gave some of their favourite glees and madrigals. There was also a violoncello fantasia, executed by M. Lamoury, Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, by the band, and Sir H. Bishop's quartet, "Blow, gentle gales;" the quartet was loudly redemanded. The members of the union — Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler — appeared to delight the audience. We hear that the London Glee and Madrigal Union are to give a series of concerts at the Palace, commencing on the 11th instant.

A Concert was given at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, by the Band of the M Division of the metropolitan Police, under the direction of band-master Mr. C. Fox. The audience encored nearly every piece in the programme, and in the instance of Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the "Ladies' Rifle Corps," and Mr. Leonard (who was never in better voice and never sang better) in "Largo al Factotum," would scarcely be content with that. The band played some selections from popular operas (including the march from *Robin Hood*). Mr. W. Wilson accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Munich.—Mendelssohn's overture for a wind-band was rather a novel piece for the Odéon, and not a few persons were more astonished than pleased at the appearance of a full military band, with its somewhat barbarous appurtenances, within the walls of that peaceful locality. The overture is, however, a brilliant proof of what great and beautiful effects may be produced even from the most unfavourable elements by a composer of Mendelssohn's fine feeling and taste. It may too serve as a contrast to what is done by many of our more modern and most modern composers, who, with all the rich appliances of a full orchestra at their command, degenerate into the rude tones of a brass band fitted only for a beer-garden. For our part, we thought the work was admirably suited for an orchestra, and quite in keeping with the name of its author.

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Letters to the Editor.

ANOTHER STREET TUNE.

Sir,—Allow me to present you, and—if you think fit to print it—your readers also, with a companion to the cry of the "Dog's-meat-man," communicated to the "World" by Mr. C. E. Horsley, in your last number. It is perhaps not inferior in its melodic form, and cried, or sung, as I hear it daily, in a very musical voice, and in the exact pitch in which I have transcribed it, it makes a very musical and not disagreeable street cry.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

Edwin Shargood.

ENGLAND'S LYRIC POETRY.

Sir,—The remarks of your valuable correspondent, "R.," in No. 39 of the Musical World, have opened a subject deeply concerning our composers and publishers. There is no moral question that lyric poetry, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, is at a very low ebb, and it is difficult to decide who is most to blame for it. I think with "R." that the composers and publishers (and a little the public) are as accountable as the author; for so long as composers and publishers submit lyrics, or rather "sets of words," to the public, and the latter purchase them, more with regard to the signature they bear than their intrinsic merit, so long will the published lyrical productions remain in their present condition.

Authors will write any rubbish on the faith of a name, and one can scarcely blame composers and publishers for accepting that which they feel confident will sell best. Is it not a fact that the music-buying public — few of whom can sing at sight, and are consequently unable to judge of a melody before playing it — first ask to inspect the songs bearing the name of some extensive writer who, by some lucky accident, writes one good song in twenty?

It will easily be perceived that some interest dictates these remarks. It does. I have long felt that the lyric poetry of the present generation is far inferior to that of the last. Where are our Moores and Dibdens? Having a taste for that style of composition, I have devoted an amount of study to its construction, which, if directed into other channels, would, I am sure, have been rewarded by greater successes. I do not mean the success which has found its way to my pocket, as all who know anything of the subject will bear with me in admitting that to have been the least portion, and song-writing must never be regarded as a profession, but the publishing success. This is the secret of the complaints of "R." and myself.

Few people have the courage to continue writing, and studying to improve what they write, with the spectre of a polite note, declining their works, gazing at them from their escritoir. Good songs *can* be written, and I trust in the future to prove it; but never until composers, publishers, and the public refuse bad poetry, regardless of whose name it bears, will there be any encouragement for many whose end and aim is to be numbered with even the humblest of England's lyric poets, among whom is

Your obedient servant,

John Young.

BELL RINGERS.

31 *High Street, Belfast, March* 5, 1861.

Sir,—As a regular reader of your valuable Musical Review, permit me to suggest the addition of what I think would prove interesting to many, viz., a weekly notice of the performances of the cathedral change ringers throughout England.

Of this music I find no mention in any journal except *Bell's Life in London*, — about the last place any one interested in it would think of looking for it, at least whilst the Musical World exists. You would besides confer a favour on many not initiated in the theory of music, by giving an explanation of the terms used in describing the performances of such music, such as "treble bob majors," "grandsire triples," "foreman's course triples," "the tenor at home every fourth," and many other terms that have escaped my memory.

Yours sincerely,

G. H. W.

VERDI A REPRESENTATIVE AND PATRIOT.

Verdi, the well-known composer, after his election at Borgo San Donino, addressed the following letter to the President of the electoral bureau:—

"Monsieur le Président,—The spontaneous honour conferred on me by the electoral college of Borgo San Donino affects me deeply. It is a proof that I have acquired the esteem which belongs to an upright and independent man, and which is of infinitely greater value in my eyes than the trifling glory and fortune I have acquired in the arts. I thank you, therefore, Monsieur le Président, and I beg you to express the same for me to the electors who have confided to me their honourable mandate. Assure them that if I cannot take with me to Parliament the splendour of eloquence, I shall carry there independence of character, a scrupulous conscience, and the firm determination to contribute as much as lies in my power to the success and grandeur of the unification of our country, so long agitated and divided by civil discords. At present, in order to satisfy the desire so long disappointed of seeing the country united, fortune sends us a king who really loves his people. Let us rally round him, for the prince whom we are soon about to proclaim the first King of Italy, will perhaps be the only one that will have loved the Italians more than the throne.—Accept," &c.

"G. Verdi."

Verdi, who has, it is said, abandoned the Opera House, should, before abandoning his art altogether, compose a national hymn for the Piedmontese. No one would be capable of doing it better.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Monday night the programme of this house assumed a totally new character. Not only has the highly successful engagement of Mr. Charles Kean come to an end, but the Christmas pantomime is at length withdrawn, and while Mr. Charles Mathews is once more the leading actor in the dramatic portion of the entertainment, there has been a great accession of strength to the choregraphic department. Mlle. Albina di Rhona, who caused so much sensation at the St. James's as a dancing *soubrette*, has migrated to Old Drury, taking with her Mr. Palgrave Simpson's Terpsichorean farce, *A Smack for a Smack*, in which she goes through all her characteristic movements, assisted by Mr. W. Templeton, a clever comic actor. She is also one of the principal dancers in a new ballet, called *Le Roi des Pierrots*, played for the first time last night. This ballet, being wholly without plot, is little more than a *divertissement*, but it concentrates a large amount of talent, and contains an unusual variety of spirited and amusing dances. M. Knach, under whose superintendence it has been produced, is himself a comic dancer, much after the manner of the celebrated M. Espinosa, of the Princess's, and greatly distinguishes himself both as a fantastic gentleman, who is apparently visited by a dancing-mania, and as a country bumpkin, who is partly scared, partly pleased by the feats of Mlle. di Rhona. Mr. Cormack and the two Misses Gunniss display themselves to great advantage, but the grand feature of the ballet is *La Danse des Pierrots*, executed by sixty ladies. These are attired after a fashion, something between that of the conventional French clown, and that of the *Folie*, half their number being dressed in white, the other half in red. By a curious series of combinations and dissolutions, executed with extraordinary precision, the most singular living picture is produced, and though novelty is scarcely to be expected in the shape of a ballet, there is really something altogether new, as well as extremely agreeable in the *Danse des Pierrots*.

Death of Mr. Maddox.—Mr. John Maddox, so long known in connection with the Princess's Theatre, expired on Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, at his residence in Brompton, after a protracted and painful illness. The deceased was lessee of the theatre in question at its opening, and remained so at his death. He was also manager of the house for many years, and did not retire until he had fully established its reputation among metropolitan places of amusement.

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Philharmonic Concerts.—These entertainments have all but completed their "jubilee." The 49th season began on Monday night; and all who love good music and are aware that the first impulse in the right direction given to public taste originated in the establishment of the Philharmonic Society will be pleased to hear that the Hanover-square Rooms were crowded by a brilliant assemblage, and that the subscription list has not for years presented so satisfactory an appearance. The fact is that there is strong vitality in concerts of this description. They are based upon a solid foundation; their object is admirable, being nothing less than the advancement of true art through the perpetual example of those imperishable models which have been bequeathed us by the greatest masters. Conservative they must be; it is their mission; and those who counsel them to depart from it, in any sense, are either imperfect reasoners or enemies in disguise. The introduction of new and untried works should be the task of other and younger societies; the repertory of the Philharmonic is of necessity confined to acknowledged masterpieces. The Society of Concerts in the Conservatoire at Paris have always acted upon this principle — and with what results our readers need hardly be reminded. The programme on Monday night was in all respects irreproachable, and in one instance (we allude to the last piece) unusually interesting. We subjoin it *in extenso*:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C	Mozart.
Aria, "Sombre forêt" (Guillaume Tell) .	Rossini.
Septuor in D minor	Hummel.
Duet, "Come, be gay" (Freischütz) . .	Weber.
Overture, "Alchymist"	Spohr.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Aria, "Idole de ma vie" (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer.
Overture in C major (MS.) . . .	Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Since last season there have been various secessions from the orchestra, owing to reasons that in no way concern the public, and the explanation of which would be not merely waste of time, but a tax on the patience of our readers. It is enough to state that the places of the (we believe) involuntary seceders have been filled up by thoroughly efficient substitutes, and that the execution of Mozart's first symphony in C (the one with the Haydnesque — or, to speak English, Haydn*ish* — minuet and trio), being completely up to the Philharmonic mark, was an auspicious inauguration of the season. The far more elaborate and difficult symphony at the commencement of the second part — which Beethoven himself regarded as one of his very best orchestral works — and the fine dramatic overture by which Spohr's opera, *Der Alchymist*, is exclusively known in this country, were equally well rendered — with a fire and precision, in short, added to a delicate observance of light and shade, that brought out all their beauties to perfection and contented the most exacting among the audience. The applause was frequent and liberal; and this was the more gratifying under the circumstances, inasmuch as the Philharmonic audience is chiefly an audience of professors and connoisseurs. Still more worthy of being dwelt upon was the very admirable performance of Mendelssohn's overture, which is so rarely heard that it came upon the ear with all the freshness of novelty, and on that account, if on no other, was the most striking feature in the programme. The history of this composition, which only exists in manuscript, may not be generally known. In 1833, on the occasion of his second visit to England, Mendelssohn was deputed by the Philharmonic directors to write some pieces for their concerts. The result of this commission — which reflected the highest credit alike on the judgment and the spirit of the society—was the overture in question (which, in consequence of the prominence of a particular instrument in the score, Mendelssohn used to call the "Trumpet-Overture"); the *scena* "Infelice," for soprano, since abridged, otherwise modified, and published; and the Second Symphony (in A major), now enjoying such universal celebrity under the title of the *Italian* symphony — a title invented after Mendelssohn's death, probably by some one who knew more about the composer's intentions than the composer himself. The "Trumpet-Overture," although in some passages reminding us more of Mozart than any other production of Mendelssohn's pen, is a masterpiece in the fullest acceptation of the word, and so delighted every hearer as to warrant its repetition at an early period, when, we beg leave to suggest, it might appropriately be assigned the place of honour in the programme. This, by the way, is one of the many pieces so inconsistently and so obstinately withheld from publication by Mendelssohn's executors. Happily, the Philharmonic Society, having the score and the orchestral parts in their possession, cannot be prevented from introducing it now and then at their concerts. If the rest of Mendelssohn's unpublished compositions are no weaker, there is no conceivable plea for suppressing them. It is to be hoped that before long some more reasonable explanation of the line of conduct it has been found necessary to pursue with reference to these interesting manuscripts than has been hitherto vouchsafed may be afforded by those from whom the musical world has an unquestionable right to demand it. At all events, the MS. overture on Monday night was a wonderful success.

The brilliant septet of Hummel, which stood in place of the ordinary concerto, was executed in first-rate styte by Mr. W. G. Cusins (pianoforte), Messrs. Svendsen (flute), Lavigne (oboe), C. Harper (horn), R. Blagrove (viola), Pettit (violoncello), and Rowland (double-bass), and unanimously applauded. Miss Louisa Pyne was the principal singer, which is equal to saying that the beautiful air from *Guillaume Tell*, and the elaborate "bravura" from *Robert le Diable*, were given to admiration. In the charming duet from *Der Freischütz* she was ably supported by her clever sister, Miss Susan Pyne.

No praise can exceed the deserts of Professor Sterndale Bennett, to whom the Philharmonic Society owes more than to any other man, and who directed the entire performance on the present occasion with unwearied zeal and masterly ability. He was received on appearing in the orchestra with the warmth due to his merits, and more than justified by his manner of conducting the orchestra the hearty greeting he experienced.

The Hullah Fund.— On Thursday night a concert was given at St. James's Hall by the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, in conjunction with several artists of eminence, vocal and instrumental, for the benefit of the Hullah Fund — an object which musicians and amateurs seem in an equal degree to have at heart. The hall was well attended, and the entertainment — in its way first-rate — afforded general satisfaction. Mr. Henry Leslie himself directed the performance, and the selection of part-songs, glees, and madrigals put down for the choir was one of varied attractions and uniform excellence. The most effective choral display was Weber's famous part-song, "Lutzow's wild hunt," which was splendidly delivered and encored with enthusiasm. The glee-party consisted of Miss Banks, Messrs. John Foster, Montem Smith, and Winn, who were highly successful in two of the most familiar glees of Spofforth and the Earl of Mornington. The solo-vocalists were Miss Banks, whose "Where the bee sucks" was deservedly redemanded; Mad. Sainton Dolby, whose admirable delivery of "The three fishers," Mr. Hullah's best and most popular song, was similarly complimented; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who, besides one of the *Reiselieder* of Mendelssohn, gave Mr. Frederick Clay's very graceful ballad, "Would I could centre all my thoughts in thee," with irreproachable taste; and Mr. Richard Moss, whose fine bass voice was heard to advantage in Mozart's "Qui sdegno." Mr. Henry Leslie's elegant trio, "Memory," was also extremely well given by Miss Banks, Mad. Sainton Dolby, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The instrumental performers were Mr. Blagrove, who played his own clever *fantasia* on airs from *Luisa Miller*, in his finest manner; and Miss Arabella Goddard, whose polished and graceful execution of Handel's *suite de pièces* terminating with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," created the accustomed sensation, and who introduced, for the first time in public, Liszt's new and elaborately constructed *fantasia* on the themes of the quartet from *Rigoletto*, which she executed with a vigour, taste and brilliancy not to be surpassed. Both were loudly applauded, but Handel's variations seemed most entirely to suit the taste of the audience, who unanimously recalled Miss Goddard at the conclusion of her performance. The solo vocal music was well accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. T. S. Callcott.

At the next concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (March 21) Mendelssohn's 43*rd Psalm*, which was so wonderfully sung and so favourably received on the last occasion, is to be repeated.

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THE WHITE SPOTTED HORSE.

An Arabian Legend of the period of the fourth Caliph.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

'Tis the cause that alone should give grace to the fight,
And win for the champion a smile:
But honour be done to a true-hearted knight,
Let the steel that has cloven the way for the right
Be tempered in Seine or in Nile.

"He is here," said Mutassim, the Caliph and Lord,
As he turned at the sound of a cry,
And into the hand of young Omar restored
The wine that alone for the Caliphs is poured
In the goblet that fell from the sky.

At the knee of the Caliph is kneeling a maid,
At the knee of Mutassim the Just:
In the garb of the Faithful the girl is arrayed,
But the veil is in tatters, the raiment is frayed,
And the sandals are darkened with dust.

"Speak, child, and be fearless," he graciously said,
"Here nothing must tremble but guilt:
What foe hath a child of the Faithful to dread,
While the flag of Muttassim waves over her head,
And his hand hath a reach of his hilt?"

"I have fled from Ammora, where three moons ago,
I was dragged from the arms of my sire;
And my sister Rodava still lingers in woe."
"The name of the spoiler?" The voice was full low,
But the eye of the Caliph was fire.

"His name is Hodeida; a fortress that stands
On the Rock of Despair is his hold:
And thence like an eagle he plunders the lands,
Swoops fierce, at the head of his terrible bands,
And bears off the maidens and gold.

"'Tis a month since Rodava, the gentle and mild,
Implored him a ransom to claim:
He dashed her to earth, and the heart-broken child,
In her frantic despair, in her agony wild,—
O Caliph! she called on Thy Name.

"Hodeida laughed out as he savagely eyed
The girl where she lay like a corse:
'Mutassim, Mutassim,' he tauntingly cried,
'Yes, wait at my will till that hero shall ride
To thine aid on his White Spotted Horse.'"

The goblet the Caliph took back from the slave,
But scarce of the juice tasted he:
"The draught is but thin," said Mutassim the Brave,
"So seal up the beaker. Ho! banner and glaive!
Who rides to Ammora with me?"

Three days, and Hodeida beheld, from his tower,
Approaching a martial array:
The faithful came on in their pride and their power,
Arabia had sent to the battle her flower,
And a White Spotted Horse led the way.

Three hours, and the ram, that had thundered in vain,
Crashes gates with its terrible force;
The death-bearing arrows are pouring like rain,
And fierce through the portal and over the slain
Is rushing the White Spotted Horse.

Brief time for the slaughter—the robbers must die,
And they charge on the merciless sword:
What ruffian recoils from the Caliph's dread eye?
"Hodeida, no maid of Arabia shall cry
In vain on Mutassim the Lord.

"The White Spotted Horse hath appeared as the sign
Of thy doom, in the midst of thy gates:
Dost scowl on this faithful companion of mine?
Abdallah the Headsman, the duty be thine,
To banish a sight that he hates."

They brought out Rodava, with tears on her cheek,
"Didst doubt of my coming to save:
Yet my name in thine utmost of anguish couldst speak!
When Allah puts prayer in the heart of the weak,
He puts strength in the arm of the brave.

"Now, Omar, unseal me that beaker of wine,
Its flavour, perchance, is restored."
They shouted around, as with visage benign,
"Aye, now, by Mahommed, the draught is divine,"
Said Mutassim, the Caliph and Lord.

[The above is strongly recommended to English composers as a subject for a *cantata*,—not by the author, but by the Editor of the *Musical World*.]

Provincial.

The first part of the seventeenth concert of the Saturday Evening Concerts, on Saturday week, at Edinburgh, was devoted to a reading of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's translation of Schiller's poem of *Fridolin*, with the incidental music composed by Bernhard Weber. Miss Aitken read the poem; but this mixed species of entertainment did not seem to please greatly. The entire musical setting of *Fridolin* by Mr. Frank Mori, we think, would have been more acceptable. Miss Helen Kirk, a young lady from Glasgow, made a good first public appearance. She is commended for her voice and expression, and cautioned about her style. The first of three concerts announced by Messrs. C. J. Hargitt and Howard, took place on Friday evening (March 1st), in the Music Hall. The "*Jupiter*" symphony of Mozart, the overture to *Preciosa*, and overture to Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, tested the mettle of the band. Of Mr. Macfarren's overture, our cotemporary, *The Evening Courant*, thus writes:—

"Macfarren's overture is not a work of much pretension, but it is melodiously and smoothly written, and, moreover, has a decidedly *national* character; at least it does not evince that laboured imitation of foreign styles of composition which too often characterises the orchestral works of our native composers. If the encouragement which is at present being given to English opera proves lasting, we may reasonably expect that a national style of operatic music, with original and distinctive features, will ere long be established in Britain."

Miss Banks made her first bow to an "Auld Reekie" audience, and was very favourably received. In the soprano part, in the fragment of Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, she appears to have pleased most. She does not, however, escape scot-free. The writer we have spoken above thus points to a fault which we are sorry to say might be laid to the charge of some of the most accomplished of our English songstresses:—

"She is, however, given to slurring some of her notes, and has great room for improvement in the matter of distinct articulation. We did not make out a single word of a song from Balfe's *Bianca*, which in other respects was charmingly sung."

Signor Piatti is lauded to the skies; but as regards intensity of feeling is said to have been "much surpassed by the late lamented Mr. Drechsler." Apropos of this somewhat startling enunciation, we counsel the reader to peruse the letter of our Paris correspondent, in the matter of Servais the Frenchman, and apply it to Drechsler the Teuton.

At the subscription concert at the Concert Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday, the 20th ult., the London Glee and Madrigal Union assisted. The *Manchester Weekly Times* thus alludes to the performance:—

"The vocal portion of the programme found able interpretation by the members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, including Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler; the same, with the exception of Miss Wells, who afforded so much gratification to the lovers of vocal harmony in the Free Trade Hall during the farewell performances of Mad. Clara Novello. With thoroughly educated musicians, possessing tuneable and pleasantly-mingling voices, there is no class of music that wins so rapidly, or takes such deep hold upon our sympathy, as this order of part singing. To English ears it has the charm of national sentiment and traditional association, carrying us back to the days of Shakspeare, of Ben Jonson, and even of "good Queen Bess"—if Dr. Motley will permit us to give that fair lady this gracious appellation. For many years there was established in Manchester perhaps the best glee club in the country—the best, because the members were in constant practice together, and night after night, and season after season, the same fine voices were heard; but, in spite of

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this agreeable recollection, it must be admitted that the London Glee and Madrigal Union have arrived at a degree of perfection that we have never previously experienced; the voices mingle so thoroughly, that is to say, they assimilate so peculiarly in quality and general character. Then, again, the intonation is so true; whilst, under the very skilful and well-studied direction of Mr. Land (whose compositions are of no mean order), there is an expression at once intelligent and faithful to the subject, and thus translating the meaning of both musician and poet in a manner acceptable to the least educated ear."

The band performed Beethoven's symphony in D and the overture to *Der Freischütz*, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Seymour, Mr. Charles Hallé not being present.

An English company, including the names of Miss Fanny Ternan, Miss Fanny Reeves, Messrs. Elliott Galer, E. Rosenthal, and J. Manley, is now giving a series of operatic performances at St. George's Hall, BRADFORD, not without opposition from a certain section of the public, who conceive the Hall is desecrated by being converted into a theatre. The Bradford people might easily reconcile matters by erecting a building available for operatic purposes. So wealthy a burgh, and musical, should have their own theatre, in which lyric representations would find a dignified home. We can hardly fancy the interior of St. George's Hall remaining unscathed by the alterations, fittings, and adjustments necessitated for its conversion into a theatre, more particularly that part required for the stage. If, however, the carpenters be as cunning as the staplers, the Hall will not suffer any damage.

LEEDS.—We learn from a correspondent that the opera company, under the direction of Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Randegger, have been performing at the Theatre Royal during the past fortnight to crowded audiences. Mad. Rudersdorff deserves great praise for the spirited manner in which she has produced some of the finest works in the *repertoire* of operas. *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *Trovatore*, have been included in the list, and at least respectfully performed. The principal characters have been undertaken by Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Adela Alexander, Mad. Heinrich, Signor Tito Palmieri, Mr. Durand, and Mr. J. Morelle. The band is the best Leeds has ever had in the theatre.

At a concert given by the Classical Harmonists' Society at BELFAST, Herr Becker, the violinist, seems to have created an extraordinary sensation. The *Belfast News-letter* (March 1st) makes the following remarks on his performance:—

"Herr Becker favoured the audience with two violin solos, besides playing in a duet with Mr. Berger. Herr Becker is a very finished performer and his tone is perfectly unexceptionable. His bowing is also of a very high order of merit; and, whilst he proved that he has overcome many of the difficulties and learned to accomplish many of those tricks on the instrument which we could so well dispense with, he proved himself a true musician also, and succeeded in eliciting the warm applause of the audience and in being twice encored. Mr. Berger is a very pleasing pianoforte performer, and his rendering of Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith' was excellent."

The singers appear to have pleased, if we may trust the same authority:—

"Miss Lascelles, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Burdini each sang very effectively, and the audience stamped their efforts with unmistakeable approval."

The aboriginal members of the society—who may be fairly entitled "Aborigines," being aboriginal, that is, original (*ab*—from the first)—the aboriginal members of the Society, we say (as Mr. Thackeray would say), if the same authority may for a third time be accepted, proved themselves equally entitled to win that universal suffrage, which—as the late Caxton puts it, they "wanne"—that is, as we have suggested a line or two above, if the report of the *Belfast News-letter* may be trusted:—

"The members of the society acquitted themselves to admiration. There was not, indeed, much to do, but it was well done. The overture to Gluck's *Iphigenia* was played with very great effect and the violin passages which tell so wonderfully in the composition were admirably rendered. The chorus was fully up to the mark, and as a whole the concert went off admirably. Mr. G. B. Allen, the conductor, was, as usual, quite at home at his post, and he deserves the utmost credit for the training and general efficiency of the chorus."

To judge from the concurrency of Hibernian goose-quills, the tour of Madame Catherine Hayes has been everywhere prosperous.

MAD. GRISI, writes the *Wiltshire County Mirror*, will positively take leave of the stage in April, and her final appearance will be on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. ("*Fudge!*")

M. SCHIRA, writes the *Brighton Gazette*, will conduct the Italian operas during the coming season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"JOHN" OF WESTMINSTER, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR "BIG BEN."—Mr. T. Walesby writes:—"At length the great clock at the Houses of Parliament strikes the hour upon the largest of the four chime bells—or "John"—which is nearly as heavy as the great bell at St. Paul's Cathedral; the quarters being indicated as usual. Permit me to add that having, on certain occasions, ascended Sir Charles Barry's golden tower, I am enabled to assert that the bell chamber is very lofty, spacious, open at the sides, and altogether far better adapted for the passage of sound than any other in the metropolis. Hence the chimes may be heard at a considerable distance.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Letters from this capital state that (M. Perrot having seceded) M. Saint-Léon has been appointed, by the Emperor, first *Maître-de-Ballet* of all the Imperial theatres in Russia.

BERLIN.—We learn, from our Berlin correspondent, that some warm partisans of Richard Wagner intend to establish a musical paper, entitled *The Tannhäuser*. The first number is to appear on the 15th inst., after the first performance of *Tannhäuser* in Paris.

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Reviews.

"*Albion*," *English Fantasia—Miss Arabella Goddard's pianoforte répertoire, No.* 5 — by JULES BENEDICT (Boosey and Sons).

THE great popularity achieved by Mr. Benedict's "*Erin*," and "*Caledonia*," both composed for Miss Arabella Goddard, and both frequently performed by her in public, of course rendered an "*Albion*," to complete the triad, a *sine quâ non*. Here we have one at last; and it must be owned, a worthy companion to the others. As England is to Ireland, or to Scotland, so is "*Albion*" to "*Erin*," or to "*Caledonia*;" let the respective relations be interpreted according to their own particular sympathies by the musical patriots of either region. Mr. Benedict has chosen two genuine melodies for his English *fantasia*, melodies as openly contrasted as they are intrinsically beautiful. The delicious ballad from *Midas*, "Pray Goody," one of Dr. Arne's freshest inspirations, is the first; Purcell's vigorous and truly national war-song, "Come, if you dare!" (*King Arthur*) the last. "Pray Goody" is decked out with that refined and exquisite taste for which Mr. Benedict is noted, and the presence of which was never more evident than in the several fantasias he has expressly written for Miss Goddard. He seems, indeed, to have been conscious while composing these that he was composing for fairy fingers. At the same time, with the conviction that those same fairy fingers are equal to the most daring flights, and that no mechanical problem can abash them, he has approached ("abordé") the noble melody of Purcell with appropriate energy and boldness, The contrast offered by Mr. Benedict's treatment is as strong and as effective as that offered by the *motivi* he has had to treat. And yet, amid all this, there is an air of masterly completeness about the whole which is eminently satisfactory. Dr. Arne and Purcell, though locked up in the same fantasia, agree admirably well together; their characteristic features are blended with perfect harmony, and the two make one as though they had been associated from the first. "*Albion*" is, in fact, a showy, brilliant, and at the same time thoroughly elegant piece, and will, there is no doubt, be sought alike by professors and *dilettanti*. That it is calculated to enchant the public was amply demonstrated at the recent concert of the Vocal Association, and at the annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, on both of which occasions Miss Goddard performed it with extraordinary success. Now, that England, Ireland, and Scotland are propitiated, Wales (the "principality") will hardly be satisfied without its "*Cambria*." A mine of melodic wealth is at Mr. Benedict's disposal.

"*L'Adieu*," *morceau de salon pour piano—par* S. PERCIVAL, Op. 8 (Ashdown and Parry). There are grace and feeling in this piece, which, moreover, is composed with artistic finish, and well adapted to the pianoforte. The first pages are, perhaps, a little monotonous, owing to the peculiarity of the *motivo*, and the prevalence, almost without cessation, of triplet-arpeggios in the accompaniment; but at the *più animato* (pages 6, 7), where the semi-quavers are brought into action, we have a contrast at once brilliant and effective.

"*The Voice of the Wind*," *andante grazioso*, for the pianoforte; "*A Summer's Morning*"—*morceau de salon*, for the pianoforte—composed by CHARLES M'KORKELL (Ashdown and Parry). Both these little pieces have merit, if not novelty. They are so neatly written, moreover, and lie so well for the hand, that they can hardly fail to please amateurs—for whose use they are probably intended. "*The Voice of the Wind*" (evidently not suggested by Mr. Wallace's "*Night Winds*") is the most expressive, "*A Summer's Morning*" the most sparkling of the two—and this, in spite of its somewhat familiar and *schottische*-like second subject, which might certainly be more original.

"*Im Grünen*," *kleine Stücke für* pianoforte, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4,—THEODORE KULLAK (Ashdown and Parry). Of these "*kleine Stücke*" we have only received No. 2, in F major, all we can say about which is, that it fully establishes its title. It is a veritable "little piece"—and a very pretty little piece, to boot.

"*Schubert's Favourite Melodies*"—transcribed for the pianoforte—by W. KUHE (Boosey and Sons). The series before us includes six songs, known by their English titles of "Serenade," "Ave Maria," "Adieu," "The Wanderer," "The Praise of Tears," and "Thine is my heart." What Herr KUHE has added of his own in "transcribing" these beautiful melodies is so graceful and unobtrusive that he may fairly lay claim to having "embellished" Schubert after the manner of *pianistes de salon*—a manner peculiarly grateful to "*dames et demoiselles de salon*." Apart from his "embellishments"—which never occur, by the way, until the chief part of the song has been laid down according to the text—there is nothing in the "transcriptions" of Herr Kuhe to which Schubert himself could possibly have made objection. In short, they form both useful and agreeable little studies, their only fault being their brevity.

"*Scottish airs as quartets*," Nos. 1, 2, and 3—by CHARLES J. HARGITT (J. A. Novello)—consist of "John Anderson my Jo," "In the garb of old Gaul," and "Welcome, Royal Charlie," extremely well arranged for four voices—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. They may be recommended as both agreeable and serviceable practice. No. 4 has not reached us.

"*Eighteen German Volkslieder*," for the pianoforte—by ADOLPH GOLLMICK, Op. 50 (Boosey and Sons).

Nos. 1 to 12 of this series of short, brilliant, and moderately easy drawing-room pieces have been already noticed in the MUSICAL WORLD. Nos. 13 to 18 are before us. The new numbers are constructed on a precisely similar plan, and fully carry out the promise of their predecessors. A livelier theme than that of No. 13, "*Ach wie wärs möglich*" ("My own Love"), could hardly be wished. About the beauty and marked character of Mendelssohn's "*Liebe wohl*" ("Farewell to the woods"), which forms the subject of No. 14, there never has and never can be two opinions; and if possible the expressive charm of the same composer's "*Es ist bestimt in Gottes rash*" ("Mourn not") is still more immediately apparent, thought not more universally acknowledged. The theme of No. 16, "*Binein und aus Gange in Ganze Tyrol*" ("The Maidens of Tyrol") is one of the prettiest existing airs in the Tyrolean manner, and none the less welcome for reminding us of a popular tune in Mr. Balfe's *Satanella*; that of No. 17, "*Sehnsucht*" ("The heart's desire") is neither more nor less than the erroneously styled *Last Waltz of Beethoven* (in France "*Le Desir*"), but which was really composed by Schubert; finally, No. 18 is built upon a very pretty melody, entitled "*Loreley*," the source of which we are unable to trace. Herr Gollmick would do well to accredit all the themes he has used to their actual composers—at least when that is practicable, as in the instance of Mendelssohn and Schubert. *Lorelei* is perhaps

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his own; but who is to know this while such familiar tunes as those of Mendelssohn's part-songs and Schubert's waltz are presented anonymously?

"*Gondoliera*," *pour piano—par* HAROLD THOMAS, No. 3, Op. 5 (Robert W. Ollivier)—is an unpretending sketch, by no means without grace and movement.

"*Une pensée Musicale*," *pour le piano, composée et dediée à ses Parents—par* W. ROOKE (Leoni Lee).

The French title-page is accounted for, we suppose, by Mr. Rooke having received his musical education in Belgium ("*un élève au Conservatoire Royal de Bruxelles*"). The piece itself might have been composed anywhere. It is not ill-written, but would do very well without so many Italian indications and affixes, which only confuse the performer. The last two bars—consisting of common chords, accompanied by arpeggios—are to be played "*pianissimo sino al fine*." Good.

"*Trois melodies pour Harmonium*," *par* FREDERICK S. CLARK (Chappell and Co.)—may be described as three melodies for the harmonium.

"*Der Wirbelwind*," *galop di bravura*, for the pianoforte—by CHARLES FOWLER (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas). Clever and showy, certainly, but too long for the interest belonging to its themes; too diffuse, and too full of superfluous repetitions. A simple idea worked threadbare. Let Mr. Fowler try his hand again, and aim at conciseness. Let him also either make out his title-pages in German, or in Italian, or in English (best), but not in a mixture of all three.

"*Lord, I hear of showers of blessings*," revival-hymn—MARTIN H. HODGES (Joseph Williams). A smooth piece of four-voiced harmony, of which the accompaniment, for organ or pianoforte, is merely a transcription.

"*The Secret of the Sea*"—words by LONGFELLOW, music by GEORGE F. GRAHAM (A. S. Nordheimer and R. S. Williams, Toronto). This song might be improved by a revision of the harmony. Such progressions as consecutive fifths in a similar direction, between voice-part and bass, are not canonical (*vide* page 1, line 3, bar 1—E F, *bass*, B C, *voice part*.)

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

KULLAK (THEODORE) "Im Grünen" (Pianoforte).
M'KORKELL (CHARLES) "A Summer's Morning" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "The Voice of the Wind" (ditto).
PERCIVAL (S.) "L'Adieu," Op. 8 (ditto).

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

FOWLER (CHARLES) "Der Wirbelwind" (Pianoforte).
SALAMAN (CHARLES) "Good bye! a long good bye" (Ballad).

BOOSEY AND SONS.

YATES (EDMUND) "The brave Volunteers" (Song).
BENEDICT (JULES) "Albion" Fantasia (Pianoforte).
GOLLMICK (ADOLPH) "Farewell to the Woods" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Loreley" (ditto).
Ditto, "Mourn not" (ditto).
Ditto, "My own Love" (ditto).
Ditto, "The Heart's Desire" (ditto).
Ditto, "The Maidens of Tyrol" (ditto).
KUHE (WILHELM) "Schubert's Adieu" (ditto).
Ditto, "Schubert's Ave Maria" (ditto).
Ditto, "Schubert's Praise of Tears" (ditto).
Ditto, "Schubert's Serenade" (ditto).
Ditto, "Schubert's Thine is my Heart" (ditto).
Ditto, "Schubert's Wanderer" (ditto).
LAURENT (HENRI) "Château des Fleurs," Schottische (ditto).
MARRIOTT (CHARLES) "The Waterfall Galop" (ditto).

BUSSELL (Dublin).

ROBINSON (FRANCIS) "My thoughts will wander" (Song).

CHAPPELL AND CO.

CLARK (FREDERICK S.) "Trois Melodies" (Harmonium).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

THURNAM (EDWARD) "Romanza" (Violincello and Piano).

EMERY.

BRIDGES (WILLIAM) "Scotland's Love" (Song).

HALL AND SON (Cheltenham).

COOPER (Mrs. R.) "Rain Drops" (Harp Solo).
HUTCHINSON (W.) "The Spring of Life" (Song).
Ditto, "When the silvery moonbeams sleep" (Song).

LEONI LEE.

ROOKE (W.) "Une pensei musicale" (Pianoforte).

NOVELLO.

SMEE (FREDERICK) "O Lord, we beseech Thee" (Vocal).

METZLER AND CO.

BORINI (C.) "Forgive and forget" (Ballad).
Ditto, "I cannot breathe farewell" (Ballad).
Ditto, "Nay, do not turn away, Effie" (Ballad).

NORDHEIMER (Toronto, Canada).

GRAHAM (GEORGE F.) "The Secret of the Sea" (Song).

OLLIVIER.

THOMAS (HAROLD) "Gondoliera" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Wind of the Western Sea" (Song).

J. WILLIAMS.

HODGES (MARTIN H.) "Lord, I hear of showers of blessings" (Hymn).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

March 13, 1861.

TANNHÄUSER, like the ascendancy of its composer's musical ideas, is still *in futuro*. Hitches and squabbles of all sorts continue to retard its production. The other day it was the subject of an action at law, one of the translators of the libretto, M. Lindau, applying to the civil tribunal to oblige the manager to insert his name in the bills announcing the new opera, together with those of MM. Roche and Nuitter. Herr Richard Wagner, through his counsel, the celebrated Emile Olivier—*no* son-in-law, by the way, of Liszt—opposed the application, on the ground that M. Lindau had not completed his share of the work, and had caused a great deal of delay. Notwithstanding the efforts of his counsel, M. Marie, the plaintiff, was cast, with the reservation of his pecuniary rights as a joint author. Nor has this been the only conflict to which *Tannhäuser* has given rise; for never was there coming event which cast so huge a shadow before. The German composer has had a squabble with the director of the orchestra, M. Dietsch, the former wishing to take charge of the baton for the first two or three nights of the performance of his opera, as is customary in Germany, Italy, and in England, while the latter refuses to relinquish his post under any plea whatsoever. This contest, it was generally supposed, had been settled, but being a very pretty quarrel, it has not been allowed to subside, and besides which it is very serviceable to keep up the preliminary excitement, without which no new work intended to make a sensation should be produced by people who know their business. Mad. Tedesco's hoarseness was very well for a day or two; but another "row" of some kind was indispensable. At the Italian Theatre *L'Italiana in Algeri* has been revived for the *début* of Signor Montanaro, the tenor. This gentleman, who succeeds Gardoni here, was engaged for a musical tour in England, under the generalship of Mr. Willert Beale, and which was to commence on the 4th of April, Mad. Alboni and Mad. Davison-Goddard being his honorable associates. Tenors are a slippery race; and this quality—if no other distinctive of his vocation or vocalisation—is possessed by Signor Montanaro in an eminent degree, for he has eluded, eel-like, the grasp of the British *impresario* and transferred his services to M. Calzado. Mr. Beale has been in Paris concerting legal hooks the better to grapple his evasive prey. Signor Montanaro's voice is not powerful, but of a most agreeable quality, and he is a thorough master of his art The charming *opera bnffa* of Rossini has made quite a sensation. Mad. Alboni in Isabella is a sort of vocal Koh-i-noor, overflowing with sparkling melody, and shooting forth multitudinous sound-scintillations—a majestic figure of the genius of Italian song. Signor Perelli continues his evolutions on the key-board, grinding the airs of *Norma* and *La Fille du Régiment* into a fine dust, which he throws in the eyes of the public, and makes them (the public) rub them (the eyes) with astonishment.

The new opera by M. Poise, announced as forthcoming at the Opéra Comique, in my last, has been duly produced. It

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is called *Le Jardinier galant*, and is placed in the Pompadour period, on which there has been a run of late by the authors of comic opera *libretti*. The plot is tolerably ingenious, without being complicated. Collé, a celebrated song-writer, having just published a collection of satirical songs directed against the reigning favourite, under the title of *Le Jardinier galant*, the police have orders to seize the author and his work. The songster finding out these intentions from a stupid police agent—a novice—produces a diversion, and by directing the search to a gardener called Galant, the sort of *equivoque* and confusion which ensues may be imagined; but all ends happily, by the overthrow of the favourite for the rival who succeeded her. The music of M. Poise is too elaborate for so light a subject, and, like all beginners, he seizes every occasion to write in the grand style. Mlle. Lemercier and MM. Crosti and Ponchard were the principal singers. M. de Saint Georges has just announced his claim to a share in the authorship of the posthumous work of Scribe, *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes*, on which Auber is now engaged. The opera can be none the worse for a paternity so divided. *Maître Claude*, the new comic opera by M. Jules Cohen, is expected in a few days. Mlle. Marimon is to play the principal part which it is expected will be her last "creation" at this house, as she is about to leave the Opéra Comique. At the Théâtre Lyrique there has been a little one-act piece, called *Les Deux Cadis*, the music by M. Hubert. All I can say of it is that it was quite successful.

I notice that, in the course of the debate in the Senate on the address, several members of that august body, newly endowed with most miraculous speech, had the good sense to propose an amendment in favour of science, letters, and art. Prince Poniatowski took music under his especial protection, and the musical prince, if not Prince of Music, pleaded the cause, as one speaking with authority, of the Conservatoire, Théâtre Italien, and Théâtre Lyrique. His advocacy of the interests of their art will be appreciated by the professors of music at least as well as his contributions of music thereunto. I wish some one in the House of Commons would follow this example, and call the attention of government to the neglected cause of art and literature. Government does exert some kind of patronage on some kind of arts, and so recognises the principle, but narrows it to the tinkering, paltry intermeddlement of so-called schools of art, which are confined almost within the limits of a job in favour of Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave. As for music, as for the drama—these do not seem to be arts in the squinting eye of the State. The drama only exists in its lowest form, with but few exceptions, and a time is fast approaching when even the tradition of its highest capabilities will be lost from our stage. It is surely as good to see that the furniture of the nation's brains be of an elegant design and peaceful pattern, as that its upholstery and textile fabrics be formed and ornamented in accordance with the excellent principles of Owen Jones. If the State is at the pains to nurture one, it can give no good grounds for neglecting the other, whose importance is incomparably greater, except indeed the narrowest utilitarianism is to guide its actions. The same may be said with respect to music. All the arts, in short, literature and science, in their highest development and functions to which the law of supply and demand has no application, should be encouraged by a State claiming the highest rank in the work of civilisation.

A correspondent from Berlin informs me that M. Roger, now engaged at the Italian Opera of Berlin, is no less triumphantly successful in the *Trovatore* and *Lucia*, than he had previously been on the German stage in the *Prophète*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Dame Blanche*. There has been a new ballet at the Royal Theatre in the same city, by M. Paul Taglioni, entitled *Ellinor; ou, le Rêve et le Réveil*, the music by M. Hertel, scenery and decorations by "the celebrated Gropius." Its success is complete, all the three above-named principal parties thereunto being called before the curtain. M. P. Taglioni is the father of that Marie Taglioni who appeared at Mr. Lumley's theatre in 1847 (the year of the opposition), and whose youthful grace, promising a more complete development when those long limbs had become matured, produced a sensation among the amateurs of the ballet. Marie has fulfilled her early promise, and her personal graces, no less than her consummate skill in her art, render her the idol of Germany, where she is alternately worshipped in Vienna and Berlin. From the same source I also learn that a new comic opera has been produced at the Royal Theatre, called *Junker Habakuk*. It is music of a light character, but its gaiety is not exactly champagne; however, like the beer of the country, such as it is, it flows abundantly.

M. Rubinstein's opera, the *Children of the Landes*, was brought out at Vienna on the 23rd of last month, and was received with the quiet approbation of the judicious. It is announced that a posthumous comic opera, by Franz Schubert, will shortly be produced at Vienna.* The event is anticipated with great interest, for the reputation of this composer is everywhere rising to a more general recognition, and one more adequate to his real powers. Long left to a merely popular vogue, serious art criticism is now doing him justice, and preparing his niche side by side with the highest musical geniuses of his country. A Berlin musical paper speaks of Halèvy's "*Giralda*" not having been very successful at Hamburg—we must all bear the burthen of "Adam's" sins, and why not Mr. Halèvy?—and a very original and charming sin is this opera, though it is one the Hamburghers seem not inclined to.

I read that in the midst of the insurrectionary movement at Warsaw the Poles have found time to hear and applaud a new opera by Dutsch, called *The Croatian Woman*. It seems singular that political shindies seldom interfere with art, but the rather give a stimulus to it. I doubt whether peace, which is always talked and sung about as so friendly to the arts, does not really enervate the sources of inspiration. I have not time to give instances, but I have no doubt I could support this paradox, or any other, upon reference to the facts of history, which, like Janus, always looks both ways at once.

The new Conservatory of Music at Brussels has just been inaugurated, the first concert of the season having been given there on the 24th of February. A new overture, by M. de Hartog, called *Pompey*, was produced on the occasion. It is of a grave and severe cast in style, and received the approbation of the artistic portion of the audience. While one building devoted to music starts up, another falls a heap of ruins under the assaults of the "devouring elements," as the penny-a-liners call both fire and water,—I mean fire this time, and allude to the burning of the new theatre at Naples, situated in the Monte Calvario quarter, which had nigh been involved in the conflagration.

A word about the concerts, *soirées*, *matinées*, &c. &c., which are in full career. The violinist, M. Sarrasate, Knight of the Order of Charles III., played at the second Tuileries-concert last Friday, and was complimented by their Imperial Majesties. The Italian opera artists made up the vocal part of the concert. The President of the Senate, M. Troplong, and the Minister of Justice, M. Delangle, have also had concerts, the Sisters Marchisio being the chief attraction in each instance. Madame Erard figures also among the munificent and magnificent private concert-givers. In addition to a mansion at Passy, which causes even crowned heads to break the tenth commandment, this lady has just became the mistress of a winter palace in Paris, adjoining,—with the pride which apes humility, the humble source of her great wealth—the great pianoforte manufactory. The apartments here were thrown open to receive the friends of Madame Erard, to add to the attractions of her hospitality, those of a host of artists, vocal and instrumental—among them MM. Armingaud, Ernst Lubeck, Montanaro, and Madame Ida Bertrand.

The fourth concert of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes*, last Sunday (the 3rd), attracted as usual a numerous audience. Mendelssohn, who is making every day fresh progress with the French, figured in the programme by virtue of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a selection from which was performed, and though the execution was not what it ought to have been, the auditory were raised to a high pitch of enthusiasm, by the countless evidences of the composer's genius, so kindred with that burning in his theme.

Miss Grace Egerton's Entertainment.—In consequence of the continued success which this entertainment has met with at Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Egerton has been induced to engage St. James's Hall for a limited number of performances, the first of which is to take place on Tuesday next.

* See our Vienna letter.—Ed.

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JOSEPH JOACHIM IN VIENNA.

(Translated from *Der Wanderer.*)

The re-appearance of Joseph Joachim on the horizon of musical art here is one of the most interesting events of the day. It affords the careful observer rich materials for the most agreeable reflections on the gradual development of a highly-gifted musical artist, from the time when the wonderful buds first cropped out in the boy of eleven, filling every one who beheld them with the hope that they would one day burst forth in all the maturity of beauty, up to the moment that, after a period of eighteen years, the boughs, artistically blessed, are bent down beneath the weight of the golden fruit upon them. After having heard Joachim in all the various stages of his career, we now see him before us in the prime of his artistic consciousness, with a perfect command of his mental and physical resources,—carried to the very highest pitch,—and thoroughly penetrated with the importance of his artistic mission. Although the report of his coming had long preceded him, and in spite of the fact that there had been no want of notices, richly furnished with epithets, his actual appearance took place with the truly artistic and unpretending modesty peculiar to genuine merit alone. Even the programme of his concert, which, in addition to Beethoven's violin concerto in D major, announced merely an adagio by Spohr, and a sonata by Tartini, was, from its simplicity, very different to the pompous manifestoes wherewith, as a rule, *virtuosi* manage to raise the curiosity of the public to the highest pitch; but, on the other hand, the execution of the first movement of Beethoven's concerto displayed the perfect mastery of an artist who can afford to dispense with such means of attracting attention. We never heard a violinist whose performance, as far as regards artistic earnestness and simple dignity, we could place above Joachim's. Although availing himself of all the difficulties of his instrument, he never allows himself to be carried away into making concessions to the *bravura* style, at the expense of the character and dignity of the piece he has to execute. His tone, although not of such imposing grandeur as that possessed by Vieuxtemps, gains in fulness and strength whenever it is the interpreter of deep feeling, while, on the other hand, it never loses its decided expression even in the most tenderly breathed *piano* passages. The influence exerted upon him by Mendelssohn and Ferd. David is unmistakeable; his style is purely German, and has lost nothing of its essential qualities by his long sojourn in London and Paris. In this respect, as well as in what relates to correctness of execution, his playing reminds us of that of Molique, whom, however, he far excels in spirit. This manly seriousness preserves him, moreover, from that effeminacy which not unfrequently obtains the upper hand with modern violinists, and thus his playing never degenerates into inartistic mawkishness, even in Spohr's adagio,—labouring, as that does, under superabundant sentimentality,—while it keeps aloof from the popular *tremolos* and *vibrandos* which Ernst brought into fashion, and which may be called the toilet arts of affected feeling. But, with all its seriousness, his playing is characterised by great depth of sensibility, fervent and exciting inspiration, as well as a thorough appreciation and masterly reproduction of the spirit of the productions which he executes. With regard to the technical part, the *bravura* portion, properly speaking, of his play, he has, as we have before remarked, brought it to the very *acmé* of perfection, and we shall have numerous opportunities of returning to it at his subsequent concerts. To sum up, shortly, our opinion of Joachim's individuality, we think that Mendelssohn's opinion concerning it is the most expressive. It is as follows: "That never was more perfect or more wonderful violin-playing heard."

(From the *Donau-Zeitung.*)

After having been long expected, Joseph Joachim appeared on Saturday before a Viennese public, from whom he took his leave, a very promising boy, eighteen years ago, to the best of our knowledge. In order to appreciate, as we ought, the mature, perfect artist he now is, it is not enough to employ the standard usually employed for *virtuosi*, who make tours on the strength of their art, or rather their artistic skill. It is not enough to signalise the degree of technical proficiency he has attained, or to celebrate the suppleness of his hand, his astonishing power on one string, or things of this description, which, properly considered, are marked by scarcely a less physical character than the feats of an athlete or the capers of a tight-rope dancer. A sure mastery over his instrument, wonderful technical skill, equally perfect in every particular, and capable of comparison with that of any artist, up to Ernst and Paganini themselves, are for Joachim, as for every other genuine instrumental performer, merely means for the attainment of the highest object of his art, namely, the rendering the works of creative masters in all their originality and peculiar spirit. The fact of his fulfilling this task with such extraordinary self-abnegation; of his being able to make himself, with Protean power, the docile organ of so many different artistic individualities; and of his retiring into the background, even in the case of those who could well bear the assistance of a foreign element—in a word, his perfect *objectivity*, is the rare quality, which, in our opinion, places him at the head of all the violinists of the present day. We have frequently heard Beethoven's stupendous violin concerto, and heard it performed, moreover, by artists of recognised merit, but never was the spirit of the work and of its author exhibited to us so effectually and completely as by Joachim. The same instrumentalist, however, whose mighty tone could satisfy the intentions of the musical Titan, could shortly afterwards do equal justice to the sentimental softness of an adagio by Spohr, and the virtuoso-like caprices of Tartini, whose original sonnet, when thus played, fully justified its admission into a programme of 1861. The extraordinarily good attendance of the public at this concert—an attendance doubly surprising, from the fact of our being in the very midst of all the tumults of the carnival—encourages us to hope that we shall hear this admirable artist on many other occasions, and, perhaps, in a quartet, which, under his guidance, might produce quite a different effect to what it does when played by our local quartettists, despite their numerous excellencies.

ROSSINI AT HOME.

When in Paris for a few days last week, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Rossini to attend his Saturday evening reception, a musical levée, at which all artists and professors of distinction assemble weekly to pay their respects to the illustrious musician.

Rossini lives on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in a magnificent suite of apartments, *au seconde*. It is here he holds his court, surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, whose wit and conversation are more sparkling than the diamonds of any duchess in St. Germain, and a host of chevaliers, from whose button-holes dangle the gaudy decorations of every potentate in Europe. The hour of reception is nine o'clock, the amusement of the evening, music; no tea or coffee, no ices are allowed; the entertainment is purely intellectual, practically musical. And the tea and coffee are not missed; the music and *bons mots* of the amiable host afford far greater enjoyment than the most refreshing ice.

Three principal salons are thrown open to the guests. As I entered the first room, and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors, I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the Sisters Marchisio in a duet he has composed for his two *protegées*. In a brown shooting-jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same colour as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might, at first sight, have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life, and fattening to any extent upon the rich produce of his goodly acres. But wait awhile. The duet has but just begun. Let the accompanyist warm up. His indolence leaves him, he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about, look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead, observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye as he turns round to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort in some crescendo passage or cadenza.

Yes, there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no no longer resembling an old country gentleman, but easily to be identified as that of Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause of the assembled guests, applause perhaps

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heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. Bravo maestro! Bravo da vero! Everybody crowded round the host as he left the pianoforte to go to his own particular chair in the adjoining room. There was a pause in the music. The courtiers busied themselves with congratulating the two sisters, and through them saying a word of flattery to the composer, who every now and then convulsed the room with laughter by some witty remark, which would be carefully noted in the pocket-book of a *soi-disant* wit, to be the next day retailed as his own.

After a short interval, Badiali and Solieri sung the duet from "Il Barbiere," then Badiali volunteered the bass song in the 'Stabat," after which a very clever amateur, whose name is, I think, Sampieri, joined Solieri in the Elisire duet, and nearly eclipsed the tenor by his remarkable skill in managing a very fine voice and effective declamation.

Seated next Rossini was an elderly lady, slim in figure, and somewhat wrinkled in feature. She wore what is I believe called a *robe montante*, and evidently was averse to crinoline. She was familiarly addressed by some as Marietta. "Who is that vivacious matron to whom everybody pays so much attention?" "That," said my friend, "is Madame Taglioni." "Not *the* Taglioni, the celebrated sylphide?" "Yes, the same." I looked again, and fancied I could just trace a resemblance in the elderly lady in the black silk dress to that portrait of a *danseuse*, standing in an impossible position on one leg, which hangs in Mitchell's shop in Bond Street, covered with the dust of ages. It was a difficult task, the portrait having on a *robe montante* the very reverse of that which the lady wore who was before me.

Another celebrity of a time gone by was also present — Carafa, the composer of *La Prigione d'Edinburgo*, *Le Valet de Chambre*, and a hundred other operas now forgotten, the delight of a former generation.

The old gentleman is far from being in the same excellent condition as his camarade Rossini, but he nevertheless appears to enjoy life, and to carry his age remarkably lightly. Rossini having listened attentively to the songs and duets mentioned, sent his *cara sposa*, one of the most active housewives I ever met with, to request the Marchisios to sing again. They complied, and he led them to the pianoforte, introducing them to different visitors as they went along in the most eulogistic terms. This time he did not accompany, but stood by and encouraged the young artists with many a "bravo" and smile of approbation. Eleven o'clock was now drawing near, and at that hour the "Reception" always terminates.

The last performance of the evening was by M. Nadaud, who sang some wonderfully lengthy French songs with a sweet voice and great expression.

Then every one prepared to go. Rossini had a kind good night for all. In passing through the ante-room he showed me Dantan's two caricature statuettes of himself and Meyerbeer, in which he is represented sitting in a dish of macaroni, hugging a lyre, and Meyerbeer as writing for dear life half a dozen operas at once. Rossini seemed to enjoy the joke, and to chuckle at his own idleness compared to the constant activity of Meyerbeer.

ANTHATER.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(*From an occasional Correspondent.*)

March 11.

THE concert given, on the 1st instant, by the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde, may be termed an important event, for it introduced a novelty, which, for many reasons, excited the most lively interest among the musical amateurs and professionals of Vienna. I allude to the operetta,—*Der häusliche Krieg*;* words by J. F. Castelli, music by Franz Schubert. (Composed in 1819, first represented in 1861.)

The lapse of time between the above dates speaks plainly; it points to the workhouse, and throws additional weight into the scale of the sins of omission which, from time out of mind, are to be laid to the charge of the management of the Imperial Opera; and while, on the other hand, redounding to the praise of the present executive of the Musik-freunde, and their artistic director, proves, also, how many sweeping changes had to be made, even in that body, in order to effect what would appear so easy a result. It is, of course, only the great importance, the intrinsic merit, of the novelty, which induces these observations, for, in the present instance, the work presented is no mere freshly dug-up curiosity, incapable of life, and such as is occasionally brought forward, by the inveterate admirers of Schubert, as a model of old classical, or modern romantic style — it is a musical gem, in the widest acceptation of the word; original, fresh, characteristic, most dramatically worked out, and so overflowing with melody, that we must go back as far as Mozart to find anything like it. The listening soul might refresh itself in such a superabundance of musical riches, and imbibe new life. The book to *Der häusliche Krieg* — originally entitled *Die Verschworenen** — makes no pretension to classicality, but is prettily conceived, and probably would not be ineffective on the stage. The difficulty of representing an entire opera in dress coats and crinoline (the latter, moreover, compelled to struggle with the want of room) was happily surmounted. The purport of the spoken dialogue was communicated very satisfactorily to the audience in the book of the words. But the musical part went off so exceptionally well, that scenic aid would scarcely have improved it. The ladies, Bertl, Hauer, and Hoffmann (an amateur member of the Imperial Opera-house), as well as Herren Olschbauer and Mayerhofer sang the solos "correctly, expressively, surely, plainly, and freshly" (to quote the language, well applied, of the *Recensionen*). The members of the chorus (pupils of the Conservatory and gentlemen of the Singverein) and "Herbeck's Orchestra," as it is called, were admirable. The whole performance was animated by a spirit of artistic feeling, combined with so much technical certainty, that, considering the value and fascinating quality of the piece, the result was necessarily a brilliant one, so that a repetition of this peculiar concert-operatic representation would satisfy a really *general* wish, both on the part of those present as well as of those who were absent.†

Among the present race of concert givers, Joachim, as a matter of course, stands out in solitary prominence. His third concert took place, on the 25th ult., in the rooms of the Musikverein, while his fourth, and last, filled the great Redouten-saal, on the 4th inst.

"His performances (writes the *Recensionen*) carry out, in most things, the statements that have already appeared concerning him in this paper. He does not dazzle—he does not charm—us, by grandeur of tone or fiery temperament, by rapid technical skill or playful grace, but he enlists and captivates our sympathies by his sterling style, his artistic repose, his warmth of feeling, slow in its development, but, on that account, winding around us with greater certainty; by his blameless subjugation of precisely the most solid difficulties, if we may so term them—such, for instance, as the spotless purity of his *Doppelgriff*—and, in a word, by his always offering us a complete *whole*, and by his proving himself a thinking, accomplished, and intelligent artist, both in his playing and the path he has selected. To sum up our opinion without more ado, Sebastian Bach possesses no better interpreter than Joachim."

Herr Tausig has given a third concert, at which, for the second time, he tried his hand at orchestral propagandism, with Liszt's compositions. "We have already," observes the *Recensionen*, "expressed our opinion, with becoming seriousness, of the aims and meanings, as well as the negative results of his enterprise." Let me emphatically endorse this judgment.

PAILLE-EN-CU.

DINORAH.—Some idea of the extensive popularity enjoyed by Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* may be formed from the fact that it has been represented in no less than 66 towns, 41 of which are in Germany, 18 in France, and the remainder in various parts of Europe.

* "*Household War.*"

* "The Conspirators."

† Energetic measures ought, on the other hand, to be again adopted to stop the abuse of *repeating separate pieces*, an abuse which has lately been very common. Herr Herbeck, Herr Dessoff, and others, have recently displayed a lamentable facility in giving way to this absurd and infamous custom.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(56TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1861,

In order to accommodate the numbers who were unable to obtain admission on the occasion of the last Beethoven Concert,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will again be exclusively selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

First Performance of the GRAND SONATA in A MAJOR, Op. 101, (Pianoforte).

First Performance of the TRIO in D No. 2, Op. 9, (Stringed Instruments).

Ninth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

Vocalist: — Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Pianist:—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Violoncellist: — Signor PIATTI.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Trio in D, Op. 9, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. VIEUXTEMPS, WEBB, and PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, "Leider Kreis," Mr. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Sonata in A major, Op. 101 (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD — Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, in F major, Op. 59, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (No. 1 of the set dedicated to Razoumowski) MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, WEBB and PIATTI —Beethoven; Cavatina, "Adelaida," Mr. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in C minor, Op. 30, for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s., Tickets of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal music-sellers.

BY COMMAND.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — The Directors respectfully announce that the SECOND CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING next, the 18th instant. Programme:—Sinfonia in D, No. 2 (Beethoven); Overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber); Sinfonia in A minor (Mendelssohn); Overture, "Guillaume Tell" (Rossini). Vocal Performers:—Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Mr. SANTLEY. Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. To commence at 8 o'clock. Subscription, 4 guineas. Family Tickets of not less than four, 3½ guineas each. Subscriptions received and Tickets issued by

Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — Lessee, Mr. E. T. Smith.—Last night of the Season.—Unprecedented success of Wallace's New Grand Romantic Opera of the AMBER WITCH, which will be repeated THIS EVENING (Saturday).—THIS EVENING will be performed, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), the new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, Mr. SANTLEY; The Pastor, Mr. PATEY; Claus, Mr. TERROTT; The King, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, Miss HUDDART; and Mary, Madame L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Grand Bal Masque, for the BENEFIT OF Mr. E. T. SMITH, Lessee, FRIDAY, March 22.—The Lessee has the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that, at the suggestion of numerous friends and patrons, he will give a GRAND BAL MASQUE on the above night, when the Pit and Stage will be covered to form a Salon de Danse, on a scale of superlative magnificence and elegance.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING will be repeated the new Drama, in five parts, arranged by C. J. MATHEWS, Esq., entitled THE SAVANNAH. Principal characters by Messrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, ROBERT ROXBY, RYDER, G. HONEY, MCLEAN, FARRELL, SPENCER, MELLON, Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, and Miss THIRLWALL. After which, the new Vaudeville, entitled A SMACK FOR A SMACK. Fanchette, Mlle. ALBINA DI RHONA; John Trot, Mr. W. TEMPLETON. To conclude with the grand Comic Ballet entitled LE ROI DES PIERROTS; La Danse des Pierrots executed by Sixty Coryphées and Mlle. Albina di Rhona. Box office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.— Mr. GYE has the honour to announce that the Opera Season of 1861 will commence on TUESDAY, April 2. On the Opening Night will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

The Programme, with full particulars, may be had at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

Terms { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2s. 6d. / *Every additional* 10 *words* ... ... 6d.

To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

WHAT are the prospects of the approaching season, more particularly the prospects of the Italian operatic season? — is a question, no doubt, demanded just now by many,— and its solution awaited with deep interest. Every one will seek information from the MUSICAL WORLD. Let us see how far we can solve the mystery.

We know for certain that the Royal Italian Opera will open. Mr. Frederick Gye has advertised the first night and specified the first performance. The Italian Opera season at Covent Garden will commence on Tuesday, the 2nd of April, with the *Prophète*, bringing back Madame Csillag and Signor Tamberlik, the hero and heroine of the same opera last season. The subscribers will be right well pleased to find that the admirable Italico-Hungarian tenor is enabled to appear at the commencement of the season. That Grisi and Mario retire from the Covent Garden establishment, is incontestable. The great *prima donna* and great tenor not only secede, but go over to the rival house. Signor Mario, nevertheless, must not appear this year at Her Majesty's Theatre, in consequence of some stipulation in his agreement with the director of the Royal Italian Opera, which we cannot quite understand. He will sing, however, at the Crystal Palace, in Italian operas, got up especially for him and Madame Grisi, and next season, we may presume, will be seen and heard at the "big" theatre in the Haymarket. Madame Grisi, it is affirmed, will positively take her farewell of the stage this year. We are bound to put credit in the announcement, this being the third time the "Diva" has expressed the same determination. The reappearance of Grisi on the arena of so many of her triumphs will be quite as interesting as her last adieu. How Mr. E. T. Smith will play the politician between the two grand tragic heroines, Madame Grisi and Mlle. Titiens, to both of whom belong nearly the same repertory, it is impossible to conjecture. It is rather difficult to arrange matters between rival *prime donne*, who claim precedence in such parts as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Semiramide — all the acknowledged leading characters, in short, of the lyric drama. There are some characters, however, which properly appertain to one only of the celebrated singers just named, and which are altogether removed from the repertory of the other. We may instance Reiza in *Oberon*, Martha in Flotow's opera, Fidelio, Agatha

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in *Der Freischütz*, the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, among others, among all of which the Teutonic songstress has won renown, and not one of which the Ausonian cantatrice has attempted. On the other hand, Madame Grisi has parts peculiar to herself, if she would be prevailed upon to appear in them for the last time, and against the assumption of which Mlle. Titiens would enter no protest, they not being legitimately in her line. These are Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, Norina in *Don Pasquale*, Elvira in *I Puritani*, Elena in *La Donna del Lago*, &c. &c. So that Mr. Smith has enough to select from both catalogues without bringing the reigning queens into actual conflict. To render the services of the two available in one opera would be an excellent feat of strategy; and we know of nothing to prevent the manager from securing this in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in which each artist might retain her original part —Madame Grisi, Susanna, and Mlle. Titiens the Countess Almaviva. If a step farther were made in the line of reconcilement, and Mlle. Titiens were induced to appear as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, with Madame Grisi as Donna Anna, the managerial achievement would be attractive. In Germany Elvira is considered the most important character of the two, and German sopranos in German companies have been wont to give it the preference in London. We may cite the celebrated Mad. Heinefetter, who invariably selected Elvira in this country. We throw out this hint to the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, as well worth consideration.

How can Mr. Frederick Gye fill up the places left void by the secession of Grisi and Mario?—will no doubt be asked by thousands. Mr. Gye, no doubt, will answer in good time—immediately, indeed, since his prospectus for the forthcoming season must be issued immediately. All we know at present is that an old *prima donna*, Mad. Ortolani, and a new tenor, Signor Tiberini, are engaged; but whether they are destined to step incontinently into the shoes of their predecessors, we cannot pretend to say. We know, indeed, that the last artist is highly reputed, but our information "extends not a *wrinkle* farther." That the director of the Royal Italian Opera is bent on eliciting the sympathies of the subscribers and the public in an unusual degree, is declared in a manner not to be mistaken, by the revival of *Guillaume Tell*, and the production of Auber's *Gustavus*, which will constitute two special features of the approaching season. Rossini's immortal work belongs to the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera. *Gustavus the Third* was introduced into this country some quarter of a century ago, at the old Covent Garden Theatre, and was brought out with great splendour, scenic and decorative. The English adaptation, however, was disfigured by curtailments and alterations in the music. About ten years since, an Italian version was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre; but, as in the English adaptation, appropriate reverence was not paid to Auber's score. We have no doubt that Mr. Costa will give the music of *Gustavus the Third* in its integrity, if not in its entirety, and may consequently look forward to an interesting performance of what we cannot help pronouncing, despite the objurgations and platitudes of M. Fétis, in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, one of the greatest masterpieces of the French school. We shall have more to say about the Royal Italian Opera season when the programme appears.

Of the future doings at Her Majesty's Theatre, we know little or nothing beyond what we have already stated,—the engagement of Grisi and Mario. The theatre closes to-night on the English-opera season, and we may expect an early issue of Mr. Smith's prospectus. One thing seems likely, that English Opera will be transferred to Drury Lane. But of these and other matters we shall be better enabled to discourse in a few days. Meanwhile, instead of crying out with Mercutio, "A plague o' both your houses," let us wish success to both, and pray that the best administrator may find the greatest favour, and reap the richest harvest.

[Since the above was in type and "imposed," Mr. Gye's prospectus has been issued. All we can do, at present, is to record the fact. At the same time we append the brief notice of a morning contemporary:—

"Royal Italian Opera.—Mr. Gye's prospectus for the season 1861 has just appeared. We must reserve comment for the present, merely stating that the theatre is to open on Tuesday, April 2, with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—Fides, Mad. Csillag; Jean of Leyden, Signor Tamberlik; that the list of singers, with two not unimportant exceptions (Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario), comprises all the favourites of last year, besides two additions to the ladies (Mad. Rudersdorff and Mad. Ortolani Tiberini), and two to the gentlemen (M. Jourdan and Signor Tiberini)—not to mention a third *in prospectu* (Herr Formes); that Verdi's last new opera, *Il Ballo in Maschera*, will be produced, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* and Bellini's *Pirata* revived; that the band, chorus, and conductor remain as before; and that all the subordinate arrangements promise to be on the same scale of liberality and completeness for which the Royan Italian Opera has been renowned since its first institution in 1847."

It will be observed that Auber's *Gustave III.* is metamorphosed into Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. It remains to be seen whether the change is for the better. More next week.—R.]

ONE of the principal features of the ninth Gesellschafts Concert, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller (at Cologne), appears to have been Beethoven's music to the ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* (recognised in England, where the overture alone is generally known, as *The Men of Prometheus*). "This work," says the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, "with the exception of the overture, which is more generally known, had not been previously heard in Cologne. For the perfect understanding of the various pieces, a detailed plot of the ballet would be highly desirable. Mere headings are insufficient. We suppose, however, that the plot is irretrievably lost, as, only a short time since, doubts were even expressed as to whether Vigano's ballet had really been given at all."

These doubts have been dispelled by a playbill, of the year 1801, preserved at Vienna, and recently discovered by Dr. Leopold Sonnleithner. According to this respectable authority, the first performance of the ballet took place on the 28th March, 1801, in the Hofburg Theater, where it was frequently repeated both in that and the succeeding year. After which it was not again represented while he lived. On the 18th November, 1843, and not before, *Prometheus* was revived (in two acts and six scenes) at the Kärntnerthor, with music by Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. From Beethoven's score only the most interesting pieces were included. In Milan the ballet was produced at the Scala on the 22nd March, 1843, remodelled, and with *selections from* Beethoven's music.*

Prometheus thus evidently belongs to Beethoven's first, or so-called "Mozartean period," and came immediately after the first symphony (in C major). "The question arises"—adds the *Neiderrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—"whether the *four pieces of dance-music which we now possess*, in addition to the overture, are all that Beethoven composed." It is hardly probable that such is the case, for how could these

* According to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, Schindler is authority for this. (Vol. i. p. 78, &c.)

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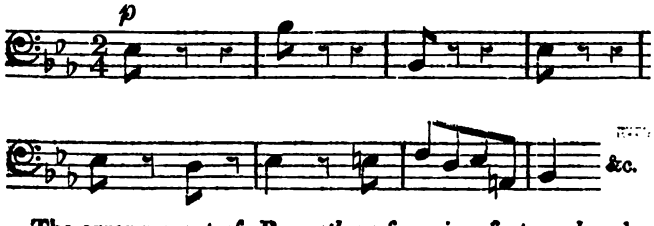
four pieces have been sufficient for an entire ballet? Pantomimic scenes *without* music are impossible. In all likelihood, therefore, the connecting links (the incidental pieces) have been lost, or, at any rate, Beethoven allowed the ballet-master to interpolate music by other composers, a was subsequently the case.

The circumstance of the overture commencing with a discord—

so enraged the Capellmeister, Herr Preindl (1758—1826) that he vowed eternal enmity against the innovator, and, according to Schindler, redeemed his vow. The leading melody of the last scene of *Prometheus* subsequently became famous as the theme upon which the *finale* to the *Sinfonia Eroica* is constructed; and at the first performance, in Vienna, of that colossal work, the propriety of a great many amateurs, who remembered the ballet, and having once heard the melody could never forget it, was deeply shocked. This melody first appeared, however, in "*Six Country Dances*," by Beethoven—(Simrock, Bonn)." ." *Sechs Contratänze*," *von Beethoven*, (*Bonn—bei Simrock*); then in the ballet of *Prometheus;* then as a theme for the "*Fifteen Variations*," Op. 35,* dedicated to Count Moritz Lichnowski (1803), commencing with "*Introduzione col Basso del Thema;*" and, lastly, in the *Eroica*, where it is given out in unison by the basses, and developed with that marvellous invention and ingenuity which constitutes this *finale* not merely one of the most imaginative compositions of Beethoven, but one of his most successful and masterly contrapuntal displays. The great "tone-poet" must have been enamoured of this theme; and yet how simple, terse, and unaffected it looks:—



The arrangement of *Prometheus* for pianoforte, *solus*, by Beethoven himself, published with the Italian title *Gli Uomini di Prometeo, Ballo di Vigano*, comprising, according to Lenz, the overture and three acts of music, has become (according to the same authority) very rare. This arrangement was dedicated to the Princess Lichnowski. But if there are really, as the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* pretends, only four pieces besides the overture, of what does the "three acts of music" consist? Is it, or is it not, all Beethoven? We submit this question to the decision of Mr. Dwight's indefatigable "Diarist,"—Mr. A. W. Thayer—who is sure to know all about it; and for love of Beethoven, no less than for love of truth, is sure to communicate all he knows.

* The *andante* in F, originally forming part of the grand sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein (Op. 53), but rejected by Beethoven as too long or as out of character with the rest of the sonata, and afterwards published alone, is, in many editions, erroneously marked Op. 35.

Friday Night.

THE Royal Italian Opera prospectus for the new season has reached us at the "eleventh hour." A few words about its contents are indispensable.

The engagements comprise all the favourites of last year, with the exception of Grisi and Mario, whose contemplated secession has been no secret for months. The new-comers are Madame Ortolani-Tiberini, M. Jourdain, Signor Tiberini, and (in all probability) Herr Formes, who has been absent from England for several years. Madame Ortolani-Tiberini is the Mlle. Ortolani who appeared four or five seasons back at Her Majesty's Theatre—a high soprano, with considerable facility of execution, whose most successful performance was Elvira in *I Puritani*. We cannot suppose this lady is intended to fill up the void left by Madame Grisi. For a successor to the "Diva" we must therefore look to Madame Penco, who, from her first season at the Royal Italian Opera has been steadily advancing in the favour of the public. Madame Rudersdorff, too, has been added to the list of sopranos. When to Mesdames Penco, Rudersdorff, and Ortolani-Tiberini we add Mesdames Rosa Csillag, Nantier-Didiée, Miolan-Carvalho, Tagliafico, Leva, and Corbari, it cannot be denied that the list of "prima donnas" is efficient if not startling. The tenors have lost Mario—a loss not easy to remedy—and gained M. Jourdan and Signor Tiberini. The former, we believe, comes from the Opéra Comique; the latter from the Scala, Milan. Neither has been heard in England. M. Jourdain—a high baritone, or low tenor, is accounted a fair singer and good actor; but in what parts Mr. Gye is to make use of him we are unable to guess.

The French are encroaching on our Italian Opera more and more and more every year, owing, no doubt, to the scarcity of talent in the genuine "Land of Song." Of the nine "first ladies" in the Royal Italian Opera company this year, only three are veritable Italians, two being German, and *four* French; of the six tenors, one is French; and of the seven basses, two are German and two French. Signor Tiberini comes, preceded by a solid reputation, and his first appearance cannot fail to excite curiosity. He will, probably, fill the place of Signor Mario, to a certain extent—in such parts, for example, as Fernando, Gennaro, Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*), Almaviva, &c. Upon Signor Tamberlik, we may conclude, will now devolve those of Raoul, the Duke in *Rigoletto*, &c. To the tenors already named are added Signors Neri-Beraldi, and Lucchesi. But where is Signor Gardoni?

The barytones and basses exhibit no change—beginning with the incomparable Ronconi, a host in himself, and ending with the universally popular Signor Graziani, whose voice is his fortune. The list also includes M. Faure, who produced so great an impression last year; M. Zelger, the excellent Belgian *basso profondo;* Signors Tagliafico and Polonini, always useful and always welcome both; and Signor Patriossi, whose name is half Irish and half Italian, and who should be in some degree patriotic.

In another department the prospectus is attractive. The season opens with the *Prophète*, on Tuesday, April 2nd. In the following week *Guillaume Tell* will be revived "with," we quote from the programme, "a cast which has seldom, if ever, been equalled." The reader, after this, will be curious to know what that cast is:—Matilda, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; Gemmi, Mad. Nantier Didiée; Gualtiero, Herr Formes (perhaps); Gesler, Signor Tagliafico; Un Pescatore, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Guglielmo Tell, M. Faure; and Arnoldo, Signor Tamberlik. Bellini's *Pirata* and Verdi's *Ballo in*

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Maschera are the promised novelties. The first-named work, one of the earliest of the composer, has not been heard at the Opera since the days of Rubini, and requires a most skilful singer to interpret the music of the hero. Signor Tiberini, in all probability, will make his first appearance in the *Pirata*. The *Ballo in Maschera* of Verdi will, no doubt, engage all the resources of the establishment, and comprise in the cast, Mesdames Penco, Nantier-Didiée and Miolan-Carvalho, Signors Graziani and Tamberlik. The other operas will be selected from the already available repertory. Mr. Gye has, we think, displayed good taste in not making a superabundance of pledges, or indeed more than he can be pretty certain to redeem.

Of the ballet we learn no more than that Mlle. Zina Richard and Mlle. Salvioni are the principal *danseuses*. The former lady is a distinguished artist, and deservedly a favourite at the Royal Italian Opera. The latter is said to be very clever, and something else in the bargain.

We need not say one word about the band and chorus, which for fourteen years, under Mr. Costa's baton, has maintained its supremacy. All the old hands, we perceive, are in their old places; Messrs. William Beverley, Grieve, and Telbin are again the scenic artists; Mr. Augustus Harris is again stage manager; and Signor Maggioni again the poet and translator of librettos. This at present is all we have to say about the Royal Italian Opera. May we have many favourable things to report in the course of the season.

CONCERTS OF HERR KLINDWORTH AND MR. H. BLAGROVE.—Two concerts have been held in the Hanover Square Rooms by Herr Klindworth and Mr. Blagrove, which have attracted more than ordinary attention. The programmes have in each case been most interesting, and rendered still more so by admirable analyses of most of the pieces contained in them from the pen of Mr. Macfarren. At the first (on Tuesday, Feb. 26), among other compositions rarely performed, we had Chopin's sonata in G minor, for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 65), played by Herr Klindworth and M. Daubert. There was also Schumann's trio in F major (Op. 80), for pianoforte and strings, by the same gentlemen with the addition of Mr. Blagrove. The trio has more than once been performed in London, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and others. It is, nevertheless, one of his strongest as Chopin's sonata is one of his least vigorous productions; and therefore, although the sonata was a quasi-novelty (it *has* been played before), the trio was the greatest musical treat. Both were capitally rendered. M. Daubert is a violoncellist of more than ordinary talent; Herr Klindworth, one of the favourite pupils of Liszt, and therefore, as may be imagined, a first-class pianist. Of our eminent violinist, Mr. Blagrove—who, at the the same concert gave Bach's "Chaconne" in D minor (the same which M. Vieuxtemps very recently introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts) we need say nothing. Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 70) began the programme, and completed the last of the instrumental pieces, which would have been still more satisfactory had Herr Klindworth come forward (like Mr. Blagrove), with a solo. His playing is too good for his patrons to be deprived of this, the most efficacious manner of appreciating it. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Banks, who sang an air from Spohr's *Jessonda*, a canzonet by Haydn, and a spring-song (*Frühlingslied*) by Mendelssohn, and sang them all in her best manner. Having been prevented from attending the second concert (on Tuesday evening), we must trust to the remarks of an intelligent contemporary:—

"The promise held out by Messrs. Klindworth, H. Blagrove, and Daubert, to introduce at their concerts some chamber compositions new to English ears, was justified, at their second *soirée musicale* in the Hanover Square Rooms, by an admirable performance of a trio in F sharp minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by a composer whose very name was probably unknown to the majority of the audience. The work in question is the first of three trios written, we believe, some twenty years ago, by a certain Cæsar Augustus Franck, a Belgian, then a mere boy, and who has since neglected to fulfil the rich promise of his youth. The trio performed on Tuesday night, unequal as it is, displays such extraordinary power and imagination, that it is incomprehensible how a man of such manifest genius as the author should have been content with the obscurity into which he has retired. The passionate *andante* with which it opens produced an evident effect. It was deepened by the Beethovenish *scherzo*, which merges without interruption into the wild and impetuous *finale*; and, in spite of the unusual length of the last movement, so complete an idea of unity is given to the whole, that the attention was sustained until the very end. Mozart's trio in E—composed in the most prolific period of the composer's life, and certainly a fit companion to the two symphonies in E flat and C, which were written about the same time, and are the most widely appreciated of all his orchestral productions—received ample justice at the hands of the same performers, who were reinforced by Mr. R. Blagrove and Mr. Blakestone, in Mr. Macfarren's admirably quintet in G minor for piano and strings with which the concert terminated. The vocalist was Miss Palmer, whose artistic rendering of two sacred songs of Beethoven was above reproach, and who also essayed Schubert's 'Erl-King' (accompanied by Herr Klindworth)."

Again Herr Klindworth played no solo—Why? At the next concert (the last), when a quintet in C minor by Barwald—another composer unknown here—is to be given, he must compensate for this deficiency.

HERR REICHARDT.—*L'Art Musical de Paris*, in noticing the recent concerts of Herr Reichardt says: "Herr Reichardt is this winter the 'lion' tenor in our concert-rooms and *salons*; and he lately gave his own concert at Erard's, in presence of a select assembly, who never ceased to applaud. Herr Reichardt's voice has an incontestable charm, and sings with irreproachable art and taste. He was encored in a melody, entitled, 'Mon Rêve,' said to be the composition of Prince Metternich. Herr Reichardt was also greeted with the warmest approval in the tenor air from *Otello*, in a beautiful romance of his own composition, 'Belle Etoile' ('Thou art so near and yet so far'), and in a duet with Signor Tagliafico."

HERR PAUER.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred the great gold medal for Science and Art upon Herr Ernst Pauer, the well-known pianist and composer.

A NEW INVENTION IN MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.—We have before us a little tablet, or sliding card, the invention of Mr. Towers, of 16 Grand Parade, which affords to the beginner an easy method of becoming acquainted with the various minor and major keys at one glance, without the aid of books to explain the different keys. It is a very ingenious contrivance, and as it is sold at the various music shops, at a mere nominal price, there is no doubt when it becomes known it will be much sought after.—*Brighton Gazette*, Dec. 13, 1860.

AN OFFICIAL FARCEUR.—M. Mocquard, the French Emperor's secretary, has become a member of the Paris Dramatic Authors' Society. One of his most amusing works is a farce, entitled, "Correspondance avec quatre marchands de Liverpool." When Dupin went to see Mocquard's *Tireuse des Cartes*, he observed to Troplong, "Mocquard is not a bad *farceur*, but he writes dramas as one having authority and not as a Scribe."—(*Liverpool Porcupine.*)

GREGORIANS AND ANTI-GREGORIANS.—A great dispute is just now going forward upon the subject of the Gregorian chant. This style of Church music, which for centuries has been considered almost as part and parcel of the Catholic religion, has been gradually abandoned in the diocese of Paris, until at last it is maintained in scarcely any of the churches, save at Notre Dame. One reason given for this circumstance is the great difficulty of obtaining singers sufficiently versed in musical science to be able to execute this, the most difficult music of all. An appeal has just been made to the Minister of Public Worship urging the immediate necessity for its re-establishment, and the forbidding of the operatic airs which, proceeding from grave to gay, have become of common introduction in Divine service at most of the churches in Paris. The dispute has run so high of late that it is considered high time for the Minister to interfere. At St. Sulpice on Christmas-day, a formal opposition was offered to the execution of certain modern frivolous tunes, as interpretations of the solemn words of the Catholic service, by the sudden bursting forth into the magnificent and old Gregorian chant of the six hundred pupils of the Seminaire, whose sturdy voices, drowning the hopping capering air with which the organ was about to accompany one of the psalms, produced the effect so long desired, that of silencing the irreverent accompaniment altogether.

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The Operas.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* has now been performed four times, and, as we anticipated, with each repetition, has made strong head-way with the public. Deficient in the bright and sparkling, and, consequently taking music of *Maritana* and *Lurline*, it no doubt disappointed many the first night who expected the Balfian and Wallachian tune to prevail everywhere. But Mr. Wallace was determined this time to dig a little beneath the surface, and strive to bring up a great treasure to the light. That he has done so, we believe. The *Amber Witch* is all to nothing his best work—best, not merely because it is more masterly and ambitious, but also because it is more melodious—not perhaps "tuny," but "tuneful;" as the public are beginning to find out already. In fact, the popular composer of *Maritana* has raised himself higher than ever in the estimation of thinking men by his last opera, and has converted many a sceptic into an admirer. As we shall have next week to give a detailed analysis of the music in our review department, we shall not enlarge upon the merits of the opera in this place, but content ourselves with a brief explanation of the book, and a few words about the performance.

The plot of the *Amber Witch* is taken from Dr. Weinhold's well-known novel of that name, which created so profound a sensation in Germany many years ago. The story is divided by Mr. Chorley into four acts. The first reveals Mary, the Amber Witch, dispensing food and clothing to the inhabitants of Coserow and its vicinity, who are reduced to famine by the consequences of a prolonged and disastrous war (the "Thirty Years' War"). She has inspired both an illicit and an honourable love. The Commandant of the district (of Usedom) endeavours to enveigle her affections through the intervention of his own servant and Mary's jealous rival, Elsie; while Count Rudiger, who has saved the life of her father, a village pastor, woos her in disguise of a peasant, and enlists her sympathy at once. The king being about to visit Coserow in state, Mary is chosen to present him with the congratulations of his loyal subjects; and in the act of discharging this responsibility, is made aware that her supposed peasant lover is Count Rudiger, a favoured courtier of the monarch. Nevertheless, the young nobleman finds opportunity to abate her scruples, and amid the bustle of the ceremony, persuades her to grant him an interview at night. In the second act this interview takes place, the scene being the Streckelberg, a hill supposed to be haunted by witches. Here Mary had discovered the source of that secret wealth by means of which she is enabled to relieve her famished compatriots. An exceptional hill, the Streckelberg, contains a vein of amber, the existence of which is only known to our heroine, and which she gathers and sells at market, through the instrumentality of her father. The meeting of the lovers leads to much the same result as that of Romeo and Juliet in Capulet's garden. They plight eternal troth, but, meanwhile, have been overheard by Elsie and her confederates, who, aided and abetted by the jealous commandant, are devising means of having Mary publicly accused of the practices of witchcraft. Their machinations are successful, and in the third act we find the unfortunate Amber Witch awaiting her trial in prison. Her only plea is unavailable, a storm having completely swept away the vein of amber. The proffered intercession of the Commandant being indignantly declined, on account of the unworthy conditions that accompany it, Mary is arraigned before the judges, until, moved in an equal degree by the affliction of her father and the threat of torture, she confesses her guilt, and is condemned to the stake. In the interval, Count Rudiger has been incarcerated by his own father, who, informed of his ignoble attachment through the agency of the commandant, is resolved upon preventing its consummation at any cost. The young lover is thus deterred from taking steps on behalf of his mistress; and it is not until the fourth act—when a serviceable *coup de théâtre* makes the obdurate "heavy-parent" die of the effects of a fall from his horse, and instals Count Rudiger in his place, as "Master of Ravenstein," that the latter is enabled to "rush to the rescue." He arrives with a competent band of armed retainers at the nick of time. Mary is to be burnt on the Streckelberg, the scene of her presumed transactions with the evil one, and she having repulsed the proffered aid of the commandant, she is at that instant awaiting her doom. Another opportune arrival, that of the king, is further instrumental in averting the catastrophe. The result will be anticipated. Mary is saved, the Commandant degraded and banished; Elsie dies, as some interpret it, of chagrin and disappointment, while others, judging by the words which Mr. Chorley has put in the mouth of the Commandant—of poison; and the faithful lovers are made happy.

The cast is as follows:—Mary (daughter of the pastor of Coserow), Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; Elsie (servant to the Commandant), Miss Huddart; Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. Sims Reeves; the Commandant, Mr. Santley; the Pastor, Mr. Patey; Claus (a half-witted postman), Mr. Terrott; the King, Mr. Bartleman.

Of course, the chief interest is centred in Mary, who, in some respects, may be likened to Ninetta, in the *Gazza Ladra*, like her, being falsely accused of a heinous crime, tried, condemned, and spared. Mad. Sherrington sustains the part with great ability, and shows decided improvement on her performance in *Robin Hood*. She sings delightfully throughout, and occasionally with a finish and beauty of voice, that reminds us evep of Jenny Lind; these remembrances, be it understood, are suggested, not when Mad. Sherrington sings the bravuras, but when she sings the simple, unadorned *cantabiles* with which the opera abounds. As a specimen of fine ballad singing, we know little to go beyond the song, "When the elves at eve do pass" (act 3). Mr. Sims Reeves has not a strong part, but he renders it attractive and striking by some of the finest and most expressive singing we ever heard. The long scena in the prison (act 4th) exhibits the great tenor to the most signal advantage, and shows how admirably Mr. Wallace can write for the voice, when he has a real voice to write for. The character Mr. Reeves represents does not excite the most intense interest, but the artist himself enlists universal sympathy for the part he undertakes by the force of his genius. Mr. Santley's Commandant is even inferior to Mr. Reeves's Count; but his fine and powerful singing would make amends for even greater drawbacks in a dramatic point of view. Mr. Terrott is harmonious as the letter-carrier, and Mr. Bartleman enacts the King, with a praiseworthy determination to *look* somebody, at all events.

In conclusion, we have to add that the band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre never achieved higher honours, and that the performance the first night was one of the most perfect we have heard for many years in any theatre.

The English Opera season terminates to-night with the *Amber Witch*. We believe at present it is the intention of Mr. E. T. Smith to carry on the English campaign at Drury Lane with the same principal vocalists who were engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. If so, the "run" of Mr. Wallace's new opera will merely be suspended for a time. Mr. Smith takes a benefit on Tuesday with a Grand Masked Ball.

Royal English Opera.—The success of the *Domino Noir* has gone on increasing from the beginning. Not satisfied with this, however, the directors introduced, on Monday night, as appendix to Auber's opera, Mendelssohn's operetta, *Son and Stranger*, (*Heimkehr*). This exquisite musical *bijou* was first heard in England at the Haymarket Theatre, some ten years ago, but, as may be supposed, somewhat indifferently performed. Nevertheless, all musical London went to hear it, and had it been more efficiently executed, it must have proved eminently attractive. In producing the *Son and Stranger* at Covent Garden, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison committed two errors: First, in making it follow, instead of preceding, the *Domino Noir*. Secondly, in not giving the cast greater significance. In short, it would be hardly fair to pronounce a judgment on the performance under the circumstances. The singers employed in the operetta were Miss Thirlwall (who is admirable), Miss Leffler, Messrs. St. Albyn, Corri, and Horncastle.

The season closes to-night, but two extra performances will be given next week, one on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Harrison, and one on Thursday, for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne.

Royal Dramatic College.—The late Mr. W. Skelton, of Lincoln Villa, St. John's Wood, has left by his will 100*l.* to this charity.

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VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE fifth season was inaugurated on Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The programme was unusually attractive. Among the novelties were two chorales by Luther, harmonised by Sebastian Bach, which, considering the difficulties, the choir sang extremely well. The part-songs were all good, and none was received with greater applause than Mr. Benedict's "Cradle Song" (for twelve ladies), which created an unmistakable sensation. Herr Neithardt's motet for double choir, "Misericordias Domini," although the longest and most pretentious piece in the programme, did not seem to please so much. The Scottish national air, "In the garb of old Gaul," by General Reid, arranged for male voices by Mr. Benedict, was far more successful, in spite of the looseness of the poetry, and its want of harmoniousness.

The instrumental performances comprised Onslow's quintet in C, op. 25, played by the London Quintet Union, Messrs. Dando, Westlake, H. Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds, most excellently, and two pianoforte solos by Miss Arabella Goddard, viz., J. S. Bach's splendid prelude and fugue, *Alla tarantella*, and a new fantasia on English airs, entitled, *Albion*, written expressly for her by Mr. Benedict. How wonderfully Miss Goddard executes Bach's extraordinary composition has already been shown at the Monday Popular Concerts. Mr. Benedict's fantasia—the sister of *Erin* and *Caledonia*—is as melodious and brilliant as either, and will, no doubt, rival them in popularity. The subjects taken are "Pray, Goody, please," from *Midas*, and "Come, if you dare," from Purcell's *King Arthur*, both of which he has used most ingeniously, and with the happiest effect. Miss Goddard's admirable performance of this piece was received with acclamations, and so persistent were the audience that even when she returned to the platform to make her acknowledgment, they would not cease until she had resumed her seat at the piano. Instead, however, of repeating *Albion*, Miss Goddard performed another of Mr. Benedict's captivating fantasias—"Where the bee sucks," which also was received with no less enthusiasm.

The solo vocalists were Miss Banks and Mad. Laura Baxter. The former sang the air with chorus from Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, and joined Mad. Baxter in the duet "Vaghi Colli," from Winter's *Ratto di Proserpino*. Mad. Baxter gave Handel's "Lascio ch' io piange," and the ballad "By the sad sea waves," from Mr. Benedict's opera *The Brides of Venice*. Both ladies sang admirably, and both were honoured with encores — Miss Banks in "Mark the the waves that rippling play" (*Undine*), Mad. Baxter in "By the sad sea waves." The concert terminated with the "National Anthem." The Hall was thronged by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Dr. Wylde commenced his tenth season—or rather the tenth season of the "New Philharmonic Concerts," in St. James's Hall, on Monday night, with an entertainment equal, if not superior, in attraction to any that has been given since he first undertook the sole direction of the performances. A more efficient band, whether strength or numbers be taken into consideration, never obeyed his baton. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* (with which the concert began) was quite enough to prove its excellence. Seldom has this magnificent dramatic prelude been more finely rendered. The piece, however, which most severely tested the capabilities of the orchestra and the readiness of the conductor was the grand symphony in C major of Franz Schubert. This very extraordinary composition, it may be remembered, was introduced last season at one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London, but failed to make an impression at all commensurate with its deserts. This could not be attributed to any weakness in the performance, the band being notoriously one of the best ever assembled in England, and guided, too, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, a conductor about whose eminent ability there are not two opinions. The failure of Schubert must be laid exclusively to the audience, which, at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, is chiefly composed of musicians and amateurs of more or less acquirement, who—we are forced to conclude—whenever a new or unknown work is essayed, attend rather to criticise than to enjoy. Such is not the case at the New Philharmonic Concerts. Dr. Wylde addresses himself to the public at large, and his concerts are patronised by all classes of music lovers. These come prepared to listen with deference and applaud without restraint whatever touches their sympathies, disdaining to inquire into "the reason why." Thus Schubert had a much better chance of appreciation; and his symphony, last night, was almost as great a success as his quartet in D minor recently at the Monday Popular Concerts. In sober truth, this symphony — diffuse as it undoubtedly is, clogged with detail, and so crowded with ideas that the mind is at a loss to grasp them all, while the ear, at times, becomes perplexed no less than satiated — is a work of marvellous originality and power. Its beauties, moreover, are as genuine as they are numerous, and gain rather than lose by closer familiarity. Mendelssohn was not far wrong when he recommended it to the Philharmonic Society, which did itself little credit in ignoring his recommendation. Dr. Wylde, who has shown himself an eclectic in musical taste, was just the man to enter *con amore* into the claims of a composer of genius who, in a great measure, had been neglected. The admirable execution of Schubert's symphony under his baton and the flattering applause it met with from the audience, may be fairly regarded as a new and legitimate triumph for the concerts he directs with such zeal and indefatigability. Whether the expedients to which he resorted for the purpose of abbreviation were altogether defensible must be left an open question. He will probably repeat the symphony, and challenge criticism on this point.

M. Vieuxtemps, in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, was no less successful than in that of Beethoven at the first concert of the Musical Society of London. He played his very best, and was applauded "to the echo." Another concerto — Weber's in E flat, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments — was as good as a novelty, so rarely is it heard in public. The famous *Concertstück* has almost wholly cast it in the shade. It is, nevertheless, too fine a composition to be allowed to rest on the shelf; and its revival was an experiment thoroughly warranted by the result. The extreme mechanical difficulty of the first *allegro* is a stumbling-block in the path of ordinary executants; but the unaffected grace of the slow movement, and the brilliant vivacity of the *finale* — a genuine Weberian effusion—are calculated to charm even uninitiated ears. If performed with ease and fluency, the entire concerto is pretty sure to please, as in every instance where the *ars celare artem* is brought to bear on really plastic material. This was proved last night, when the "reviver" was Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Weber has frequently been shown in her public performances, and who never threw more soul into her task than on the present occasion, and was never rewarded by more hearty and unanimous appreciation. The Concerto in E flat having thus passed the ordeal, the Concerto in C (*not the Concertstück*), which is still more unfamiliar to our pianists, might be looked after with advantage. Dr. Wylde and his orchestra, by the way, are entitled to unqualified praise for the careful manner in which both the violin and the pianoforte concerto were accompanied. The other instrumental pieces were a *bravura* solo by M. Vieuxtemps, and the overture to *Oberon* (why not Cherubini's *Abencerragen*, as originally announced?) which brought the concert to an end.

The vocal music was unexceptionable, consisting of airs from *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and the *Amber Witch*, sung to perfection by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and the "Hunting-chorus" from Haydn's *Seasons*, which has seldom been so well given in a concert-room. Dr. Wylde was warmly welcomed on making his appearance in the orchestra. The hall was crowded.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—One of the most remarkable features of the present day is the increasing taste for music, and, as historians of the past have recorded the ages of iron and of brass, so those of the time we live in shall describe it as the "age of music." The public appetite is insatiable. "If music be the food of love, play on, give me excess of it," says Shakspeare. "Give me excess of it," echo the British public, and the law of supply following inevitably upon that of demand, we have just now such an "excess" as a few years ago could scarcely have been imagined. One of the healthiest signs is the predilection for the works of the great masters, who never so fully asserted their dominion. Take the forthcoming season, of which the active note of preparation is beginning to be heard. The Old Philharmonic, in

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the face of difficulties (which at one time threatened its existence) boasts an unusually large subscription list, and, thanks to the pre-eminent ability of its conductor, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, bids fair to do more than sustain its reputation. To say nothing of the New Philharmonic, which advances steadily and prosperously under the auspices of Dr. Wylde, is there not the young and vigorous Musical Society of London, whose concerts are the theme of universal praise, and reflect the highest honour and credit upon their admirable conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon? Then, turning to chamber music, what city in the world can show anything to match the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall? The unprecedented success of these entertainments says as much for the taste of their constant and numberless patrons, as for the judgment of their able and zealous director, Mr. Arthur Chappell. Last, not least (nor last, by the way, on reflection), the Sacred Harmonic Society invariably tempts crowded audiences to Exeter Hall, to hear the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, the church music of Mozart, Beethoven, &c. Last Friday the attendance was enormous, and at an early hour even standing room unobtainable. The attraction was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Those who were present will not readily forget the very grand performance of this work. From the first chorus, "Help, Lord," to the final hymn, "Praise," all was good, singers and band alike exerting themselves with a strong will which showed their love for the task, and producing a commensurate effect upon their hearers. Miss Parepa never gave the principal soprano music with greater success; her clear, powerful voice and energetic delivery making every point tell. Madame Sainton-Dolby, who was welcomed with the utmost cordiality, sang superbly—indeed we can recall nothing more thoroughly artistic than her delivery of Jezebel's denunciations, or more tranquilly beautiful than "O rest in the Lord," which was rewarded with an "encore" so loud and unanimous that the singer had no alternative but to comply. The trio, "Lift thine eyes," was fortunately not interrupted, as is frequently the case, and consequently the chorus with which it is connected, "He, watching over Israel," was heard to the best advantage. "If ever music," exclaimed a rhapsodist, "deserved the term *heavenly*, it is this"; and could we choose the strains with which we should desire to be wafted from this earthly sphere, it should be this passage of *Elijah*." Madame Laura Baxter, in the air, "Woe unto them," was all that the most fastidious taste could desire; her rich and mellow "alto" contributing materially to the effect of the concerted pieces. Mr. Sims Reeves has so completely identified himself with the tenor music of *Elijah* that his co-operation at every performance is absolutely indispensable. "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," were both given to perfection by this great master of the sacred style, and both created the profoundest sensation. Upon Mr. Santley fell the most arduous labour, and on the whole he has never sustained the character of the Prophet with such impressive dignity, or delivered his music with such power and expression. Mr. Santley's voice is so rich and *musical*, and so thoroughly under control, as wholly to compensate for the want of weight which would be felt in the case of any other baritone singing one of the most trying parts ever composed for a bass. The choruses were everywhere effective, so much so that it would be difficult to single out any of them for special notice. The instruments were no less efficient in the overture and orchestral accompaniments. In short, this was altogether one of the finest performances of Mendelssohn's work that has ever been heard in the metropolis. C.

Plymouth.—(*From a Correspondent.*) The benefit of Mr. Henry Reed, the highly respected musical director of the Theatre Royal, was a "bumper" in every sense of the word. The performance was under the patronage of Colonel Hamilton and the officers of the 12th Regiment. The entertainment consisted of a drama adapted from Verdi's *Trovatore*, entitled, *The Troubadour*, the character of Leonora being sustained by Miss Kate Ranoe, now an immense favourite with the Plymouth audience, and that of Manrico by Mr. James Sullivan. The afterpiece was Mr. Byron's extravaganza of *The Lady of Lyons*. In the course of the evening Mrs. Henry Reed (wife of the *bénéficiaire*, and daughter of the highly respected and very popular manager) played, in first-rate style, a solo on the pianoforte, at the conclusion of which she was loudly and deservedly applauded. T. E. B.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER X.

The troubles and responsibilities of the tour were shared by the manager and his conductor, a jovial little fellow, ready and willing to oblige everybody at any personal inconvenience to himself. As for the artists they gave themselves but little concern about any thing, except their own amusement, and the eating and drinking, which sometimes caused them dissatisfaction. The monotony of Irish cookery does not accord with Italian notions of gastronomy.

The constant recurrence of boiled fowls and haunches of mutton, invariably preceded by a Dublin Bay haddock and the same soup, gave rise to murmurs of discontent which threatened a mutiny.

To think, oh! Randon, that the taxated dainties of thy native land should be refused by the imperious foreigner.

But so it was: they wanted macaroni, and macaroni they must have. A *primo basso* had volunteered to dress it, but had been refused admission to the kitchen. Could not the matter be arranged? The jealous feelings of the cook in possession, were they not to be appeased! Negotiations were commenced, which led ultimately to a satisfactory understanding, based upon the principles of free-trade. The foreigner was admitted and allowed free use of all the kitchen utensils, which, to his honour be it said, he knew how to handle remarkably well.

Whole days he passed in this his favourite occupation, for which he was more adapted than to represent indignant padres and rejected lovers. The basso had evidently been intended by nature for a cook, an artist-cook, one who can make a savoury dish out of almost impossible materials. I see him now as he stood before the fire anxiously watching the progress of the macaroni boiling in the enormous saucepan, which had been bought by the party by subscription for the purpose. A white nightcap and a small napkin round his waist, gave him a far more professional kitchen appearance than the old lady could present, who, with arms a-kimbo, stared in mute astonishment, and, I have no doubt, admiration at the expertness of her new ally. How warm he got over the fire, and what an exertion it was to lift the saucepan off the bars! A triumph, however, was in store for him. He sent the macaroni up to table, and followed it to witness the reception with which it met. What cheering and shouting! The basso never excited such enthusiasm in any opera. He is embraced by the tenor, thanked by the prima donna, and made to place himself, nightcap, apron and all, at the head of the board, where he presides and distributes the macaroni with a dignity becoming the position. Not a word is spoken for some time.

Those who are served are enjoying the treat prepared so artistically by the good-natured basso, others busy themselves in looking to their spoon and fork, and tying napkins over their shirt fronts, preparatory to receiving the delicacy. The plates are at length cleared, and not a single stick of macaroni remains. The basso was from that day appointed head cook to the tour; and in the operas his parts were played by those of his comrades who too well appreciated his talents in the kitchen to allow him to waste his time upon the stage. Nothing now appeared to be required to render the happiness of the party complete. Their only want had been macaroni, and that had been providentially supplied to an extent which satisfied the most inordinate feeder.

Cologne.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—At the last *Soirée* for Chamber-Music, a young pianiste from St. Petersburgh, Mlle. Ingeborg-Starck, who has achieved a certain reputation in Paris and the various Rhenish watering-places, played Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia with Fugue. She gave the fugue admirably, but her rendering of the sonata failed to impress not merely the general public but likewise competent judges. Beethoven's violin-quartet in C minor (Op. 18, No. 4) obtained, after every movement, enthusiastic applause. At the band rehearsal on Thursday, Herr Schmidt, from Moscow, proved himself a thoroughly good violoncellist. He created, as stated, the applause no less of the members of the orchestra, than of the amateurs present, by his execution of a concerto by Romberg and a fantasia, with variations, by Servais. Herr Schmidt is very young, and there is every prospect of his attaining a high position.

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A MOTHER'S FOREBODINGS.*

(*Lines for Music.*)

By John Young.

If Life's changing currents flow tranquilly by,
And soothe thy young heart as they roam,
'Twill recall each joy spent 'neath this clear purple sky,
That arches in beauty thy now sunny home.
If Care swell their tides, and thy firm bark of love
Be torn from Hope's anchor of peace,
All these sweet recollections thy bosom will move,
And sorrow but tend to increase.

It were not for me to bring clouds o'er thy heart,
They'll rise in the future too soon,
I would rather thy morning of life, ere we part,
Pass free from those clouds which may shadow its noon.
Yet surely I know that, when life's wayward stream
Glides smoothly, thought sleeps at the oar,
'Tis our moment of danger, we wake from our dream,
A wreck on Adversity's shore.

Organ in the Parish Church of Saint Lawrence, Ludlow, rebuilt by Messrs. Gray and Davison, in 1860, according to the plan proposed by the Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mr. Davison, organ builder, and Mr. Bartholomew, organist of the church. Cost of re-erection and additions 1000*l.*

Compass, Manuals CC to G Pedals CCC to E.

SOLO ORGAN.

1. Grand tuba through, metal, 8 feet.
2. Harmonic flute, to tenor C., metal, 8 feet.
*3. Cornet, to middle C., metal, 4 ranks.

SWELL ORGAN.

1. Bourdon, wood, 16 feet.
*2. Open diapason, metal, 8 feet.
3. Keraulophon, to tenor C., metal, 8 feet.
*4. Stop diapason bass, wood, 8 feet.
*5. Stop diapason treble, wood, 8 feet.
*6. Principal, metal, 4 feet.
7. Fifteenth, metal 2 feet.
8. Mixture, metal, 2 ranks.
9. Cornopean, metal, 8 feet.
*10. Oboe, metal 8 feet.
2 Composition pedals and tremulant by pedal.

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Double stop diapason, wood, 16 feet.
*2. Open diapason, metal, 8 feet.
*3. Stop diapason bass, wood, 8 feet.
*4. Stop diapason treble, wood, 8 feet.
5. Spitz flute, to tenor C., metal, 8 feet.
*6. Principal, metal, 4 feet.
*7. Twelfth, metal, 3 feet.
*8. Fifteenth, metal, 2 feet.
*9. Sesquialtra, metal, 3 ranks.
*10. Furniture, metal, 3 ranks.
11. Trumpet, metal, 8 feet.
12. Clarion, metal, 4 feet.
3 Composition pedals.

CHOIR ORGAN.

*1. Open diapason, metal, 8 feet.
*2. Dulciana, metal, 8 feet.
*3. Stop diapason bass, wood, 8 feet.
*4. Stop diapason treble, wood, 8 feet.
*5. Principal, metal, 4 feet.
*6. Flute, wood, 4 feet.
7. Piccolo, wood, 2 feet.
8. Clarinet, to tenor C., metal, 8 feet.

PEDAL ORGAN.

*1. Open diapason, wood, 16 feet.
2. Violon, metal, 16 feet.
3. Bourdon, wood, 16 feet.
4. Principal, metal, 8 feet.
5. Fifteenth, metal, 4 feet.
6. Trombone, wood tubes, 16 feet.

COUPLERS.

1. Choir to pedals.
2. Great to pedals.
3. Swell to pedals.
4. Swell to great.
5. Choir to great.
6. Solo to great.
7. Swell to choir.

The stops marked thus * were in the old instrument, by Snetzler, given by the late Right Honorable Henry Arthur Earl of Powis, in 1764.

NB. The compass of Snetzler's instrument was Gt and Ch 4½ octaves, G to E, Sw to tenor C only, and 1½ octaves of G pedals.

Hanover. — Herr Augustus Kömpel, the violinist, has resigned his place in the Royal orchestra, and intends spending some time in a professional tour. Herr Kömpel played a piece by his master, Spohr, at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, last season.

* These words are copyright.

Letters to the Editor.

Sir,—I beg to forward you an acrostic on Miss Stephens, the once so celebrated vocalist. It is one of the best of its kind I have ever seen, and has never as yet appeared in print. If you could find a corner for it in the Musical World, I think it would amuse many of the elder portion of your readers, and call back to their memories the great effects Miss Stephens used to produce in her favourite songs.

Alfred Kew,

(*A reader of the* Musical World *for the last twenty years*).

S he sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
T hat to the tones ten thousand thoughts there thrill.
E lysian ecstacies enchant each ear,
P leasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer;
H ushing high hymns, heaven hears her harmony,
E arth envy aids enthralled each ear, each eye,
N umbers need ninefold nerve, nor nearly name
S oul-stirring Stephens, sure seraphs sing the same.

[How about the *a* ("aids") in the sixth line?—Ed. *M. W.*]

"Sir,—I take the liberty of troubling you with a hint which, perhaps, if made known, might be the means of doing good. I think that if the managers or lessees of the London theatres were to have a box conspicuously placed near the pay place, many persons would contribute to it. I have frequently noticed that when, one is pleasantly enjoying him or herself, his better nature is touched with the misfortunes of his poorer fellow-creatures. I have no hesitation in saying, that if such a thing were done as I have named, by the liberality of our managers of the various theatres, that a large sum of money would be collected, and such amount might be distributed among such portion of the class as was most deserving of it. I offer this hint to the kind consideration of the managers themselves, knowing that through their sympathetic labours many a weary one has been comforted and sent on his way rejoicing.—I am, sir, yours, very obediently, F. M. M."

THE STORM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Sir,—I regret to have to inform you that during the gale which raged here with excessive violence between 6 and 7 o'clock last evening, the square block which formed the termination of the north wing of the Palace was blown down, carrying with it a portion of the corridor which led to it, and in which the poultry shows have been recently held. Both block and corridor were empty, with the exception of a few garden-seats and trestles stowed there during the winter. No personal injury has taken place, nor has anything been damaged, except the shell of that portion of the structure above mentioned. The main building and the other portions of the company's property are entirely uninjured.

"I may add that the block in question, and its companion at the opposite end of the terrace, were originally designed to carry the tanks for playing some of the fountains. But this idea having been at an early period abandoned, the upper story remained without the weight intended to steady it, and was therefore more subject to the action of the wind. The south block was reduced in height last year, when it was added to the refreshment department, and it was in the contemplation of the directors to do the same by the other.

"It appears that the wind must have first taken the upper part of the block, and that this, in its fall, brought down the adjoining corridor; but as the accident happened after the closing of the building, no precise particulars are known as to the manner of its occurrence.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"G. GROVE, Secretary.

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Reviews.

"*A Collection of Sanctuses, Kyries, and Doxologies*"—selected and arranged by J. E. RICHARDSON (Aylward, Salisbury; Cocks and Co., London).

A worthy offering to the Right Rev. Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, on the part of the assistant organist of Salisbury cathedral. Themajority of the *Sanctuses* and *Kyries* comprised in this rich and very interesting collection are now (as Mr. Richardson himself informs us), for the first time published, having been appropriated from the MSS. belonging to the Cathedral. The editor would have done well, we think, to indicate in each particular instance the pieces thus derived. We might fairly devote a column to the contents of this handsome little volume, but have really so much on hand, that a few words must suffice. A "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" in E flat, by Mr. C. W. Lavington (organist of Wells Cathedral), inaugurates the work with good harmony and true devotional expression. A "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" in G, by Mr. E. Bunnett, Mus. Bac. (assistant organist of Norwich Cathedral) is clever, but not written with the same purity as its precursor. The style of the harmonisation is here occasionally rather of the French Opera than of the English Church. Two valuable specimens of Weldon (who died in 1736), and Bortniansky, the Russian composer, of whom a good deal has been said of late, come next. The former is a short and solemn "Sanctus" in F, the latter, in E flat, a smooth and melodious setting of the Greek "Kyrie Eleison." Mr. Richardson himself, too, offers a very favourable example of his acquaintance with the legitimate ecclesiastical style in the shape of a "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" in F, the melody of which is judiciously unornate, the harmony neat, correct and effective. The "Sanctus" from Spohr's *Last Judgment*; specimens of W. B. Earle, and Travers, both composers of the last century; a well-written "Kyrie," by Mr. A. J. Corfe (organist of Salisbury Cathedral); a smooth "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" by H. Sandford; a "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" bearing the name of Jomelli, whose once famous *Chaconne* in E flat serves for music to both movements (a somewhat questionable expedient); "a Sanctus" and "Kyrie," in E, from the respected pen of Dr. J. Elvey; a valuable example of John Reading (organist of Winchester Cathedral, died in 1692); a melodious, though somewhat florid "Sanctus" and "Kyrie," in E, by Thomas Attwood (Mozart's pupil, and late organist of St. Paul's Cathedral), one of the best things in the book; a very nice "Kyrie," by Bishop (once organist of Windsor Cathedral—who died in 1737); a somewhat dry "Sanctus," beginning in A minor and ending in C major, by Graun, composer of the once celebrated *Tod Jesu*; a vigorous "Kyrie," by C. King (who died in 1748); together with other contributions from Mr. Corfe, the Rev. Mr. Caley, Mr. Edward Lear, Mr. H. Sandford, and Mr. C. B. Wollaston; are all more or less deserving attention. Nevertheless, we have said as much as we can find room for; and must conclude with a word of unqualified approval for the six "Doxologies," at the end of the volume, which are exclusively from the pen of Mr. J. E. Richardson.

"*The Ball-room Music Book*," for the pianoforte (Boosey and Sons). This splendid volume contains no less than 50 waltzes, 40 polkas, 10 galops, 12 sets of quadrilles, two "Varsovianas," and two schottisches, among the best and most sparkling of their kind, and from some of the most popular dance-composers of the day. Such a publication as "*The Ball-room Music Book*" is not to be criticised; but happily, standing in no need of criticism, it may be commended without reserve.

"*Oberon*," *grand duo*—WILHELM GANZ (Chappell and Co.); "*Guillaume Tell*," *grand duo*—do. (do. do.); "*Paroles d'Amour*," *romance*—do. (do. do.); "*Le Bonheur suprême*," *nocturne mélodique*—do. (do. do).

These pieces have little pretension to novelty of any kind. They are, however, very well done. In the duets, which are brilliant and tolerably easy at the same time, Herr Ganz has shown excellent discretion in selecting themes from Weber and Rossini, and has manufactured a couple of dainty *pot-pourris*. He has also, with "*Le Bonheur suprême*," evinced a "*bonheur suprême*" in imitating (designedly?) an air sung by Maria, in the last act of *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Apart from this quasi-plagiarism, the piece is unquestionably attractive. The *Paroles d'Amour*, too, are expressed in a strain which bears so close an affinity (melodically, be it understood) with *Lied* No. 2, Book 4, of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and is, moreover, pitched in the same key (E flat), that we cannot think the resemblance wholly accidental. Apart from this quasi-plagiarism, &c. &.

"*Romanza*," for violoncello and pianoforte—by EDWARD THURNAM (Cocks and Co.)

Moderately difficult and extremely well written for both instruments. The *romanza* is prefaced by a few bars of introduction. The principal movement—"*andante grazioso e cantabile*"—is based on a smooth and melodious theme, calculated to display the tone of a ready violoncellist to as good advantage as the passages introduced further on are likely to show off his execution. The movement is conducted on a regular plan, and is agreeable and interesting from first to last. (By the way, have we not already noticed this piece? Our memory does not serve us; perhaps Mr. Thurnam's may be more retentive).

"*Nydia*," romance for the pianoforte—by HENRY W. GOODBAN (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas). The opening of this graceful little movement is much in the style of some of Henselt's romances, and might have been signed "Henselt" without any danger of its authenticity being brought into question. The theme is just as carefully worked out as it is fresh and melodious. The middle part, or episode (in the subdominant), pleases us less, although by no means devoid of merit. The return of the first subject, however, is as welcome as the sun breaking through a cloudy atmosphere, when the gloom of overhanging vapour has become a trifle monotonous. Bravo! Mr. H. W. Goodban. Write more, and prosper!

Answer with a smile, ballad—words by HENRY THURSTON THOMPSON, music by HENRY W. GOODBAN (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas). The words of this ballad are pretty and unaffected, and the music to which they are allied is precisely and appropriately in the same strain. Moreover, the ballad is a *singable* ballad, wherein it fulfils one of the most indispensable conditions of ballad music.

"*Solitude*," *andante pour pianoforte*—FERDINAND ALBERT JANECK, op. 9 (Ashdown and Parry). A song without words, neatly finished, graceful in feeling, and only chargeable with want of variety. An instant's pause in the triplet accompaniment, and a thought less of B minor in the middle would be a decided improvement. Nevertheless, allowing even for a little monotony, "*Solitude*" in the present case is by no means "bitter," but rather brief and sweet.

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"*The Harp that once through Tara's Halls*," transcribed for the pianoforte—by JULES BRISSAC. (Ashdown and Parry.)

"Molly Astore" appears to great advantage in this transcription. She is brilliantly decked out, and yet in such a manner as not to puzzle those who wish to scrutinise and admire her charms. *Bref*—Mr. Jules Brissac can write music that is effective and showy without being at all difficult. The "transcription" before us is an instance in point. But why, in the name of Daniëlis of Bondael—whose house was submitted to the Chapter of Gronendael, four centuries and a half since—"transcription?" Why "transcription," when it is not "transcription" but *variation*?

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

PATTEN (W.) Six Anthems (Vocal).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

GLOVER (STEPHEN) "Consuelo and Haydn" (Vocal).
FILBY (W. C.) "The Mariner's Evening."
BARTON (HENRY) "The Charlotte Waltz Song." (Pianoforte).
RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Annie o' the banks o' Dee" (ditto).
Ditto, "My mother's gentle word" (ditto).
WRIGHT (ADAM) "As you like it polka" (ditto).
WEST (G. F.) "Le Rayon du Soleil" (ditto).
RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Warblings at eve" (Pianoforte Duet).

J. H. JEWELL.

FILBY (W. C.) "Pensées joyeuses" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "La Volée des Oiseaux" (ditto).
Ditto, "Past, present, and future" (Vocal).
Ditto, "The infant's prayer" (ditto).

R. W. OLLIVIER.

HARVEY (R. F.) "M'apparì tutt' amor" (Pianofore).
THOMAS (HAROLD) "Dream of a far off land" (ditto).
"Wave spray" (ditto).
"Album Leaves Waltzes" (ditto).

WEBER'S CONCERTO IN E FLAT.—Miss Arabella Goddard—who, in addition to her great powers as a performer, has the happy faculty of never failing to give either beauty or novelty, in fact generally both, to the subjects she selects—performed Weber's concerto in E flat—a work less known than some, but equally possessing the charms of romance, brilliancy, and tenderness, with almost every one of Weber's compositions. Too high praise cannot be given to her pure and delicate execution of each movement of this charming work, so expressive, as well in its most brilliant as in its most tender passages, and marked in each by the most touching grace and tenderness, every phrase of which was perfectly rendered by the executant.—*Morning Herald.*

ITALIAN FREEDOM AND ITALIAN ART.—The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera gives us little to expect in the way of new operas. Indeed one only is promised—the latest production of Verdi—*Il Ballo in Maschera*, which, during the past year, has had considerable success in Italy. Verdi, the last of the Italian dramatic composers, has sacrificed his vocation on the altar of politics. Having become an ardent liberal and a Sardinian deputy, he has, it is said, abandoned the musical stage, and has left no successor. Will Italian freedom revive Italian art? Let us hope it may: and in the mean time we have glorious and abundant works of Italian art to fall back upon, could our theatrical *impresarii* only be induced to do so. How much better it would be than the present practice of supplying the opera stage with French and German pieces done into Italian!—*Daily News.*

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—These young ladies whose duet singing is of such remarkable merit as to have attained an extraordinary continental celebrity, will not visit London during the ensuing season. Several "enterprising *entrepreneurs*" have placed the most tempting offers before them, but their engagements in the principal cities of France are so numerous that the Demoiselles Marchisio have been forced to decline all negotiations.

NOTHING LIKE LEARNING.—"What a lot of money Mounseer Scribe made by his plays," said the Wiscount to Sir Plymouth Sound. "He didn't make it by his plays," replied the member for Brighton; "he says in his motto *Inde Fortuna*, which means that he made his fortune in Indy." "Oh!" said the Wiscount.—*Punch.*

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

March 21, 1861.

I MENTIONED in my last a new opera buffa in one act at the Théâtre Lyrique, called *Les Deux Cadis*, of which all I stated was that it had been perfectly successful. I propose now to trace you a little sketch of the piece, which is sufficiently amusing, and has given occasion for a promising *début* on the part of the composer, M. Ymbert. The two Cadis, to whom the title refers, are two of the most unmitigated scoundrels that even Eastern civilisation could produce, devoting their leisure evenings, after the fatigue of taking bribes all day in the discharge of their magisterial duties, to the more direct robbery of the Caliph's lieges on the highways in the environs of Bagdad. Unfortunately a traveller, whom they had stript in the most careful way of every valuable thing about him, turns out to be the son of the Grand Vizier. It so happens also that the Prince, thus travelling *incognito*, has fallen in love with the daughter of one of these Cadis, Bakbarok by name, to whom he presents himself the next day in the character of a ruined fisherman, desirous to become his slave. Having thus got a footing in the household of one Cadi, he presents them both with a missive, sealed with the imperial signet, commanding them forthwith to discover the robbers who had stript the Grand Vizier's son. In a panic, they dress up the slave in the rich spoils of their victim, pretending to be loading him with gifts. He is then arrested and condemned to death by the Cadis, on the strength of his possession of the stolen property, when he reveals his identity by the usual sign—a birth-mark on his left arm. The Cadis believe their last hour has come, but the marriage of the prince with Bakbarok's daughter settles everything amicably, and the curtain descends, leaving a fixed impression, that if the two Cadis have escaped the rope this time, it is only that it may be more surely and tightly fastened round their necks hereafter. There has also been a pleasant trifle produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, called *La Servante de Nicolas*, the music of which is by M. Erlanger, and the words by MM. Desarres and Nuitter. Nicolas is a peasant, whose uncle has left him his property, as is supposed, on condition he should not marry. Of course nobody will marry the luckless youth, who, in despair, espouses his own servant. It is then discovered that a codicil to the will adds that the property is to go to whomsover Nicolas shall marry, as it will be certain that she has not become his wife out of interest. The music is generally graceful and pleasing, and sometimes original. Mad. Chabert, as the servant, is a pattern for the class which, to all appearance, has so much deteriorated of late. Before quiting the lyrical theatres I have to announce the forthcoming production, at the Théâtre Lyrique, of a new opera by M. Reyer, in three acts and six tableaux, entitled *La Statue*. Next week *Gil Blas* will be revived, and Mlle. Girard will appear in the principal part. *Orphée* will also be revived for a few nights, with Mad. Pauline Viardot. The *Val d'Andorre* will be unavoidably interrupted in its most successful run in consequence of engagements contracted by the principal performers.

A report has been published in the *Moniteur*, drawn up by M. Hiltorf, a member of the Institute, giving the result of the labours of the jury charged with examining the plans submitted by the competing architects for a new Opera House. The report concludes thus:—"Having reached the term of their mission, the jury regret that their desire to award the grand prize could not be realised, and express their hope that a competition may be opened among the authors of the five best designs, to be rewarded by the execution of the building. In expressing this wish the committee believe they are ensuring the justice of the final choice, and leading to the realisation of the hope that Paris will possess an Opera House worthy of the capital of France." I alluded in my last to an application made by M. Lindau, one of the translators of the book of *Tannhäuser*, to have his name printed in the bills. It is now definitively decided that no other name than that of Herr Wagner as sole author of the music and poem of *Tannhäuser* shall so appear. Now that the German bard's great work has, after the excessive pother made about it, turned out a ridiculous fiasco, no one will regret this decision. The same evening that

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Tannhäuser was produced, Henri Herz had fixed on for his grand concert, and the salle in the Rue Victoire exhibited no signs on the occasion of a powerful attraction in another direction. The long-famed pianist was assisted by Mad. Grisi, Signor Badiali, and M. Servais, erewhile crowned in the back office of a French musical journal, "Emperor of the Violoncello." But why this carnival joke should survive Shrove-Tuesday I cannot divine. M. Servais must have enemies. But to our old friend, Henri Herz; he bravely acquitted himself of his lion's share in the programme, and presented his well-ripened artistic skill in every variety of light—Grand Concerto—a new one of his own with orchestra and chorus; Reverie; *Turantella*—eke new, Grand Sonata; *Clochette;* the entire and complete panoply of a brave knight of the grand piano. So much for the music of the present; and if it defy ostentatiously fearless the music of the future, let us record that it paid loyal homage to that of the past by the execution of the overture to *Don Giovanni*. Paris is at this moment as full of fierce lions as an Indian jungle. "They are of the species, *leo claviferieris* or key-smiting lion, a very terrible and obscene beast, striking terror in them that behold or hear him afar off, and raising in the breast likewise many dolorous pangs. I have an aguish fear of them, a quotidian tremor, for they be foul beastes every one and fearful. With their fore paws, which they do handle very swift to the right and to the left and crosswise, they do fear and maul, pound and pash their prey that it is an agony to see and to hear. Great gouts of sweat they do scatter the while from their fronts and chaps, humecting the earth far around as a dog that quitteth the water, their eyes very fiery and rolling. The bloudy arena of the Romans had no spectacle more appalling. I am told they have all come of one stock, an ould lion that hath retired him to the Black Forest or thereabout, where he is kept in a great cave for the sport of a prince and many ladies of his court. Fanby or Franz I think they classed him, and sure he hath many whelps issued of his loins, and marked so with his fell likeness, that he might vainly deny them his. The chief mark or feature of this prowling and savage beast is his mane, or as some do call it *Etude Pathétique*, composed of many horned hairs matted hideously one within another, which he doth shake portentously, filling the air with piteous sounds. The next mark or feature is his tail, long, and twisted curiously, with a frisking mesh at the end thereof, and this some do call *Tarantella*, and it is used by them with many quick lashes, as a cow doth driving the flies from her hide, but the lashes be quicker, so that it is scarce possible to see the motives thereof, albeit they do miss many flies, they seem to aim at which is called 'dropping of notes.' When they have very full manes and long tails and wag these quickly, they are very dangerous. So that has come to be a cant saying, 'Doth he wag his tail? Then I am a lost man!' From divers foreign countries have these roaming and fearful quadrupeds — or quadrumanes, I should say, for their two hands be equal to any four in strength and valliance — assembled in this fair citie. *Exempli gratiâ*, one very fierce and eke foul out of Germânia, hight Hans de Bulow — another out of Italia, hight Perelli, a most shaggy and obscene beast, right horrid to behold and hear his mad lashings — another native unto the French soil, Emile Forgues, his name with a most terrible mane (*Etude Pathétique*), and a tail (*tarantella*) whereof no end,—and many more there be no less wild and voracious, (*croque-notes*) which it were tedious to enumerate, and little profitable." Thus far the true and faithful chronicler Sir Kay de la Plume-mal-taille.

I learn from a German paper that Count Hans Harrach has offered two prizes, of 600 florins each, for two operas in two acts, and two more prizes of the value of 200 florins for the texts thereunto requisite, in the Tscheque language. What is the Tscheque language? I will offer a prize (my blank tscheque on Aldgate pump) to any one who will answer this. A most persuasive language the Tscheque, I opine. And I know many tongues (ladies') which the Tscheque would suit indifferently well. But to these operas. One is to be based on a historical subject, and the other on the ordinary life of the Sclavonian people either in Bohemia, Moravia, or Silesia. Verdi's latest production, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, is on the grand tour. It was lately played at Madrid, and the cast included the following artists: Mads. Julienne Dejean, De Meric, Lablache, and Sarolta, and MM. Fraschilli and Geraldini—all of whom were selected by Verdi himself, for the performance of his work. A Spanish paper speaks in the warmest terms of Mad. Dejean, and of Fraschilli and Geraldini, and represents the lady to have exhibited an amount of dramatic power and *entraînement* which produced a startling effect. It must be remembered, however, that a few degrees of latitude greatly modify æsthetical impressions. A pair of twin stars have dawned of late over the musical horizon—the brother songsters Lyonnet, of whom the Belgian papers recount marvellous things, in the execution of that peculiar natural product, the *chansonnette*, which is their *spécialité*. The *chansonnette* is not to me an admirable thing. It bears the same relation to a *chanson* that a *chemisette* does to a *chemise*. It is only half a song — an undeveloped namby-pambyism, and makes up for deficient substance by a frill of outrageous affectation. I love not such songlets, and will avoid the Lyon-nets (little lions), who warble them, warble they them ever so sweetly.

M. B. Damcke—the Beethoven Damcke of critical notoriety, who took part in the Galitzin controversy concerning the three Galitzin posthumous quartets—is now in Paris, and lately convoked an assembly of musicians, critics, and amateurs to hear his own productions. Critics are so often open to the charge of not being producers, that when one bears his back to the lash he has wielded with frequency and effect, there is sure to be no lack of attention to the fact. Well, M. Damcke has passed the ordeal triumphantly. His music is pronounced to be excellent, simple, impressive, and even grand, marked by pure and sweet melody, and entirely free from any species of affectation. A thorough pianist in art, all feats of skill, all thundering chords and lightning variations are scrupulously omitted.

The first volume of the correspondence of Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, reaching from 1830 to 1832, is announced for speedy publication. These letters are dated from France, Italy and England, and much curiosity, both in the literary and artistic world, is felt to read the unaffected effusions of the heart and mind of this great and excellent man. We fear, however, much disappointment will be the result, not because the thoughts and opinions of that large and highly-cultured intellect are likely to fall below the high standard his renown must cause him to be judged by, but because these letters will have undergone, there can be little doubt, such a decimatory and castratory process at the hands of his morbidly timid family—that they will be reduced to mere *caput mortuum*—all the life and spirit of them which would consist in his free judgments and appreciations of contemporary artists carefully eliminated. Would that he had appointed a literary and musical executor out of this nest of sensitive plants!

I conclude with a statement of the gross receipts of all places of entertainment during the month of February last past: —

Imporial theatres subsidised . . .	493,563fr. 72c.
Second-rate theatres for vaudeville and light performances	964,048fr. 95c.
Concerts, dramatic concerts, café-concerts, balls, ...	277,868fr. 95c.
Various exhibitions	15,880fr. 95c.
Total	1,751,361fr. 62c.

About 70,000*l*. The receipts of the Opéra Comique on Thursday in *mi-carême* amounted to 6,700fr., or 268*l*. The attraction was Auber's new opera, *La Circassienne*.

Lo! Another lion from the Hyrcanian forests—Alfred Jaell. To be seen alive, at Erard's concert room, March the 26th. Walk in! walk in! *Ave Imperator! ne réveillez pas le lion qui dort.* Wake not the sleeping Jael, rather call for Sisera, otherwise it will be Jael and Sisera with a vengeance!—Yours,

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

Princess's Theatre.—Mr. Augustus Harris, who, as lessee and manager of the Princess's Theatre, has deservedly gained the support of the public and the estimation of his professional friends, announces his benefit for this evening. The entertainments will be selected from all that has proved most attractive during his management, and comprise the talents of the most popular members of his company.

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"TANNHAUSER" IN PARIS.*

IMPRIMIS:—On the approach of Passion Week, considering it a duty to place ourselves in a state of grace before *Tannhäuser*, we demanded absolution for all we might have said, written, or thought, about the Music of the Future; in a word, we gave full scope to piety, and concluded an armistice with what was repulsive to us. Nay, the better to report the impression produced on the audience generally, and ourselves in particular, we felt bound to entrust the analysis of the score to a strictly musical pen, which will examine every single piece, or, rather, recitative, down to the slightest details of the score. This analysis will form the basis of a second article. Our colleague, Paul Bernard, has consented to undertake the delicate and laborious task. Thus, free from anxiety, we entered the theatre with the resolution of yielding not only to our own impressions but also to those of our neighbours. We belong to those who, in matters of art, do not exclude impulse, and, without absolutely sacrificing at the shrine of mere vulgar popularity, protest against music especially intended to flatter the egotism of a few individuals of ethereal or metaphysical temperament, who indulge in the strange pretension of seeing and appreciating, half a century in advance, that which, according to their belief, our grandchildren will be compelled to admire. In our opinion, the essence of music consists in the charm and sentiment of melody, which is intimately connected with harmony, the one, indeed, being inseparable from the other. If the hearer is neither pleased nor moved to the heart, the composer has lost his cause; he may dazzle, surprise, and even interest, but without securing *a Future for his music*. Now, let us ask the audience present at the Opera, on Wednesday last, whether they were once really moved during the evening? In the absence of that profound emotion which seizes an entire assembly, were they charmed by any new and striking trait of melody, or harmony, or both?—by any uncommon effect of instrumentation?—by any fresh rhythmical construction? Assuredly no. To speak plainly, they were over-excited by an orchestration invariably noisy, by laboured and interminable dissonances; by complications without end as without evident purpose, by superfluous conglomeration of details, by monotonous abuse of the first string of the fiddles, and a superabundance of recitative, tending to produce a dangerous state of torpitude among the audience.

"I have survived it!" exclaimed a robust and well-known *feuilletoniste*, at the end of the last grand rehearsal; how many intrepid *dilettanti* and strong-minded women were able to say as much after the first performance! And yet what compensation to the eye—a compensation of which the mind, the heart, and the ear stood equally in need—was offered by the appearance of the house; by the boxes, which wore a festive air; by the presence of the Emperor and that of the entire diplomatic body, and by the eagerness of the notable persons from all parts who had come to witness the performance. How magnificent, too, was the *mise-en-scène*; what marvels were lavished upon the Music of the Future, by the genius of contemporary art! Assuredly, Herr Wagner will not complain of want of hospitality on the part of the Imperial Academy of Music. If it is impossible for him to be equally satisfied with the public, the reason is to be found in causes inherent to the system of which he believes himself to be the messiah. A *gran maestro* recently said to him, "You are very fortunate in being able to write *new music*; may the public be with you! If they declare against you, be a martyr; viewed in a proper light, the death of a martyr is both enviable and glorious!"

Now, in the opinion of the public, the author of *Tannhäuser* is "going in" for *martyrdom*. It is evident to every one that the talent, the lofty character, and the broad style of certain pages of the work, indicate the hand of a great musician (!); that the general plan of the story declares both a thinker and a poet; but that the musician, the thinker, and the poet have come to an understanding among themselves to perpetrate a *homily*, sacrificing form to matter, matter to form, to develop superabundantly the recitatives of Gluck, without the concise and profoundly dramatic genius of their creator!

Thus much for the vocal part. With regard to the orchestration, it was unanimously condemned, from box to box and from stall to stall—as the simultaneous negation of temperance, charm and harmonious effect—an avalanche of notes, descending tediously and pitilessly on the musical desert of Herr Wagner's background. The "March of the Knights" in the first act, the "Chorus of Pilgrims," the *andante* of the septet, and the first part of the *finale* to the second act, are equally grand and beautiful (!); but by what title are they found in *Tannhäuser*, unless as irrefutable protests against the work in its entirety! This is what the public failed to understand, while greeting, in too reserved a manner, the self-condemnation of the offender. Is not the march a worthy sister of the marches in the *Prophète*, the *Juive*, and *Sémiramis*? Is not the *andante* a fragment that Bellini and Donizetti might have signed, allotting to the singers what Herr Wagner has allotted to the violins? Is not the "Chorus of Pilgrims," with its characteristic accompaniment, a page from the genius of Weber? Only Weber would have *stopped in time*; he would never have developed, to satiety, under every shape, and during three eternal acts, a mere formula of accompaniment—no matter how beautiful—which in the very overture, is as indefinitely prolonged, as the transatlantic cable itself—that gigantic hyphen between the Old and New Worlds.

To sum up our impressions, or, rather, the impressions of the public: while doing justice—often inwardly, it is true—to the talent of the author of *Tannhäuser*, even to the genius imprinted upon certain pages, they condemned by their silence, their exclamations, their laughter, and occasionally by their hisses, the excess of a system, of which *Tannhäuser* is no more than the modified, or, rather, nascent expression—if we go back to the origin of the movement in Germany. Had the audience preserved an unbroken silence throughout the opera, as they did during the first act, they would have adopted a still more dignified course. But how was it possible to endure philosophically the bravos of a *claque*, whose services, it was reported, had been nobly declined? This led to antagonistic demonstrations from the impartial listeners, which, it must be confessed, were much to be regretted.

From all that occurred, it may be concluded that Paris, the capital of the arts, whatever Germany and Italy may think (!) is resolved not to follow dreamers and atheists in their so-called discoveries: that, definitively, all who possess a feeling and taste for music, without refusing to acknowledge the new conquests of real genius, are by no means ready to disown the past, or to abandon recognised masterpieces, to ignore their Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Rubens, for the sake of an imaginary something, which is to delight a century hence, but is intolerable now.

To conclude with a word or two about the performers. Mlle. Marie Sax, Mad. Tedesco, MM. Morelli, Cazaux, and Niemann (the titular accomplice of Herr Richard Wagner), may fairly exclaim, "All is lost, except honour!" They could not possibly have exhibited more conscientious resignation in fulfilling the ungrateful task that devolved upon them. It was really worth while to see these intrepid mariners avoiding, to the best of their power, the rocks so plenteously studded about the Ocean of Recitative; to behold them steering, without a compass, through inextricable concerted pieces, and braving unexpected squalls of orchestration, even in the progress of the most insignificant details. Mlle. Sax is an Elizabeth without a flaw, and worthy, in all respects, of a better lot. Mad. Tedesco was a superb Venus, substantial to behold; the eye was satisfied, but that was all. M. Cazaux, as the Landgraf Hermann, gave full scope to his paternal notes. M. Morelli sang the character of Wolfram like an Italian *de bonne source*; while M. Niemann responded, like a stalwart Teuton as he is, disturbed, however, by occasional qualms of home-sickness. Great care should be taken in the transplantation of certain artists. Acclimatisation is in frequent instances impossible. M. Niemann is an example in point. His face is expressive and *distingué*, but monotonous; his voice, although some of the notes are not deficient in dramatic power, is marked by the same character of monotony; in a word, we regret our inability to recognise in him those qualities which should go to make up the standard of our first lyric theatre. M. Niemann appears to ignore the art of singing just as Herr Wagner disowns that of form and melody in music.

We are assured, however, that the German tenor enjoys a high

* Translated and abridged from *Le Ménéstrel*.

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reputation on the other side of the Rhine. But were there not equally flattering reports of *Tannhäuser* itself, which has, nevertheless, been condemned at more than one theatre in Germany, before receiving its "quietus" in Paris?

We have still the orchestra and chorus to speak of. Their admirable discipline reflected the highest credit on MM. Dietsch and Victor Massé, conjointly with M. Vauthrot, who had devoted the greatest care to the vocal department. While M. Dietsch found among his friends some who were opposed to his intention of retaining at any price the conductor's bâton, advisers equally well intentioned reproached Herr Wagner with desiring to burn his ships without reserving for himself the means of retreat. Besides, would it have been prudent to brave in person unfavourable demonstrations directed only against the work, its weaknesses, its excesses, representing, in a word, the constituent elements of what every one reasonably styles the system of the *Music of the Future*? We are well aware that Herr Richard Wagner takes exception to this denomination of his apostleship; but how are we to designate music so far beyond the intelligence of contemporary French musicians, music destined, according to its disciples, to mark a new era —at some late period, as far off, let us hope, as possible?

What is said to-day by certain circles even in Paris, and what will be said to-morrow in Germany?—"*Tannhäuser* has not been understood by the Parisians. It has met with the same fate as Beethoven's symphonies.* Now it is against this enormous piece of pretension that Paris protests and is bound to protest. We understood what was comprehensible in *Tannhäuser*; what we have unreservedly condemned, both for the present and the future, is the detestable system it inculcates—a system which would lead to nothing less than the complete negation of that which has hitherto obtained unanimous acceptance as *music*.

J. L. Heugel.

P.S.—We have just been informed that the second representation of *Tannhäuser* has been postponed with the object of affording the orchestra and singers time to become acquainted with the "cuts" and modifications Herr Richard Wagner proposes making. Whatever sentiment may have induced such concessions on his part, the public will thank him, and appreciate all the better the real beauties of the work.

Musical Services.—"Now when liturgies were all in all the happiness of the ancient Church, and the excellency of its pastors in preaching and praying being turned by the lamentable degeneracy of the following ages into chanting and reading, Origen says, the worship of God was fearfully corrupted: the native plainness and simplicity of it, most amicable to God and all that are like him, was vitiated and defaced with the paint and patches of bold and wanton fancies. . . . There was more compliance with the heathen than with the Scripture; and so the Church was far from being, as Origen says, what God, in sending Christ and the Gospel, designed them to be, congregations opposite to the assemblies of the superstitious, &c. The Christian worship was made more ceremonious than that of the Jews, and clogged with more batches of thraldom, whereby the state of Christians was rendered far more intolerable than theirs under the law."—*Clarkson on Liturgies*, 1689. In 1536 "A protest was addressed to Henry VIII. from the clergy of the Lower House against 'the faults and abuses of religion,' in which it is set forth that 'singing and saying of mass, at matins or evensong, is but rorying, howling, whystling, conjuring, and joseling.'"—*Burney's Hist. of Music*, iii. p. 2. This was before the Reformation. For Burnett's opinion see *Phases of Convocation*, p. 125.—P.

Mr. George Collins, our accomplished violoncellist, and M. Rémusat, flautist to the Queen, have been giving a series of concerts on the Continent. At Pau, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, we understand Mr. Collins created quite a sensation by his admirable performances.

* It was the difficult execution of Beethoven's symphonies, at a period when the orchestra of the Conservatory was far from being what it now is, which rendered time indispensable to place these immortal works fairly before the public. But their success has been decided, without having ought to do with the fogs and vapours of the "Future."

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

After having appeared, in the capacity of conductor and pianist, at his first concert exclusively as the interpreter of the Lisztian muse, Herr Carl Tausig gave a second concert, at which he figured merely as a pianist. Following a plan now very popular and frequently adopted, he gave his programme a historical character by commencing with Sebastian Bach, and concluding with — Liszt. (!) The selection of the pieces played by Herr Tausig does not prove that he has been inspired by the more essential qualities of the great masters — I allude to Bach and Beethoven — for neither Bach's organ-fugue (in B minor, arranged by Liszt for the pianoforte), nor Beethoven's three and thirty variations (Op. 36), properly belong to the number of those works which are stamped with the more profound and individual genius of the masters. To make manifest, as one of the initiated, their great qualities to the masses, a man must first have his artistic taste excited. It appears, however, that Herr Tausig has taken up his position with regard to art, with all the unsatisfactory, unfeeling abjectivity of the genuine *virtuoso*, while his enthusiasm for Liszt excludes, according to universal psychological laws, all possibility of anything like a deep feeling for real art. Besides the above-named pieces, Herr Tausig played Weber's Polonaise in E flat major (Op. 21), a waltz by Chopin, and Liszt's *fantasia* on *Don Juan*. All these compositions he gave without book, (for, in the *virtuoso*-like training of his memory, he is not behind his master Liszt, or his rival Bülow), with iron calm, and without the slightest indication of inward emotion. It is very true that this force of memory, and this easy, sure mastery over the technical material afford indisputable testimony of energy, and are qualities which involuntarily extort appreciation, but on those who are accustomed to listen for the beating of the warm pulse of feeling, and who wish to see the inward fire of passion "purified," as the *Recensionen* expresses it, "into an ideal flame, shooting heavenwards," an artist playing in this fashion, and believing that he fulfils all the requirements of art if he simply preserves due light and shade in the mere technical details, produces the effect of an automaton, the outward artistic arrangements of which, and the precision with which the various portions work together, we are, indeed, compelled to admire, but whose appearance of life rather frightens and repels than delights and attracts. Similar sentiments seemed to be entertained by the public, whose attendance, by the way, was not at all numerous, for, without any injustice being shown towards the real merits of the concert-giver, a most unmistakable feeling of coolness and want of enthusiasm reigned throughout the room the whole evening. It is true that I did not wait to hear the "*Don Juan* fantasia," and cannot say, therefore, whether the audience allowed themselves to be taken in by the wild, frantic system of storming up and down the keys, a system of which Herr Tausig had previously shown himself a consummate master. One might have supposed that Liszt, and consequently his pupils and admirers, would not, at the present day, acknowledge this style of his productive muse, seeing that it has long since been condemned by every educated judge; but not only Herr Tausig, even Liszt himself, by his recently-published fantasia on themes from *Ernani* and *Il Trovatore*, prove the contrary. "*On revient toujours à ses premières amours*," and everything depends upon "the system of demonstrating by uninterrupted action what our Ideal is."

Paille-en-cu.

Crystal Palace.—The Glee and Madrigal Union terminated their engagement yesterday. The performances were varied each day during the week, Thursday's being specially selected from the songs of Shakspeare.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—The third Concert took place on Thursday evening, and attracted a very large attendance. The selection was one of the best ever given by the choir, and the audience were so pleased with the performance throughout, that they seemed desirous of having every piece over again. Mr. Leslie, however, was not anxious to accede to their request in every instance, but could not always resist their importunities. The following were repeated:—Webbe's glee, "Mighty con-

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queror;" Mr. Walter Macfarren's part song, "Love's heigh-ho;" Mr. Leslie's part song, "When the shades of eve;" Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord;" and Reay's part song, "Dawn of day." Mendelssohn's magnificent setting of the 43rd Psalm, and Webbe's exciting glee were splendid performances, which indeed the choir itself never surpassed. The other pieces worthy of special mention were Morley's madrigal, "Thus saith my dainty darling;" Wilbye's madrigal, "Flora gave the fairest flow'rs;" Mr. Leslie's part song for male voices, "Evening;" and Bishop's "Chough and crow," and "Tramp chorus." The programme was varied by two instrumental performances—Moschele's duet, "Hommage à Handel," executed by Miss M. A. Walsh and Miss C. Thomson, and an arrangement of an air by Weber, for pianoforte and concertino, by Messrs. J. G. Callcott and John C. Ward—which, notwithstanding their being well performed, did not appear to create any great sensation. The enthusiasm was all absorbed in the performance of the choir. Mr. Henry Leslie's new cantata, *Holyrood*, which was produced with so much success at the first concert, will be repeated at the fourth concert, on the 5th of April.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(57TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will again be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MR. CHARLES HALLE.

Tenth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

Pianist:—M. CHARLES HALLE.

Violoncellist:—Signor PIATTI.

Vocalists:

Miss BANKS.

AND

Mr. SIMS REEVES

Conductor — MR. BENEDICT.

For full Particulars, see PROGRAMME.

Front Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall; and of the principal musicsellers.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—The Last Night of this Season.—THIS EVENING, the new and successful Drama, in five parts, arranged by C. J. MATHEWS, Esq., entitled THE SAVANNAH. Principal characters by Messrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, ROBERT ROXBY, RYDER, G. HONEY, MCLEAN, FARRELL, SPENCER, MELLON, Mrs CHARLES MATHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, and Miss THIRLWALL. After which, the new Vaudeville, entitled A SMACK FOR A SMACK. Fanchette, Mlle. ALDINA DI RHONA; John Trot, Mr W. TEMPLETON. To conclude with the grand Comic Ballet entitled LE ROI DES PIERROTS; La Danse des Pierrots executed by Sixty Coryphées and Mlle. Albina di Rhona. Box office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THE AMBER WITCH.—In consequence of the unprecedented success of Mr. Vincent Wallace's chef-d'œuvre, the Lessee, by the advice of numerous patrons and subscribers, and in order that the successful run of this magnificent Opera may not be interrupted, has arranged for its reproduction at the above theatre, on a scale of completeness and excellence on Easter Monday, April 1, 1861.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. GYE has the honour to announce that the Opera Season of 1861 will commence on TUESDAY, April 2. On the Opening Night will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

The Programme, with full particulars, may be had at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

Terms { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2s. 6d. / *Every additional* 10 *words* ... ... 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

THAT the highest respect should be paid, and the deepest sympathy exhibited, on the death of a member of the Royal Family, more especially of one so nearly and dearly connected with Her Majesty as the Duchess of Kent, and so universally respected and beloved for her private virtues, none will deny. The mother of our Queen, and the amiable and benevolent lady who commanded our love and veneration while living, demands our sorrow when dead. No one can withhold his condolence, or refuse to pay a tribute to so much worth. But there is a point at which even regret and reverence stop, and when injury and wrong commence. The closing of the theatres on Saturday night, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, as a mark of respect to the memory of the Duchess of Kent, who died that day, may be defended on precedent, and on precedent alone. It has been the case from time immemorial, and his lordship only fulfilled the duties of his office in enforcing the shutting up of playhouses on the occasion of a royal demise. It is the law of the office, and must be carried out perforce. Red tape and routine take the form of a statute, and a royal edict is the result. Nevertheless, having little faith in red tape, we ask why should theatrical places of amusement be interdicted from opening their doors, and taverns, public-houses, billiard-rooms, and cafés be allowed their usual licence? Is hearing an opera or a tragedy more directly opposed to that mental state which best consorts with mourning than gin-drinking, chess, or a game at pyramids? Is an overture more suggestive of levity than a hand at skittles, or a cavatina more indecorous than a wager at horse-racing? Let his lordship, the Chamberlain, propound these questions to his head clerk, and write down the answers in his common-place book. Our wisdom to a beggarly denier the clerk's responses would be inimical to the law or practice.

The closing of the theatres last Saturday constitutes an unmistakeable grievance—a grievance of a special kind indeed, to the case of the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal English Opera, since at both theatres it was the last night of the season, and at both very large attendances were confidently expected. Every place, we are informed, was secured at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in all probability the performance would have realised the highest receipts of the year. No doubt Mr. E. T. Smith is a loyal man—right loyal, we may say; but we cannot believe that the direct

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loss of three or four hundred pounds, in consequence of the order of the Lord Chamberlain, would have the effect of inducing him to mourn for anybody but himself. And, indeed, in this particular case, we can hardly imagine a greater hardship. The manager of Her Majesty's Theatre has struggled hard to keep English Opera on its legs during the past season, and, but for certain obstructions and drawbacks, would, doubtless, have secured an eminent success. A "bumper-night" would have been a godsend, and upon this he confidently reckoned the last night of the season. At the very moment, however, of opening the theatre, with carriages and cabs blocking up every access, comes from the Lord Chamberlain's office a prohibitory notice against any performance that evening, on pain of &c., &c., &c. The visitors are disappointed—but that's not much; the first tenor and soprano are mulcted of large salaries—that's a good deal; and Mr. Smith just misses the chance of replenishing the coffers of the treasury. Of course the same thing happened at Covent Garden, the circumstances being precisely similar; and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison were in no less a mood than the *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre to pour out their souls in loyal grieving.

The greatest hardship falls on the small actors, the ballet-dancers, carpenters, scene-shifters, and money-takers, all of whom are penalised in the sixth of a week's salary, some of them, no doubt, thereby deprived of their Sunday's dinner. Is this a proper method of awakening tender regrets for the departed; or, if prayers can avail, of provoking blessings from multitudinous tongues? Will it not rather prove the means of turning the milk of kindness into gall? Thousands, by this order of the Lord Chamberlain, have been deprived of their daily bread. It such a course politic?

Either abrogate the custom altogether; or, if government prefer to prolong it, let it be paid for. If theatres are to be closed on certain occasions let managers send in their bills. The process would be unattended with difficulty. No one will be dissatisfied; and universal mourning will be none the *less sincere*. R.

THE one hundred and twenty-third anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, as usual, assumed the shape of a substantial dinner at Freemason's Hall, to which about 150 musicians and patrons of music sat down. The President on this occasion was the Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley, M.P., who, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians," adverted to a multitude of topics more or less connected with the subject immediately under consideration, and made one of the lengthiest speeches to which we ever listened at a convivial and non-political meeting, and (a thing unprecedented) absolutely read a petition which had been committed to him for presentation in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, although at the commencement of his speech he drew an unfavourable comparison between himself and Mr. Charles Dickens (the President of last year), the Hon. Mr. Berkeley at first proved that he had more to say about things in general, if not about the Royal Society of Musicians, than his eminent predecessor; and went through his task with such evident earnestness that he found willing hearers, was frequently interrupted by manifestations of approval, and resumed his seat amid loud and unanimous plaudits from the whole assembly. The toast of "The President of the day," proposed by Mr. Wyld, M.P., took the form of an elaborate panegyric (of which Dibdin, the "sailor's poet," came in, by the way, for a large share), and was acknowledged with becoming brevity. The conventional toasts, loyal and patriotic, were in almost every instance illustrated by remarks from the President, whose eloquence seemed to gush unimpeded from an inexhaustible fountain. The main point, however, was to ascertain whether the committee of management in the interval between the present and the last festival had been efficiently performing its duties to the society; and that this was satisfactorily elicited may be gathered from the subjoined general statement of receipts and expenditure from Jan. 1st, to Dec. 31st, 1860:—

RECEIVED.	£.	s.	d.
Interest of stock, ground-rent, &c.	1837	9	0
Honorary life and annual subscriptions	215	5	0
Professional members' subscriptions and premiums	578	15	0
Donations, profit of dinner, &c.	81	11	0
	£2713	0	0

EXPENDED.			
In monthly payments to aged musicians, widows, and orphans	£2187	1	10
Temporary relief and funerals	174	6	6
Premiums with apprentices, and schooling	44	15	0
Gratuities	30	0	0
Benefactions to aged claimants; also, to indigent musicians, widows, &c., having no claim on the institution	33	0	0
Officers' salaries	160	0	0
Repairs	41	19	0
Printing, incidents, &c. (including loss on concert)			
	£2671	2	4

STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary, 210, Regent-street, W.

Between the first and second parts of the musical entertainment, a list of new contributions was read aloud, in conformity with established usage, by Mr. G. F. Anderson, honorary treasurer. Some of these were on a liberal scale, and the sum total was more than respectable; so that the general aspect of affairs may be appropriately represented as *couleur de rose*.

The music was of the best quality. The order of proceeding was, as usual, grace before dinner by the Rev. J. C. Rowden, chaplain to the society; "Non nobis Domine" after dinner, by a company of practised singers (all members, of course); after "The Queen" the National Anthem; and between every two of the succeeding toasts music, vocal or instrumental. Miss Augusta Thomson introduced a specimen from MM. Scribe and Auber's last new opera, *La Circassienne*—a sparkling *bravura* ("Pouvoir du chant"); Miss Banks gave "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," one of the most genuine ballads in Mr. W. Chappell's *Music of the Olden Time;* Mad. Reider sang Paer's variations on "La biondina in gondoletta;" Miss Roden gave "Home, sweet home;" two of the best English glees (by Horsley and Bishop), as well as a part song to words by Longfellow (by Mr. T. Coward), were sung by members of the society; some of Mendelssohn's part songs were executed by a band of wind instruments, under the direction of Mr. Lazarus; M. Vieuxtemps, the distinguished violinist (accompanied by Mad. Vieuxtemps on the pianoforte), performed his brilliant *fantasia* on themes from Verdi's *Lombardi;* Miss Arabella Goddard played Benedict's popular *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks," and being compelled to return to the instrument, gave the same composer's no less attractive "Albion," founded upon "Pray Goody," and "Come if you dare," which appearing directly after the allusions to Dibdin and English national music, contained in the speech of Mr. Wyld, M.P., and the reply of the President, were agreeably *àpropos*. All these performances, included in the first part

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of the concert, were heard with unequivocal satisfaction, and in several instances elicited uproarious applause. In the second part there was a selection from *Fra Diavolo* (for the wind band); a duet for the Messrs. Wells; a glee, by the Earl of Mornington, and a madrigal by W. Beale. Mr. W. Cusins accompanied the vocal solos, and Mr. T. Coward the glees, so that the visitors had no reason to complain of the musical part of the entertainment provided for them by the indefatigable honorary treasurer. It should be added that the artists accorded their gratuitous services, as is always the case at these anniversaries, and on that account seemed to exert themselves the more strenuously to please.

Nothing could possibly have gone on more cheerfully, the only drawback to the unanimous satisfaction being that "the ladies who honoured the festival with their presence," and who were gallantly toasted by the President, were mere lookers on, instead of (as Mr. Dickens suggested last year) partakers in the convivialities of the evening. The best means of aiming a blow at this ungracious anomaly would be for the Royal Society of Musicians and the Royal Society of Female Musicians, now existing as separate institutions, to amalgamate and make *one*. Such an amalgamation has several times been hinted at, nor is there any feasible argument against its being effected—in which case "union" would be doubly "strength."

THE compliments of "Mr. Dwight's indefatigable Diarist" to the dexterous flatterer of the MUSICAL WORLD, with doubts whether he (the Diarist) is able "to communicate *all he knows*" about Beethoven's *Prometheus* within reasonable limits. However, here is a part of "all he knows" upon the particular topic which has led to the call upon him: —

A translation of the original play bill, copied in Vienna.

"NEW BALLET.

In the Imp. Roy. Court Theatre adjoining the Palace, and by the Imp. Roy. Court Operatic Troop, to-day, Saturday, the 28th of March, 1801, performed for the benefit of Mademoiselle Casentini,

THE VILLAGE BARBER,

An operetta in one act, drawn from the comedy of the same name.

After which (for the first time)

THE CREATIONS OF PROMETHEUS,

A heroic, allegorical Ballet in two acts, invented and produced by Sig. Salvatore Vigano.

PERSONS.

Prometheus	Herr Cesari.	Thalia	Mad. Cesari.
Children	Mlle. Casentini.	Melpomene . . .	Mad. Renth.
	Herr Salvatore Vigano.	Apollo	
Bacchus	Herr Ferdinand Gioja.	Amphion	
Pan . .	Aichinger.	Arion	
Terpsichore	Mad. Brendi.	Orpheus.	

"The foundation of this allegorical Ballet is the Fable of Prometheus. The philosophers of Greece, to whom he was known, explain the fable to this effect: — they picture him as a sublime genius, who found the men of his time sunk in ignorance, refined them through science and art, and elevated them morally.

"Starting from this idea, we see in the present ballet two statues, which are gradually endowed with life, and which through the power of harmony are made susceptible to all the passions of human life.

"Prometheus conducts them to Parnassus to place them under the instructions of Apollo, the God of the fine arts. Apollo commands Amphion, Arion and Orpheus to teach them Music, Melpomene and Thalia to instruct them in Tragedy and Comedy, Terpsichore and Pan in the Pastoral Dance invented by the latter, and Bacchus in the Heroic Dance of which he was the inventor.

"The music is by Herr Van Beethoven.

"The decorations are by Herr Plätzer, Imp. Roy. Court Chamber-Painter, and Court Theatre-Decorator.

"*Next Easter Monday, the 6th of April, a masked ball will be given in the Imp. Roy. Redoute Hall.*

"*Commencement (of the theatrical performance) at half an hour before 7.*"

There is your programme, about as literal as it "can be, done into y^e^ Englyssche tongue." Now for the MS. score which is preserved in the "Imp. Roy. Court-Library" at Vienna. On the title-page you may read, when you go there —

"*Coppia corretta dall' Autore, Proprieta del Negozio Artaria e Comp.*"

Ballo Serio

DIE GESCHÖPFE DES PROMETHEUS

composta del

Sign. LUIGI V. BEETHOVEN."

The score, on large quarto music-paper, consists of the *overture*; the movement representing a tempest, into which it leads; and sixteen numbers, viz.: —

No. I. Adagio $3\frac{1}{8}$ pages, Allegro 3, Adagio $1\frac{1}{2}$, Allegro $22\frac{1}{2}$.
II. Adagio $3\frac{1}{2}$, Allegro con brio $11\frac{1}{2}$.
III. Allegro vivace 22.
IV. Maestoso 1, Andante 4.
V. Adagio 7, Andante quasi Allegretto 27.
VI. Un poco Adagio 1, Allegretto 13.
VII. Grave 18.
VIII. [no heading] 68, Presto 10.
IX. Adagio ($\frac{3}{4}$ tempo) 4, Adagio ($\frac{4}{4}$) $2\frac{3}{4}$, Allegro molto $17\frac{3}{4}$.
X. Pastorale, Allegro 34.
XI. Coro di Gioja 4.
XII. Solo di Gioja ($\frac{4}{4}$) $5\frac{1}{2}$, Adagio ($\frac{2}{4}$) $3\frac{3}{4}$, Allegro ($\frac{4}{4}$) $17\frac{1}{2}$.
XIII. Groteski Terzettino 43 (each dancer has a solo).
XIV. Solo della Signora Casentini, Andante 3, Adagio 13, Allegretto 22.
XV. Adantino Coro di Vigano 2 [2 braces per page], Adagio 6, Allegro 28.
XVI. Finale, Allegretto [the famous melody of the Heroic Sym.] 44 Allegro molto 27.

One meets with divers incomprehensible things in periodicals, the sentence which you quote from the *Neiderrheinische Musik-Zeitung* being one, viz., thus: — "The question arises whether the four pieces of dance-music which we now possess, in addition to the overture, are all that Beethoven composed." How *can* such a question arise? For, in 1801, Artaria and Co. advertised, —

"*Beethoven (Van) Gli Uomini di Prometeo, ballo per il clavicembalo o pianoforte, Op. 24.*"

Again, in 1804, quartets arranged from *Prometheus*.

Again, the next year, the "Kunst und Industrie Comptoir" published "*Pièces choisies du ballet, Gli Uomini di Prometeo.*"

Then, about 1815, Vigano produced it in Italy, introducing the "Earthquake," from Haydn's *Seven Words*, the *Chaos* and the duet of Adam and Eve from the *Creation*, and possibly another piece or two.

The pianoforte arrangement of it is quite a recent publication, with a picture of Prometheus rushing through space, impelled by the divine afflatus, and bearing a burning torch.

Query, what is the evidence that the famous melody of the finale appeared *first* in the *contre-tänze*?

A. W. T.

AS there has been a good deal of misapprehension in certain quarters with regard to a matter in which very many of our readers must take an interest, we are glad at being able to publish the circular which was transmitted by

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the secretary of the Philharmonic Society to every one of those members of the orchestra who were forced by circumstances over which they had unluckily no control to secede from its ranks, and whose places have by good fortune so completely been filled up:—

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

"DEAR SIR,—I have laid before the Directors of the Philharmonic Society your letter in which, for the reasons therein assigned, you decline to accept the engagement offered to you in the orchestra next season, unless under reservations to which the directors find it impossible to accede. The number and dates of the concerts were expressly fixed by the last general meeting of the society, and you are aware that the engagement with the orchestra must necessarily provide for their regular and personal attendance at every concert and rehearsal.

"It is with sincere and deep regret that the directors find themselves deprived of the assistance of many friends and professional brethren. While they do not complain of your having consulted what you consider as being your own interest in yielding to the influence under which you have acted, they must be permitted to say, that this influence, as you and the musical public cannot but feel, is of an arbitrary and oppressive character, and such as no theatrical manager or musical director has ever, *till now*, thought of exercising. What advantage can be derived by any one from such an interference, is a question into which the directors will not enter. But in separating from so many valued members of the orchestra, they cannot refrain from reminding you of the relation in which the Philharmonic Society has so long stood with the musical profession of London, and of the circumstances under which this separation has now been forced upon them.

"I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"London, Dec. 22, 1860. "GEO. HOGARTH, Secretary."

Nothing could possibly be more considerate, gentlemanly, clear, and to the purpose than the above letter. The involuntary seceders themselves must have thought so after perusing it.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the Morning Post*).

THE concert of last night, devoted, like many others given during the present season, to the works of Beethoven, was attended most numerously, the more expensive places being occupied by company belonging to the highest classes of society. The programme included, amongst other masterpieces, Beethoven's great pianoforte sonata in A major, Op. 101, played on this occasion for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Arabella Goddard, who, judging by her performance of this and the other solo sonatas of Beethoven's so-called "third period" (need we remind our readers of her triumphant successes with the 106, 109, and 111?), seems to have discovered the clue which can alone direct the executant through the new world of sound which the mighty *Ton-Dichter* created, and to have penetrated the intensest of those golden mists, "dark from excessive light," which enshroud, like a sunny haze, the inspirations of the poet "hidden in the light of thought." For Miss Arabella Goddard, Beethoven, the most inventive and imaginative of musicians, has no secrets. She knows him by heart; and, what is more, can put her heart into her fingers, and thus render him intelligible and delightful even to the ears of a mixed audience, such as that of the Monday Popular Concerts, which (such is the gradation of the admittance fees) included nearly every class of the community. Never did the great English pianist, who so chivalrously plays superb works in public which no other pianist can, or at any rate does attempt, except perhaps for the delectation of the "select few" who may patronise a *quasi* private chamber-concert—never did the "reine et le roi aussi" of the most fashionable of instruments distinguish herself more honourably than on the present occasion. The exquisitely beautiful love song with which the sonata commences, the vigorous march movement so utterly unlike any other march composed before or since, and the sterlingly brilliant *finale*, with its charmingly capricious humour and fugue, ingeniously wrought as it is difficult to execute, were one and all played to perfection. A few more such performances cannot fail to work what many may consider a kind of artistic miracle—that is, to render Beethoven's sonata in A major, Op. 101, generally *popular*.

Of Mr. Sims Reeves' wonderfully beautiful execution of the famous "Lieder-Kreis" we have often spoken in terms of warmest admiration, and can add nothing to the eulogy already bestowed, unless it be that which belongs to the repetition of a most perfect exhibition of genius combined with skill of the highest order. Mr. Sims Reeves was equally happy in his rendering of "Adelaide," accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard; and each performance was such as we believe no tenor singer of the present day could hope to surpass. The magnificent violin-playing of M. Vieuxtemps, we need scarcely say, was one of the leading features of the concert. Beethoven's too-rarely heard trio in D major, Op. 9, the Rasoumowski Quartet in F, Op. 59, and the Grand Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, were the pieces in which the great Belgian violinist displayed his genius on this occasion; and in saying that in every instance he did the amplest justice to Beethoven, we award the highest praise which could be given to any executant. In the trio and quartet with M. Vieuxtemps, the viola, second violin, and violoncello parts were capitally played by Mr. Webb, Mr. Ries, and Mr. Piatti, and the pianoforte part of the sonata was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard. The conductor was, as usual, Mr. Benedict, who in Beethoven's "Lieder-Kreis" showed us the art of accompaniment in its highest perfection. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Arthur Chappell, the director of these concerts, upon the extraordinary success of entertainments so greatly beneficial to the cause of art.

[The above relates to the 15th concert of the present season—56th concert at St. James's Hall—which took place on Monday last, and of which our own reporter has sent us the notice subjoined.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The fifteenth concert of the present season, and third "Beethoven night" within little more than a month, was in every way as complete a success as its predecessors. An undertaking may succeed in more ways than one—a crowded room may be an illustration only of the mercantile view of the subject, while a fine performance to almost empty benches may be yet a success judged artistically. In using the term, therefore, of "complete success," we do so advisedly, for at the Monday Popular Concerts each element is thoroughly represented, the hall being invariably filled by an audience no less discriminating than numerous, while the selection is always unexceptionable and the execution the nearest imaginable approach to perfection. Last Monday fully sustained the deserved reputation of these weekly gatherings, including as it did two novelties, in addition to pieces which had already received the highest approbation. The new comers were the trio in D major (No. 2, Op. 9) for violin, viola and violoncello, which, in the hands of M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Webb and Signor Piatti, we need hardly say, was heard to the utmost advantage, the *andante* and *finale* eliciting the largest share of applause; and the sonata in A major, Op. 101, for pianoforte alone, given by Miss Arabella Goddard with a delicacy and force of expression impossible to surpass, awakening an enthusiasm as genuine as it was unanimous. The Rasoumowski Quartet in F major (Op. 59), and the sonata in C minor, for pianoforte and violin, were the other instrumental pieces. Both had previously been given. The former, despite its great length, was again listened to devoutly, while the latter, though last in the programme, kept everybody in their places, and afforded as much satisfaction to the judicious as the renowned Kreutzer. There were but two vocal pieces—but *such* pieces!—the "Lieder-Kreis" and "Adelaide!" When we say that they were both given by Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in magnificent voice, and singing in his most magnificent manner, what more need we add? Language fails to do justice to music thus executed.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Although the sad event which the country is now deploring deprived the second Philharmonic Concert (on Monday) of the anticipated presence of the Queen, the programme, which had met with Her Majesty's approval, and more than probably, indeed, was of Her Majesty's own choice, remained unchanged. There was, however, an appropriate prefix, in the shape of the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*—a strain of sublime simplicity, which, time out of mind, has been introduced on such occasions, as the most fitting and graceful tribute to departed worth. The march was performed with the accustomed solemnity, and produced the accustomed impression. The following selection was then gone through:—

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PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2	Beethoven.
Aria, "Lungi dal caro bene" (La Sposa Fedele)	Pacini.
Romanza, "Il sogno"	Mercadante.
Overture (Euryanthe)	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3	Mendelssohn.
Duetto on Styrian melodies, "I Montanari"	Benedict.
Overture (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

It will be perceived that, as is ordinarily the case when the Philharmonic Concert is honoured by a "command," there was no solo—in one sense, doubtless, a loss to subscribers and the general public, but, in another sense, a gain, the brevity of the programme, combined with the excellence of the materials that composed it, insuring its appreciation and enjoyment to the end. This was manifestly the case in the present instance, when (rare occurrence) the concluding overture was listened to with unabated satisfaction, the whole audience, with very few exceptions, remaining attentive in their places until the last note. The execution of the two symphonies, under Professor Bennett's admirable direction, fully confirmed all that was said in praise of the (comparatively) new band, in noticing the first concert of the season a fortnight since. The symphony of Mendelssohn was the more interesting on this occasion as being the one which, nearly twenty years ago, was dedicated by its composer to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. That of Beethoven, one of his earliest and freshest works, is always welcome as the culminating point of what has been termed his "first period," while Mozart still influenced his style, and just before he had declared his absolute independence in the *Eroica*. The overtures of Weber and Rossini—severe tests of the capabilities of any orthestra, however pretentious—were both magnificently given, the two principal violoncellos (Messrs. Pettit and Pezze) in the opening movement of the latter exhibiting a richness of tone and purity of intonation to which we have not recently been habituated. Every one of the orchestral pieces was followed by hearty and unanimous applause. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley. More finished execution than that of the lady in Pacini's somewhat hacknied *aria* (violoncello *obbligato*, Sig. Pezze) more admirable vocal declamation than that of the gentleman in Mercadante's dry but clever *romanza*, could not have been desired,—nor anything more perfect than their united efforts in Mr. Benedict's melodious and characteristic duet. The concert was in all respects calculated to sustain the reputation of the Philharmonic Society at its height. There is now no further doubt about the thorough excellence of the band. By the way, the chief contrabasso, Mr. Rowland, is a whole host in himself. Even the drums would be irreproachable, if they were always in tune.

The NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY'S first Concert of unaccompanied part music was given on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The choir numbered six hundred voices. The hall was tolerably well filled, though no doubt the boisterous state of the weather prevented many from attending. The programme, which opened with the National Anthem, included Spofforth's four-part glee, "Hail, smiling morn;" "The last rose of summer," harmonised as a four-part song by G. W. Martin; old English melody, "Hearts of oak," harmonised by G. W. Martin; Stephen's five-part song, "The cloud-capt towers;" G. W. Martin's prize glee, "All hail, thou queen of night;" Purcell's glee, "In these delightful pleasant groves;" Danby's glee for four voices, "Awake, Æolian lyre;" part song, "Our Saxon fathers;" the English melody, "Brightest hopes are fleetest," harmonised by G. W. Martin; glee, "Haste, ye soft gales," composed by G. W. Martin; and "Barbara Allen," "Scots wha hae," and "Rule Britannia," all harmonised by the conductor. In fact Mr. Martin's name shows in the selection no less than nine times out of sixteen. The chorus sang extremely well, and in some instances indeed irreproachably, and are evidently on the high road to excellence. Finer sopranos and basses could hardly be found in London; and Mr. Martin, by his perseverance and attention turns their good voices to the best account. "It might perhaps be objected," urges a contemporary, "that 'The last rose of summer' is not well adapted for so very large a number of voices, and that the effect of songs which are written in the first person such as 'Once I loved a maiden fair,' and the pathetic 'Barbara Allen,' is injured from the same cause; but Mr. Martin, the indefatigable conductor, has executed his self-imposed task in so judicious a manner that we are not disposed to quarrel with him on that ground." Old Purcell's fine glee, "In these delightful pleasant groves," and Danby's effective "Awake, Æolian lyre"—which, in spite of its difficulty for a large choir, was one of the most satisfactory performances—were both very welcome; and two of Mr. Martin's own compositions, "All hail, thou queen of night," and "Haste ye soft gales," also came in for considerable applause, and with justice, since they are both remarkably pretty. One of the most striking of the choral performances was the part song, "Our Saxon fathers" (R. Story), which was superbly sung and rapturously encored. The National Choral Society bids fair to become one of the most busy and prominent of our numerous amateur associations, as it is already the most comprehensive in the particular description of music, the advancement of which it aims at promoting. We have recently had occasion to report two excellent performances of the *Messiah*, and now (not for the first time, by the way) in a concert of unaccompanied part music, the six hundred choristers which form the working force of the institution proved that they were no less efficient in secular than in sacred compositions.

Mrs. Suchet Champion had been announced to sing two solos, but being prevented at the last moment by illness, Mr. Suchet Champion filled her place, and gave two songs instead—Blumenthal's "Far away where angels dwell," and "My pretty Jane." The programme was further enriched with two performances on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard, viz. the fantasia on English airs, entitled, "*Albion*," composed expressly for her by Mr. Benedict, and Thalberg's "*Home, sweet home.*" In speaking of the former a contemporary says, "and though last, not least, the new pianoforte *fantasia*, entitled '*Albion*,' the brilliant, genial, and elegant attractions of which were displayed in their fullest force by the superb playing of Miss Goddard, whose surpassing powers as an executant of modern pianoforte music (a widely different style of art from that of Sebastian Bach, in which, as all the world knows, she is an equal proficient) it served to render most agreeably conspicuous. This was likewise honoured with an enthusiastic and irresistible encore. '*Albion*' is certainly one of the worthiest illustrations we have met with of Mr. Benedict's powers as a pianoforte writer of the brilliant school, and can scarcely fail to become generally popular." Both "*Albion*" and "*Home, sweet home*" were enthusiastically redemanded; but Miss Goddard could only be persuaded to repeat one of them. Mr. Benedict's "*Albion*" is evidently destined to rival, if not surpass, his "*Erin*," and his "*Where the bee sucks*"—both masterpieces of in the *fantasia* style—universal popularity.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—At a meeting of the committee on Monday for conducting this approaching triennial festival, it was announced that it is proposed to devote the Tuesday morning to the performance of *Elijah*; on Thursday, the *Messiah*; on Friday, Beethoven's grand service in D, and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*. On Tuesday or Wednesday evening, the *Creation*; on Friday evening, *Judas Maccabæus*. The Wednesday morning's performance has not yet been determined upon; "the committee hoped to have had the gratification of announcing that they had succeeded in obtaining a new oratorio composed expressly for the occasion; but circumstances have prevented that expectation being realised." Mr. Costa will again be conductor, and arrangements have already been made with Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves. The orchestral committee have ascertained by direct communication with Mad. Clara Novello, that it is not that lady's intention to reappear in public. [The foregoing grammatical announcement is taken from the *Birmingham Journal*. The "new oratorio, (not) composed expressly for the occasion," is reported to be from the pen of Mr. Costa.—ED.]

OLE BULL.—We hear it is the intention of this celebrated "lion"-fiddler to visit London this season, with a view to the publication of his compositions.

HERR STRAUS, the violinist, who played with eminent success at one of the Monday Popular Concerts, near the end of last season, has arrived in London.

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Royal English Opera.—Saturday would have been the last night of the season, but that the theatre was closed that night, peremptorily, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a recent bereavement in the Royal Family. That all places of public amusement should be closed on certain occasions, where the feelings of the highest personage of the realm are deeply involved, we think can hardly be gainsaid: nevertheless, we think the hardship involved so great, the grievance so universal, that Government should be called upon to make some compensation. On Saturday night so great was the demand for tickets at the two English Opera houses, that many could not be supplied. Here was a windfall for the managers after a season characterised by no brilliant success. But at the eleventh hour comes the authoritative firman—the theatre is shut up—the public is disappointed—the managers lose hundreds—the servants of the establishment are mulcted of a day's pay (how little some are able to afford it, need we aver)—and no one person benefited thereby. This is the way to go in mourning indeed; but we cannot help feeling it would be more agreeable to reason and good policy to allow everybody to purchase his own crape and wear it after his own fashion. It certainly was most unfortunate, as far as the two theatres were concerned, that the royal death should have occurred the day it did. The managers, however, had nothing to do but bear it and make no sign. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison were less aggrieved than Mr. E. T. Smith, inasmuch as the Royal English Opera was opened two nights this week—one on Tuesday for Mr. Harrison's benefit, and another on Thursday for Miss Pyne's—when the friends of the establishment were presented with an opportunity of attending; whereas Saturday was positively the last night of the season of Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Smith's patrons had no chance after that night of exhibiting their good feeling towards the manager. The performance on Tuesday for Mr. Harrison's benefit comprised *Maritana* and a concert, Mr. Harrison assuming his original part of Don Cæsar de Bazan in the opera, and Miss Louisa Pyne that of Maritana. On Thursday Miss Pyne took for her benefit Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, in which she sustained the part of Maria for the first time, as did Mr. Harrison that of Tonio. The success of the two was so decided in their new characters, that we have no doubt the *Daughter of the Regiment* will constitute a feature in the repertory of next season. The benefit-programme was made out with an act of the *Bohemian Girl*.

The Arion Choir.—This newly-constituted amateur society gave its first orchestral concert on the evening of Friday, the 15th instant, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was honoured with a brilliant and numerous attendance. The programme was somewhat too ambitious and far too long, both of which faults we expect to find amended at the second concert. Mozart's symphony in G minor severely tested the qualities of the band, which has excellent materials in it; and will no doubt, with the assistance of strong professional hands, train on. Spohr's cantata for eight-part chorus, "Jehovah, Lord God of Hosts," was a still greater ordeal for the choir, who, nevertheless, mastered its difficulties and realised its beauties in the most creditable manner. Two manuscript compositions—"Salve Regina," by Mr. W. C. Filby, and a cantata, by Mr. J. Parry Cole—were both effective performances and liberally applauded. Mr. Cole's cantata is a long, elaborate work, not written certainly after the severe models, but more in accordance with the modern romantic school. It is extremely tuneful, and is likely to please more on repetition. Mr. Filby's piece evidences much care and skill, and exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the resources of the band and choir. There were many solo vocal pieces given, of which the most admirable and striking in effect was Miss Susannah Cole's "Hear ye, brave," from *Elijah*. The other singers were Mad. Weiss, Mad. Gilbert, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss. The instrumental performances comprised M. Vieuxtemps' sonata for pianoforte and viola—the same introduced with such striking effect at the Monday Popular Concerts—executed by the composer and Miss Arabella Goddard in the most faultless manner; one of Bach's chaconnes, for the violin, played by M. Vieuxtemps; and Mr. Benedict's new fantasia, "Albion," performed by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of the last piece and the performance we must look to the correspondent of the *Morning Herald* for a description:—

"'Albion,' in which are introduced the old airs, 'Pray, Goody,' and 'Come if you dare,' is admirably suited to the display of the executant's power, as well of interpreting simple melody in the most graceful manner as of rendering every faculty, so to speak, of the instrument completely subservient to the artist's will. Whilst the melodies simply played as such would not fail to interest the feelings of the audience, the skill and facility with which the brilliant variations founded upon them were poured forth seemed to prolong indefinitely, and at pleasure, the ideas of beauty and expressiveness that had been excited. The effect produced last night by this fantasia was marvellous, and the audience, not content with the acknowledgments that Miss Goddard evidently intended them to accept in place of a repetition, so prolonged their applause that a compliance with their demand became inevitable, and Miss Goddard returned to the piano and played with equal grace and power another fantasia by Mr. Benedict, based upon Ariel's song in the *Tempest*."

Musical Society of London.—The first trial of new chamber compositions took place at the Marylebone Institution on Wednesday evening, when the following pieces were played:—

Trio in G minor (M.S.), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (S. W. Waley, F.); sonata in G (M.S.), pianoforte (E. Aguilar, F.); sonata in A minor (M.S.), pianoforte and violin (A. Ries, A.); quartet in B flat (M.S.) pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Alice M. Smith, L. A.)

While all the above compositions were praised for their classical feeling and structure, Mr. Aguilar's sonata—played by himself—found special admirers, and Miss Alice M. Smith's quartet created evident surprise. This young lady is a pupil of Mr. Macfarren's, and betokens unusual ability, for one of her sex, in the highest school of writing. The trials of new compositions given by the society are worthy the attention of all composers, and should be noted by them emphatically. Such opportunities occur but seldom, and of such the best possible use may be made. At the next concert of the society the following programme will be performed:—Mendelsohn's *First Walpurgis Nacht*, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, Mozart's pianoforte Concerto in C major, Macfarren's overture tm *Chevy Chase*, and scene from *Faust*.

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—This Society held its second conversazione for the season on Wednesday evening at the Portland Gallery, Regent Street, and a most delightful evening it was. The walls of the rooms were hung with the pictures forming the newly-opened exhibition of the Institution of Fine Arts, and brilliantly lighted with gas, presented a magnificent appearance. The company was very numerous, a large proportion being ladies. No paper was read on this occasion, but a most agreeable performance of vocal and instrumental music was given, under the able conduct of Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The programme was as follows:—

Trio, "Ti prego," Madame Gilbert, Madame Andrea, and Mr. Frank Elmore (Curschmann); song, "The Kelpie's Bride," Miss Jane Palmer (Dürrner); fantasia caprice, violin, Mr. Brand (Vieuxtemps); German lied, "Im Wald," the German Mäuner Chor. (Helser); song, "To thee," Madame Andrea; song, "Love me and fear not," Mr. Frank Elmore (Wallace); aria, "Dove sono," Madame Gilbert (Mozart); air, var. pianoforte, Mr. A. Gilbert, and violin, Mr. Brand (Beethoven); ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Madame Gilbert (Wallace); duet, "The sailor sighs," Miss Jane Palmer and Mr. G. Stanley Betjemann (Balfe); German lied, "Die Capelle," the German Mäuner Chor. (Kreutzer.) Conductors, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

This programme, in which too great length was wisely avoided, went off with great spirit and in a most satisfactory manner, terminating a little after eleven o'clock. Mad. Gilbert gave the "Dove Sono" with great taste and effect, and was equally successful in Wallaces's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss Jane Palmer was warmly applauded in "The Kelpie's Bride," and jointly with Mr. Betjemann in Balf's duet, "The Sailor sighs." Mr. Brand's performance on the violin was a decided success.

M. Henri Wieniawski (the violinist) has decided on visiting London this season.

The San Carlo.—It is reported thar Mr. Lumley has become lessee of this great operatic establishment. We heartily wish him success. A little while ago Mr. E. T. Smith was the accredited lessee of the same theatre.

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Provincial.

MADAME CATHERINE HAYES and her party have been entertaining the Liverpool public, and delighting in no small degree the critics, if we may take as specimens the accounts furnished by the *Daily Post* and *Mercury* of Wednesday last respecting the concert given at St. George's Hall the preceding evening. It was a shilling concert, and pronounced by the *Mercury* "a colossal success." "Every inch of standing ground and sitting room," writes the same journal,—

"Was crowded in all parts of the hall, and even in the reserved seats the crowd was so great, that all notion of getting the particular seat marked on the card of admission had to be given up as hopeless. The sight was very fine, especially at moments of enthusiasm, which were not few or far between, for the programme was an excellent one, the artists were of the first order, and their performances worthy of them."

Both papers sound the praises of the artists with equal loudness. The *Mercury*, which goes more into details, thus notices the special features of the programme: —

"Madame Catherine Hayes had an overpowering reception, and sang her best in return. With the exception of a share in Rossini's duet, 'Serbami ognor,' and a concerted piece by Niedermeyer, in which 'Auld lang syne' is introduced in quartet, all Madame Hayes's pieces were of the ballad order. Her 'Marble halls,' 'Savourneen deelish,' 'Home, sweet home,' and 'The harp that once,' never were given with greater pathos and finish, and never went more surely to the hearts of her audience. Miss Lascelles used her splendid contralto voice to excellent purpose, shining especially in the song from *Dinorah*, 'Ye maidens in spring time,' and in a song by Macfarren. Mr. Tennant, the tenor, gave a difficult romanza of Campana's with great certainty of tone and elegance of delivery. He is a robust rather than a sweet tenor, and produced a legitimate effect in everything he did, winning an *encore* in 'Annie, good bye,' a song written for him by Mr. Wallace. Signor Burdini sang his music with richness and weight, but yet with considerable vivacity of tone. In Massé's *Muletier de Calabre*, he was especially successful. The great violinist, Herr Becker, played four times, and surprised the groundlings by some wonderful *tours de force* His rendering of Dussek's Sonata in B flat, with Mr. Berger as pianist, was an admirable specimen of his powers. Mr. Berger accompanied admirably, and was encored in his own 'Band passing,' a very pretty pianoforte effect."

The next Philharmonic concert takes place on the 2nd of April, when Mesdames Rieder and Lemaire, Messrs. Henry Haigh and Lawrence, will be the singers. On the 16th, Mad. Alboni and Miss Arabella Goddard, the two great artists at that time forming part of the Willert-Beale provincial tour, are engaged, and will perform at the third concert.

The *Messiah* was performed in the Victoria Hall, LEEDS, on Saturday evening, the proceeds being in aid of the Town Hall Concert Society. The performers gave their services gratuitously. The principal vocalists were, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Walker, Miss Crosland, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Brandon; chorus, the Leeds Concert Choir; band, the West Riding Orchestral Union, Mr. Haddock being the leader. Mr. Spark was organist, and Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, conductor. The profits were between 60*l.* and 70*l.* We learn from the *Leeds Intelligencer* that there is still a deficiency in the society's funds to about the same amount. It is to be hoped that it may be removed without the necessity of drawing upon the guarantee fund.

The second of Messrs. Hargett and Howard's Subscription Concerts took place in the Music Hall, EDINBURGH, on Friday the 15th. The chief feature of the performance was Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* (*Lobgesang*), the solo parts taken by Mad. Catherine Hayes, Miss Lascelles and Mr. Tennant, the Choral Union acting as chorus. The *Evening Courant* is not enthusiastic about the execution. "To give full effect," it says, "to the splendid choruses in the *Lobgesang*, *at least* a hundred more voices would have been requisite; and even then the gentlemen who officiated on the brass instruments might have spared a good deal of their energy." The writer adds that his task with regard to the performance of the chorus was very simple, as, with the exception of a few occasional notes, he heard not a note of it. The indignation of the critic is only appeased when he vents it in the following sentence: —

"The *Hymn of Praise*, as Mendelssohn wrote it, and as he intended it to be heard, was not heard last night, and therefore, with the best intentions, an injury was done to the reputation of the composer. We are glad to learn that a larger body of singers will be provided for the *Messiah* next week."

Surely, under the circumstances, the best endeavours of the best singers would have been rendered null and void, and indeed it appeared to have affected the soloists in no slight degree. In the second part of the concert, which was miscellaneous, Herr Becker played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and received unqualified applause. The band executed Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus;* and Mesdames Catherine Hayes and Lascelles, Messrs. Tennant and Burdini, sang popular songs.

The fourth and last subscription concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society of Brighton took place on Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of selections from the *Messiah*. Miss Strong, Messrs. Weller and Afflick were the singers.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL CIVIL DE LA SEINE.

THE German composer, whose noisy and conquering music has, for the last six months, engrossed the energies of every one connected with the Imperial Opera, wanted nothing but a public trial in the courts of justice to attract attention to his famous *Tannhäuser*.

This trial Herr Wagner has just obtained. At the present moment he is, therefore, one of those mortals who have reached the pinnacle of happiness, if, indeed, such a man is only a mortal, or if it is even allowable to designate him as such. However this may be, three translators —they are mere mortals, at any rate— have been employed in turning *Tannhäuser* into French. Of these three translators, one alone will have the glory of seeing his obscure name— which is Nuitter— figure side by side with that of the refulgent star of the new school. The other collaborators, MM. Roche and Lindau, have been thrown in the shade, the first, because he acknowledges having composed blank verse in the recitatives, where rhyme was required, and the second, because it has been proved that he wrote neither blank verse nor rhyme.

"What did he do, then?" our readers will inquire. He simply read in French the original German. As every kind of work, however, deserves to be paid for, M. Lindau demanded a share of the dramatic cake of which M. Roche had secured a portion beforehand.

The following is the judgment of the Court:— "Whereas it is certain that Lindau co-operated with Ed. Roche in translating the words of *Tannhäuser*, of which Richard Wagner is the author; but, whereas it appears by the documents produced, and especially by the declarations made in the name of Roche himself, that the work done by him was not accepted by the management of the Opera, and that the whole book had to be rendered, almost entirely, over again; and as, under these circumstances, the translation made by Lindau gives him a legitimate claim upon Wagner — which the latter, by the way, does not dispute — but cannot give him a right, any more than to Ed. Roche, who formally declares he cannot claim it, to require that he should, as a collaborator, have his name appear either in the playbills, or on the *libretto*.

"Whereas the tribunal, up to the present time, is not in possession of the data sufficient to determine the amount of remuneration due to Lindau. For these reasons, the Court decides that Roche is not concerned in the case; declares that Lindau has no ground for his application; nonsuits him; but reserves his right to obtain the remuneration due to him from Wagner, and condemns him to pay all the costs."

Maître Marie conducted M. Lindau's case, while Maître Emile Ollivier defended the rights of Herr Wagner in a brilliant speech, which was a perfect lesson of musical æsthetics. We wish, for the amusement and instruction of our readers, we could give the whole of M. Ollivier's lesson; but, as we have not space enough, we will content ourselves with a quotation. M. Ollivier, impressed with the utility of persuading the judges of the Tribunal Civil de la Seine that, despite the contrary opinion so often slightly expressed everywhere, that his client is the most melodious of composers, gave them the following explanation, with which they must have been deeply interested. "M. Wagner's music," said M. Ollivier, "is not the absence of melody, but *continuous* melody, instead of melody *by intervals*. Take the most remarkable of Rossini's *chefs-d'œuvre*, the sublime trio in *Guillaume Tell;* compare it with the "Prayer of Elizabeth," and "Wolfram's Song," in the third act of *Tannhäuser*, and tell me whether the music of the German *maestro* cannot, looking at it in a purely melodic light, boldly bear a comparison

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with the music of the illustrious Italian, and whether the genius of the one is not equal to the genius of the other."

I do not know whether the honourable magistrates, to whom M. Ollivier addressed these words, will comply with the learned counsel's request, and compare the trio from *Guillaume Tell* with the "Prayer of Elizabeth," and "Wolfram's Song;" but I do not mind betting that, if they do, they will decide in favour of the trio from *Guillaume Tell*. The conclusion of M. Ollivier, however, is illogical. If, in the trio from *Guillaume Tell*, as in all pieces of music before the appearance of Herr Wagner, the melody proceeds *by intervals*, while in the works of the German *maestro*, it is *one continuous stream*, the superiority evidently belongs to Herr Wagner, whose genius, consequently, is superior to that of Rossini. But we are speaking too much of an opera which the public has not yet heard. The first representation of *Tannhäuser* is fixed for this evening.* He who lives will hear, and he who hears will judge.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—In no country but this are serial performances of the greatest musical works, on the grandest possible scale, given, as they have for some years past been by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The general character of these great concerts is doubtless conservative rather than progressive, and it may with equal safety be averred that there is quite room enough for another institution, on a similar scale, in which the claims of living composers would meet with more attention, and where works would not be objected to merely because they are new; and this would probably prove in the end far more beneficial to the cause of art than any radical change in the politics of the Sacred Harmonic Society at this advanced period of its public existence. There should be one temple of art dedicated to the conservation of monumental works, and where all the traditions of their true performance may be religiously preserved, and "handed down" as the phrase goes, to an admiring and venerating posterity. Such an institution could scarcely lack patronage. Look at the delight experienced by elderly persons on finding themselves able to join in the familiar old Handelian strains that formed part of their childhood's joys, those tones still so brightly coloured by life's morning sun! Old Mrs. Johnson remembers well how her mother taught her to sing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," long, long years ago before pale pain crossed her path, and tears of "speechless praise" fall tremblingly from her eyes as she listens to the holy music. The budding girl, too, has heard "mamma" sing it when mamma was young and silver-voiced. She can also sing it herself, and loves it, if only for the endearing associations that surround it like a halo. Then there is old Mr. Johnson, who used to hunt foxes, drink strong port, and delight in the manly song of Braham, Heaven knows how many years ago; who intensely loved to hear "Sound an alarm," and other grandly heroic effusions, in which Handel has surpassed every other composer. And likewise Mr. Jones, who preferred the deep, and to whom an "alacrity in sinking" presented the greatest musical charms. Well, old Johnson and Jones (who probably used to sing, no less than admire, their favourite pieces) still exist, and although their voices have perhaps turned again to "childish treble," continue to feel a peculiar and inexpressible pleasure in listening to the airs that charmed their spring-time. All such persons require an institution like the Sacred Harmonic Society, and will unfailingly support it no less than those who, thoroughly cognisant of the merits of all schools and periods of art, will always go to Exeter Hall for the sake of the fine music itself, so grandly performed there apart from all adventitious circumstances. The Sacred Harmonic Society will, therefore, do well to maintain their conservative policy, eschewing all such ultra-modern works as Beethoven's wonderful mass in D, which, by the way, judging from their recent treatment of the score, so strongly and properly condemned by a contemporary, seems to be beyond the comprehension of the management, or the powers of the choral executants, or both.

But then are we to have nothing for the peg-tops and crinolines of the present day. Is there no serious side to our "fastness" as there was to the fastness of our forefathers? Is there no profound intelligence to appeal to in those bewhiskered faces — no sensitive heart ready to sympathise with the beautiful and new palpitating above those wiry petticoats which grace all our fashionable assemblies? Surely the "very age and body of our time, its form and pressure," exemplified in serious musical works, would attract attention and command respect in an equal degree with those productions which reflect the characteristics of another age. Surely the particular sentiments and forms of expression that distinguish the civilised world of 1861 deserve artistic illustration, and must have as much historical interest as the physiological peculiarities and differently coloured feelings of any other period.

Let us hope, then, that we may soon have a "*New* Sacred Harmonic Society" devoted entirely to works of the present day, and by which every possible encouragement may be offered to living genius. Such an institution is absolutely wanted, and could do no possible harm to the old society, whose concerts are quite unrivalled in their way, and likely to remain so. Indeed, were proof demanded of the very superior excellence of the Sacred Harmonic Society's performonces, we should cite at once the magnificent execution of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on a very recent occasion. Never was this colossal oratorio (in which, by the way, the best characteristics of the ancient and modern schools are more equally and harmoniously blended than in any other work known to us) more worthily rendered. From the overture, in which the composer at once reveals in its fullest vigour and extent that rare power which can give a "fine checking" to expectation, and, as observed by Bacon (who seems to have deeply considered the science of sound as he did everything else), is "well-known to the musicians when they have a special grace in flying the cadence"—from the masterly recitative and prelude in D minor to the no less admirable chorus in D, which terminates the oratorio, the executancy nearly approached perfection.

POST.

* Namely, the 14th March, on which day the above article appeared. The writer of it was, however, mistaken, and the Parisian public were doomed to wait a little longer for the treat of hearing the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rossini's musical superior!—ED. M. W.

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Reviews.

"*Hail to thee! Hail to thee!*"—composed by JOHN RAYMOND (Joseph Williams).

THE words of this canzonet are by Moore—one of the songs, in short, which give occasional brightness to the sombre and heavy lyric-narrative of *the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan* (*Lalla Rookh*). The music of Mr. John Raymond is unaffected and pleasing, besides being easy and singable. In bars 2—3, of the symphony (page 1); and in bars 1—2, page 1, line 3 ("Hail to thee!") the chord of the *six-four*, on C, is quitted after a manner less ceremonious than uncanonical—in the first instance going to the dominant seventh on G, in the second to the common chord of F. These slight inaccuracies rectified, Mr. Raymond's canzonet would be irreproachable.

"*Good night, good night, beloved,*" serenade—by W. SEYMOUR SMITH (Ransford and Son).

This is a new setting of Longfellow's well-known "Serenade," which Mr. Balfe has so charmingly rendered. We cannot compliment Mr. Smith on *his* arrangement—for treble, alto, tenor, and bass. The harmony is incorrect, and a partiality for discords of suspension occasionally leads "to grief." The opening is better than the episode (setting off with the bass), which is at once bald (not bold) and assumptious; but there is nothing remarkable in the melody anywhere. Mr. Smith should "try again."

"*Afternoon in February,*"—words by LONGFELLOW, music by ARTHUR COTTAM (Rudall, Rose and Carte; and Keith, Prowse and Co.).

Here we have not only Professor Longfellow at *his* best, but a musician in all respects worthy to keep him company. We *must* quote the words:—

"The day is ending,
The night is descending,
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
Through clouds, like ashes,
The red sun flashes,
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences,
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road on the plain;
While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train."

Mr. Cottam has set this to a truly congenial tune, enriched, too, by harmony at once expressive and uncommon. Either Mr. Cottam is a practised musician (as well as one by sentiment and feeling), or like the ex-King of Holland, and a certain Duke of Saxe-something, he *keeps* a musician to note down his inspirations. We will wager that Mr. Cottam is a poet; and in this faith recommend him some verses of Wordsworth, conceived in a strain just as joyous as those of Longfellow's "Funeral" are gloomy. He may, perhaps, remember them by the lines subjoined (we quote from memory, having lent our Wordsworth, some years ago, to the author of *The Gordian Knot* and *Silver Cord*):—

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green fields sleep in the sun.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

(*Mr. Shirley Brooks can fill up this vacuum.*)

The cattle are grazing
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.
The snow doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone."

There, Mr. Cottam—try your music upon that. We are quite sure you can harmoniously fit it.

"*The Hesse-Darmstadt Polka*"—by YOUENS (Pearson and Co.)

This is the first time we have seen the name, "Youens," in print. Nevertheless, "Youens," whoever he may be, has written a very lively and danceable polka, almost our only objection to which is the catastrophe. Perhaps, however, it is a Hesse-Darmstadt catastrophe. Let such of our readers as have been to the dullest of all the Middle-Rhine court-cities expound:

"*March of the 18th Hussars,*" for the pianoforte—by MRS. GREATOREX (Rudall, Rose and Carte).

A spirited tribute to a valiant regiment, appropriately dedicated to H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. The introduction of "Home, sweet home" as a trio, is happy.

"*Triumphal March,*" for the pianoforte—by W. SEYMOUR SMITH (George Peachey).

As this march (which is not by any means without vigour) is inscribed by the composer "to his friend and master," Charles Edward Horsley, we are at a loss to guess how certain points can have escaped the eagle-eye of so acute and far-seeing a musician.

"*Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy Statutes,*" sacred song—words from the 119th Psalm, music by W. SEYMOUR SMITH. (George Peachey).

From the title-page of this sacred song we learn that Mr. W. Seymour Smith is organist of St. John's, Walthamstowe. He writes—or at any rate, *publishes*—too fast. It is well that he did not set the whole of the 119th Psalm, or it might have been prolix. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith has musical *feeling*. He must endeavour to combine with that desirable quality, musical *purity*, and we shall then have a right to entertain some hopes of him.

"*Wind of the western sea,*" song—words by ALFRED TENNYSON, music by HAROLD THOMAS (R. W. Ollivier).

"Sweet and low—sweet and low"—we should like to quote the whole, but cannot afford it. Longfellow and Wordsworth have engrossed our leisure space. Mr. Harold Thomas has set these beautiful words with the utmost grace and finish. The melody, though neither new nor striking, is in thoroughly good keeping; and the accompaniment, as

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far as execution goes, is irreproachable. But why, in the names of Michel de Backere (*vice pléban* of St. Gudule), and Jean de Woluwe (rector-curate of St. Nicholas) so *elaborate* an accompaniment to so extremely simple and altogether unpretending a tune? Is that the way the west wind blows? Pierre Vanden Heede was *not* of that mind, nor Arnold de Buton either; nor any of the Dukes of Brabant. What says the poet, Tennyson, himself?

"Sweet and low,
Low, low, breathe and blow," &c.

Shelley adduces as much, and more, in verse that is immortal. He asks the west wind to let him be the west wind's lyre; but happily the forest already enjoyed the monopoly of that (no sinecure by the way). We suppose Mr. Harold Thomas has a notion of the wind peculiar to himself. If so, he is welcome to it; always provided he expresses himself with such elegant refinement as in the song before us. He is an ambitious, and still better, a promising, musician; but he would lose nothing by endeavouring now and then to write a little less ornately; to dress up a simple idea simply. Where is Professor Sterndale Bennett all this time—and Cinderella's glass slipper?

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

SMITH (W. SEYMOUR) "Matin Song" (Vocal).
Ditto, "Even Song" (ditto).

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WHITEHOUSE (DAVID) "Grande Marche Brillante" (Pianoforte).

BUSSELL (Dublin).

ROBINSON (FRANCIS) "My thoughts will wander" (Vocal).

CRAMER, BEALE AND CHAPPELL.

BARRY (C. A.) "Vivien Mazurka" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Echos from the old church aisle" (ditto).

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TREKELL (J. THEODORE) "L'ange gardien" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Sparkling dew drops" (ditto).

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HARVEY (R. F.) "Pensée à moi" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Cupid's repose" (ditto).
MORLEY (H. KILLICK) "I never knew how dear thou wert" (Vocal).

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BERGER (FRANCISCO) "Bon répos, chérie" (Pianoforte).

JEFFREYS.

WATSON (W. T.) "The ear-drop waltzes" (Pianoforte).

J. H. JEWELL.

STEED (A. ORLANDO) "Four songs from the Idylls of the King" (Vocal).

OLLIVIER.

THOMAS (HAROLD) "Promenade solitaire" (Pianoforte).
Ditto, "Across country" (ditto).
BARRY (C. A.) "Sleep little birdie, sleep" (Vocal).
THOMAS (HAROLD) "Wind of the western sea" (ditto).

PEACHEY.

SMITH (W. SEYMOUR) "Teach me, O Lord" (Vocal).
Ditto, "Triumphal march" (Pianoforte).

PEARSON AND SON.

YOUENS (?) "The Hesse-Darmstadt polka" (Pianoforte).

RUDALL, ROSE AND CARTE.

COTTAM (ARTHUR) "Afternoon in February" (Vocal).
GRESTOREX (Mrs.) "March of the 18th Hussars" (Pianoforte).

RANSFORD AND SON.

SMITH (W. SEYMOUR) "Good night, beloved" (Vocal).

JOHN SHEPHERD.

ANONYMOUS—"Lament for Glencoe," words and music by the author of the "March of the Cameron Men" (Vocal).

J. WILLIAMS.

RAYMOND (JOHN) "Hail to thee! hail to thee!" (Vocal).

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Easter Monday.—A troupe of six Swiss national singers, all ladies, who have obtained a continental celebrity as the "Schweizer Sänger Gesellschaft," has been engaged by Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street, and will appear under his auspices on Monday evening next, at the minor St. James's Hall.—During Easter week performances will be given twice daily.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE of the party, a baritone, was particularly partial to the macaroni. He had met with immense success at the theatre—had sent the galleries mad with a Swiss tune he introduced in *Linda di Chamouni*; they made him repeat it three or four times every night, and yelled with delight when the symphony of the song began. They called for it, and would have it too, in *Lucia*, much to the scandal of the less enthusiastic portion of the audience, to whom the "Yodel" was inconsistent with Donizetti's music and the plot of the opera. His extraordinary reception at the theatre turned his head, a surfeit of macaroni upset his stomach. In a short time the poor baritone was prostrate with fever and indigestion. In vain he disregarded the first symptoms of indisposition, and continued to eat and sing: every round of applause increased his excitement, every mouthful of food made him worse. He complained to no one, but his flushed cheeks and swollen appearance were the subject of general remark. At length the fever affected his brain. One night, when everybody was in bed, the whole hotel was aroused from slumber by his singing the "Yodel" song at the top of his voice. Upon the door of his room being opened, he was found with a blanket thrown across his shoulders (to imitate a Swiss peasant's costume), in bare legs, and a night-cap, singing and gesticulating most violently before the looking-glass, which he had placed upon the floor with two candles in front of it. Means were at once taken to get him into bed. The basso-cook, who slept in the adjoining room, declared he knew well enough what remedies to adopt to render it unnecessary to send for a medical man. He forthwith took his patient in hand and subjected him to the following extraordinary course of treatment.

Two large mustard poultices were applied to the calves of his legs, and two to the soles of his feet; the night-cap being removed, a smooth shining scalp was presented to view—a sort of broad, bony, uncultivated desert, with not a single hair to break the monotony of its expanse. A large piece of brown paper steeped in vinegar, and perforated with innumerable holes, was placed upon his crown and forehead, which covering made the broad, bony desert look like a round of *à la mode* beef, the holes, the highly polished skin shining through them, making the likeness more striking by their resemblance to bits of bacon. Having completed these applications, the basso, who apparently was as great an adept in pickling a baritone as he was in cooking macaroni, begged one of the bystanders who stood round the bed watching the operations with the greatest possible interest (a strange group we formed, every one with a candle in his hand, and in night attire), to fetch a nail-brush! For what purpose such an article could be required at such a moment, puzzled every one who heard the request. Many nail-brushes were brought, and curiosity gratified by one being used upon the invalid's chest, which, as may be supposed, quickly became inflamed by such an unusual means of friction. The lookers-on winced at the vigorous efforts of the basso. Not so the baritone, upon whom the rubbing, or more properly the scrubbing, had at first but little effect. He continued yodelling as well as he could, lying on his back, and every now and then would make an attempt to bow to the audience, to whom he imagined he was singing. At length the poultices beginning to tingle, the vinegar to cool his head, and the smart pain inflicted by the brush, gradually restored him to consciousness. He began to speak rationally, and to recognise those around him. Could he have seen the figure he presented, with his *à la mode* beef head, and the poultices upon the lower extremities, he might, I dare say, have relapsed, from sheer fright, into his former state. This danger was averted by the applications being removed. However, after a short time he began again to wander, and attempted the "Yodel" once more. It was but feeble compared to the former outburst. Some more brown paper was prepared, and the amateur doctor recommenced using the nail-brush, this time extending the scrubbing to other parts of the body besides the chest. A powerful dose of medicine was also administered, and in the course of a few hours a decided change for the better was observable in the invalid. He improved daily, and soon became anxious to make his re-appearance, having heard that it was contemplated by the Impresario to engage another baritone to supply his place. This idea nearly made him ill again. The fear of somebody else coming to imitate

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the "Yodel," and rob him of his laurels, haunted him night and day. He insisted upon being allowed to sing. His Doctor the basso consented, stipulating that he should not attempt the Swiss song or look at macaroni for a fortnight. He was announced to appear in his original character in *Linda di Chamouni*. Would the galleries allow him to omit the famous "Fol-di-rai-ti?" Had they perhaps forgotten it? — not a bit. They would not even wait until the scene where it used to be introduced, but insisted upon his singing it the moment he came upon the stage. Excuses in dumb show were of no avail; the opera was not allowed to proceed without the song being sung, and sung it was, with even greater success than ever.

Those who demanded it so vociferously little thought what an effect their applause had had upon the singer. How it had nearly turned his brain, and obliged him to submit to the violent remedies just described. The medico-basso-cook, or cook-medico-basso, whichever may be the most correct form of expressing the various accomplishments so felicitously combined in this most useful member of the touring party (I am almost inclined to believe he was least proficient in the basso line), accompanied the convalescent baritone to the theatre, and stood at the side scenes to watch his re-appearance before the footlights. Upon hearing the forbidden song demanded, his pantomine was most expressive of displeasure should the baritone attempt to break his promise. But in vain. In vain he threatened; the galleries would have their way, and the medico-basso-cook, or cook-medico-basso, was disregarded. He had his revenge, however, in private life, and kept his patient on low diet for a very much longer time than was necessary, as a punishment for his breach of promise as regarded the song.

The series of Italian operas in Dublin having terminated, the party prepared to go on to Cork, where, according to the newspaper paragraphs which announced the fact, "the enterprising manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, had arranged to give three operatic performances, supported by the most distinguished artists." Compared to the ease and luxury they had enjoyed since their arrival in Ireland, this journey entailed great labour and trouble upon the party. It was with no little consternation they learned that the train started early, and that they must be up and about by eight o'clock in the morning, an hour apparently before unheard of by some of the travellers. They retired to rest sooner than usual the night previous, in order to prepare for such exertion. The hotel was astir betimes. At seven o'clock the bustle of departure commenced, and increased to an alarming pitch until the last cab, carrying the Impresario and the conductor, drove off to the railway station. The basso-medico-cook was the first to come down to breakfast. He had undertaken to call the rest, and before doing so, fortified himself against all emergencies, by making a hearty meal undisturbed by any intruders. This done, he proceeded to fulfil his promise, and to pull the more sleepy of his companions out of bed. His patient, the baritone, he helped to dress, as well as to drink a cup of chocolate, which had been clandestinely brought into the room by "boots," whose admiration of the "Yodel" was unbounded. The basso-medico-cook declared chocolate contrary to his *régime*, and likely to necessitate another course of brown paper and mustard poultices. One by one the tourists assembled at the breakfast-table, all more or less sleepy. The sallow-faced Frenchman seemed particularly so, and looked more yellow than ever, his countenance being moreover slightly tinged with green. I used to wonder how he got such an extraordinary colour, and whether he washed in cod-liver oil to attain that peculiar plaster-cast sort of complexion. Alphonso was the only talker of the party. He was as cheerful as though early rising was his great delight, and a treat of unusual occurrence. Amina's mother did not altogether appreciate his good humour, but was, nevertheless, obliged to laugh outright at some of his jokes. It was, perhaps, for this reason that she made an observation, the only one she had ventured for some days, to the effect that there was a time for all things, and that now everybody ought to be eating their breakfast instead of talking and playing the fool: a remark to which Alphonso replied by offering the good old lady another chop and half a dozen eggs. Lucrezia made her appearance when the others had nearly finished breakfast. She evidently did not approve having been disturbed at such an hour. Not that she was decidedly out of humour, but in that frame of mind apparently when the slightest accident would have made her so. At such a moment it is advisable for the enterprising Impresario (if he happen to be travelling with the party) to keep out of the way. His presence might have an irritating influence upon his prima donna, he being looked upon as the sole cause of all the inconvenience and annoyance. It is for his benefit alone that all the trouble is incurred; moreover, he it is who arranges the departure of the train at such an unreasonable time; he is also to blame if the waiters are not prompt in their attention, and it is his fault and none other's, if the eggs are boiled too hard. Yes, my dear friend, for your own peace of mind, and the tranquillity of everybody concerned, it is better you should avoid meeting Lucrezia under such circumstances. Leave her alone, and she will eat her breakfast quietly, and be quite herself again by twelve o'clock. Gennaro, of course, was the last to appear. As usual, he had given himself so many minutes to dress, so many to take a cup of tea, and had timed the distance from the hotel to the railway station to the greatest nicety. He came into the room for his cup of tea, when everybody else was ready to start, and sat down to table with his watch before him, determined not to be hurried. The party moved off in detachments, and finally all reached the railway station. Here they were joined by the manager of the Theatre Royal and his body of retainers, consisting of choristers, musicians, scene painters, one or two trusty box-keepers, and his private secretary,— the latter, a very remarkable person, well deserving especial notice. The private secretary in this, as in a former instance, was of the gentler sex. Why theatrical managers generally employ female secretaries, is a question which I have not been able to answer to my own satisfaction. She was middle aged, or rather of that age which defies a definite opinion. From her appearance she might in her youth have been some theatrical property, or pantomime trick which the manager had made serviceable when no longer useful on the stage. Her occupation during the day (at least I never found her doing anything else) was to count the checks and receipts of the night before. With what patience she used to pick up those metal counters, and pile them into so many little hillocks along the manager's table! At night she wandered about the stage, as gaoler of the private boxes, the keys of which used to hang in a tremendous bunch from her waistband, and rattle fearfully. She was an important person, that private secretary on an opera night, when she had it in her power to pass you on to the stage to have a look at the Italians. At least so thought, I dare say, many a young, theatre-going Hibernian, who fostered a hopeless passion for the prima donna of his choice. The secretary at the railway station seemed as if she missed her daily checks, or rather the counting of them, for she had brought them with her. They were in a tin box which the good soul guarded most carefully. It might have contained so many golden coins, such was the attention with which she looked after it. There was a great crowd and great confusion at the railway, the prima donna's many prodigious trunks, bigger than any I ever saw before or since, each one large enough to live in, the cases containing the theatrical dresses, numerous stage properties, and choice bits of scenery not to be found in Cork, and which seemed ashamed to be seen by daylight, to say nothing of the double basses and other trifles, made the personal baggage of the opera party most formidable, and were the cause of a vast amount of swearing on the part of the porters. A compartment was secured for our tourists, who had provided themselves with draught-boards, chess-men, a pack of cards, and other means of amusement to pass the time away. The last bell was rung, everybody took their places, the train moved slowly out of the station. An hour did not elapse before anxiety was evinced by the party generally as to where they would lunch or dine. No satisfactory information could be obtained on the subject until the cook-medico-basso, who had taken a carriage for himself and his patient the baritone, in answer to inquiry, passed word that he, in his capacity of purveyor to the party, had foreseen the necessity of refreshment on the road, and brought an ample stock of provisions. He ratified this statement by holding a roasted fowl and a mysterious paper-bag out of the window. This prudence met with great approbation, particularly from Amina's mamma, who twirled her thumbs and smiled happily, declaring the basso to be the most good-natured fellow in the world. She had had a better view of the fowl and the mysterious bag as they were held out of the window than the rest of the party. Any fear of starvation being thus removed, various games were

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commenced among the travellers. Gennaro set up his railway chess board and challenged Alphonso to a trial of skill, in which neither displayed any very great prowess, although both were as serious over the matter as though their lives depended upon the result. Gubetta and the Frenchman began a game at écarté, in which there was decided superiority evinced on the part of sallow face. Lucrezia looked on at the chess-board for a short time, but then went off into a doze, which lasted until it was disturbed by the fowl and mysterious bag being thrust in at the window from the next carriage by means of a stick. The games were at once abandoned in favour of the more substantial amusement thus offered. The fowl was forthwith torn limb from limb, and divided between the three ladies and Gennaro. The mysterious bag was opened, and found to contain the remains of what once had been a pigeon pasty, but now was an indescribable mass of jelly and pie-crust.

A request was passed to the basso for a fork. He had not got one, but handed out a bottle of claret instead, which was readily accepted, and drank out of a silver mug providentially found in Lucrezia's dressing-case.

The luncheon, notwithstanding the primitive mode in which it had been served, was a great success, and put everybody into good humour. Anima's mother declared she enjoyed it immensely, and in fact could not be persuaded to leave her chicken bones, which she took up a second time, having had a very fair share of the pigeon pie between whiles. At length everything was consumed, and nothing left of what the basso had provided except the greasy bag and the empty claret bottle. These were handed back to him in token of how his provisions had been appreciated. Eating being over, chess and écarté were again resumed, and lasted until the players were tired out and took to smoking instead.

In due time the train reached its destination. The party arrived at the Imperial Hotel, Cork, somewhat knocked up with their long journey from Dublin.

ANTBATER.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BARMEN.*

THE taste for music has increased during the last ten years in the Wupperthal. When rebuilding the casino last year, Elberfeld did not forget a spacious concert-hall which was inaugurated by a two days' musical festival, and, on the 25th and 26th February of the present year, Barmen also opened a magnificent music-room, which forms part of the new building belonging to the Concordia Society, and is a great ornament to the town.

The hall has been erected at a cost of more than 40,000 thalers, which the society procured at only two per cent. interest. with a sinking-fund at one per cent., by means of contributions, and an increase in the rate of subscription. The most important feature in the hall is an organ at the end. This organ has four-and-twenty stops, three manuals and a pedal, and comes from the celebrated manufactory of Herren Ad. Ibach and Sons, in Barmen. It is a magnificent work, which alone cost six thousand thalers, the voluntary offering of the musical inhabitants of the town. Where a love for music contributes so liberally towards the prosperity of the art, we shall find, also, a conviction that the influence of music upon the heart and disposition must be numbered among the most efficacious instruments of education, civilisation, and that moral ennoblement of man, which, reposing upon the spirit and truth of Christianity, does not—by restricting itself to a dogged belief in the mere letter—forget love to one's fellow-creatures, or that delight in God's creations and in the Ideal, by means of which art raises us above everyday life.

The new hall is 103 feet long, 46 feet broad, and 35 feet high. It is built very tastefully, in the antique style, and when brilliantly illuminated by forty stars, each provided with eight gas burners, and suspended by a gilt pipe, produces a most striking effect on the spectator immediately he enters. If it were only ten or twelve feet longer, it would without doubt, be one of the very finest concert-rooms in Germany. There is, however, room enough, if such a course should be deemed advisable, to lengthen it at some future time. Its acoustic qualities, also, are so good, that in the adjoining smaller hall the music can be heard nearly as well as in the large hall itself. In a niche in the middle of the side wall, opposite the row of windows, there is a colossal bust of the King, upon a marble column. On either side there are two mirrors, eleven feet high, in gilt frames, the gift of a musical amateur, residing in France, but born in Barmen. The middle of the end wall is occupied by the organ, which is placed between two Corinthian columns. Five caryatides support the architrave, while between them are forty of the principal organ pipes, of English pewter. Directly opposite, and above the three entrances to the hall, there is a gallery, projecting from the wall, although only four or five feet.

The concert on Saturday, the 23rd February, commenced with Beethoven's overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, Op. 124. After the overture, Herr C. Siebel spoke a prologue, in which he introduced the five priests of the temple of the German Muses: Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and referred, in very eloquent terms, to the object for which the hall was erected. Handel's *Messiah* was now given, in almost its entirety—only a few pieces being omitted—for the first time in Germany with an orchestra and organ accompaniment in a music-hall. Herr Kranse conducted, and, in the successful performances of one of the masterpieces of German composition, reaped the reward of his untiring efforts in the cause of art. Herr Carl Schneider, from Wiesbaden, Herr Schiffer, of Cologne, Mlle. Francisca Schreck, of Bonn, and Mlle. Marie Büschgens, of Crefeld, acquitted themselves admirably in the solo parts.

On Sunday, February 24th, the programme included Beethoven's *Leonora Overture*, C. M. von Weber's *Jubel Overture*, and songs by the soloists we have mentioned above. In addition to this, Franz Seiss played Mendelssohn's violin-concerto, and his younger brother, Isidor, the pianoforte-concerto, in E flat major, of C. M. von Weber.* The whole proceedings, on both days, went off with the greatest *éclat*.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zietung*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*Communicated.*)

THE Annual General Meeting of the Society was held at Exeter Hall last week. The report stated that the amount received for subscriptions during the last year was 1505*l.* 14s. After allusion had been made to the increased regularity of attendance at rehearsals, which the committee considered indispensable to progress, the Orpheonist Concert was thus noticed:—

"A most interesting event, in connection with the last year's proceedings, was the concert, on the 29th of June, given by the Society to the Orpheonists of France. The members will, doubtless, have in their recollection, that this body of vocalists—mostly amateurs—visited England specially to give some of their part-song performances at the Crystal Palace. Numbering between 2000 and 3000, and selected from upwards of 160 of the Choral Societies of France—many coming from as far south as Lyons and Bordeaux—they produced an enthusiasm in the minds of the English people almost without parallel. This country not possessing any musical institutions supported by aid from the Government, the committee, considering that it would not be satisfactory to permit this large number of intelligent and enthusiastic votaries of the musical art to leave the country without some appropriate compliment, felt it incumbent upon the Sacred Harmonic Society, as occupying the leading musical position in the metropolis, to give a special performance, mostly of Handel's music, to their foreign fellow-lovers of the art, which took place in Exeter Hall, on Friday, 29th June. It is only requisite for the committee to remind the members of the extreme enthusiasm with which this performance was received by the Orpheonists, to induce a conviction that the occasion was one which commended itself to every one present, and, in the opinion of the committee, it was also one of the most gratifying events in the history of the Society."

The following allusions were made to the library:—

"The greatly increased extent of the library, together with the very considerable additions made during the last few years to the stock of orchestral music, having rendered the space hitherto occupied for their accommodation insufficient for that purpose, an extra room adjoining to the Society's offices in Exeter Hall has been taken and fitted up for the reception exclusively of the library, the cases formerly occupied by which are now appropriated to the orchestral music. It may not be out of place here to remind the members that, unlike the ordinary usage of Musical Societies, no portion of the scores and separate parts required for use in the orchestra at the Society's rehearsals and performances, is considered as belonging to the library, properly so called; but that the stock of orchestral music, and the very large and valuable assemblage of music and works

* The same which was recently performed by Miss Arabella Goddard at the first New Philharmonic Concert.

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relating to music, commonly designated as 'The Library,' are completely distinct collections."

The choral practices of the "London Contingent," the famous 1600, naturally elicited remark:—

"Having in view the recurrence of a great musical festival in the year 1862, as alluded to in the last annual report, the Committee have continued the great choral meetings of the Handel Festival Choir. It is so manifest that the greatest possible advantage to future festivals must arise from the continued practice and association of this large body of choralists, that no further comment on the desirability of their continuance can be requisite. It is, however, important to note that great present advantage also results to the Society, from the opportunity gained of recruiting its ranks by selection from so large a body of vocalists. The knowledge which the vocal superintendents acquire of the capabilities of those intrusted to their supervision, enables them to make choice of thoroughly practised amateurs; and at no time have the great vocal rehearsals been of more general service to the Society than during the past year. At the beginning of the present season the lists of the 1600 members composing the choir were carefully revised, and all vacancies in the number filled up, after careful trial of each applicant. As this course has been rigidly followed since the establishment of the choir, it results that a degree of efficiency may be looked for in the coming festival far beyond that of its predecessors."

It then transpired that the Crystal Palace Handel Festival commemorations were likely to be constituted (like the provincial music meetings) triennial:—

"The mention of the choral rehearsals naturally leads to special reference to the great triennial musical festival which it is intended to hold at the Crystal Palace in the summer of next year, and with a view to which the rehearsals have been continued. It is with much pleasure the committee acquaint the members that the arrangements between their own body and the board of the Crystal Palace Company have within the last few days been completed, and that steps will at once be taken to place the subject under public notice. The committee of the society are, equally with the directors of the Crystal Palace, alive to the necessity for combined and strenuous exertion, in order, if possible, to render the festival of 1862 even still more successful that the festivals of 1857 and 1859. The committee feel that they have no easy task before them in attempting to outrival the 1859 festival. They are perfectly conscious that the efforts of the unparalleled body of musical executive talent then assembled to do honour to the mighty name of Handel, cannot easily be outvied. They have entire faith, however, that with the improved organisation brought about by long-continued association, from the general increased musical knowledge of those who may be chosen to take part in the festival, from the spread of musical societies in England and other countries, and from the experience gained by the committee in organising the three memorable choral events of the age, viz., the opening of the Crystal Palace in 1854, and the Handel festivals of 1857 and of 1859, far greater musical efficiency may be realised than on any previous occasion. The acoustical arrangements of the centre transept of the Crystal Palace—immensely improved as they were in 1859—are still capable of further development. When these shall have been perfected, there exists no doubt whatever in the minds of the committee that, aided by the indomitable energy and the unrivalled talent of their conductor, the coming festival will be worthy of the memorable year in which it is to be held, and the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society may be led confidently to anticipate that they will be able to offer to the representatives of the nations assembled at the International Exhibition, in 1862, such a series of musical representations as could be offered in no other country or place."

More about the International Exhibition:—

"The members of the Society have, no doubt, in their recollection, the vote of the special general meeting held in May last, by which the the sum of 1000*l.* was agreed to be guaranteed to the commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862. All preliminaries having been arranged, the deed of guarantee has been duly signed by the treasurer, on behalf of the Society; and it is with pleasure the committee are able to announce that the amount of the guarantee fund now exceeds the sum of 325,000*l.*

* * * * * * * * *

"The committee, in allusion to the announcements which have been made public as to the recognition of music as an art in the International Exhibition of 1862, state their opinion to be, so far as the views of the promoters of the exhibition could be ascertained, that no satisfactory issue would be likely to follow the proposed attempt, particularly if it was intended to undertake musical performances concurrently with the exhibition. The committee appeal to the experience they have gained in musical arrangements generally during the past quarter of a century as justifying them in thus early expressing their opinion."

The success of *Elijah* last year warrants the production of the *Creation* on the same scale:—

"The committee beg to announce that, with a view to keeping alive the interest in the 1862 festival, they have made arrangements with the directors of the Crystal Palace for a great performance of the *Creation*, on Wednesday, 1st May, on a similar scale to the performance of *Elijah* last May. And they indulge the anticipation that as great an amount of success will attend the proposed performance as resulted from that of last year."

The audited accounts of the Society for the past year were found to include, on the payment side of the account, some unusual items of expenditure (beyond the ordinary annual expenses), viz:—

	£	s.	d.
Purchase of £1000 Consols for Benevolent Fund, per vote of General Meeting	948	15	0
Purchase of Handel Statuettes for Festival Committee, per vote of General Meeting	315	0	0
New Cushions for Reserved Seats	309	1	10
Fittings and Furniture for New Library with Office Expenses, &c.	265	10	9
	£1,838	7	7

This extra expenditure had occasioned a necessity for selling out during the past year 1000*l.* Consols, part of the Society's invested stock. The balance in hand at the commencement of the account was 1,534*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* After payment of the entire expenses of the year, including those of a special nature above mentioned, the balance in hand at the close of the year was 421*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* Independently of which balance, the property of the Society might be estimated as follows, viz.:—

Stock in the public funds—	£	s.	d.
New 3 per Cents.	1,750	0	0
Three per Cent. Consols	2,250	0	0
	4,000	0	0
Estimated value of Library, Stock of Music, Copyrights, Furniture, Fittings, &c.	4,000	0	0
	£8,000	0	0

* * * * * * * *

After the usual complimentary votes to the officers of the Society and the election of the committee, a special resolution was passed, voting one hundred guineas to the Hullah Testimonial Fund.

Miss Louisa Pyne's Benefit.—In our notice of Miss Pyne's benefit last week, the name of Mr. Harrison was, by a typographical error, printed for that of St. Albyn, whose performance of the part of Tonio, in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, obtained him such unanimous and well-merited applause.

Madame Rosa Csillag.—This eminent artist has arrived in London, to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The Viennese papers speak of her last appearance at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in *Trovatore*, on Saturday last, as a remarkable scene of public excitement and expression of regret at the departure of such a favourite. On this occasion it would appear that all "rules and regulations" were set at defiance, contrary to the laws of the Imperial Theatres, which forbid any artist "de reparaître après la fin du spectacle sous quelque pretexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au public." (Art. XIX.) Mad. Csillag was recalled innumerable times after the opera, and in a short speech, almost inaudible from her emotion, bade farewell to an audience before whom she made her first appearance on any stage, about ten years ago, and since which her name has always been the most attractive of the artists forming the Opera Company at the Kärntnerthor Theatre.

From a Daventry journal we learn that Mr. Walter Tilney, a pupil of Mr. Sparks of Leeds, has just been appointed organist and choir-master of the parish church and of St. James's.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(57TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will again be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet in E major, Op. 59, MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, SCHREURS, and PAQUE—Haydn; Song, "Now summer hath departed," Miss BANKS—Dussek; Song, "Dalla sua pace." Mr. SIMS REEVES—Mozart; Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, Mr. CHARLES HALLE—Beethoven.

PART II.—Sonata in F, Op. 24, for Violin and Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLE and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven; Song, "The Hunter's Song," Mr. SIMS REEVES—Mendelssohn; Impromptu in B flat—Schubert; Valse in A flat, Mr. CHARLES HALLE—Chopin; Song, "Ave Maria," Miss BANKS—Schubert; Quartet for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mr. CHARLES HALLE, M. VIEUXTEMPS, M. SCHREURS, and M. PAQUE—Mozart.

Conductor — MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Front Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall; and of the principal musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—Mr. Charles Hallé begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of the subjoined dates:—Friday, May 17th; Friday, May 24th; Friday, May 31st; Friday, June 7th; Friday, June 14th; Friday, June 21st; Friday, June 28th; and Friday, July 5th.—To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Operas" respectively assigned to them are warrants. The universal popularity of these works in England, as elsewhere, and their admitted superiority to all other compositions of the class to which they belong, support Mr. Hallé in the belief that such an uninterrupted presentation of the entire series may elicit the attention both of students and of connoisseurs. Many of the Sonatas never having been publicly performed, though familiar to professors, are unknown to the majority of amateurs; and some of these are quite as worthy admiration as others which, owing to their frequent appearance in concert programmes, have obtained unanimous acceptance.

As exemplifications of the gradual advance of their composer's talent, from its early stages to its ripe maturity, the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven may be consulted as advantageously as the Quartets or the Orchestral Symphonies. They begin at the commencement of his "First" manner, play a very conspicuous part in his "Second," and extend far into the meridian of his "Third." No less than Thirty-two in number, there are enough of them to illustrate, more or less pointedly, every phase of the great musician's artistic progress; and, if merely regarded as a series of compositions for a single instrument, in variety, beauty, and originality, they stand wholly unparalleled.

At each of the Eight Performances two Vocal Pieces will be introduced. The Programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur. The object aimed at in these descriptions—from which criticism will, as a matter of course, be excluded—is not to guide the taste, but to assist the appreciation of the audience.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2s.; single ticket, 10s. 6d. Reserved Seats (Balcony and Area) for the series, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.; single ticket, 5s. Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; single ticket, 3s.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

On TUESDAY next, April 2,

LE PROPHETE.

Principal Characters by Mad. CSILLAG and Mlle. CORBARI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, ZELGAR, NERI BARALDI POLONINI, ROSSI, LUCCHESI and TAMBERLIK.

The Opera commences at half-past 8.

To Correspondents.

E. W. F.—Next week.

Death.

On Tuesday, the 26th inst., at 22 Warwick Street, Regent Street, Henri Laurent, of atrophy, in the 34th year of his age.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

Terms { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2s. 6d. / *Every additional* 10 *words* ... ... 6d.

To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

THE question of theatres *versus* music-halls appears to be set at rest for the present by Mr. Morton's withdrawal of his notice of appeal from the decision of the Lambeth magistrate. It is evidently illegal to play pantomimes at Canterbury Hall, and accordingly no more "Enchanted Hashes" will be served up by the spirited proprietor of that establishment to his patrons; or, at all events, not until next Christmas, when it is just possible that the whole dispute will be renewed. In the meanwhile let us try and understand what the quarrel has been all about, and who has had the right and who the wrong side in it.

We find, from a recently-published letter of the plaintiff, in the case of Webster *v.* Morton, that "the summons was originally taken out to prevent the encroachment of saloons and music-halls on the exclusive rights of theatres, where," adds our beloved Benjamin, "the source of profit almost entirely arises from the permitting smoking and drinking."

"What! in theatres? smoking and drinking in theatres?" the reader naturally exclaims.

No! for a somewhat explanatory "which" follows, and certainly not one moment before it was wanted.

"Which," says the amiable adversary of Morton, "cannot take place in a theatre, nor is it desirable."

It is in saloons and music-halls, then, that smoking and drinking take place, and we think the representative of the London managers might as well have said so plainly and at once.

"I wish it to be clearly understood," continues the author of the letter in question, "that in proceeding against Mr. Morton, it was not because he was by any means the most offending against the law, but from his being the head of those species of establishments, in the same way that my name was used as being the oldest manager. Some music-halls and saloons have—though apparently not known to one gentleman who has written on the subject—not only acted regular farces, dog-melodramas, &c., but have expensive scenery, and were preparing to proceed much further; hence the reason of managers moving to protect their rights."

Here the question at issue between Mr. Webster and Mr. Morton is fairly defined. Are persons who hold no theatrical licenses justified in giving theatrical performances? The law can only answer in the negative; but then another

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question presents itself, namely: "What constitutes a theatrical performance?" Certainly not the mere telling of a story, nor the exhibition of character by means of dialogue. Scenery, appropriate costumes, and all the external means usually employed to produce stage illusion, seem to us to be essential in a theatrical representation; and we are assured that, as a rule, the performances at music-halls (which, as they consist chiefly of operatic selections, ought to annoy, if any one, not our dramatic but our operatic managers) take place without either.

These music-halls seem to us to stand midway between regular taverns on the one hand, and theatres and concert-rooms on the other; and the important question to consider is, whether they take away more persons from the former or from the latter places of entertainment. If from the former, they do positive good; if from the latter, they just as certainly do harm. The matter cannot be decided experimentally; at least, it would be impossible for a Committee of Inquiry to institute an effective examination into the previous festive habits of the present *habitués* of music-halls; and, judging from our own circle of acquaintances, we can only say, that we never knew any one who went more than once to a music-hall, and that once purely as a matter of curiosity. We can understand, however, that a man wishing to spend a portion of his evening in smoking and drinking would rather, in a great many cases, take his glass of grog and his cigar at Weston's or the Canterbury than at some ordinary unmusical "public;" though we can*not* understand a man wishing to see Mr. Fechter at the Princess's in *Hamlet*, or Mr. Boucicault at the Adelphi in the *Colleen Bawn*, and being kept away from either of those performances by the attractions of a music-hall. Doubtless, an evening at a music-hall would be preferable to an evening at Drury Lane if nothing but *Savannah* was to be performed, or at the Haymarket if the principal piece in the playbill was the *Babes in the Wood;* but so also would be stopping at home. Otherwise, though no great admirers of what are called "progress principles," nor of those who profess them, we fully believe that, in art, those who have once acquired a taste, however slight, for the good, are not afterwards to be satisfied with the bad; and that the cultivator of art, whether as a producer or as an appreciator, rises as surely from good to better, as the man who is addicted to vice sinks from bad to worse. We do not believe that Weston's or the Canterbury Hall will produce a large class of refined amateurs either of music or of the drama; but a few, enjoying the tolerably good performances of operatic pieces that, we understand, may be heard at those establishments, will, doubtless, from time to time, be led to go to the Italian Opera, where they may hear them played and sung to perfection. On the other hand, we cannot imagine any frequenter of the Italian Opera being tempted from such a performance (we will say) as we shall soon be able to hear in London of *Guillaume Tell*, by the ignoble inducement of a glass of brandy and water and a bad cigar (the cigars are sure to be bad), to be taken simultaneously with ill-assorted and indifferent music.

However, let us not be too hard on the artists engaged at these halls, many of whom, we are assured, possess considerable merit. Next week we shall probably go and hear some of them, and, in the meanwhile, we may remark that, if the singers and musicians of establishments where operas by Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Verdi are executed—according to some trustworthy accounts that have reached us—very creditably and correctly, but where they are, at all events, executed somehow, so as to call forth the applause of audiences of a thousand and fifteen hundred people;—if these singers and musicians, we say, are not worth listening to, then the myriads of amateurs with which London is infested, and of which every house possesses at least one specimen, ought to close their pianos and shut their mouths for ever and ever. It has often occurred to us that it is better to hear no music at all than to hear music only indifferently performed; but the enormous majority of mankind are decidedly of a very different opinion, and the performances at music-halls must at least be a great improvement on ninety-nine out of a hundred that are to be heard in private drawing-rooms.

We shall return to the subject next week, and in the meanwhile we strongly recommend any reader who, some Monday evening, may wish to devote a couple of shillings or so to smoking, drinking, and music, not to take them all three together at a music-hall, but to go, from eight to ten, to the Monday Popular Concerts, where he will hear the best chamber music possible, and afterwards to proceed to a respectable coffee-room, and there smoke and drink as much and as long as he can continue to do with his remaining twelvepence. A better plan still would, of course, be for him to save his remaining twelvepence for the concert of the Monday following.

FOR the first time since Herr Richard Wagner began to preach the "Art-work of the Future," he has made concessions.

In the opening scene of the second act of *Tannhäuser*, there is an air, sung by a herdsman, while Tannhäuser (and the audience?) are asleep. After the air sung by the herdsman comes (or came) *a trait de chalumeau*, executed upon the oboe, in which the learned M. Fiorentino detected a resemblance to a *chansonnette*—by who knows what composer of vaudevilles?—and familiar to the "*gamins de Paris*" as "*J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière.*" In the *finale* to the second act there is (or was) a "*trait de violons*" (we quote M. Paul Smith d'Edouard de Monnaie), "*éclatant dans les hauteurs de la chanterelle*—like the last cry of an animal passing from life to death." In the *finale* to Act I., there is (or was) a "*meute* (a pack) *de chiens*" (of dogs). In the third act there is (or was) a re-apparition of Venus.

Well, on the night of the first representation of *Tannhäuser*, at the Imperial Opera in Paris, the "*trait de chalumeau*," which reminded M. Fiorentino of "J'ai du bon tabac," &c., the "*trait de violon*," which reminded M. Smith of a moribund pig, the "*meute de chiens*," and the "re-apparition of Venus," caused the audience to laugh—creating, in short, infinite merriment through the house. At divers rehearsals the excision of these same "*traits*" had been strenuously advocated; but the preacher of the "Art-work of the Future" was inexorable. He would consent to no changes, to no omissions. The evening of the first performance found him equally *entêté;* but the "*lendemain*," after a night's feverish reflection, found him softer. He yielded, in fact. The peccant "*traits*" were "*biffés.*" Large curtailments, moreover, were practised in various *morceaux.* Lastly, a curtain of print gauze was dispensed with.

To what end were all these concessions made? The learned M. Fiorentino prophesied that they would be made; but no German or Germanised-Frenchman in Paris believed him. Nay, it was boldly stated that Herr Wagner had boldly stated that he would sooner allow his works to perish than his principles ("*Périssent mes ouvrages plutôt que mes principes!*") Nevertheless M. Fiorentino proffered a wager.

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"I will bet" (said he) "*Don Juan, Fidelio, Les deux Journées, Der Freischütz, Il Barbière, Guillaume Tell, Masaniello,* and the *Huguenots,* against the *Fliegender Holländer, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan und Iseult* and the *Niebelungen* (with which last M. Fiorentino is not yet intimately acquainted), that at the second performance the '*trait de chalumeau,*' and that incredible *fusée de violons,* which at the first excited Homeric hilarity, will be suppressed." They were suppressed; and if any one had clenched M. Fiorentino's proffered fist, M. Fiorentino would have won his wager; but as no one did, he didn't — consoling himself, nevertheless, with the certainty of not having lost it.

"Tout aumônier est plus hardi qu'un page."

M. Paul de Saint Victor would not have presumed to offer such a wager; nor the editor of *La France Musicale;* nor M. Durillon d'Engelure; nor M. If. Was there, peradventure, a secret understanding between Herr Wagner and M. Fiorentino, that M. Fiorentino should publicly suggest to Herr Wagner a "constitutional," which Herr Wagner should privately swallow, and then publicly exhibit its "effects"? M. de Villemessant might have enlightened us on this point; but M. de Villemessant has bestowed his dressing-gown upon M. Jouvin, his slippers upon M. Charles Monselet, his night-cap upon M. Jean Non-Jacques Rousseau. *Il a bien fait.*

Homme propose, Dieu dispose. Herr Wagner (for the first time), made concessions; but with what result? Read the subjoined *compte rendu* from the *Révue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* (March 24):—

"A second trial has come off, far from being more successful than the first. On the contrary, the public disapprobation was manifested with increased energy, and we do not recollect such another evening in the arena, ordinary so calm and serene, of our Grand Opera. We coveted a decisive judgment, and begged the judges to preserve a grave demeanour; but advice of this kind is easier to give than take. True that we can manage to dispense with hissing; but to avoid laughing is another affair; and, on the very first night, we involuntarily yielded more than once to the feeling which had irresistibly laid hold of the entire audience. On the second night precautions had been taken to guard against such inconvenient manifestations. The oboe solo after the 'Herdsman's song,'* the redoubtable *trait de violons,* the pack of hounds, at the end of Act. I., and the re-apparition of Venus in the third were one and all suppressed. Curtailments, too, had been effected in various pieces, and the rose gauze curtain (so decorously shutting out a logical but undramatic contingency) sent back to the property-room. But, alas! nothing could save *Tannhäuser.* This time there was less laughter, perhaps, but a great deal more hissing; and for a plain reason —the applauders (*claque?*) being numerous, the vigour of the disapprobation was regulated by that of the approval.

. . . . . "We have been assured, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner continues obstinate — attributes the check he has received in Paris to a cabal organised against him by his enemies. In his double capacity of poet and composer, the author of *Tannhäuser* is, doubtless, furnished with a double dose of pride, and should, therefore, perhaps, be accorded a double amount of indulgence. This last we willingly extend —nay, we can even *pity* him, for we know of nothing more sad and hopeless than the fatuity, too common now-a-days, which induces authors to contemplate and admire themselves in their works, and to pronounce in a tone of sovereign authority, without the slightest deference to public opinion, that those works are good. *Et vidit quod esset bonum.*

"The second performance of *Tannhäuser* merely served to bring out in still bolder relief the talent and courage of the singers, who had to answer in person for the sins of the composer. The tenor, M. Niemann, especially distinguished himself in this painful struggle, and the audience took care to make him understand *his* reputation was not at stake. Mads. Tedesco and Marie Sax, MM. Morelli, Cazeaux, Coulon, and the rest, equally deserved protection from the storm of disapprobation which, even the august presence of their majesties, the emperor and empress, was powerless to allay.

"PAUL SMITH."

Well did Herr Wagner designate the Parisians "those unbelieving and thick-headed people," &c. This was in his chapter on Berlioz, in the famous book called *Oper und Drama,* a translation of which, from the pen of Mr. J. V. Bridgman (most impartial of translators), appeared in the independent columns of the MUSICAL WORLD. By the way, there was a passage in this chapter which we remember to have greatly struck us at the time. It related to Berlioz:—

"It certainly was not the reputation of a mere mechanical inventor that excited Berlioz at the beginning of his career. A really artistic impulse lived within him, and this impulse was burning and consuming in its nature. That in order to satisfy this impulse, by means of what was unhealthy and inhuman in the tendency, we have already discussed minutely, he should have been driven to such a length, that as an artist he must perish in mechanics, and as a supernatural fantastic enthusiast, sink into an ell-engulphing materialism — this, besides setting him up as a warning, renders him so much the more lamentable example, inasmuch as, even at the present day, he is still devoured by really artistic yearning, while he already lies irretrievably buried beneath the ruins of his own machines." (*Opera and Drama, Book* i. *chap.* 5).

Might not the foregoing, by a slight application of the "*tu quoque*" be reasonably applied by Berlioz to Herr Wagner himself?

OUR well-informed contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung,* returns again, in his number of March, to the subject of Beethoven's *Prometheus.* We translate as much of his article as bears immediately on the matter under consideration:—

"The first pianoforte arrangement of this music appeared at Vienna soon after the performance of the ballet (March 28th, 1801.) It now lies before us, and bears the title, '*Gli Uomini di Prometeo, Ballo per il Clavicembalo o Pianoforte, composto e dedicato a sua Altezza la Signora Principessa Lichnowsky, nata Contessa Thun, da Luigi van Beethoven. Opera* 24. *In Vienna presso Cappi e Cᵒ.*" Price 3 fl. 36 kr. (56 pages oblong folio).

"According to a letter, which accompanies the work, kindly sent to us by A. Schindler, Beethoven, when giving him this copy, said in in relation to its completeness, 'This is all.' That he," continues Schindler, "assisted in making this arrangement, I heard him say afterwards. And as to the bad style of the title-page, he himself scolded about it:—'*Ballo per il clavicembalo!*' In those days he was an out-and-out Italian, and continually 'breaking the language on the wheel;' it was in the '*Giulietta Guicciardi*' epoch, 1801. Our thanks are due to M. Thayer for certainty in regard to the year of Beethoven's life in which that catastrophe fell, the same in which the three letters to the beloved one were written, letters which have for date only the day of the month, but not the year. Thayer has examined all sorts of church records in Vienna for the year and day of the marriage of Giulietta with Count Gallenberg, and discovered that it took place in 1801. "Hitherto this date has been given much later—as 1805 or 1806: Schindler, also, in the new edition of his work, is of opinion that it was in 1803. According to Thayer's discovery, then, it was in Beethoven's *thirty-first* year. (Compare Schindler, 3d edition, vol. i. page 98 *et seq.*)

"The *opus* number, 24, on the title of the pianoforte arrangement, gives us also a clue to the time when the *Prometheus* was composed (the number in the catalogues of Beethoven's works being given falsely Op. 43). Moreover, the sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, appears as Op. 24, and in fact appeared — published by Mollo in Vienna — also in 1801.

"The ballad, then, belongs to the period of Op. 20 (the septet in E b); Op. 21 (the symphony in C); Op. 22 (the sonata for pianoforte in B b); Op. 23 (sonata for pianoforte and violin in A minor); Op. 24 (already mentioned); Op. 25 (serenade for flute, violin, and viola); Op. 26 (the sonata for pianoforte in A b); Op. 27 (the two sonatas '*quasi fantasia,*' of which No. 2 is that in C ♯ minor:—'*Alla Contessa Giulietta Guicciardi,*' familiarly known as the *Mondschein's-sonata.*"*)

* M. Fiorentino's "*trait de chalumeau.*"

* The *Moonlight Sonata.*

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M. Thayer, however, who has seen the remarks of our contemporary, requests us to correct a misconception, which appears in the above-cited portion of Herr Schindler's letter to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. "If Herr Schindler" (he writes) "will turn again to the notes of our conversations last autumn in Bockenheim, he will see that he has confounded the date of the letters to Julia Guicciardi, which were written in the summer of 1801, with that of her marriage to Count Gallenberg, which was celebrated, Nov. 3, 1803, a few days before she had completed her nineteenth year. Whatever may be the true date of the 'catastrophe'—as Herr Schindler names it—that is, the rejection of Beethoven for Gallenberg by the young lady, the composer appears to have been upon good terms with the family down to June or July in 1803, if his going with the once celebrated mulatto violinist, Bridgtower, to dine with a Countess Guicciardi be any proof of this. I know of no family in Vienna of that name, at the time, except the one to which Julia belonged."

Crystal Palace.—The order which prohibited the opening of the theatres in London on Saturday se'nnight, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent, did not extend to the Palace at Norwood, for the Saturday concert took place as usual. The feature of the programme was a pianoforte concert by Mr. Henry Baumer, a King's Scholar of the Royal Academy, a selection from an oratorio of whom occasionally is performed at the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts. A composer naturally takes all possible pains with the performance of his own work, but the firm, clear, and decided pianoforte playing of Mr. Baumer should not be passed over without a word of acknowledgment. The *pièce de resistance* of the concert was Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor. With many gleams of the poetic beauty which is never totally absent in Schumann, the fourth symphony is less satisfactory than the first—in B flat—which Mendelssohn is said to have highly esteemed, and the performanee of which he once conducted. Mendelssohn's glorious violin concerto was played in masterly style by M. Sainton, whose unaffected expression—untainted as it is by the slightest tinge of exaggeration—makes us listen to his performance with a pleasure more completely unalloyed than that excited by many more celebrated *virtuosi*. M. Sainton also played his own *Rigoletto* fantasia, which is always well received, because the charming melodies are allowed to tell their tale in all their original simplicity. The fresh voice of Miss Emily Spiller, a *débutante*, gained her an encore in Schloesser's "Queen of the Sea;" and she also sang the scena, "Ah! fors è lui." Madame Sainton-Dolby showed such good taste in selecting Haydn's lovely "Spirit song," that we were surprised at her choosing "The skipper and his boy," the absurdity of which even fine singing can never conceal. The orchestra, under Mr. Mann's direction, performed with great care, although want of sufficient rehearsal was at times perceptible. The number of visitors amounted to 2,966.

The programme of Saturday's concert was as brief as that of the previous Saturday was long. There was no concerto, but one overture; and the only instrumental music in addition to the symphony—Haydn's, in E flat—was two violin solos, by Mr. H. Weist Hill, the first, a "Souvenir de Verdi," from *Il Trovatore*, the latter an impromptu on "The power of love." Mr. Hill was loudly applauded at the conclusion. The overture, Mendelssohn's "Calm sea and prosperous voyage," was splendidly played, but the effect of the opening movement was marred by what a humorous contemporary denominates the "audiential exodus." The vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne—who, strange to say, sang for the first time at the Crystal Palace—and Mr. Henry Haigh. The lady sang the scena from *Lurline* and the ballad from *Bianca*, "In vain I strive," creating much enthusiasm, especially in the scena, which she sang superlatively. Mr. Henry Haigh sang Mercadante's "Bella adorata," from *Il Giuramento*, and the serenade "Wake my love," from *Giselle*.

The Palace presented a scene of considerable activity during the week—Passion week. On Monday a selection of sacred music by Handel, including portions of the Funeral Anthem, the "Dead March" in *Saul*, the last part of the *Messiah*, &c.; on Tuesday, *Elijah*; on Wednesday, the *Creation*; and on Thursday, the *Messiah*. The rehearsal organ of the Sacred Harmonic Society, built by Mr. Walker, of Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, removed from Exeter Hall for the occasion, and Miss Banks, Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Martin, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, &c., the principal vocalists. Good Friday is always a great day at the Crystal Palace. For the past two years upwards of 35,000 persons were present on the Good Fridays. A sacred concert, comprising an unusual number of the most celebrated and well-known pieces, took place yesterday, in the centre transept at three o'clock. Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss, were the singers. Particulars in our next.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Mr. Frederic Penna, a pupil of Sir George Smart, and a barytone singer, commenced a series of three musical entertainments on Monday evening, at the above rooms, with a discourse on the "Oratorio composers of the 18th and 19th centuries, Handel, Haydn, Spohr and Mendelssohn." The discourse, partly critical and partly biographical, was illustrated by songs and recitations taken from the most popular works of the composers, and sung by Mr. Penna, whose voice is powerful and flexible, and who appears to have studied sacred vocalisation to some purpose. The illustrations were from Handel, "The people that walked in darkness" (the *Messiah*), "Why do the nations" (the *Messiah*), and "Honor and arms" (*Samson*); from Haydn, "Rolling in foaming billows," (the *Creation*), and "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone" (the *Creation*); from Spohr, "Tears and Sorrows" (the *Crucifixion*), and "Oh! what is man" (the *Fall of Babylon*); and from Mendelssohn, "Consume them all," (*St. Paul*) and "It is enough" (*Elijah*). No one will gainsay that this was a splendid selection, but all being bass songs gave somewhat of a monotonous tone to the illustrations. Mad. Penna accompanied the songs on the pianoforte very skilfully. The entertainment on Wednesday was entitled "Old friends and new acquaintance," and was more varied and discursive in its aim, having reference to composers of operas from Handel to Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, and including many of the most celebrated cantata and song writers. The profane lecture appeared to afford more gratification than the sacred, and was certainly more amusing. The illustrations, with two exceptions, were all good. The exceptions were "Oh! no, we never mention her," about the very poorest specimen extant of Henry Bishop's genius, and "When time hath bereft thee," which was not composed by Auber at all, but was constructed on a phrase from the overture to *Gustavus* by the late Mr. T. Cooke, and converted into a bass song for Mr. Henry Phillips. Mr. Penna's apology that there was no bass song in the opera of *Gustavus* was no extenuation, since he was not compelled to select from that opera. Why not sing Pietro's barcarole in *Masaniello*? In all other respects the discourse was excellent and exceedingly well delivered. To-night the lecture of Monday evening will be repeated, when the series will terminate.

The Vocal Association.—The second concert on Wednesday evening next, at St. James's Hall, promises to be extremely interesting. Mendelssohn's magnificent psalm, "Hear my prayer," will be performed, with Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington as principal soprano, and M. Lemmens, the justly celebrated organist, will accompany the psalm throughout. In addition to this, M. Lemmens is to perform a Fugue in C minor of his own composition. To conclude, M. Sainton and M. Benedict will perform Beethoven's Romance in F on the violin and pianoforte.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The first public dinner of the Society will be held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, 24th April, Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P. in the chair, supported by a numerous and influential body of stewards. Beethoven's great Mass in D, which has been in active rehearsal for some months past, will be produced on Friday, 12th April.

Princess's Theatre.—Mr. A. Harris, the respected lessee of this establishment, took his benefit on Saturday evening. The house was crowded in every part; and we need hardly say that the extraordinary performance of M. Fechter in *Hamlet*, the first three acts of which were given, excited the utmost enthusiasm.

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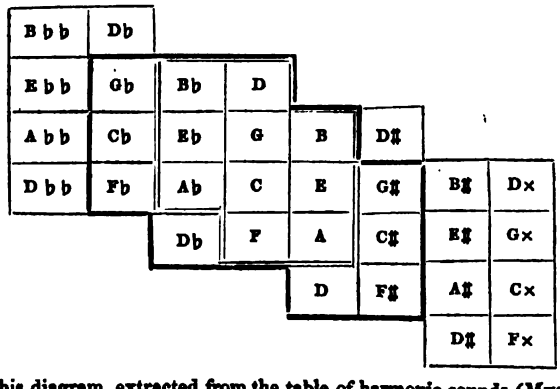
Letters to the Editor.

THE THEORY OF ACCIDENTALS.

Sir,—In an investigation of the principles which govern the introduction of accidentals, either in melody or harmony, we shall be much assisted by a clear perception of the nature and properties of the primary and secondary sounds. The term "accidental" is here used to designate a sound not denoted by the usual signature of the key, or not pertaining to the diatonic scale, also the sign of elevation will be expressed by the word *sharp*, and the sign of depression by the word *flat*, the sign of restoration will not be accounted an accidental. In my letter on the theory of Harmonics it was shown that, discarding octaves, which may be considered merely as reproductions of the original sound, the first harmonic, or *primary sound*, is a perfect fifth above, and the second harmonic, or *secondary sound*, is a major third above the generating sound, and as these sounds become in a similar manner the generators of others, therefore taking C as a primary sound, a series of perfect fifths, as C, G, D, A, &c., is a series of primary sounds, and the sounds a major third above these, as E, B, F♯, &c. (also a series of perfect fifths), are secondary sounds as compared with the former series. Now, as the series C, G, D, &c., are secondary sounds as compared with the series a major third below them, as primaries, as A♭, E♭, B♭, &c., it follows that when C, G, D, &c., are primaries, E, B, F♯, &c., are *positive* secondary sounds, and A♭, E♭, B♭, are *negative* secondary sounds; whence it is evident that the secondary sounds are the thirds, major and minor, of the primary chords; the positive secondary sounds, being major thirds above the roots of the primary chords, belong to the major scale, and the negative secondary sounds, being major thirds below the fifths, or minor thirds above the roots of the primary chords, belong to the minor scale, the primary sounds being the same in both the major and minor scales. Now every diatonic scale consists of four primary, and three secondary sounds, the second primary sound being the first of the scale, key note, or tonic; thus F, C, G, D are the four primary sounds, and A, E, B the three secondary sounds of the scale of C major. The primary sounds have this peculiar property, in the relative tonic keys (as primaries), they become secondary sounds forming thirds of the primary chords; thus, in the key of A minor, related as tonic to C major, they are the thirds of the minor chords, and admit of being made *sharp* in the synonymous major chords, also in the key of A♭ major, related as tonic to C minor, they are the thirds of the major chords, and admit of being made *flat* in the synonymous minor chords; in like manner the secondary sounds become the primaries of the relative keys—these facts, as well as others, will be evident from a careful consideration of the following diagram, and admit of the clearest demonstration.



This diagram, extracted from the table of harmonic sounds (Musical World, June 30th, 1860) contains *all the sounds* related to the key of C as tonic, which lie between D♭♭ relative subdominant, and D× relative supertonic; the sounds within the darker lines are those of the key of C major, with its relative tonic key, A minor, and its major; the key of C minor with its relative tonic key, A♭ major, and its minor; those within the double lines are the keys of C major and minor only, which may serve as a model for the other keys, the order of the sounds being the same in all; whence it will be seen that F, C, G, the primary basis of the key of C, appear in both the relative tonic keys as secondary sounds, or thirds major and minor of the primary chords. Now, as the primary bases of any key are those of the subdominant, tonic, and dominant of that key, therefore all primary sounds which can possibly appear in connection with any key are those of the scales of the subdominant, tonic, and dominant; then connected with the key of C are the primary sounds B♭, F, C, G of the subdominant, F, C, G, D of the tonic, and C, G, D, A of the dominant, that is, they are B♭, F, C, G, D, A, a series of perfect fifths, and being the minor thirds of the, chords in the relative, are all the sounds upon which the accidental sharp can possibly occur, as B♮, F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯; of these sounds B♮ (derived from B♭ belonging to the key of F, the subdominant) is flatter in pitch in the ratio 80.81, than B in the key of C, and can only appear in connection with the subdominant harmony; moreover, as the notation of both these sounds is the same, it will never appear as an accidental. Also A♯ (derived from A belonging to the key of G, the dominant, which A is sharper in pitch in the ratio 81.80 than A in the key of C) can only appear in harmonics connected with the dominant; hence all the accidental sharps in the key of C major are F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯; and as A♯ can only appear in connection with the dominant harmony, the accidental sharps will generally fall upon F, C, G, D, the primary sounds of the key. In like manner the accidental flats will fall upon D, A, E, B, the primary sounds of the relative tonic key. In *modulations* to the keys of the dominant and subdominant, the F♯ and B♭ will not be the identical sounds of those above given; nevertheless, as the notation is the same, the rule may be said to include these sounds, otherwise they would appear as the signature of the new key, and thus not be accounted as accidentals. As these are all the accidentals which can occur in harmonics in immediate connection with the key of C major, consequently they are also those which appear in the relative tonic key, A minor; hence the accidentals belonging to a minor key are those of the major key, whose root is a minor third above that of the minor key. A knowledge of these principles is of importance in enabling us to determine, *with certainty*, the true ratios of the chromatic intervals, with respect to any given key, as well as the true sounds and correct notation of chords, in which these intervals occur; and also their derivation from the simple harmonies, as contained in the "Systems of Sounds," and thus account for the different effects of chords apparently the same. In the remarks contained in the thirteen concluding lines of my last letter (Musical World, Nov. 24), which were added at the last moment, and without due consideration, I find I have somewhat mixed up the two varieties of the chord of the added sixth, so that the meaning is very dubious, and the passage in other respects incorrect. Perhaps the simplest way of making a correction is to consider that portion of my letter as expunged, especially as I shall again have occasion to recur to the construction of the above-named chords.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Cheetham Hill, Manchester,
March 14th, 1861.

W. W. Parkinson.

THURNHAM IN RE THURNHAM.

Sir,—I am not aware that my "Romanza" for violoncello and piano has been previously noticed, as supposed in your review of the same on Saturday last.

Certainly, I forwarded a copy of the work to your office for that purpose, some eight or ten months since, and as no notice appeared, I called your attention to it, in reply to which, you informed me (through your journal of Dec. 29th, 1860) "*that the copy had been mislaid, but should be sought for immediately.*"

I think it right to mention this, after the way in which you have concluded your notice of my Romanza.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Edward Thurnham.

Reigate, March 25th, 1861.

KITTY STEPHENS.

Sir,—I regret that there should have been an error in the copy of the acrostic I forwarded you. The sixth line should read, "Earth envy ends," instead of "Earth envy aids."—Yours respectfully,

Louth, March 21st. Alfred Kew.

Birmingham Musical Festival.—The oratorios selected for the music meeting at Birmingham next August, writes *Barror's Worcester Journal*, are Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's *Grand Service* in D, and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*, Haydn's *Creation*, Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and Handel's *Samson*. [This is the first time we ever heard a "Grand Service" and a "Selection" entitled oratorios. Ed.]

Advice to a Musician of the Future.—Try Bach.—*Punch.*

[Bach, we presume, to be pronounced *Back*, otherwise the pun will scarcely hold good.—Petipace.]

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Provincial.

The Norfolk and Norwich papers speak in high terms of the second annual concert of the Norwich Volunteer Rifle Band, which took place in St. Andrew's Hall (March 5th), under the patronage of the officers of the corps, and the major and officers of the 10th Hussars. The *Norfolk Chronicle* says:—

"The fine band of the latter regiment took part in the performance—a special compliment to the Rifle Corps band, and an evidence of the *entente cordiale* between the two services. The hall was well filled. The Rifle Corps band opened the performance with Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' and after an interval of singing were followed by a selection from *Der Freischütz* by the 10th Hussars' band. Without instituting any comparison between the two bands, where a comparison would certainly be unfair to the younger one, it is sufficient to say that the volunteers acquitted themselves in a way which left no cause for them to feel ashamed. Their performance of the selection from *Maritana* was very effective, and warmly applauded. The second part was opened by the 10th Hussars' band with the overture to *Zampa*, and the same band also gave a selection from *La Traviata*. Among the other instrumental pieces was Pierson's 'Mariners of England,' which, as a part song, created such an impression at the late festival; and a lively composition by the talented bandmaster, Mr. Horace Hill, entitled the 'Norwich Volunteers' Galop,' in which was introduced a chorus of volunteers, sung by the band, with very good effect. The vocalists were Fraulein Malmene, Herr Malmene, and Mr. Proops. Fraulein Malmene, who on this occasion made her second public appearance before an English audience, is possessed of an excellent voice, of considerable sweetness and fulness, and will no doubt, with cultivation, being very young, become a vocalist of no mean order."

The *Norfolk News* is also very complimentary to the new singer:—

"This concert introduced two new vocalists into the Norwich orchestra, Herr Waldemar Malmene and his sister, Fraulein (or Miss) Hedwig Malmene. The former has rather a light bass voice, and is a most accomplished musician. He seems equally at home in German and English, and met with a deservedly warm reception. The lady has a soprano voice of much freedom and richness of tone. Her manner is modest and prepossessing, and she shared numerous encores with her brother."

At Manchester the "Undress Concerts" are growing rapidly into favour. At the concert, which took place on Wednesday the 20th instant, the programme comprised Haydn's symphony in E flat, Beethoven's *Chorul Fantasia*, Mozart's "Ave verum," choruses from Glück's *Iphigenia* and *Armida*, part-songs by Mendelssohn, "Impromptu and Mazurka" for pianoforte, by Chopin, the overtures to *Egmont* and *Ruy Blas*, and some vocal pieces. It was a good concert in many respects, and the performance was greatly enhanced by the engagement of Mr. Charles Hallé, who played the pianoforte part in the *Choral Fantasia* and Chopin's piece in the most admirable manner. The novelty of the evening was M. Garcia, a singer, who made his first appearance, and about whom the *Manchester Weekly Times* writes as follows:—

"M. Garcia is a young baritone, who we feel inclined to believe will some day win a share of that applause which the musical world has so long awarded to the Garcia family. This gentleman sang on three or four occasions recently at the Free Trade Hall Concerts, under the name of Sarti, and there gave considerable satisfaction to those who looked for good promise in so young a vocalist, rather than for an approach to perfect singing. That he has had good training there can be no doubt, and he possesses a voice fresh, pure in quality, and flexible; nor should we think that he is devoid of judgment and good taste, both of which—or, indeed, we may say *all* of which—time and study can scarcely fail to advance."

A correspondent from Bromley, St. Leonard, informs us that on Tuesday the 19th instant, seven candidates played in competition for the appointment of organist at the above-named parish, before the Rev. T. Driffield, rector of Bow, and two other judges:—No. 1, Mr. Barton; 2, Mr. J. R. Harris; 3, Mr. Rycroft; 4, Mr. Parsons; 5, Mr. Hill; 6, Miss Couves; 7, Mrs. Boswood. Miss Couves, who has been for the last five years organist of St. Saviour's, Chelsea, and who obtained two first-class certificates for harmony and composition and instrumental music, from Queen's College, London, was returned by the judges as the *best* performer, which decision the vestry confirmed at their meeting on Friday the 22nd inst., by electing the said Miss Couves to the office. The salary is 40*l.* per annum. Each candidate had to play:—1st, St. Bride's Tune, three times, with interludes; 2, Extempore; 3, Bach's fugue, No. 31, of the 48; 4, Psalm tune, melody only given; 5, Spohr's Quartet, C major (Adagio movement as a test of sight-reading; 6, "Sing unto God" (Judas) Handel

Correspondence from Reading yields us the following intelligence:—

"The South Berks Hunt dinner took place on Tuesday, March 12th. The banquet was of a *recherché* character, and gave much satisfaction to the guests. Mr. M. G. Thoyts was president, and Mr. T. Floyd vice-president. The grace, '*Non nobis*,' having been sung on the removal of the cloth, the chairman gave 'The Queen,' which was followed by the National Anthem. The Windsor trio, consisting of Mr. Marriott (alto), Mr. Dyson (tenor), and Mr. Lambert (basso), were engaged for the vocal department. These gentlemen possess very fine voices, which blend effectively together. Their glees were given with a vigour, freshness, and precision we have seldom heard equalled. The contrast of the soft passages with the 'forte' was exquisite. The serenade, 'Maiden fair,' and the glees 'O Willie brew'd,' 'Life's a bumper,' and 'Mynheer van Dunck,' were among the gems of the evening in the concerted music. Mr. Dyson's 'Old Towler' and 'Excelsior' (by desire) were capitally rendered—the latter is always a trump card in his hands. It was applauded 'to the echo.' Mr. Lambert was enthusiastically applauded in the national song 'Soldiers, sailors, and volunteers,' and exhibited his wonted fire in 'The Knight's Vigil,' a bold and telling song, while Mr. Marriott's chaste singing 'Down where the blue bells grow,' and 'Sally in our alley,' met with the most hearty applause. Mr. Pearson presided in a highly satisfactory manner at the pianoforte, and the musical arrangements were under Mr. Dyson's direction. The company did not separate till a late hour."

The last Dublin Philharmonic Concert seems to have gone off well, if we may believe the *Mail*, and the report of our own correspondent. We can only find room for an extract or two:—

"The concert presented some instrumental compositions of great interest. Mendelssohn's symphony in C minor, now too much neglected, is a work of genius, and foretelling the future of the illustrious composer."

We entirely agree with the *Mail*, who severely criticises the execution of the first and last movements. The *andante* seems to have been more fortunate:—

"We are bound to say that the exquisite *andante* was rendered with much more delicacy; and the lights, and shades, and delicious phrases given to the wind instruments clearly revealed. Onslow's overture to *Le Colporteur* was played with much fervour, doing credit to orchestra and conductor. As the Philharmonic Society is the only exponent of first-class orchestral compositions in this country, the greater the excellence of the works produced, the more carefully should they be rehearsed."

No doubt. The miscellaneous items of the concert are unreservedly extolled:—

"Mr. Gerhard Taylor played two solos on the harp—one on themes from *Dinorah*, the other from *La Traviata*. Both exhibited rapidity of execution, delicacy of touch, and musicianlike treatment of the subjects. Herr Elsner's solo on the violoncello—on *La Figlia*—likewise demands special mention. This gentleman handles the instrument like a master, and all he does is intelligible and pleasing. Miss Julia Cruise's admirable rendering of the *scena*—written for poor Madame Bosio when she first appeared and charmed all the opera-goers of London—in *Fra Diavolo*; and Mr. R. Smith's excellent singing of Wallace's fine song, 'The Bell-ringer,' both deserve recording. Miss Clara McKenzie, who has a well-toned *contralto* voice, but little art, sang 'Se Romeo' and 'The Three Fishers.' Miss Emily Spiller, who really possesses a *soprano* voice, gave 'Ah fors e lui' with much expression; and though 'Sempre libera' was rather beyond her powers, she was recalled, and sang it again. She also sang Schloesser's pretty song, 'The Queen of the Sea,' with much charm of manner. There were some vocal quartets pleasingly rendered by Miss Cruise, Messrs. Dunne, R. Smith, and O'Rorke; and the company were 'played out' with Rossini's overture, *Il Turco in Italia*. Altogether the concert betokened progress, and showed that our 'Philharmonic' is still anxious to make known the works of the great orchestral writers, which would be unheard in Dublin but for its advocacy."

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At the concluding concerts of the Choral Union of Glasgow a new *cantata*, by Mr. Lambeth, was the principal attraction, and was received with unbounded applause. Of the composition a Glasgow morning journal writes as follows:—

"The style is at once fresh and striking, and bears upon it the decided stamp of genius, from the first plaintive chords of the despairing Israelites to the fierce denunciation of Edom and Babylon, with which the cantata concludes. Dispensing with an overture, a symphony of but a few bars duration leads at once to the wail 'By the waters of Babylon' (in A minor), where is feelingly pourtrayed the woe and desolation into which the captives were plunged. To this succeeds a duet between the prisoners and the Babylonians, in which the latter insist upon the former singing the songs of Zion. A peculiar effect is here introduced through the bass taking up the strain 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion,' which ever and anon impetuously breaks in upon the lament, 'how shall we sing?' Indeed, this is one of the finest effects produced, and to it the chorus did ample justice, with due and proper regard to light and shade, the *diminuendo* from *forte* to *pianissimo* being especially well exemplified. The next little gem, although this time more from the beauty of the instrumentation, occurs in the passage 'If I prefer not thee, Jerusalem,' to which succeeds a strikingly bold and original chorus, 'Down with it to the ground;' but the culminating point is reached at the finale, 'Blessed shall he be who taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones' (in A major). This one chorus more than any other in the work, will at once stamp the composer as a man of genius, one, in fact who has the real 'smeddum' in him. The treatment of the subject is vigorous yet appropriate, and the effect produced upon the audience by the rendering of the last four or five bars was evidence sufficient that within the mind of Mr. Lambeth is a mine of, as yet, undiscovered talent. Why has this gentleman allowed Psalm cxxxvii. to slumber so long in obscurity, and when are we to have produced his *L'Allegro et Il Penseroso?*" As a whole, the cantata was a triumphant success.

The rest of the programme comprised selections from *Judas Maccabæus*, the execution of which appears to have been highly creditable to the choir and band. The principal vocalists were Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Kirk, Miss Campbell, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. John Morgan, and Mr. Winn, whose respective performances left nothing to criticise.

From our Leeds correspondent we learn that at a meeting of the orchestral committee last Saturday, Mr. Spark, organist of the Leeds Town Hall, was unanimously elected organist for the approaching festival. A meeting of the general committee was also held on the same day, when it was decided to hold the festival on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th days of September. The conductor elect (Dr. Bennett) is actively engaged in the arrangements for the festival; and as the guarantee fund already amounts to about 6000*l.*, success is looked upon as certain. It is feared, however, that the Royal Agricultural Show, which is to be held here in July, will militate somewhat against the pecuniary receipts of the Festival, for the inhabitants are looking forward to the show as the great event of the year, and will make doubtless free with their "holiday cash" at that period.

Royal Academy of Music. The first concert by the students, appropriated to what is called the Lent Term, was given at the institution, Tenterden Street, on Saturday afternoon, when the following programme was provided:—

Part I.

Funeral Anthem		Handel.
The 95th Psalm		Mendelssohn.
Rondo, for pianoforte, "Le Retour à Londres"		Hummel.
Recit.	(Mount of Olives)	Beethoven.
Solo, "Praise ye the Saviour's goodness."	(Mount of Olives)	Beethoven.
Chorus, "Be joyful, ye redeemed . (Mount of Olives)		Beethoven.

Part II.

Scena Cantante, for violin .	(A minor) .	Spohr.
Air, "Rejoice greatly." . .	(Messiah) .	Handel.
Adagio and last movement from Concerto in E flat, for pianoforte		Sterndale Bennett.
Recit.	(Jephtha) .	Handel.
Air, "Farewell, ye limped streams."		
Sacred Cantata,		Spohr.
Conductor		Mr. Lucas.

This was a most admirable selection, irreproachable, indeed; nevertheless, we should like to have seen one or two compositions of the pupils among the rest. Having to speak of the performance only, little need be said, generally, except that nothing went amiss, and that Handel's Funeral Anthem, and Mendelssohn's setting of the 95th Psalm—two works by no means easy of execution—were very creditably rendered. In the former the quartet, "When the ear heard her," was sung by Misses Spence and Armytage, Messrs. Wheeler and Barnaclough; while the principal soloists in the latter were Misses Sellman and Poncione, Messrs. Wallace, Wells, and Wheeler. A very decided impression was produced by Miss Robertine Henderson in the air from the *Mount of Olives*, in which she revealed a charming voice and an admirably pure and fervid style, winning the universal suffrages of the audience. The young lady was no less successful in the air from *Jephtha*, which brought out the same excellent qualities. Miss Thompson, in Hummel's rondo, indicated so much talent that we entertain high expectations as to her future career. We particularly mention these young ladies, as the sensation they both created was quite unusual. Mr. Amor played Spohr's concerto very skilfully, and Mr. Westlake was as steady and careful as might be desired in the movements from Professor Bennett's too-much neglected concerto. There was a large attendance, and everybody seemed gratified; nevertheless, as we said before, we should like to have seen one or two compositions of the pupils in the programme.

Mr. Willy's Quartet Concerts.—The third concert, postponed from Wednesday, the 6th inst., was given on Wednesday week. The programme consisted of the following pieces:—

Quartet in C major, No. 75	Haydn.
Quartet in C major, No. 9	Beethoven.
Sonata in B flat, Op. 45	Mendelssohn.
Quartet in A major, No. 5	Mozart.

The quartets were played in an admirable manner by Messrs. Willy, Carrodus, Westlake, and Lidel; the finale, *allegro molto* of that of Beethoven (the third of the "Rasamowsky" set) being perfectly rendered. The sonata of Mendelssohn is one of the few works of its class left to us by the greatest composer of our generation; and the genius displayed in its ideas and mechanism heighten our frequently felt regret that he did not live longer and write more. The sonata, which is for pianoforte and violoncello, was played by Mrs. H. Webb and Herr Lidel. Mrs. Webb has appeared but seldom, and it has not till the present occasion been our privilege to hear her. She possesses an excellent touch, rapid and facile execution, and musicianly reading and interpretation; and perseverance in the course of study, which has carried her so far, will assure her a place in the foremost rank of instrumentalists of our day. The violoncello playing of Herr Lidel is well known for purity of tone and expression, and it was exhibited to admiration in the sonata. Miss Hughes was the vocalist, and did her duty well.

Opening of the Oxford Hall, Oxford Street.—We say "Oxford Hall," although Mr. Morton chooses the gentish abbreviation of "The Oxford." The new Music Hall in Oxford Street was inaugurated on Wednesday evening with a concert, in which Miss Parepa, Messrs. Swift, Santley, Grattan Kelly, Genge, and sundry ladies and gentlemen, vocalists and instrumentalists, belonging to the Canterbury Hall company, assisted. The performance commenced with the "National Anthem," sung by the whole of the artists, Miss Parepa and Mr. Swift taking the solos, which was received with thunders of applause. The programme was miscellaneous, made up of the most popular pieces from popular operas; Mr. E. L. Hime accompanied on the pianoforte; and Mr. Jonghmans conducted. The new hall is remarkably handsome and commodious, and one of the very best hearing rooms we know. As a Music Hall for the million, we have no doubt the "Oxford" will be enabled to compete with any place of amusement of the kind in the metropolis.

Jenny Lind.—There is still a belief, writes our contemporary the *Court Journal*, that the great Jenny is really engaged; ay, and rumour adds, the sum that she is to pipe at is 1000*l.* per week. Never did the voice of mortal woman sound so sweet—to her husband assuredly—as does Jenny's. *Fudge!*

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Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, Op. 101.—Although Herr Rellstab's dictum (cited in p. 7 of the well-written book of the concert) "that whatever Beethoven wrote *must* be played" will be cheerfully acknowledged by all musicians of any taste, there are few who can practically endorse the opinion of the German critic. Miss Arabella Goddard is, of all living pianists, the one entitled to adopt the maxim for a motto. It is to her that the present generation of English amateurs is indebted for opening the book of wonder and sublimity which Beethoven penned in his days of deprivation of that sense that to a musician is what sight is to a painter. While we accord to Miss Goddard the credit due to her taste and foresight in introducing these inspirations to the world, we do not doubt that others would have gladly undertaken the task had they possessed the capability; but the united spirit to will and capacity to execute have gained her a reputation which will not easily be dimmed in lustre, or confined in duration. The Op. 101 is the first of five sonatas which are one in manner and spirit, in grandeur and beauty, in wildness, restlessness, and pathos, and in mechanical difficulty. It is impossible to describe this work in all its parts, our readers must go and hear it. But the third movement (marked *Adagio ma non troppo con affetto, una corda*) may be cited as the representative. All sublimity is expressed in its twenty bars. It was played in a faultless manner; not a weak note, not a questionable *tempo*, and not the slightest obscurity from beginning to end.—*Sunday Times* (Notice of 56th Monday Popular Concert.)

Weber's Pianoforte Concerto in E Flat.—The other piece in the list which demands particular notice affords us a more grateful task. It is Weber's concerto in E flat, played by Miss Arabella Goddard. The *adagio* is a movement of pathetic beauty, and wild and romantic in spirit. The *allegro*, difficult in the extreme, is, under the hands of Miss Arabella Goddard, perspicuous enough to defy stupidity, while the *finale* may claim the distinction of one of the most graceful and unobtrusively rapid pieces extant. The concerto was, throughout, played with the peerless execution and elaboration which belong to Miss Goddard, and the *adagio* suits no one's fingers but hers, the chief and most excellent of slow movement players.—*Sunday Times* (Notice of the 1st New Philharmonic Concert.)

Mr. Ransford has announced, among other things, in the programme issued for his concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday next, the performance of Dussek's Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin, by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps, which has been so often admired at the Monday Popular Concerts. Miss Arabella Goddard will also play M. Benedict's new and brilliant *fantasia, Albion*, founded on the airs, "Pray Goody," and "Come if you dare." Miss Augusta Thompson will introduce an *aria* from Auber's new and successful opera, *La Circassienne;* Mad. Sainton-Dolby will give two of Miss Virginia Gabriel's new songs, 'Rest," and the "Hawking song;" and Mr. and Miss Ransford will sing several of their most favourite songs and concerted pieces.

Metropolitan Free Hospital, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, N.E.—A sermon in aid of the funds of this truly valuable institution was preached in the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Mary Axe, on Sunday morning the 24th inst., by the Rev. F. G. Blomfield, M.A. The rev. gentleman took for his text the 40th verse of the 4th chapter of St. Luke's gospel, and delivered a most eloquent discourse; in the course of which he took occasion to remark upon the great usefulness of the charity, which, although entirely without endowment, offered relief and assistance to every sick and needy person who applied for it: the number of daily attendances last year was 77,832. The rev. gentleman bore testimony to the great benefits the poor of his own and the surrounding parishes derived from it, and concluded a forcible appeal by calling upon his hearers to give freely of their gold and silver; adding, "Freely ye have received, freely give." An exhortation which was most liberally responded to, the collection amounting to 43*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*

Mr. Pittman's Lectures on the Opera.—On Monday evening last, Mr. Pittman closed his course of lectures "on the progress and power of music as exemplified in lyric and dramatic representations," delivered before the members of the London Institution, Finsbury Circus. The lecturer traced the origin of the opera from its first rise in Italy, and demonstrated how remarkable and decided had been the advance in the forms of musical composition in association with the drama. The labours of Alessandro Scarlatti, Handel, Glück, Piccini, Grétry Paesiello, Rossini, Auber, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Spohr, Bellini and Donizetti; and lastly, Meyerbeer and Verdi, were examined, and their different characteristics illustrated by numerous examples. The vocalists were Mad. Laura Baxter, Miss Augustus Thomson, Miss Banks, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Hersee; Masters Lister and Unwin; Mr. George Perren, Mr. Patey, Mr. Williams, Mr. Genge, Mr. Lester, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Smythson, together with a strong chorus selected from the Royal Italian opera *troupe*, Covent Garden. The illustrations were selected from the *chefs-d' œuvre* of the different composers, and were performed throughout with attention, zeal, and earnestness. The lectures were attended by crowded auditories, and at the termination of the course Mr. Pittman and his assistants were greeted with hearty applause.

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The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Göthe*

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VOL. 39—No. 14 SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861 PRICE {4d. Unstamped 5d.}

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—ELEVENTH CONCERT, SATURDAY, April 6th. Artists: Madame LAURA BAXTER, Miss ROSE HERSEE, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, Mr. MELCHOR WINTER, Mr. GEORGE GENGE, Mr. ALLEN IRVING, and Mr. FRANK BRAINE (pianoforte.) Conductor, Mr. F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. To commence at Seven. Carriages at Half-past Nine. Mr. F. Osborne Williams's new Part song, "The Mountaineer's Return," will be repeated, by desire.

HENRY HERSEE, JUN., President, Brunswick Terrace, Camberwell,
HENRY QUARE, Camberwell Grove, } Hon. Secs.
WALTER CHEESMAN, Queen's Road, Peckham, }

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. THIRD SEASON, 1861. The SECOND CONCERT (Orchestral and Choral) will take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, APRIL 10, at half-past Eight o'clock punctually. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Programme:—Part 1st. Mendelssohn's Cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night" (the Eve of the first of May), Op. 60. Orchestra, Chorus, and Solos, for Contralto, Tenor, and Baritone. Mozart's (Posthumous) Concerto in C for Pianoforte.—Part 2nd. Beethoven's Symphony, No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60. Spohr's Scena, "Si lo sento," (Faust). Barnett's Trio, "A Father's look" (Fair Rosamond). Macfarren's Overture "Chevy Chace." Vocalists, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss. Pianist, Mr. John Francis Burnett.

A limited number of Tickets for the Gallery, at 3s. 6d. each, to be had of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street; and at St. James's Hall.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.
St. James's Hall, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square.
28 Piccadilly, W.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Conductor, Dr. WYLDE. The SECOND CONCERT of the Tenth Season will take place on MONDAY EVENING, April 22nd. The PUBLIC REHEARSAL on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 20th, when will be performed Beethoven's GRAND CHORAL SYMPHONY, and other great instrumental works. Pianist, Mr. C. HALLÉ; violin, M. VIEUXTEMPS.

M. SAINTON has the honour to announce a series of FOUR CHAMBER CONCERTS, to take place at his own Residence, No. 5 Upper Wimpole Street, on the following WEDNESDAY EVENINGS: April 24, May 15, 29, and June 12, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. M. Sainton will be assisted by the most eminent artists, including M. BERETTI, Mr. DOYLE, Mr. WEBB, Signor PIATTI, M. PAQUE, and M. HALLÉ. An eminent vocalist will appear on each occasion. Subscription for the series, £1 11s. 6d.; single ticket, half a guinea each; to be obtained at the principal musicsellers, and of M. Sainton, at his residence.

MOLIQUE'S ORATORIO, "ABRAHAM."—Under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal Family. HERR MOLIQUE will conduct his Oratorio "ABRAHAM," for the first time in London, for the BENEFIT of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, at Exeter Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 17. Principal Vocalists: Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. SANTLEY, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. An engagement has also been offered to Signor BELLETTI. Reserved Seats in the Area, One Guinea (to be had only at Messrs. Cramer's, 201 Regent Street; and Messrs. Ewer and Co., 87 Regent Street); Western Gallery, 10s. 6d.; Western Area, 5s., at the principal musicsellers.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, April 17th.—OLE BULL, the Great VIOLINIST.—The Directors have much pleasure in announcing that they have made Arrangements for the Appearance of this great Artist at their next SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, WEDNESDAY April 17th. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s. each, at St. James's Hall.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S THREE CONCERTS of Solo and Concerted Pianoforte Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY EVENINGS, April 23 and June 11, and SATURDAY MORNING, May 18, assisted by M. SAINTON, Mr. H. BLAGROVE, Mr. LAZARUS, Signor PIATTI, &c. Programmes illustrated by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN. Subscription £1 1s., of Mr. Walter Macfarren, 58, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The EASTER TERM commences on MONDAY, April 22nd, 1861.

Candidates for Admission must attend at the Institution for Examination by the Board of Professors on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 20th instant, at Three o'clock. By order of the Committee of Management,

Royal Academy of Music, J. GIMSON, Secretary.
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, April 3rd, 1861.

MISS LASCELLES has RETURNED to Town for the SEASON. 35 York Street, Portman Square.

MADAME CATHERINE HAYES has returned to Town for the Season. 13, Westbourne Park, W.

MISS STEELE begs to announce her Change of Residence, and that she will give TWO CONCERTS of Sacred and Classical Music, at Messrs. Collard's, 16 Grosvenor Street, April 6th and May 16th, at Half-past Two, at which Miss A. GODDARD, HALLÉ, PIATTI, LIDEL, BLAGROVE, &c., will assist. Tickets 7s., of Miss Steele, 28 Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square.

HERR JOSEPH HERMANNS, Primo Basso, of Her Majesty's Theatre, begs to announce that he is free to accept engagements for Concerts, &c. &c. Address Herr Joseph Hermanns, 68 Newman Street, Oxford Street.

MR. F. T. V. HONEYWELL, Organist of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, Professor of the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, is ready to RECEIVE PUPILS on moderate terms.—Letters addressed to the care of Mr. A. W. HAMMOND, 27 Lombard Street, City, will meet with attention.

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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

"*The Congregational Hymn and Tune-Book*"—*by the* Rev. R. R. CHOPE, B.A. (J. Wright and Co., Bristol); "'*Routledge's Church and Home Metrical Psalter and Hymnal,' containing* 101 *Psalm and Hymn Tunes, adapted to* 640 *Psalms and Hymns*"—edited by CHARLES H. PURDAY (Routledge, Warne, and Routledge); "'*One Hundred and One Popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes,' arranged in short score for voices, with organ, piano, or harmonium*"—selected and arranged by CHARLES H. PURDAY (same publishers).

THE above publications may be dismissed as useful in their way, and compiled with sufficient discretion, but offering no new feature to elicit either comment or criticism.

"'*The Orpheon,' a collection of songs and choruses, in two, three, and four parts*"—Vol. I. (Ewer and Co.).

Volume I. includes no less than 32 pieces. We have an objection to offer which we cannot but think worth consideration. Not only are the names of celebrated composers affixed to number after number of this compilation, without any reference to the source whence the music, thus made to serve the purpose of mere "book-making," is derived; but in one or two instances, to music of which they were never guilty. No. 3 already presents us with a flagrant example of this, viz., a part-song, with words by Mr. Charles Swain, to which no less distinguished a name than that of Beethoven is unceremoniously attached. We present the music (without the words) as it stands:—

Now we put it to the (anonymous) editor of *The Orpheon* whether Beethoven could ever have produced such a clumsy concoction as the above? Of course the real concoctor knows well enough that it is a mere arrangement (a very bad one) of a dance-tune by Schubert, which was long foisted on the world as *Beethoven's Last Waltz*, and which rivalled in popularity that other dance-tune by Reissiger, attributed in a similar manner and with a similar design, to Weber. "Music by Beethoven!" *Proh pudor!*

"L'homme est crédule, et dans son foible cœur
Tout est reçu; c'est une molle argile."

There are cases, however, in which the "molle argile" hardens into stone, and the most credulous becomes sceptical. This is one in point. We should, indeed, be sorry to think that, in the advanced state of musical taste, any amateur, much less professor, would credit Beethoven with such a piece of workmanship as we have quoted. Poor Rossini, too, is treated in a most cavalier manner. On the other hand, the first volume of *The Orpheon* contains some excellent things. No. 4 is a three-voiced canon (or round) by Cherubini; No. 12 a good specimen of Himmel (the "Hymn to Hope," from Tiedge's *Urania*—the words translated, moreover, by no less eminent a hand than Mr. John Oxenford); No. 15, Dr. Calcott's fine glee, the "May Fly," one of the purest English examples extant of three-part writing for voices; No. 16 an impressive piece of four-part vocal harmony from the inexhaustible mine of John Sebastian Bach; No. 19 a vocal trio from Grétry's opera of *Azor et Zemira;* No. 24 ("Funeral Hymn"), a welcome excerpt from Zumsteeg, a composer as little known to us in England as Himmel and Grétry; No. 25, Samuel Webbe's capital three-voiced round, "In vain would fortune," another genuine specimen of the English school; and No. 26, a two-voiced psalm ("As the hart panteth"), with figured bass, by Marcello. All these are valuable; and if the rest of *The Orpheon* were composed of similar materials, it might be commended both emphatically and without reservation. Is it too late to reconsider Vol. I.—*en attendant* Vol. II.?

"'*Six Anthems,' adapted for large or small choirs,*" with accompaniment for organ and pianoforte—by WILLIAM PATTEN (Addison and Hollier).

If Mr. Patten may not be justly congratulated on having exhibited any great originality of idea or of form in these anthems, he has at least full right to the credit belonging to a composer of taste and purity. We have seen few publications of the kind more uniformly entitled to praise for correctness of harmony and propriety of style. Mr. Patten has evidently studied our best church writers, and with such earnestness, that he has caught and profited by all their best qualities. We cannot single out any one of the six anthems for special eulogy, but without an instant's hesitation recommend the whole of them, both as essentially good music, and as admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended.

"*The Mariner's Evening Song*"—words by AUGUSTUS L FITZHERBERT, music by W. C. FILBY; Op. 48 (Robert Cocks and Co.)—is, though by no means original, not devoid of a certain grace. But why in the name of St. Job de Pacheco, "Op. 48"? A simple ballad hardly deserves to be presented as an "*opus*," seeing it has cost no labour. Mozart and Beethoven would offer six grand quartets as an *opus*, with six hundred thousand million billion times as much thought, and more than a trillion times that quotient as much ingenuity in each page of each quartet as in a quadrillion of such things as Mr. Filby's ballad. Why then, in the name of Villalpandus (who wrote voluminously on *Ezekiel*), "Op. 48"?—or, indeed, in the name of common sense and propriety, "Op." at all?

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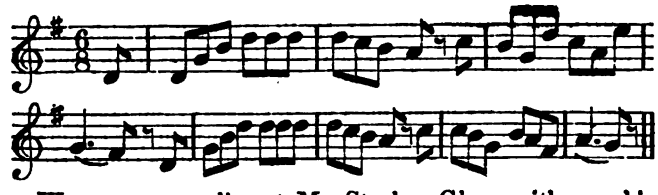
"*Consuelo and Haydn*"—words by J. E. CARPENTER music adapted by STEPHEN GLOVER (R. Cocks and Co.).

This is at the best a mere "catchpenny." Mr. Carpenter has founded his words on an incident in George Sand's romance of *Consuelo;* the music is *concocted* (the word is appropriate) out of themes from Haydn's symphonies, one being that of the popular slow movement which suggested its title to *The Surprise.* The principal burden, however, is carried by the subject of the *rondo-finale* in one of the twelve symphonies written for Salomon. It will easily be remembered:—



We cannot compliment Mr. Stephen Glover either on his idea, or on the manner in which he has carried it out. He had much better have left "Papa Haydn" to himself.

"'*The Charlotte Waltz,*' COMPOSED *for the pianoforte*"—by HENRY BARTON (R. Cocks and Co.)—is founded on "the favourite song, '*Her bright smile haunts me still,*'" of which we now hear for the first time. But why—in the name of Mr. W. T. Wrighton, who, from the inner title, we learn to be the author of that "favourite song"—"*composed* for the pianoforte by Henry Barton?" What has become of our favourite word "transcribed?" In these days, when almost every new piece is a "transcription" of something or other, surely the "*Charlotte Waltz*" (if anything at all) is a "transcription" too.

"*Stephen Glover's* admired ballad, '*Annie o' the Banks o' Dee,*' TRANSCRIBED *for the pianoforte*"—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (R. Cocks and Co.).

See Mr. Brinley Richards; he is more conscientious than Mr. Henry Barton. Although he has really done something for Mr. Stephen Glover in this elegantly easy arrangement (modulating, for instance, into the flat third of the key, and back again—besides varying and ornamenting), he, with true modesty, a stern sense of justice, and in the fashion of the day, entitles his piece "transcription." He does not say Mr. So and So's admired so and so, "*composed* for the pianoforte," but Mr. So and So's admired so and so, "*transcribed* for the pianoforte." May his honesty never grow less!

"*W. T. Wrighton's admired ballad, 'My mother's gentle word,' transcribed for the pianoforte*"—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (same publishers).

For "Stephen Glover," read "W. T. Wrighton;" for "Annie," &c., read "My mother's," &c.; then *re*-read the remarks just immediately above, and they will hold as good here as there. Mr. Brinley Richards has got the "knack" of these things. He "transcribes" to perfection. By the way, what a number of "admired" ballads there appear to be.

"'*As you like It,*' *polka élégante,*"—composed by ADAM WRIGHT (R. Cocks and Co.)—is a polka of some water. We "like it" as it stands; but should like it still better if it did not assume a virtue that it don't possess. It is anything, Mr. Adam Wright, but "elegant." "Polka lively," or "Polka sprightly," would have been a fitter name.

"'*Le Rayon de Soleil,*' *fantaisie à la valse, composée pour le piano*"—*par* G. F. WEST (R. Cocks and Co.)—would be still more welcome if the title were translated into English. Still there was no reason for styling it "*Fantaisie,*" there being nothing in the fantasy manner in any bar of it. Brilliant, without being at all difficult, "*Le Rayon de Soleil*" is likely to find its way into more than one fashionable drawing-room—we beg pardon, *salon*, and fashionable seminary—we beg pardon, *pension.*

"'*M' appari tutt' Amor,*' *from Flotow's* '*Martha,*' *transcribed and varied for the pianoforte*"—by RICHARD FREDERICK HARVEY (R. W. Ollivier)—belongs to the same category, as the pieces by Mr. Brinley Richards already described, but though not wanting in a certain cleverness, more pretentious and less genuine.

"*Warblings at Eve,*" romance for the pianoforte—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Cocks and Co.).

A little gem, as pleasant and cheerful as it is unobtrusive. Any one can play it, and everybody *should* play it. As solo or duet (in both which shapes it lies before us), it is equally attractive; such "warblings" are welcome. They are worth a thousand transcriptions.

"*La Volcé des Oiseaux,*" *pour piano,* Op. 59; "*Dix Pensées Descriptives,*" *pour* piano, Nos. 1 and 2, Ops. 35 and 37; "*The Infant's Prayer,*" Op. 52, written by the late Rev. R. Montgomery, M.A.; "*Past, Present, and Future,*" Op. 26, for tenor voice, written by the late Professor Smith—*par,* or by, W. C. FILBY (J. H. Jewell).

Five more "operas!"—"59," "35," "37," "52," and "26." Mr. Filby is more fecund than Donizetti, or even Cimarosa, who wrote a hundred operas, and probably as many oratorios, before he was forty-seven years of age. "35" is a *pensée* (or *pensées*), *joyeux* (or *joyeuses*). There is a phrase in this (page 2, line 2, bars 2, 3) that begins like a phrase in the drinking song of *Robert le Diable,* but it is by no means so happily worked out. The best part of this thought joyous (or thoughts joyous—we are compelled nowadays to review with a French dictionary before us) is an episode in A flat, page 3, which is not joyous, but sentimental. The rest is hardly so good. "37" is a *pensée* (or *pensées*) *tranquille* (or *tranquilles*). The best part of this is an episode in E flat, page 2, which is not tranquil, but troublesome, especially to the left hand. It is clever, however, and far superior to the first theme, which begins like a well-known ballad ("Rise, gentle moon!"?), but is not so happily worked out. "59," "*La Volée des Oiseaux,*" is a somewhat monotonous flight. Like the skylark, Mr. Filby's birds soar very high; but, unlike the skylark, they never descend at all, remaining poised in his melodious clouds an octave higher than G in alt—

—where they leave off, poised; so that, if they were real birds, they would be invisible; and but for Shelley's line—

"Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight"—

—inaudible, more especially by Mr. Filby, supposing him to

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be represented by the left hand, which stands, abashed, u o the two lowest E-flats on the key-board. Mr. Filby's songs are better, far better indeed, than his pianoforte music. The pure lines of "the late Rev. R. Montgomery"—by whose permission, we are informed in a foot-note, they have been published (posthumous permission?)—are set with true feeling for harmony; those of "the late Professor Smith," if possible, still better. By the way, the late Professor Smith, if we may judge him by his verse—

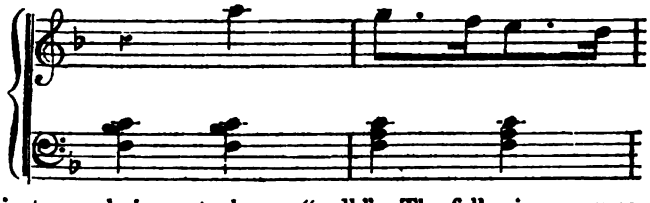
"Oh! shades of the past! rise not thus to my view—
Ye are Sorrow and Pain, I would bid you adieu!
Oh! scenes of the future! approach not so near!
Away from my gaze—ye are Darkness and Fear!"
Cease, cease, thou poor mortal! thy wishes are vain!
The future must come, and the past must remain!
Alas! that thy cheek should thus change and look pale!
The present is thine, and it yet may avail"—

was, *tant soit peu*, a poet.

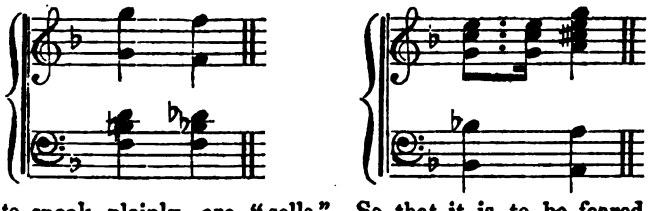
"*Selle's Marche Triomphale*," *pour* piano (Ashdown and Parry).

For "Selle" read Sellé. The following progression, in the trio of this march—

is, to speak in metaphor, a "sell." The following progression—



is, to speak in metaphor, a "sell." The following progressions—



to speak plainly, are "sells." So that it is to be feared "Sellé's *Marche Triomphale*," notwithstanding its spirited opening, its equally spirited *coda*, and its running accompaniment to "Auld lang syne" (introduced as a second trio), may be in one sense a "sell," and in another sense *not* a "sell."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER, BEALE AND CO.

Barry (C. A.)	"Three Fishers"	(Vocal).
Ditto.	"Margaret to Dolcino"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Dolcino to Margaret"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"The Oubli"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Oh! that we two were maying"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Elizabeth's prayer"	(ditto).

CHAPPELL AND CO.

Brissac (Jules) "La Sirène du Rhin" (Pianoforte).

LEADER AND COCKS.

Allen (George B.)	"Soft may thy slumbers be"	(Vocal).
Ditto.	"Down in yon green vale"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"See the shepherd swains"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"The wind in the tree tops"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"May"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Morning"	(ditto).
Smart (Henry)	"Bird of the morning"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"The happy hours"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Him I love dearly"	(ditto).

NOVELLO.

Barry (C. A.)	"Saviour when in dust to Thee"	(Vocal).
L. P.	"Go, lovely Rose"	(ditto).

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Joachim has taken leave of us, but, we trust, only to return very soon. This worthy man, as genuine and admirable in his private as in his professional character, must, on his side, have contracted kindly feelings for a city, which, like Vienna, has been so lavish in its marks of approbation. The recollection of Austria will, we feel sure, follow him, like some warm spring breeze from the south, as far as the heaths of Lüneburg. May Joachim soon experience home-sickness. This is the only ill we wish him. His third concert, the last but one—in the rooms of the Musik-Verein—began with Spohr's concerto in E minor, Op. 7, played with all the roundness and sweetness by which Spohr himself once enchanted his hearers, and, at the same time, with a grandeur of tone peculiar to Joachim. Beethoven's Violin Romance in G major followed, as a pendant to that in F, which was performed some days previously. A *Fantasia with full band* (Op. 131), by Schumann, was new to us. As Joachim possesses none of the vanity of a virtuoso, it was, we suppose, a feeling of tender respect that induced him to select this piece which is as difficult as it is unsatisfactory. Schumann wrote it in the decline of his faculties, and dedicated it to Joachim. It is a dark chasm, over which two great artists stretch out their hands to each other. Tortured, gloomy, and obstinate, the *Fantasia* drags on its length in continuous figurations and with very little melodic substance. It is extremely seldom that the wearisome effect produced by it is broken by a clever instance of harmony or orchestration.

On taking leave of the Viennese public, Joachim followed up the more select *soirées* in the rooms of the Musik-Verein, by a grand musical rout. Since the concerts of Jenny Lind, we never remember having seen the grand Redoutensaal so full, or the Josephsplatz so besieged and barricaded by carriages. On this occasion, Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* merely served as a march to usher in the numerous late-comers, who wandered in long files to their places. The audience were not perfectly settled before the "Hungarian Concerto." This, which Joachim had performed at his second concert, was repeated by desire. In so doing, he rendered a service to the public, and to his own reputation as a composer. The "Hungarian Concerto" is one of those characteristic pieces which interest us at the first time of hearing, and please at the second or third.

Like many others, we ourselves thought the work more expressive and sympathetic than we did at its first performance, which, by the way, was given in too confined a space. Grand and richly-scored compositions, like fresco-paintings, require distance in order to be properly appreciated. In the first movement there were many lengths—among them the cadence—the existence of which we can no more deny than the restless monotony of the finale, but the pathetic grandeur, which pervades the entire work, the marked character of all the motives, and the clever manner in which they are worked out, not merely greatly excited our feelings, but, moreover, satisfied us, artistically speaking. The remaining pieces Joachim played were a fugue by Bach, and Mendelssohn's oft-heard concerto in E minor. Joachim's great aim was the plastic and well-marked expression of the sustained melody, and grandeur combined with unity of style. How perfectly the softest tenderness and the most transient brilliancy may be united with the above qualities was proved by his rendering of the adagio and of the final movement—the latter being taken in the most rapid time. The public seemed to find it a difficult task to part from him. It was not till he had been called on several times that he took leave of us—a conqueror and a friend.

The fourth and last of the Philharmonic Concerts did not display, despite its varied programme, the same vigorous freshness as its predecessors. Gade's well-known *Ossian* overture, which never produced any very lively interest in Vienna, was to have been followed by a sacred air by A. Stradella. The air was, however, omitted, owing to the indisposition of Herr Ander. Herr Gunz's rendering of Don Ottavio's air in B flat major, was a very sorry compensation for the disappoint-

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ment. The next piece was the "larghetto" from Spohr's third symphony. (!) Richard Wagner's "*Faust*-Overture" was performed, some years since, at a charity concert, and discussed in this paper. The work displeased us, but we did not know at the time how great a crime this involved on our part. Herr von Bülow had not written his pamphlet on the overture, proclaiming Wagner the legitimate successor of Beethoven, and, with a profusion of abuse against all persons of a different opinion, degrading Beethoven's production into the "starting-point" of the "*Faust*-Overture." According to Herr von Bülow, Schumann's overture to *Manfred* is not to be compared, even in the remotest degree, with Wagner's work. This is an opinion to which we willingly assent, provided it be—entirely reversed. Nay, did we not know that Wagner had sketched out his overture to *Faust* during his first visit to Paris in 1840, we should look upon it as a caricatured imitation of the overture to *Manfred*. The overture to *Faust* imposes on people by its highly consequent character, and a uniformity of structure very wonderful for Wagner. The materials, however, which fill up this structure are marked by a degree of impotence which really excites our pity. When we hear, at the very commencement, the "bass-tuba" indulging vigorously in a comically lofty theme, we cannot help thinking of a successful travestie of *Faust*, rather than of Goethe's poem itself. In the allegro this motive is much better treated, being, as we have already said, carried out with iron consequence. Would that the "Unity of Feeling" were not manifested in so rudely material a manner, causing a viola-figure (similar to the first *Coriolanus*-motive) in the accompaniment to pursue us incessantly under every circumstance and on every instrument, through all the half-tones of Herr Wagner's chromatics. Towards the conclusion of the overture, it struck us that any one who was not obliged to listen to this viola-figure enjoyed a happy and honourable privilege. We can understand, at a push, that even the weakest of Wagner's operas may revel in an enthusiastic audience and a few idolising critics; but how any one can possibly admire Wagner as a symphonetic composer, and write a whole treatise, exclusively devoted to the interpretation of the overture to *Faust*, we cannot, for the life of us, comprehend. On this occasion, the work was received with a tolerably equal amount of applause and hisses.

A very modest and graceful contrast to Wagner's tone-metaphysics was afforded by another specimen of programme-music, on which, however, as far as we are aware, no one has ever written a book. This was Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. The excellent manner in which it was performed, so delighted the audience that they manifested their approbation of the orchestra, and its meritorious conductor, Herr Dessoff, with a degree of warmth which affords the most pleasing guarantee for the "Future" of the Philharmonic Concerts. We have been unable to attend the performances of the fair harpist, Mlle. Mösner, who has given two concerts. According to all accounts, however, they were highly successful.

On Sunday we had a concert of the Euterpe Society, and one of the Männergesang-Verein, in the morning, while a quartet-concert was given by Herren Hofman, Türk, Steiner and Möser, in the afternoon. The members of the Männergesang-Verein displayed their excellent training and capabilities in the performance of various choruses, of greater or less value. The Euterpe Society provided an agreeable programme, composed of an overture by Ferdinand Ries, pieces for flute, violoncello, and harp, several songs, and Beethoven's First Symphony, the whole under the direction of Herr Langwara, who conducted in his usual unpretending manner. As a composer, also, Herr Langwara achieved, a short time since, a gratifying success, with a new quartet, performed on the 2nd ult., by the members of the Hofman Quartet. These gentlemen, who have gained a reputation by the introduction of attractive novelties, gave on the 10th ult., a new quartet by Rudalf Bibl, which was much praised. On the 17th ult. they concluded their second series.

The 17th ult., by the by, was one of the most important days, in a musical sense, we have had to chronicle this year. Herr Herbeck, responsible conductor of the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde, had announced his intention of executing on that day, at the fourth Gesellschafts-concert, Beethoven's Mass in D, the rehearsals of which he had conducted with indefatigable zeal. The result proved a triumph for the Society, and for Herr Herbeck. The performance, which, with a few drawbacks, always to be expected, was eminently successful, reflects the greatest credit, not merely on Herr Herbeck, and the instrumental performers, but also on Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, who, with the greatest readiness, placed himself at the head of the orchestra, and undertook the violin solos; on Herr Bibl, who presided at the organ; on the choruses, consisting of members of the Singer-Verein, and female students at the conservatory; and on the solo singers, Mlles. Krauss, Schmidt, Herren, Gunz, and Panzer. On the same day, there was a performance at the Theater an der Wien, for the benefit of the families of the comedians Götz and Schierling, lately deceased. The proceeds were satisfactory. Mdlle. Mösner, the harpist, also selected the 17th for her second concert.* This young lady possesses taste and technical skill; but it is to be regretted that she should have devoted her exclusive attention to the harp, which is not a concert instrument, and, though once so popular, cannot boast even a respectable repertory of compositions.

PAILLE-EN-CU.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER" IN PARIS.†

I HAVE not been in too great a hurry to send the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* an account of the circumstances attending the performances at the Imperial Opera House, on the 13th and 18th ult., since the political papers have taken care to make the whole world already acquainted with the fate of *Tannhäuser*. I must, however, assure you that the mode in which the audience of the Grand Opera, generally so well-behaved, expressed their dissatisfaction on the occasion in question, has been described by the press in strict accordance to truth, and without exaggeration. The fact is indisputable, but the attempts that have been made to account for it, by the supposition of a systematic, well-matured and organised opposition, are founded upon erroneous premises and gross ignorance of the state of things here. That a *success* may be achieved, by certain influences, is in Paris very possible. There are plenty of instances ready to our hand, and even Wagner's own concerts might, if only in an inferior degree, be adduced as a proof. But for any persons to resolve that a piece shall prove a *failure*, and that they shall have the power to carry out their determination, is *not* possible. The only considerable and determining power which successfully opposed *Tannhäuser* was *French good taste*, which revolted both against the tendentious and supernatural subject of the Legend Drama, and the unmelodious music.

This will furnish every one acquainted with the mind and taste of the French people, with an explanation of the failure of the opera—a failure which might have been predicted with tolerable certainty. For the circumstance, however, that this non-satisfaction of the national taste was not confined within the usual limits of a cool reception, but assumed the character partly of ridicule and partly of contempt, was owing to Wagner's conduct alone; his boundless self-laudation, his literary self-mirroring, his reformatory bombast, and his revolting degradation of the greatest composers of dramatic music, *obliged* the public to apply a severe standard to his artistic productions, for the purpose of testing what grounds there were for justifying, or even simply excusing, his wordy bragging. The public looked upon the performances of *Tannhäuser* as a case of "*Hic Rhodus, hic salta*," and as the leap was not successful, easily remembered the words of their countryman Voltaire: "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*" Considering the insignificant result of such stupendous efforts, and such a lavish expenditure to satisfy the composer's most preposterous demands, is the public voice so very wrong, when it says: "According to his own statement, Wagner did not come to Paris to submit to the judgment of the French public. Not a bit of it! 'As an exile, he is the only German who has never heard *Tannhäuser* and his other works.' He came, therefore, and took advantage of the resources of our Grand Opera, and 250,000 francs for the *mise-en-scène*, in order to enjoy the highly justifiable pleasure of hearing and admiring himself."

I have not the slightest intention of again discussing the weaknesses of Wagner's music, especially of his *Tannhäuser*, in your pages, in which they long ago met with thorough appreciation. In the exhaustive criticisms, forming a long series of articles, and published in the *Niederrheinische Zeitung*, as far back as 1852, every instance of beauty to be found in detached scenes was freely acknowledged, though at the same time everything ridiculous or unmusical was mercilessly shown up, precisely in those portions of his work which the Paris public have laughed at and hissed. If the French read German newspapers, they would have known long since what they had to expect. They had, however, carefully been led to suppose that all Germany was overflowing with admiration for *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and, as the poet-composer set himself above all his predecessors in the Halls of Grand Opera, not only in social conversation, but also in official manifestoes (such, for instance, as his last *Brief an einen Freund über*

* Mdlle. Mösner appeared at the Monday Popular Concerts in 1859, when she performed, with Joseph Joachim, a sonata by Spohr for harp and violin.—ED.

† From the *Neiderrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

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Zukunftsmusik)* a violent reaction—such as always attends grandiloquent promises, followed by disappointed hopes—was the inevitable result.

It is, however, highly important, perhaps, for the history of the Music of the Future, that I should give your readers the heads of the Paris criticisms. It is a very remarkable fact, to begin with, that not a single paper defends *Tannhäuser* as a whole, but, at the utmost, pronounces only some few detached pieces to be effective. Anything like a musico-æsthetic quarrel, arising from the division of the public into two factions, like those in the time of the Glückists and Piccinists, is something entirely out of the question; the last hope of the composer to create a sensation, and preserve a leading position for some short period longer, by such means, must vanish before the unanimity of public opinion. We will begin with the following short specimen of the latter:—

* * * * * * * *

All this is true to the very letter. The critic might have added that there were three grand rehearsals, with dresses, scenery, and properties, and that, after these rehearsals, well-meaning composers advised Wagner to cut out most of the passages, afterwards greeted by the laughter of the public, but that he proudly refused to do so. Never was a German composer so thoroughly favoured in France, and that, too, by the management of the first art-institutions in the empire, at whose portal native composers knock for years and years before they are admitted, while some never obtain admittance at all.

* * * * * * * *

Wagner certainly has admitted this during his stay here, but he added that he remodelled a great deal in *Tannhäuser*—as, for instance, the dialogue between the Knight and Venus, in the first act—in accordance with the spirit of his later system, as it appears, perfected, in *Tristan und Isolde*. This is really the fact, for the scene just mentioned is now almost twice as long as it was at first. Immediately after the rehearsals, a writer in one of the papers remarked:—"*Nous entendrons du Wagner plus pur et plus abstrait que les Allemands: en sommes-nous dignes?*" Referring to the dialogue in question, the critic of the *Moniteur* (De Rovray, i.e. Fiorentino) says—

* * * * * * *

Yet Wagner is ungrateful to Niemann, for, as I have been confidently informed, he said, at the rehearsal: "Had I heard him sing before I engaged him, I would not have done so."

Cologne.—The hope generally expressed, two years ago, at the first performance of J. S. Bach's grand *Matthäus-Passion*, that this work, which is unique of its kind—for Bach himself is the only person who has, in the *Johannes-Passion*, produced a pendant to it—might be turned to account annually for the celebration of Palm-Sunday, has, by the performance last year, and by that on the 24th ult., been realised; and this magnificent music of the "past" will, without a doubt, delight and edify the "future" and its descendants, when many other productions shall have long since perished and been forgotten. The most gratifying fact connected with the matter is, that the interest manifested by the public continues to increase. At the performance on the 24th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the municipal *Capellmeister*, not only were the subscribers' places all occupied, but the attendance of visitors, some of whom came a long distance—from Switzerland, for instance—was very great, necessitating the issue of nearly 350 additional tickets. The last grand rehearsal, too, produced 121 thalers, at 10 silver groschens a head. We trust that this may serve as a lesson for the hyper-orthodox of both creeds, who would banish music from the Church, and prove to them how deeply a religious feeling, combined with the love of music, is implanted in the breasts of the German nation; for who could fail to perceive that, at the performance of Bach's *Passion*, the spirit of devotion and pious stillness of the audience, as well as the deep impression produced upon every one present, resulted from the union of faith and a love for its musical expression? The beautiful manner in which Bach's music is adapted to the simple and, for that very reason, so deeply moving, story of suffering told by the Evangelist, and the wonderful power of *choral song*, are the two principal points which endue Bach's *Passions-Musik* with the irresistible influence it exercises over all persons of feeling. A great deal of the effect of the whole work depends on the mode in which the solo parts are rendered. On the 24th ult. these was most admirably given by Herr Julius Stockhausen, Herr Rudolf Otto, Mlle. Genast, and Mad. Potthof-Diehl, the latter lady being a fair amateur from Aix-la-Chapelle. The chorus, too, were excellent, and all persons engaged deserve the thanks, not only of the public but of every one connected with art, whose interest it is that a work of this kind should be revived—a desideratum which would, however, be an impossibility but for the zeal and assistance of *dilettanti*.

Paderborn.—At the fifth concert of the Musik-Verein, the fair violonist, Mlle. Amalie Bidó, from Vienna, was highly successful. Among other compositions, two of Ferdinand Hiller's quintets for soprano and male voices—the "Reiselied" and "Frühlings-Einzug"—were greatly applauded.

A new "Swedish Nightingale."—*L'Univers Musicale* states that a new "Swedish Nightingale" has been found in Gothland by a great lady, and sent at her cost to Paris to learn to sing. Her name is Christine Nilsen.—*Gothland-Fudge*.

Christy's Minstrels.—Of all the sooty tribes of vocalists who have crossed the Atlantic and scaled the white cliffs of Dover, with the determination of taking England by musical storm, the Christy's Minstrels are those who have attuned their voices sweetest to British ears, have made banjos most tuneful, bones most expressive, and the *pirouettes* of niggers most elastic and original. Other "Minstrels" have appeared before and after them, but no company of "darkie" melodists have come between them and the favour of John Bull. Other vocalists, be they never so well blackened, and let them have exhibited for never so long a time in the country, may absent themselves for the longest period, and when they have departed no difference is felt. They are no sooner removed than they are forgotten; and should they come back, they have to commence anew all the preliminaries of solicitation, and begin all over again their courtship to the public. Not so with the Christy's Minstrels. Their absence is not only felt, but regretted; and not only regretted, but a certain section of the London public live in darkness until their "darknesses" come back. That the nigger melodies have an extraordinary fascination for most ears, no one can deny. They supersede even Verdi's tunes on the barrel organs, and adults at their work, and juveniles in the gutter, alike indulge in humming "I'm off to Charlestown," "Darling Nelly Gray," "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie," "Hoop de dooden do," &c., &c. No doubt the nigger melodies are old friends with new faces; but whatever they be, they are very attractive, and some of them are really beautiful. Now the Christy's Minstrels were the first, unless we are much mistaken, who made the sentimental songs of the niggers a feature of the performance, or at least introduced sentimental songs without any attempt at extravagance or burlesque. Their new performance, at the Bijou Theatre attached to Her Majesty's Theatre, has lost none of its old attraction, either in humour or sentiment, but has received a great accession of strength in a new burlesque opera, taken from *Somnambula*, written by Mr. William Brough. This is an admirable bit of fun, and the Dinah of Mr. Collins—the "bones" of the company—as the *prima donna*, is literally excruciating. In short, the attractions are greater and more varied than ever; and it behoves all who love what is mirthful, tuneful, and original, to pay a visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, and hear and see the Christy's Minstrels.

Taffy Orpheonists.—The *Star of Gwent* says (says the *Wiltshire County Mirror*) that steps are about to be taken to form a company of Welsh singers on a similar plan to that of the French Orpheonists, who attained such celebrity last year in the metropolis. Wales has for ages been the land of song, and her inhabitants eminently musical in their tendencies. If a union of the chief singers of the principality be formed as anticipated, it will enhance the national character, and create a nucleus of attraction, which cannot fail to be beneficial in improving the taste and aspirations of the Welsh people, and raise them in the estimation of their neighbours.—*Gwent-Fudge*.

Tytiens and Giuglini (writes the *Leeds Intelligencer*) are about to pay Leeds another visit. We observe that Signor Vialetti and Signor Arditi, the composer and conductor, are also of the concert party.

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* "*A Letter to a Friend on the Music of the Future.*"

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(57th Concert in St. James's Hall)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will again be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.—Quartet in E major, Op. 59, MM. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Schreurs, and Paque—Haydn; Song, "Now summer hath departed," Miss Banks—Dussek; Song, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Sims Reeves—Mozart; Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, Mr. Charles Halle—Beethoven.

Part II.—Sonata in F, Op. 24, for Violin and Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Halle and M. Vieuxtemps—Beethoven; Song, "The Hunter's Song," Mr. Sims Reeves—Mendelssohn; Impromptu in B flat—Schubert; Valse in A flat, Mr. Charles Halle—Chopin; Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Banks—Schubert; Quartet for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mr. Charles Halle, M. Vieuxtemps, M. Schreurs, and M. Paque—Mozart.

Conductor — Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Front Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall; and of the principal musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—Mr. Charles Hallé begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of the subjoined dates:—Friday, May 17th; Friday, May 24th; Friday, May 31st; Friday, June 7th; Friday, June 14th; Friday, June 21st; Friday, June 28th; and Friday, July 5th.—To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Operas" respectively assigned to them are warrants. The universal popularity of these works in England, as elsewhere, and their admitted superiority to all other compositions of the class to which they belong, support Mr. Hallé in the belief that such an uninterrupted presentation of the entire series may elicit the attention both of students and of connoisseurs. Many of the Sonatas never having been publicly performed, though familiar to professors, are unknown to the majority of amateurs; and some of these are quite as worthy admiration as others which, owing to their frequent appearance in concert programmes, have obtained unanimous acceptance.

As exemplifications of the gradual advance of their composer's talent, from its early stages to its ripe maturity, the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven may be consulted as advantageously as the Quartets or the Orchestral Symphonies. They begin at the commencement of his "First" manner, play a very conspicuous part in his "Second," and extend far into the meridian of his "Third." No less than Thirty-two in number, there are enough of them to illustrate, more or less pointedly, every phase of the great musician's artistic progress; and, if merely regarded as a series of compositions for a single instrument, in variety, beauty, and originality, they stand wholly unparalleled.

At each of the Eight Performances two Vocal Pieces will be introduced. The Programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur. The object aimed at in these descriptions—from which criticism will, as a matter of course, be excluded—is not to guide the taste, but to assist the appreciation of the audience.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; single ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Reserved Seats (Balcony and Area) for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; single ticket, 5*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; single ticket, 3*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W. (Oxford). Miss Louisa Pyne is the same Miss Pyne as the Miss Pyne alluded to by our correspondent. For the other question we must refer "M. W." to our leading columns.

In consequence of press of matter, several important concerts are unavoidably postponed until our next.

Deaths.

On the 2nd instant, at his residence in the Hampstead Road, Mr. H. Saker, the well-known comedian, of small-pox.

On the 28th ultimo, in the State Lunatic Asylum, Vienna, Joseph Standigl, the celebrated German bass-singer.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* The Musical World *is established at the Magazine of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* p.m., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To Publishers and Composers.—*All Music for Review in* The Musical World *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* The Musical World.

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

AS yet the prospects for the forthcoming season of the Italian Opera do not shine with any especial brilliancy. The promises held out by the Covent Garden programme are not of that kind to create unwonted interest or excitement. The enterprising and provident *impresario*, doubtless, has done all within his power to ensure the patronage of the subscribers and the public; and has presented them a fair, if not an unusually striking, bill. But talent is not of perennial growth, and industry and money can no more purchase good artists, than they can procure sunshine and flowers. If, however, Mr. Gye's new tenor be what everybody pronounces him, he is likely to bring about a reformation at the Royal Italian Opera, which cannot fail to afford unbounded gratification to the lovers of real Italian music. For too long a period, and with too much exclusiveness, many have thought and think, that the great establishment in Covent Garden has devoted its energies and resources to the works of French and German masters. Instead of depending on those composers who created Italian Opera, and infused into it vitality and strength, the director called to his assistance foreign musicians, and entirely changed the nature and character of Italian Opera proper, as far as his theatre was concerned. But who can blame him? He but followed a necessity of the times, which cried out for variety, for novelty, for something unheard, unseen before. The necessity proceeded from a deficiency of singers rather than from a change in musical taste. Had an artist like Rubini been at the head of the establishment, we question if French operas would have been dreamt of. Unfortunately for the perpetuation of pure Italian Opera, Signor Mario had a larger intellect, a more plastic mind, and a more susceptible organisation than even his illustrious predecessor; and with Signor Mario, we need hardly hint to our readers, originated, in a great measure, the foundation of French Opera at Covent Garden. Unfortunately, too, for Signor Mario, the step to him was by no means profitable; and he soon found out the different effect produced on his voice through singing in the *Huguenots* and singing in the *Barbiere*.

The success of French Opera at Covent Garden cannot be denied; but now there seems a hope that the Italian School may once more assert its supremacy. A contemporary has asked, why all this talk about novelties, when there are *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best Italian masters lying on every

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publisher's music shelves, which no manager thinks of producing? How few of the works of Rossini—perhaps the most popular of all operatic composers—are known to the English public. How many of his finest operas are entirely neglected? In the days when *opera buffa* was the fashion, the *Italiana in Algeri*, *L'Inganno Felice* and *Il Turco in Italia* were all exceedingly attractive; but the Opera could boast of very different singers then. Now, even *Cenerentola* is overlooked, the *Barbiere* and *La Gazza Ladra* alone, of all the galaxy, remaining. Of Rossini's serious operas we hear even less than of his comic. Twice in a quarter of a century *Mosè in Egitto*—next to *Guillaume Tell*, perhaps, the grandest achievement of the composer's genius—has been produced; once, the *Siege of Corinth*; once, *Zelmira*; and *Armida*, we believe, *never*. Would it not be worth while trying some other of Cimarosa's multitudinous operas besides the *Matrimonio Segreto*? Is Paesiello, once the glory of the Italian Opera, to be for ever despised? Is old Piccini (or Piccinni) not worth a thought? The success of Signor Tiberini may involve the elucidation of some of these problems. For our own part, we love to hear Italian operas at Italian theatres performed by Italian singers, if obtainable, and think that French opera should have a theatre especially set apart for it.

The lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre was dumb, and made no sign. We are wrong. He had announced his intention of not opening the theatre until the expiration of the Court mourning—an act of loyalty unparalleled in the history of operatic managers. No doubt cognizance will be taken of this in the proper quarter, and Mr. Smith be liberally remunerated. Meanwhile the Royal Italian Opera has opened with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, the great success of last season; and Mr. Smith——*has issued an advertisement.* R.

Friday night.

AT the eleventh hour we are enabled to state positively that there will be no performances of Italian Opera this year under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith. That enterprising gentleman, it would appear, is not inclined to pursue (at least for the moment) a speculation which, for reasons unnecessary to recapitulate, has hitherto proved anything rather than remunerative. He secedes, then, from the management—not of Her Majesty's Theatre, of which he must continue to hold the lesseeship (unless the Earl of Dudley should consent, on fair terms, to take it off his hands), but of the Italian Opera, in that (to employ an unhacknied phrase) "time-honoured" establishment. He secedes, moreover, magnanimously—without a stain upon his managerial escutcheon. Every one of his artists—from Alboni, Titiens, and Giuglini, to the humblest ballet-girl and machinist (machinists are also artists, in their way)—is paid to the uttermost farthing they have a right to claim. Thus, though Mr. Smith will keep clear of the "Italian irons" (*vide* speech at the dinner of the Theatrical Fund) during the current year, he can—if circumstances look more smilingly upon him, *quod* this especial department of his enterprise—resume them (and be rescorched) when the International Exhibition of Commerce, Industry, and Art (from which music is, as a matter of course, excluded—being neither a commercial, industrial, nor artistic pursuit) comes off, in the year of our Lord, 1862. He may do this, or he may leave it alone, just as what a well-known writer would call the "freak," or the "whimsy," leads him.

Meanwhile, what plea is Mr. Smith likely to put forth in the public journals for this proceeding, *tant soit peu* (we beg pardon—more or less) *ab retro*? Will he say that, in resigning the future direction of Italian opera, at Her Majesty's Theatre, he feels it a duty to offer some explanation to his kind friends in particular, and to the (of course) still kinder "public" in general? Will he continue—that, in consequence of unanticipated so and so, he finds himself compelled to take such and such a step? Will he—to be brief—state, openly and frankly, that his expenses became by degrees so overwhelming that success was literally impossible? We know not; but we do know that he *might* say as much, without either transgressing the absolute truth, or lessening his reputation one doit* in public esteem. He might also say that, with the salaries he had to pay to his foreign artists, the house crammed to the ceiling, from one end of the season to the other, could only have brought him in —— *a loss.* Had Mr. Smith been satisfied with his English opera—his *Robin Hood*, his *Amber Witch*, his Sims Reeves, &c.—during the winter; had he, in short, &c., &c., &c., he might, no doubt, &c., &c., &c. It is very easy to reason after the fact—to bar the door when the ass is stolen. Nothing is more easy, on one hand, and nothing more stupid on the other. The long and short of the matter is, that Mr. Smith has learned a new lesson, and, there is every reason to believe, contemplates profiting by his experience.

Whether there will be any performances of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre this season, or the contrary, is entirely another matter. Mr. Smith has washed his hands of the undertaking; but that is no reason why the undertaking should be abandoned *in toto*. Why, in the name of the Madellonnettes of Béthanie—who built a church and a chapel in honour of the Sacrament of Miracles, on the site of the mansion of the Cattenbroecks—why, in the name of the Madellonnettes of Béthanie—who were all excellent singers, at morning Mass, and (as the author of *The Amber Witch* might say)

"By night, frequented Theatre—"

why, in the name of the Madellonettes of Béthanie—who invited the curate of Mattaincourt to concerts of secular harmony in the "middest" of the seventeenth century, and sung so divinely that Philip IV. accredited them with letters-patent—why, in the name of the Madellonnettes of Béthanie, should not Titiens and Giuglini (comparable pair); Mario and Grisi (incomparable pair); Everardi and Gassier; Ciampi and Violetti; Borghi-Mamo and Albo—no, Alboni is "to let;" Benedict and Arditi; &c. and &c.; &c. and &c. (&c.); club together, institute a republic (as was done at the Royal Italian Opera, after the flight of Signor Persiani, and the secession of Mr. Delafield), and appeal to the world on their own account? Mr. E. T. Smith, "lessee," might manage, and they "sub-tenants," might sing. Surely the company is strong enough (supposing they can be brought to fraternise glibly) for any emergency or strait.

We have thrown out this hint for just so much as it may be worth. Let M. Gassier prepare the macaroni (which he can do like another Polonini), and all will go well. "Anteater" can tell us something on this head; and if he will condescend to entertain the question next week, our columns are open to him. A republic, though difficult, is not impossible; and here, at any rate, is a crisis at which the motto must perforce be "*Republic or nothing.*"

THE performance of *Hamlet* now being given at the Princess's Theatre involves one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of the drama in this country.

* Or "dump." See J. V. Bridgeman's *Ethics.*

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A French actor, for many years on the French stage, who by some means had acquired a knowledge of the English tongue, and could speak it fluently, has appeared in the principal character of Shakspeare's tragedy, and with so much success as to absorb nearly all the dramatic interest of the day. M. Fechter, we understand, was born in England; but his parents were French, and his stay in this country was restricted to a short period during his infancy. The language, consequently, could have made no impression upon him; and, indeed, we gather from his pronunciation that his ears could have imbibed none of our modes of speech, our accents or vocal inflections. He speaks English clearly and distinctly, just as a foreign artist by long practice and study and intercourse might have learned to do; he has got rid of the French nasal tone, but not of that peculiar see-saw cadence which we find so hard to reconcile with English speaking, and certainly cannot endure in blank verse. This terrible drawback would seem at the very outset to militate entirely against the impersonation of a character in which more, perhaps, than any in the whole range of the Shaksperian drama, perfect and musical reading was required. M. Fechter cannot conceal his French intonation, nor that emphasis which appears the life and soul of French elocution. An Englishman delivering Shakspeare's lines after the same fashion would be laughed at. Not so the Frenchman. The auditor at first may feel inclined to smile at the sing-song enunciation of the speaker, and the continual elevation of the voice at the end of a sentence, when his ear has been accustomed to the contrary; but his desire to find fault is arrested, and his attention is soon engaged in considering the high and special merits of the actor. After a while he thinks no more of accent or cadence, and M. Fechter, in a short while, exercises a perfect mastery over his imagination.

The Hamlet of the new tragedian is altogether original. The conception appears to have been founded on that part of the young Prince's advice to the players, in which he recommends them "to use all gently;" and "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." This advice M. Fechter religiously follows, and, we must acknowledge, now and then evidently in direct opposition to the poet's intention. In the great soliloquy, for instance, at the end of the second act, "Now I am alone," in which Hamlet works himself up almost to a pitch of madness, by dwelling on the murder of his father and his own irresolution in not following up the revenge to which he has been incited by the ghost, M. Fechter begets a temperance, we are inclined to think, that gives his passion somewhat too much smoothness. Nay, even when he puts his "antic disposition on" before the King, Ophelia or Polonius, he never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," but still keeps within bounds, as though gentleness were inseparable from Hamlet's nature, even when he desired to assume the contrary. The French actor, indeed, is the very opposite of a ranter, and seems to depend but little on his physical powers for his effects. A more intellectual Hamlet we certainly have not seen; and never one who so thoroughly and profoundly impressed us without our being aware of it. The absence of all the usual "points" prevents those sudden bursts of applause to which the public has long been accustomed, and consequently the Hamlet of M. Fechter does not arouse the thunders of the audience in the same degree as other Hamlets — even the most indifferent — are wont to do. That the actor is deficient in power, we do not think, but rather that the suavity and delicacy of the impersonation assumed as properly belonging to Hamlet. That M. Fechter has studied the character profoundly there is not a shadow of doubt. Every word, look, and act, betrays a meaning drawn from the poet, or the poet's master, Nature. Nothing is done without a purpose; nothing submitted to chance. We may have witnessed scenes elaborated with greater skill, heard speeches delivered with more musical voice, and nicer subtlety of art; have been more deeply impressed, and our admiration more highly excited; but we have seen and heard nothing more earnest and intense, nothing which affords us a clearer glimpse into the poet's soul, and nothing which more thoroughly fills the imagination with a sense of ideal beauty. M. Fechter's Hamlet, according to our notions of Shakspeare and English tragic acting, will hardly bear criticising too closely in detail. It must be judged as an intellectual whole, when, we fancy, it cannot fail to produce a powerful impression. It is not a performance of "shreds and patches," nor can it be compared to reading the play by flashes of lightning, as Coleridge said of Edmund Kean's acting. All things considered or not considered, however, one thing is certain: the French tragedian has created an extraordinary sensation — a greater sensation, indeed, than any actor since Macready. All London is being drawn to the Princess's Theatre, and the principal subject in most conversations is the Hamlet of M. Fechter. It must be owned that the actor appeared at the most favourable time, when the stage boasted no first-rate performer, and when the mind was on the stretch for what was novel, as well as what was excellent. We doubt if M. Fechter would have elicted such unbounded applause in the days of the Kembles, Kean, Young, and Macready; but all these Titans of the boards having passed away, and nothing being left in their place, the public were but too glad to accept real talent, although under the greatest difficulties, and with views somewhat opposed to their preconceived notions of Truth and Shakspeare. M. Fechter has achieved, perhaps, the greatest miracle of the modern stage by his performance of Hamlet. Whether he can sustain the interest he has created, and essay with like success another character of Shakspeare, remains to be proved.

Molique's Abraham.—This oratorio, which achieved so triumphant a success at the last Norwich festival, and which, it was fully anticipated, would be performed in London, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, is announced to be given at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, April 17th, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. The principal vocal parts will be distributed among the following eminent singers: Mad. Lemmens-Sherington, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. Herr Molique will conduct, and the band and chorus will be complete and numerous. Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, together with a long list of the nobility and gentry, have accorded their names as patronesses and patrons. In short, the performance of Herr Molique's *Abraham* at Exeter Hall, on the present occasion, promises to be the greatest event of the musical season.

Mr. Willert Beale's Tour.—Mad. Alboni, Miss Arabella Goddard, and the other vocal and instrumental artists engaged on this new provincial expedition, organised by Mr. Willert Beale, started from London by the Great Western, on Wednesday afternoon. Their first concert was to be at Plymouth, their second at Exeter, their third and fourth at Bath, and their fifth at Clifton (Bristol).

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MSS. of Beethoven's Symphonies.—Can any reader of the Musical World give information where the original manuscripts of Beethoven's First Symphony (in C), Second ditto (in D), and Sixth, the "Pastoral," are now preserved?

The score of the "Pastoral," was sold in Vienna some years ago to a "Gentleman in Holland," according to the statement of one of the firm of Artaria and Co., the well-known publishers. Should the MS. be still preserved in that country, its possessor would confer a favour upon the public by publishing its title exactly, together with the date, if (as Beethoven was in the habit of doing) the composer has dated it himself.

Ries says of the MS. of the Second Symphony, that Beethoven presented it to him, but that some one borrowed and never returned it. As it is not likely to have been destroyed, any information relating to it would be of importance, especially the date of its composition. A. W. T.

Royal English Opera.—Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Honey, and Mr. Santley are to form part of the Covent Garden English Opera Company next winter.

Jenny Lind.—The rumour that Jenny Lind is going to reappear before the public (writes our solemn contemporary, *The Press*), however unlikely it may seem, is gaining credit. We have heard from persons entitled to belief that Mr. Gye intends to give a series of concerts in the Covent Garden Floral Hall, at which Mad. Otto Goldschmidt will sing. Since the Nightingale was first heard in England fourteen additional years have passed over her head; but her notes are said, by those who are privileged to hear them, to be as sweet and powerful as ever.—*Press-Fudge.*

Mr. F. T. V. Honeywell has been elected organist of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street.

Herr Formes.—This great German bass arrived in London yesterday. There is no longer any doubt about his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. The probability expressed in the Covent Garden prospectus is changed into a certainty. Herr Formes will make his first appearance at the new theatre—his first at the Royal Italian Opera for five years—next week, or the week following, as Walter in *Guillaume Tell.*

Vocal Association.—M. Ole Bull, the great violinist, after an absence of twenty years, has arrived in this country, and will appear at the next concert of the Vocal Association, Wednesday, April 17th, St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

Festival of the Three Choirs.—The arrangements for the next festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester (to be held at Hereford), are complete, so far as the engagement of the principals, band, and chorus, and the fixture of the programme is concerned. Mr. Townshend Smith, the conductor, and talented organist of Hereford Cathedral, has succeeded in securing the services of the following principal vocalists: Mlle. Titiens, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mrs. Weiss, sopranos; Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Susan Pyne, contraltos; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Montem Smith, tenors; and Mr. Weiss and Mr. Winn, bass. This is an unusually bright array of talent for Hereford, but the festival is to eclipse all that have gone before. The performance of sacred music will be as follows:—First morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; second morning, *The Last Judgment* and part of *Samson*; third morning, "Spring" (Haydn), "Requiem" (Mozart), and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; fourth morning, Handel's *Messiah*. There will be morning prayers at the cathedral each morning, as at Worcester last year. At the evening concert Benedict's cantata *Undine* will be given, and among the instrumental pieces will be Beethoven's pastoral symphony, and Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, with the overtures to *Euryanthe* (Weber), and *Anacreon* (Cherubini). The stewards of the festival calculate upon the Worcester and Hereford line of railway being opened in time for the festival. This will be of great importance, as it will open Worcester, Birmingham, and the Midland district. Under any circumstances, the meeting is expected to be the best ever held here.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER XII.

It was four P.M. when the party arrived in Cork; at half-past four they were all busily employed at dinner. Many lamented the macaroni and delicacies of the great basso-cook, who was not yet upon the free list of the Imperial Hotel kitchen, and therefore unable to exercise his remarkable talents in the culinary art; but they managed, nevertheless, almost without exception, to find consolation in the more simple fare provided for them.

The much-abused saddle of mutton and boiled fowls bore testimony to the philosophy with which the deprivation was endured. "Que je deteste la cuisine anglaise," muttered the Frenchman, as he passed his plate to the carver for the third time, thereby proving what complete self-control he had attained, and how he could appear to enjoy that which he said was so thoroughly distasteful to him. For my own part, judging from the manner in which he devoured the mutton, I should never have suspected that he had any objection to la cuisine anglaise. After a few hurried mouthfuls, the impresario of the party left the table, and hastened to the theatre to see what preparations had been made for the performance, which was to be given that evening. He was joined on the way by his partner, the Dublin manager. The preparations they found were not indeed very promising. Round a large heap of bricks and mortar, in the middle of the stage, lay scattered in terrible confusion, the huge boxes and the scenery which had been brought from Dublin. The double bass towered majestically in the background, over all, and seemed to contemplate the disorder of its compagnons de voyage with stoical indifference. From the top of the bricks and mortar, the proprietor of the theatre was to be seen in his shirt-sleeves, shouting to a solitary labourer, who was employed in hammering at something in the pit. The house itself, formerly, I believe, a handsome building, had been almost entirely destroyed by fire, and inconsequence for some time altogether abandoned. The ruins and four walls were rented by the present lessee, and by his own exertions, and the assistance of a few hard-working friends (represented by the labourer in the pit), the house was so far restored as to be just available for dramatic performances, that is to say, there was a stage, and there were divisions in the house before the curtain, which to a certain extent corresponded to boxes, galleries, and pit; but it required a great stretch of good nature on the part of the audience, as well as of the performers, to put up with the inconveniences of theatricals in such a place. The practical lessee, upon seeing our enterprising impresario, ceased haranguing his friend in the pit, and descended from his elevated position. He apologised for appearing in working costume, and offered to show the new comers over the building. They accordingly proceeded to make a survey.

"It's a moighty large theatre, and there'll be a power of people in it to-night," said the lessee, who had taken little heed to accommodate the "power of people." The arrangements for the artists on the stage were equally deficient. No dressing-rooms fit to be entered, no windows mended since the fire; in short, everything was in strict keeping with the heap of bricks and mortar upon the stage, which afforded a very good criterion of the preparations the lessee had made for the Italian Operas. At the instigation of the impresario, and remonstrance of the Dublin manager, several men were called in, who were set to clear the stage. By the aid of wheelbarrows and baskets the bricks and mortar were removed. A glazier was sent for to mend the windows in the dressing-room, intended for the prima donna, while all the loiterers about the theatre were pressed into service, either as *impromptu* carpenters, scene-shifters, or other useful capacity. In a short time the stage assumed a cleanly and more encouraging appearance. The scenery was certainly not of the most delusive character, but it promised to answer the purpose. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Pasquale* and *Norma* were the operas to be given, and these did not require any great scenic display. Moreover, as the practical lessee argued, the music and the singers were the great attractions, and so long as Grisi and Mario sang in the operas announced, it did not signify what seats the public had to sit upon, or what scenery they had to look at,—they would be sure to come. And this argument proved correct; for our impresario and the Dublin mana-

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ger had barely succeeded in getting the stage into something like order, when the theatre began to fill with the "power of people" he had predicted. Long before the hour of commencement every seat was occupied, and the dingy-looking house crowded to overflowing by the most brilliant and fashionable audience.

When the artists arrived from the hotel, they were not a little astonished at the nooks and corners in which they had to dress. There had been no rehearsal necessary, the band and chorus having been selected from those of the Dublin company, were already acquainted with the operas, none of the party, therefore, had had occasion to visit the theatre previously.

The dressing-room allotted to the tenor was a small recess on the first floor, the stairs to which had not been restored since the fire, but replaced by an ordinary ladder, to climb which gave Gennaro considerable trouble, and was also rather a dangerous matter, owing to the high heels it is his custom to wear. One of the proscenium private boxes had been covered in and appropriated to the use of the baritone and basso, Alphonso and Gubetta; and for Orsini a sort of loose box had been extemporised at the back of the stage by means of some deal boards and strips of calico. The prima donna had, of course, the best accommodation, a small room, with a sheet over the entrance, to do service for a door. The chorus, I believe, dressed under the stage. They came and went up and down a trap-door mysteriously. That subscenic region must have been remarkably chilly, for the conductor complained that, as he sat in his place in the orchestra, a bitterly cold wind bit his legs, while the heated atmosphere of the theatre made the upper part of his body uncomfortably warm. There were but few objections to the impromptu dressing-rooms, all the party knowing and making allowances for the difficulties there had been to overcome in giving Italian operas in a half burnt-down theatre.

The overture to *Lucrezia Borgia* at length commenced, and the moment came for the curtain to be raised. Before this could be done, Gennaro must be in his place upon the stage. But Gennaro when wanted was really *in statu(e) quo*. The ladder to his room had been inadvertently removed, and was nowhere to be found. There stood the handsome tenor in the opening in the wall of the stage, some ten or fifteen feet above the heads of his companions, looking like an animated Rembrandt, utterly helpless, until some means could be contrived to remove him from his niche. The ladder was at last brought forth from between two side scenes, where it had been misplaced, and Mario descended just in time to prevent the stage being kept waiting. He was received with acclamations by the audience, as also was Grisi, when she appeared. Her *entrée* was a little less dignified than that of Gennaro, the Duchess being drawn across the stage upon a hand-truck, by a scene-shifter. The truck was meant to represent a Venetian gondola, but there being no scenery to conceal the contrivance and the gondolier from public gaze, the effect was somewhat more ludicrous than illusive. The performance having been fairly commenced, in spite of all the many obstacles, it went on triumphantly. Grisi and Mario, at that time in the zenith of their power, excited the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. They were recalled incessantly after each act, and cheered vociferously. Thus the first Italian Opera of our touring party in Cork was most unquestionably successful.

During the week *Norma* and *Don Pasquale* were given. As Norina in the latter opera, the *prima donna leggiera* had her temper sorely tried by the obtuseness of her waiting-maid, who was profoundly ignorant of any foreign language. Norina being almost equally unacquainted with the English tongue, a sad difficulty arose between them. The prima donna, just before going on the stage, wanted her gloves, and made signs to the maid, intelligible enough, it would be supposed, to any one of the meanest intellectual ability. The maid, however, failed altogether to understand her mistress, who then attempted to explain herself in a little broken English. "Give me *glass*," she exclaimed, whereupon the maid handed her a tumbler. That being rejected, she proffered a looking-glass. "My *glass*," reiterated the little lady, frantically holding up her hands; but it was of no use: the wooden-headed maid would not or could not comprehend that "glass" in this particular instance meant gloves; and Norina, in a flood of angry tears, had to appear before the public with uncovered hands. She concealed her emotion admirably, and in fact evinced a talent for suddenly transforming her appearance from grave to gay, such as Miss P. Horton or John Parry might have envied. At the side scenes, when vainly demanding the "glass," her countenance was indicative of the most abject despair. The next moment she was bowing to the audience, radiant with the most fascinating smiles, and apparently in the enjoyment of a perfectly unruffled temper. At the termination of her aria the gloves were produced by the wooden-headed maid, and the applause of a delighted public quickly effaced all recollection of the misunderstanding.

Antreatre.

Royal Italian Opera.—The theatre opened on Tuesday with the *Prophète*, which our readers will remember was revived at the end of last season with so much *éclât*. The cast remains unaltered, Mad. Csillag, Mlle. Corbari, Signors Tamberlik and Tagliafico, resuming the parts of Fides, Bertha, Jean, and Oberthal, and Signors Neri-Baraldi, Polonini, and Zelger, those of the three Anabaptists. The production of Meyerbeer's grand opera is perhaps the most complete achievement of the Royal Italian Opera. The appointments, decorations, dresses, and scenery are truly magnificent, and have hardly been surpassed on the operatic stage in our recollection? Mad. Csillag was as grand and powerful as before in the part of Fides, which is eminently suited to her energetic and commanding style. She was particularly happy on Tuesday night, both in her acting and singing, and created a profound impression. Signor Tamberlik displayed his most admirable qualities, both histrionic and vocal, as the Prophet, and sang more splendidly than we have heard him for years. Mlle. Corbari was most interesting in Bertha, and Signor Tagliafico made Oberthal even more acceptable than was contemplated by Scribe. The band was transcendent, and the chorus almost irreproachable. The skating scene was as full of life and bustle as ever, and the ballet admirably managed. The performance was received with great applause throughout, and Signor Tamberlik obtained a special summons after the second act, the entire house cheering him tumultuously when he appeared. At the end of the opera the National Anthem was sung, Mad. Csillag taking the solos. Despite the court mourning and the Easter recess, which must have driven many of the subscribers from town, the theatre was crowded by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

Drury Lane.—An English opera season was commenced at "Old Drury" on Monday night, with the *Amber Witch*, transplanted from Her Majesty's Theatre to what may perhaps prove a more congenial locality. Mr. Wallace's admirable work, though unaided by the talent of Mr. Sims Reeves, was so enthusiastically received throughout, that its permanent success may safely be predicted. But the substitution of Mr. Swift for Mr. Reeves was not the only alteration in the cast, for Miss Parepa likewise appeared for the first time in the character performed by Mad. Sherrington, and made a decided "hit." Never did Miss Parepa distinguish herself more honourably upon the stage. Her rendering of the florid air, "My long hair is braided," elicited a rapturous redemand, as also her execution of the solo, "'Tis all, all gone," and the duet with Rudiger, "Till life, at last, be over;" and the beautiful ballad, "When the elves at dawn do pass." It is no small praise to Mr. Swift to state that he was favourably received in a character previously played by Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Swift was not deficient either in spirit or skill, and for the most part deserved the unanimous applause bestowed upon him. The cast of the opera was otherwise the same as at Her Majesty's Theatre. The band and chorus, too, though numerically weaker than formerly, included many of the artists who belonged to the Haymarket opera, and took part in the first representations of Mr. Wallace's work. Mr. Tully conducted, and so satisfactorily as to induce the belief, that when time shall have rendered him more familiar with the elaborate score, he will be enabled to do ample justice to the composer's conceptions. All the principal singers were called for at the termination of the first act, and again at the conclusion of the opera, when the enterprising manager, Mr. E. T. Smith, also came upon the stage in obedience to the unanimous demand of the audience. The entertainments concluded with a *ballet divertissement*, in which the fascinating Mlle. Rhona delighted the public by her graceful and *spirituel* performances.

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Provincial.

We read in the *Manchester Courier* of March 30th, that on the previous day, Mr. W. T. Best, of St, George's Hall, Liverpool, re-opened the organ in the Long-Holme Wesleyan Chapel, Rawtenstall. The following is a list of the stops: —

	Great.—CC to F.	Ft.
*1	Bourdon	16
2	Open Diapason	8
3	Stopped Diapason	8
4	Principal	4
5	Twelfth	2⅔
6	Fifteenth	2
7	Sesquialtera, 3 ranks.	
8	Trumpet	8
	Choir.—CC to .	
*9	Dulciana	8
*10	Stopped Diapason	8
*11	Flute	4
*12	Piccolo	2
*13	Clarinet	8
	Swell.—Tenor C to F.	
14	Double Diapason	16
15	Open Diapason	8
16	Stopped Diapason	8
	Swell—(*continued*).	Ft.
17	Principal	4
*18	Höhl Flöte	4
19	Fifteenth	2
20	Oboe	8
21	Cornopean	8
	Pedal—CCC to Tenor E.	
22	Open Diapason	16
*23	Violin	16
*24	Violoncello	8
*25	Fifteenth	4
*26	Posaune	16
	Couplers and Accessory Stops.	
27	Swell to Great.	
28	Great to Pedals.	
*29	Choir to Pedals.	
*30	Tremulant.	
*31	Engine for bellows.	
	Five Combination Pedals.	

The organ was built by the late Mr. Renn, of Manchester, in 1845, and has now been considerably enlarged by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, his successors. The great organ, choir, and pedal soundboards are new, also the manual and pedal movements throughout, and those stops marked with an asterisk. The case is constructed so as to permit the swell organ to be carried down to CC. In the afternoon Mr. Best played the following pieces: —

Organ Concertino (A major)	Handel.
Adagio	Lefebure-Wely
Allegro Marziale	W. T. Best.
Grand prelude and fugue (E major)	J. S. Bach.
Air and chorus	Glück.
Triumphal march	Meyerbeer.

The organ concerto was most effectively given by Mr. Best. The *Allegro Marziale* is a favourable specimen of its composer's powers as a writer, and thoroughly in character with its title. The air with chorus from Glück's opera, *Elena é Paride*, was admirably given; the manner in which the "tremulant" (a very good one) was introduced, producing the happiest effect. In the evening, after a sermon by Mr. Tyerman, of Manchester, Mr. Best played the following selection: —

Motet, "Deus tibi laus et honor sit"	Mozart.
Air, "Angels ever bright and fair"	Handel.
Prelude and fugue (G major)	J. S. Bach.
Grand march (Tannhäuser)	R. Wagner.

In addition to which Mr. Best, by particular desire, played his own air, with variations in A. This piece is not only very cleverly constructed, but one which few besides the composer could attack with any hope of successfully mastering its difficulties. The preludes and fugues, by Bach — we speak of both afternoon and evening performances — displayed that unerring certainty which characterises Mr. Best's playing; a certainty not confined to mere executive accuracy, but displayed in the most exact uniformity of time; not the slightest acceleration or retardation being observable, however complicated the music, a peculiarity as rare as it is difficult to attain.

The second concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society at Liverpool introduced Mesdames Rieder and Lemaire, Messrs. Henry Haigh and Alberto Lawrence, as vocalists, and Signor Andreoli as pianist. The singers do not appear to have produced any decided effect, and there is some difference of opinion about the pianist. In the *Mercury* Signor Andreoli is complimented as an "excellent performer," and as one who "has great command of the instrument," and whose "touch and execution are of a superior order." Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, the overture to *Jessonda*, and a quartet by Mozart, were the instrumental features. That the concert was not up to the usual Philharmonic standard may be gathered from the concluding remarks of the *Daily Post*, in its notice the day after the performance: —

"We cannot compliment the society on the concert as a whole. We have reason to believe difficulties arose to interrupt a better arrangement, and the committee found themselves obliged to give the programme of last night, or unable to announce any performance. Under all the circumstances, we think they would have better consulted the interests of the subscribers, and also their own credit as managers, had they adopted the latter course."

The omission of the Yorkshire Choral Union from the chorus selected for this year's festival at Leeds seems to have created no small amount of indignation in the different Ridings. The following letter (addressed to the editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*), *apropos* of the subject, seems to represent things in a very fair light, and justly to convict the committee of incompetence: —

"Sir,—I was surprised to hear that the committee have decided that the chorus shall be selected from the Yorkshire Choral Union (Leeds Festival Choral Society), the Madrigal and Motet Society, and the Bradford Choral Society—by the chorus committee. I have been informed that the services of a chorus of 300 voices were offered to the committee by the Yorkshire Choral Union. When we take into consideration that this chorus has been brought to its high state of efficiency under the regular training of the gentleman whom the Festival Committee have appointed chorus-master, it must be obvious that the policy adopted in this case is not calculated to enhance the success of the Festival.

"If the individuals who passed this resolution think the chorus committee are more competent than the chorus-master to form an opinion of the qualifications of the chorus singers who may be brought before them, where, I ask, is the necessity for appointing a chorus-master at all? Those who are competent to make choice of the chorus ought also to be competent to *train* them.

"Surely such an inconsistent arrangement cannot have been made with the sanction of a majority of the general committee! A chorus, like the Yorkshire Choral Union, which has had the high honour of singing before Her Most Gracious Majesty and Court, *by special command*, and been pronounced by the most distinguished metropolitan artists and critics to be the finest choral body in the kingdom, ought not to be impaired by the introduction of *inferior talent*. It needs no argument to prove to any impartial person that in the short space of time which can now be allowed for the training of a fresh chorus, the same precision, accuracy, taste, and proficiency cannot be obtained which is *already* possessed by the Yorkshire Choral Union.

"I trust that the general committee will deem it prudent to engage that chorus which will perform the music allotted to it (especially part songs, choral glees, &c., which have now become so important a feature at all the great musical gatherings), and which can only be *properly* rendered by a regularly organised choral body, such as the Yorkshire Choral Union.

"I believe I am correct in stating that the Bradford Festival Committee almost entirely ignored our Leeds singers at their last Festival in 1859.

"Your obedient servant,

"A well-wisher to the Festival."

"Leeds, March 28th, 1861."

Mr. R. S. Burton's annual Easter Festival took place at the Town Hall, under the patronage of the president, vice-presidents, and honorary members of the Yorkshire Choral Union. Monday was devoted to a grand miscellaneous concert, and Tuesday to the *Messiah*. The artists included Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Winn, &c. M. Lemmens presided at the organ, and there was a full and efficient band. The chorus was composed of the Yorkshire Choral Union, and Mr. Burton was conductor.

From Ipswich a correspondent writes as follows: —

"The fifth and last monthly series, for the present season of bi-weekly Popular Concerts by the Ipswich Musical Union, was brought to a close on Saturday se'nnight. Although, in consequence of the bad weather, the last Wednesday evening's attendance was not what was desired, the concert being for the benefit of the directors, Messrs. Bowles and Norman, yet, on the whole, the series has been as satisfactory as its predecessors. During the month vocal selections, with orchestral accompaniments from *Il Trovatore* and the *Bohemian Girl*, have been given, which were well received, many of the songs and choruses receiving vociferous encores. Miss Matt and Miss Bacon, as the leading lady vocalists, appeared to give great satisfaction, the 'Breese of the

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Night,' from *Trovatore*, by the former lady, deserving especial mention. The leading parts for male voices were sustained by Messrs. Bowles, Matt, Dale, and Hayward, assisted in the choruses by the Misses Hayward, Messrs. Smy, Steel, Abbott, &c. The miscellaneous concerts have consisted of overtures, dance music, glees, ballads, &c. There have also been given during the month large selections from the oratorios, *Judas Maccabæus* and the *Creation;* well performed, the orchestra being led by Mr. Charles J. Cooke, and the *baton* being wielded by Mr. W. Norman. These concerts have indicated decided musical *progress*, and have laid the foundation for further advancement in the cause of harmony. The brass band (the people's concerts) are continued, at a loss to the subscribers, it is said, of 5*l.* per week, and in reference to your query, at foot of the last communication from Ipswich, as to who the Messrs. Bowmer were, the only answer it appears that can be given, 'ECHO' furnishes."

At BRIGHTON, English opera is at present the vogue, Mr. Nye Chart, the lessee of the theatre, having engaged Mad. Rudersdorff and a tolerable company, with Signor Randegger as conductor. The operas already given have been the *Trovatore*, *Maritana*, and *La Traviata*, Mad. Rudersdorff, of course, playing the heroine in each. The other singers are Miss Adela Alexander, contralto, Signor Tilo Palmieri, tenor, M. Morelle, barytone, and M. Durand, barytone. Of the *prima donna* the *Brighton Gazette* speaks in the highest terms. "We may observe," writes our contemporary, alluding to the performance of the *Trovatore* —

"That Mad. Rudersdorff sings *à la* Mad. Cruvelli, with amazingly rapid execution in her roulades, which she renders with great skill and accuracy. In one or two instances she ran the chromatic scale with remarkable precision, almost as distinct as a skilful pianist would perform it. The celebrated air at the commencement of the opera, in which Piccolomini made such a hit, was given with great expression; but the gem of the whole opera was the beautiful air preceding the 'Miserere,' which she sank in the most pathetic and expressive manner, the upper notes being exquisitely in tune, and whether in *sotto voce*, or in the more impassioned strains, she was equally effective. How this air escaped an *encore* was marvellous to us, but we suppose the 'Miserere' following so close upon it, the audience reserved their admiration."

The writer is not as correct as enthusiastic. Mlle. Piccolomini never made a hit in Leonora's first song — in fact, never sang in the opera in London more than once. A new tenor, Mr. Topham Reynolds, made his first essay on the stage on Tuesday evening, as Don Cæsar de Bazan, in *Maritana*. According to the various reports it was a perfect failure both in the acting and singing. No forbearance appears to have been shown towards a novice, who may after all turn up a trump.

The *Birmingham Journal* informs its readers that a meeting of the Festival Committee was recently held in the committee room of the Town Hall, to receive a report from the Orchestral Committee, and the resignation of Mr. J. F. Ledsam as chairman. The Mayor occupied the chair. Mr. Mason read the report, of which the following is an abridgment:—

"The Orchestral Committee concluded the engagements of the band and chorus. The chorus has been selected as follows:—180 from the Festival Choral Society; 60 volunteers from the Amateur Harmonic Association; 60 from the professional resources of the town (not belonging to either of the above societies); and 24 from the metropolis and cathedral towns. Total, 324. In the case of the societies, the efficiency of the members has been guaranteed by their respective committees, and in that of the supplementary choir each unknown member has been subjected to a trial. The rehearsals are to commence on separate evenings in each week up to the end of June, when the full choir will be united. Mr. Costa has signified his intention of personally drilling the choir after the closing of the Opera, the first week in August. The programme of the week is thus decided on:—Tuesday morning, *Elijah;* Thursday morning, *Messiah;* Friday morning, Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, and a selection from *Israel in Egypt;* Tuesday or Wednesday evening, the *Creation;* Friday evening, *Judas Maccabæus*. The expected new oratorio not being forthcoming at present, the subjoined selections were offered for choice, to take place on the Wednesday morning:—1st, the *Mount of Olives*, the *Requiem*, and the *Dettingen Te Deum;* 2nd, the *Lobgesang* and the *Requiem;* 3rd, *Samson*. As most likely to accord with popular taste, the Orchestral Committee advise the adoption of *Samson* (Mr. Mason's 'recommendation' is generally equivalent to law at the Birmingham Festival), which has not been given here since 1852. Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves are the only principal singers up to this time engaged. The other engagements will be filled up in April. The committee had ascertained, by direct communication with Mad. Clara Novello, that it was not that lady's intention to reappear in public. The ventilation and lighting of the Town Hall, the 'prices of admission,' 'the revision of the list of vice-presidents,' and the appointment of an Advertising, Ticket, and Book Committee, still remain to be considered. A letter from J. F. Ledsam, Esq., resigning the chairmanship of the committee, which he had held by triennial appointment for many years, formed the last item of the report, which having been received and adopted, the Mayor moved—'That this meeting receives with feelings of unfeigned regret the resignation by J. F. Ledsam, Esq., of the chairmanship of this committee, a position he has honourably held for many years, with great advantage to the interests of the General Hospital; and in recording its thanks for the courtesy, zeal, and assiduity with which at all times he has discharged the duties of chairman, this meeting further desires to express its sympathy at the cause which has led to Mr. Ledsam's retirement from the active discharge of official duties in connection with the Committee of Management of the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival.' Mr. J. O. Mason expressed on his own behalf, and, he was sure, of the whole committee, the regret with which the resignation had been received.—Mr. J. W. Whateley then proposed, and Mr. W. J. Beale seconded, the appointment of Mr. Mason as chairman. The resolution was unanimously agreed to. Several others were adopted, and considerable discussion took place in reference to the lighting and ventilating of the Town Hall. The proposition to resort to the old expedient of brackets being universally condemned as ugly, inefficient, and out of harmony with the building, it was agreed to memorialise the Town Council on the subject."

Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to say, in your impression of Saturday next, whether Mr. "Santley," the celebrated singer, is a *barytone* or a *tenor?*—I am, &c.

ALPHA.

[A barytone; and a barytone *pur sang;* a barytone, in short, *de première source*, or, in shorter, of the first water. ED.]

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The second subscription concert was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. The principal performances by the choir were Mendelssohn's psalm, "Hear my prayer," the solos by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mozart's motet, "Ave Verum," Meyerbeer's "Pater Noster," several glees and part-songs. The choir were in great force, and sang excellently throughout, distinguishing themselves more particularly in Mendelssohn's psalm and the "Pater Noster" of Meyerbeer, which Mr. Benedict first introduced to an English audience. In addition to the solos in the psalm, Mad. Sherrington sang Mr. Benedict's beautiful and characteristic song "The Skylark," which was received with rapturous applause. The other singers were Miss Messent, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss E. Boden, and Signor Gambogi. Miss Thomson introduced the air "Pouvoir du chant," from Auber's new opera, *La Circassienne*, and was encored; and Signor Gambogi exhibited some vocal power in the tenor air "Fra Poco" from *Lucia*. There were sundry instrumental performances more or less good. M. Sainton executed Beethoven's Romance in F for the violin, and a new Scotch fantasia—both superbly; M. Lemmens performed, in a masterly manner, a fugue of his own composition on the organ; and Miss Eleanor Ward played very brilliantly a fantasia by Fumagalli (*La Danse des Sylphes*) on the pianoforte. There was a large attendance. Mr. Benedict conducted—admirably, as usual.

BULL.—This extraordinary manipulator, who has not visited this extraordinary metropolis for an extraordinary number of years, has arrived in this extraordinary metropolis, with the intention of attracting an extraordinary audience to an extraordinary concert, at which he will perform some extraordinary feats upon an extraordinary fiddle, which, by an extraordinary coincidence, turns out to be one of the extraordinary specimens of that most extraordinary of extraordinary manufacturers of extraordinary violins, the extra-extraordinary Stradiverius. (*Extraordinary.*)

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Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—Last night Mr. Leslie's cantata *Holyrood* was given for the second time, and decidedly improves on repetition. Just now we can merely chronicle its success. Next week we shall give particulars of the whole concert.

Gallery of Illustration.—On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and Mr. John Parry, appeared here in an entirely new entertainment, entitled *Popular Illustrations from Real Life*, before a crowded audience, and with complete success. The gallery has been entirely redecorated, and presents a very handsome appearance. Of the performance itself, it would be hardly fair to speak at length at present, as it was stated that in many essential particulars the arrangements were incomplete, and the indulgence of the audience was, in consequence, invoked. Mr. German Reed's song, descriptive of the hunting-field, though left unfinished for want of certain intended illustrations, promises to make a "hit." Mr. John Parry's account of the humour of a Christmas Pantomime, is one of the best "patter" songs we ever heard him deliver.

Leeds Musical Festival, 1861.—This festival has been fixed to be held on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th of September. Dr. Sterndale Bennett has been appointed conductor; Mr. R. S. Burton, of Leeds, chorus-master; and Mr. Spark, of Leeds, the organist. At a meeting of the committee, on Saturday, some alteration was made in the proposed arrangements for choosing the chorus. Besides Leeds, the towns from which the chorus will probably be selected include Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Sheffield. Nothing definite has yet been done as to the works to be performed or the principals to be engaged.

Mr. Alfred Hammond, of Lombard Street and Brixton, has resigned the organistship of St. Mary Woolnoth, City.

Between 700*l.* and 800*l.* have been collected in aid of the sufferers by the late fire at Cooke's circus, at Portsmouth.

The Late Scribe from the Point of View of the "London Review."—"In one of my last letters I had to chronicle a most successful lyrical effort on the part of Auber the composer, and his time-sanctioned acolyte, Scribe. Of these two veterans, the one least charged with years has suddenly laid down his load. Auber lives on, but the companion with whom all his best works were written has left his side. Scribe is probably the last, as he was the foremost, of a race. He was the arch-type of the French literary trader, who applies himself resolutely to the work of converting words into money. Of thought, in every shape, he was utterly innocent; and of words, he only knew so much as made him wonder they were not superseded by figures. The success of Scribe was the monument of the entire frivolity of the period at which he had most lived; it endured, but could not have arisen in the present time, and the young generation, more curious of the rectitude of speech, if not higher-minded than their grandfathers, turned with disdain from the extraordinary 'slip-slop' which poor Scribe *naïvely* conceived to be French. He was shocked at his want of influence over the 'society' of our day, and he pitied the public. His departure from life leaves vacant a *fauteuil* at the Académie he ought never to have filled, and the filling whereof will be the *great event* of the next year to the opposition parties in France."—*London-Review Fudge!*

RETROSPECTION.*

(Sequel to "A Mother's Forebodings.")

BY JOHN YOUNG.

I nestle with a fond emotion,
Closer to thy loving heart,
And feel a mother's deep devotion
From thy soul can ne'er depart.
The glitt'ring tear-drop gliding from me,
Down thy gentle bosom true,
Doth tell far more of fondness to thee,
Than our parting moments knew.

Ah! I could tell of bright lands painted,
Far away beyond the sea,
But that lov'd tales with sorrow tainted,
From its mem'ry I would flee.
Yet, mingling with each sad reflection,
Hours of rapture will come back,
Like all such hours, so near perfection,
Heaven closed their sunny track.

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,, Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes	...	...	...	4	6
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,, Pour out thy heart before the Lord			...	2	6
Baritone Airs.—Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness			...	3	0
,, Let there be no strife		...	...	2	6
,, The joy of my heart is ceased	...	...	...	4	0
,, Lord have mercy upon me	...	...	...	4	6
Duets.—Cast out this bondwoman. Alto and Baritone			...	4	6
,, It is of the Lord's great mercies. Soprano and Baritone				3	0
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VOL. 39—No. 15 SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS LOUISA PYNE and M. OLE BULL (the great Violinist), on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, April 17th, at the CONCERT of the VOCAL ASSOCIATION; also Madame LOUISA VINNING, Miss E. HORDER, Miss CHIPPERFIELD, and Miss LASCELLES. Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. CUSINS; Madrigals and Part-Songs by the Choir of 200 Voices; Accompanyist, Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER; Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserve Area and Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved, 1s. At the Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the THIRD CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on MONDAY Evening next, the 15th of April. Programme:—Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4 (Haydn); Concerto in E flat, Pianoforte, M. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Beethoven); Overture, Athalie (Mendelssohn); Sinfonia Pastorale (Beethoven); Overture, Oberon (Weber). Vocal Performer, Signor Gardoni (his first appearance in England this season). Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D. To commence at 8 o'clock.

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MR. SAINTON begs to announce that his FIRST SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at his Residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 24th, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Programme:—Quartet in E Minor, Op. 45 (Spohr); Aria, "The song of the Quail" (Beethoven); Sonata in D minor, Pianoforte and Violin, first time (Schumann); Quartet in C, No. 9, Opera 59 (Beethoven); Solos, Pianoforte (S. Heller); Song, "Name the glad day" (Dussek); Solo, violin, "Un souvenir" (Sainton). Executants: MM. CHAS. HALLÉ, SAINTON, BEZETH, WEBB, and PAQUE. Accompanyist, Mr. W. G. CUSINS; Vocalist, Miss BANKS. Tickets to be had of the principal Musicsellers, and of M. Sainton, at his Residence. Subscription for the series of Concerts, One Guinea and Half; Single Tickets, Half a Guinea each.

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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

"*The Early History, Theory, and Practice of Vocal Music*" — by JAMES J. GASKIN (Robertson, Dublin; Emery, and Simpkin and Marshall, London).

THE second title of this publication is "*Sight and Part Singing made interesting.*" It is a work full of matter, and of interesting matter, in the bargain. Divided into two parts, Part I., after some introductory remarks on the early history of music, it touches on the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants; the Greek and Roman staves; the Guidonian invention and development of modern musical notation; clefs, &c.; remarks on the voice and its management; the origin of the harp, and its connection with Ireland; the analogy of sound and colour, music and painting; contains, moreover, an illustrated register of the human voice, with a tabulated arrangement of the vocal artists of European reputation; references to Wilhem's popular and scientific exercises on intervals illustrated by part songs; solfeggi and exercises on vocalisation. As if this were not enough for one short volume, the second part contains diagrams, illustrative of the chromatic and other scales; refers to *fioriture*, transposition, accidentals, modulation, and intervals; the moral obligation of learning to sing, as set forth by Byrd in 1558; solmisation; vocalisation; accentuation; reading in all measures; minor scales—their relation to major scales; ancient modes and psalm tones; includes part songs, &c., selected (or rather arranged) from Rossini, Sabbatini, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Durante, Mendelssohn, Wilhem; a summary of the lives and works of those composers; part songs, by T. T. Magrath, Vicar Choral of Christ's and St. Patrick's Cathedrals; R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc. Conran, Harvey, and Guernsey; concluding with chapters on chanting, and its early practice in the Christian Church. The work is not only interesting and comprehensive, but of absolute utility; the musical illustrations are short, varied, and always to the purpose; and the whole put together so symmetrically, that any section can be immediately referred to—*because* (and here is a point too often overlooked), in such, like compilations (*raisonnées* or *non-raisonnées*, as the case may be), they invariably occur in the right place.

"*Dyson's Songs for singing on the March*" — (Dyson, Windsor) — is a little volume without pretension, but not without value. It includes the National Anthem, together with 16 songs, with chorus, more or less appropriate (as in the case of "Rule Britannia," and "See the conquering hero comes") and more or less popular (as in the instance of "Lucy Neal," &c.). As a publication in a great measure connected with the volunteer movement (we can't separate music from soldiering) it is welcome.

"*Sacred Poetry for private and congregational use*," set to music, composed and collected by JOHN HENRY MILLS — (Hughes and Butler) — is chiefly to be recommended for its poetical contents.

"*Lucia di Lammermoor*;" "*Name the glad day*;" for the pianoforte—BRINLEY RICHARDS (Chappell and Co.).

The first is one of the most elegant and effective (and at the same time, though brilliant and showy, accommodating) fantaisies that we have seen constructed on the hackneyed song of the moribund Edgardo. The second is a "transcription" (and one of the author's most highly finished and best) of the beautiful canzonet of Dussek, the revival of which we owe to the Monday Popular Concerts.

"*Nay, do not turn away, Effie*,"—words by CLARA LOUD, music by C. BORINI (Metzler and Co., London; Pigott, Dublin) — is pretty, and unaffected. "*Forgive and forget*," —words by * * *, music by C. BORINI (same publishers) is equally pretty, but not equally unaffected. What is gained by having the symphony in F minor, and the song in F major? "*I cannot breathe 'farewell'*" — words by CLARA LOUD, music by C. BORINI (same publishers) — is pretty and sentimental. We have seen much worse ballads for the drawing-room than these.

"*Oh Lord, we beseech Thee*" — by FREDERICK SMEE (T. Alfred Novello) — is a musical setting for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) of the Collect for the Third Sunday after Trinity ("Oh Lord, we beseech Thee, mercifully hear us") remarkable, in an equal degree, for devotional melody and pure harmony.

"*Scotland's Love*," — words and music by WILLIAM BRIDGES (George Emery) — is a ballad, the words of which are superior to the music, though the music is quite as correct as the words. There is nothing very salient in either one or the other.

"*Arise, shine, for thy light is come*,"—words by ISAIAH, music by THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE (author)—is a very good Christmas anthem for four voices—treble, alto, tenor, and bass.

"*The Spring of Life*" — words by his son music by W. HUTCHINSON, Esq. (Charles Hallé and Son); "*When the silv'ry Moonbeams sleep*"— music by W. HUTCHINSON, words by an ITALIAN (same publishers).

The words of "*The Spring of Life*" (by Mr. Hutchinson, jun.) are so unobtrusive, and at the same time good, in a strictly poetical sense, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:—

"The spring of life glides quickly by,
When life is young, when life is new;
The days and years too swiftly fly,
When hopes are high and cares are few.
The summer dawns, but now, though bright,
Its sun is often clouded o'er,
And though around it sheds its light,
Imparts the warmth of youth no more.

As fading autumn next draws nigh,
And with it brings the yellow leaf,
Oh! swifter still the years steal by,
With less of joy and more of grief.
With locks of snow comes winter last,
With step infirm and brow of care,
His thoughts now live amid the past,
And memory loves to linger there."

We have no room to quote any of the music.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

AGUILAR (EMANUEL) "Ophelia" (Pianoforte).
D'ALQUEN (FREDERIC) "Après l'orage" (ditto).
HELLER (STEPHEN) "Declaration" (ditto).
Ditto "Amour sans repos" (ditto).
Ditto "La chasse" (ditto).
WEISSECKER (CHARLES) "Sylvia" (ditto).

ADDISON, HOLLIER AND LUCAS.

GILBERT (W. B.) "St. John" (Oratorio).
HIME (B) "The Star of home" (Vocal).

LEADER AND COCK.

LUNN (H. C.) "Adeline" (Pianoforte).

OLIVIER.

EAYRES (W. H.) "Our sister Mary" (Vocal).

SCHOTT AND CO.

GOLDSBERRY (G. P.) "Viena la barca è pronta" (Vocal).
SIVRAI (JULES DE) "Consuelo" (Pianoforte).

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SMITH AND WHINKUP (Leeds).]
STEELE (J.) "Cecilia polka" (Pianoforte).
Ditto. "Primrose polka" (ditto).
Ditto. "Lincoln polka" (ditto).

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS ON TANNHAUSER.

[THE following lively account of Herr Wagner's attempt to win the suffrages of the Parisians for his *Tannhäuser* is from the pen of M. Oscar Commettant.—ED. M. W.]

After being under study for six months, and a considerable number of rehearsals, *Tannhäuser* has at last made its appearance on our first lyrical stage. Never in the memory of the oldest *dilettante* had public curiosity been excited to an equal pitch; and next to the recognition by the Italian parliament of a kingdom of Italy, and of Victor Emmanuel as the sovereign of the said kingdom, I know of no other great European event, save the first performance, at the Imperial Academy of Music, of Herr Wagner's work. For the last three months, nothing has been talked of but the solemn ordeal which was to decide the fate of the Music of the Future, and, consequently *for* the future. Foreign amateurs in large numbers flocked to Paris last week to judge for themselves of the effect of *Tannhäuser* on the French organisation. It has been asserted that pleasure trains were to be provided, which were to bring to Paris, on the most moderate terms, the crowd of Prussian, Austrian, and Belgian amateurs, who could not sleep for anxiety about the fate of *Tannhäuser*. In order to give a characteristic appearance to these trains, one of the railway officials had proposed as a delicate compliment, that the different locomotives should bear the names of the several distinctive features in Herr Wagner's music Thus, that there should be the *Discord*, the *Tremulo*, the *Enharmonic*, the *Chromatic*, the *Endless Melody*, &c. Considerations of the most serious concern to all the governments of Europe alone stood in the way of realising this happy scheme. The more is the pity. The merry pilgrims of *Tannhäuser* will have no other resource than to read the articles giving an account of the first performance of this work which took place, as did the second, in the midst of hisses, laughter, and a lively interchange of ironical remarks kept up by the spectators from every part of the house, who vied in noisiness and warmth of zeal with a formidable *claque*, diverting the orchestra from its task, and throwing the singers into confusion.

Undoubtedly, if Herr Wagner had not, by numerous writings, published in Germany and France, revealed his contempt for the great masters, past and present, and had he not, with incredible self-esteem, upheld his system of lyrical composition as the *ne plus ultra* of the beautiful, and set up his own operas as alone worthy to be listened to by persons of serious thought, the Parisian public, naturally kind and courteous, would have been content to receive with unbroken silence, the shapeless, lustreless, and defective work of the unfortunate composer. But boundless pretensions, with nothing to justify them, required an exemplary lesson, and by protesting against being invaded by this puffed-up Germanic Muse, the public has no doubt intended at the same time to make amends to our national composers, too frequently contemned in France, where the hospitality extended to certain foreigners reaches a point which is often ridiculous as well as unjust.

We shall not attempt an analysis of the several pieces of music—are they pieces of music?—which constitute this immense loud-sounding wind bag now too generally known under the name of *Tannhäuser*. Such a task would be hopeless. Enough to say that, setting aside the overture, the second part of which, it is true, seems expressive of a scene of revival-convulsionists—not the most pleasant thing to listen to—but the first part of which is a grand inspiration; setting aside the march broadly designed and pompously instrumented, but which has the defect of being written in imitation of the style of Weber and Rossini—there are the very triplets in it of the great master so much ridiculed by Herr Wagner and all his followers; setting aside a poetic romanza for a barytone; setting aside finally certain felicitous accents, certain good orchestral effects, and here and there a few fragments of melody scattered throughout the work with a hopeless parsimony, if it be not systematic, the whole of this score of the apostle of the new school is a confused mass of sonorous antitheses, pretentious and out-of-the-way combinations, dissonances, metaphysics, obscurity and chaos. No one endowed with the musical faculty composes in this way naturally; now Herr Wagner has proved by several rhymthically constructed, and sufficiently melodious pieces, that he could, were his mind unshackled, write good music after the common fashion of the world; but evidently Herr Wagner, carried away by a horror of the commonplace, and perhaps despairing ever to achieve celebrity by following the path triumphantly trodden by the masters of the art, has set up a system of his own, under favour of which he has composed his operas. Herr Wagner, I am well aware, pretends, on the contrary, to have determined the laws of his system after having written his scores; but I think he may make a mistake. However this may be, after the notorious failure of the music of *Tannhäuser*, the only part of Herr Wagner's work capable of inspiring any interest for the future, is precisely his system of lyrical drama, of which, however, *Tannhäuser* supplies but an imperfect idea, as the true type of a lyrical drama should, according to the initiator of its principles, endure three or six days, and be purged of all that constitutes melody, that is to say rhythm, equilibrium of design, rests of cadence and half cadence, accentuation of phrases logically balanced, &c. It is easy to see how mad the notion is, and therefore how incapable of realisation. But perhaps this may have been an additional reason for taking it up, and, most certainly, it was a good way of attracting universal attention towards the inventor of such a system, and stirring up a hubbub round his name.

We may next regard it as just possible that Herr Wagner is in reality convinced of the excellence of his method, and that he looks upon himself as a martyr through ignorance and bad taste. In man everything is possible, and the perversions of the human mind are without limit, when the mind is not kept within the bounds of truth by common sense, that supreme characteristic of genius and indispensable accompaniment of the creative faculty, without which imagination is but a hot fit of the brain. But to convey a notion of the system on which the operas of Herr Wagner are based is not an easy task, and on the part of the reader will require close and persevering attention. This degree of attention I make bold to request of the reader, observing that once and away does not constitute a practice.

From all I have heard, seen, read and sang of Herr Wagner, who, as all know, writes the *libretti* of his own operas, this is what I arrive at. According to this celebrated innovator, all melodies hitherto known, not excepting even the theme of the *funeral march* in the heroic symphony of Beethoven, are merely dance-airs, inasmuch as they are rhythmical, logically planned, accentuated according to the laws of cæsura in music, and divided into several members of phrases, whereof some are *antecedent* and the others *consequent*. In the marvellous developments of the symphonies of Beethoven, Herr Wagner sees merely an idealisation of dance-melody, and there are entire portions of these immortal symphonies which, to the sense of the author of *Tannhäuser*, are only dancing tunes in the primitive form of ballet-music. It is true that the music of *Tannhäuser* does not set one dancing or singing either. But we will quote Herr Wagner himself, as we shall have to do more than once, in order to render our explanations clear, and avoid all suspicion of malicious interpretation:—

"The symphony of Beethoven contains, morever, in that part which is designated by the name of *scherzo* or of *minuetto*, a true dance-music in the primitive form, and one could perfectly well dance to it. It is as if a powerful instinct had constrained the composer to touch, at least once in the course of his work, directly on the principle on which it rests, pretty much as one feels with the foot, the bath into which a plunge is about to be made."

As may be naturally concluded, it is quite another sort of bath into which Herr Wagner plunges when he takes his baths of harmony; he, who has not shrunk from writing that the operas of all known masters are to his own operas what the monkey is to man. Dancing! there, forsooth, is the root of all the evil; for if there had been no dancing, there would have been no composers, and if there were no composers, Herr Wagner would be the greatest of musicians. Oh, this dancing! this dancing! this it is which has been the death of religious music; this is what has given to the symphonies of Beethoven that skipping, playful cha-

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racter with which you are acquainted; this, again, it is which has held enchained in its rosy bonds the poems of operas, which are, to speak correctly, but a sort of spoken dance.

"The original and popular dance, which springs out of the most material relations, conceived in its most abundant development, and carried out to the manifestation of the inmost movements of the soul, is nothing else than dramatic action."

Diavolo! So then love, which is the great moving power of dramatic action, is merely a dance. The dance of sentiment, no doubt, in which two hearts, making *vis-à-vis* to each other, cut capers and perform *chassez-croisez!* But then, how account for the celebrated lines in *Richard Cœur de Lion*—

"Ce n'est pas la danse que j'aime,
Mais c'est la fille à Nicolas."

Be it as it may, we have it from Herr Wagner, who expresses himself with the proud disdain of thorough conviction, and who has never given in to the weakness of dancing:—

"Ballet is the worthy brother of opera; it is of the same age, and it is born of the same defective principle. Thus do we see them, as though to conceal each the weak points of the other, walking together hand in hand and step for step."

"Step for step" is pretty. Herr Wagner likes a joke. Why does he not like singing in our fashion? "But," you will perhaps ask, "what, then, ought the poetry of a lyrical work to express in order to conform with the ideas of Herr Wagner?"—"Nothing at all." "How do you mean, nothing?"—"Why, nothing, I say again;" for, says Herr Wagner—

"The greatness of the poet is measured chiefly by what he abstains from saying, in order that we may have the opportunity of saying to ourselves in silence that which is inexpressible."

In England that which is inexpressible is a pair of pantaloons or a shirt; but this is not likely to be the meaning of our author. What, then, has he in his mind? Let me ask. Howsoever it be, and granted that poets, to show themselves great, should say nothing, there would be no lack of great poets; for the greater number, alas! speak more often than not only to say nothing. We have seen the part which is allotted to poetry in operas, according to the theory of Herr Wagner. Here now is what music ought to be:—

"It is music which causes to be *clearly understood* what is not said, and the *inevitable form of its* RESOUNDING SILENCE is *infinite melody.*"

Nothing can be clearer than this, so perfectly true is it that clearness is one of the grand qualities of the music, no less than of the theories of the anti-saltatory school. Who can fail to understand this? Melody speaking for the poet, who is silent, and forming thus an infinite melody in the inevitable form of resounding silence. At all events, as it is just possible that you may not quite follow the thread of this marvellous precept, let us, borrowing one of the most luminous pages of Herr Wagner's book, learn to appreciate the cause by showing what is the effect. A man must be without a kreutzer's or a scudo's worth of ideality in his soul, and moreover, must be an unbridled dancer, not to be convinced that the music of Wagner is the only music possible, after having read the following:—

"Once more I resort to metaphor, in order to characterise, by way of conclusion, the grand form of melody, such as I conceive it, which embraces the entire dramatic work; and to answer for this, I refer to the impression which it must necessarily produce. The infinitely varied detail which it presents must be revealed not only to the connoisseur but to the profane, to the most primitive nature, so soon as it has attained to the required degree of collectedness. It should, therefore, in the first instance, beget in the soul a mood such as is produced by a beautiful forest at sunset, to the stroller who has just escaped from the hubbub of town. This impression, the analysis of which I leave the reader to effect according to his own experience, in all its psychological results, consists —and this is what is peculiar about it—in the perception of a silence growing more and more eloquent. It in general suffices to the object of art to have produced this fundamental impression, to govern by it the hearer unconsciously, and so to prepare him for a higher design; this impression spontaneously awakens within him these higher tendencies. He who is strolling in the province subdued by this general impression yields himself then to a more durable meditative condition; his faculties, disenthralled from the tumult and din of town, bend themselves up and acquire a new mode of perception; endowed, so to speak, with a new sense, his ear becomes more and more acute; he discriminates with an increasing distinctness the voices, infinite in their variety, which awaken to his sense in the forest; he hears some which it seems to him he has never before heard; as they become more numerous, they also in a strange fashion grow in intensity; the sounds become more resonant; by degrees, as he hears a greater number of separate voices, of different modes, he still recognises in these sounds, which disentangle themselves, swell, and subdue him, the same great, one melody which from the outset had inspired him with a religious feeling. It is as though on a lovely night the fathomless azure of the firmament riveted his gaze; the more unreservedly he yields himself to this spectacle, the more the starry hosts of the celestial dome shine in his eyes, distinct, clear, radiant, innumerable. This melody would leave an eternal echo within him, but to repeat it would be impossible. To hear it once more he must return to the forest; he must return thither at sunset. What madness would it be to endeavour to seize one of the graceful songsters of the forest, to take it home and seek to train it, and teach it a fragment of the great melody of nature! What could he hear then but some melody *à l'Italienne?*"

Poor Italian melody!—Herr Wagner spurns it! Yet it has never troubled itself about him, nor is it this which disfigures *Tannhäuser*, nor the *Phantom Ship*, nor *Lohengrin*, nor *Tristan et Iseult*. But this is not what I wished to speak about. Do you remember poor Jullien, of eccentric memory, the author of the waltz *Rosita?* He had that faith which moves mountains and big drums, and bestows that *new sense* mentioned by Herr Wagner. Jullien had often heard that great symphony of nature which the ear catches in the forest, and he succeeded in noting from memory the most mysterious of the notes in that *Tannhäuser* of the goddess. One day, after a concerted piece, by the side of which the second finale of the "Battle of Singers" at Wartburg was mere child's play for the commixture of the sounds and the infinitude of the melody, Jullien was struck with an extremely grave sound, like the eternal pedal note of that secular symphony. Jullien directed his whole attention to it; appealed to that new sense which is, in the moral organisation of the apostles of the music of the future, what the tail with an eye at the end is to the physical organisation of the man of the future foreseen by Fourrier, and the sometime *chef d'orchestre* of the Café Turc heard unmistakeably the sound which is emitted by this our globe as it rolls through space. The note was C, three octaves lower than the C written in the bass clef on the second line below the line. One may easily imagine how delighted Jullien was at this discovery. He communicated it to Humboldt, who congratulated him in the most flattering terms. It is possible, therefore, notwithstanding the opinion expressed by Herr Wagner, to note down the sounds of the universal concert, when, as in the case of Jullien, one has the power of concentrating the faculties, and thus acquiring a new sense.

Pardon this episode. I now return to the system of Herr Wagner. According to Herr Wagner, music is only the ideal form of uttered poetry, and in lyrical drama words and music interfuse to such a degree as to form but one and the same thing. But in order to arrive at this result, which rather appertains to chemistry than to art, the expressive ideal must predominate alone in the speech and in the action of the personages, who are to have nothing of humanity but the form, and are to be regarded by the spectators as merely abstractions. The object of the personages of the drama is, as may be seen, far less to represent an action in which an interest is taken, as in all other pieces for the stage, than to furnish to an attentive and thought-collected audience, as in a forest, the fitting explanations by which to follow the various stages of the musical legend, unrolling itself in the orchestra like a sound tone-picture. Hence those interminable ritornellas claiming to awaken in the mind of the hearers those sentiments poetry would be powerless to express, and which only lengthen out the performance, attacking the nervous system, and filling the house with an atmosphere of boredom which no Frenchman is capable of standing. Herr Wagner calls this infinite melody; he had done better to call it indefinite. That a man alone in a forest should give way to a dreamy mood, listen to the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the breeze, and allow himself to be gently swayed by the zephyr in a semi-extatic condition, I can perfectly understand; but it is not in a playhouse, where so many different objects are vieing to

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engage the attention, that one is led to withdraw within one's self, in order to frame the soul for the reception of the confused and fugitive impressions of music which is without any determinate form, full, it is true, of good intentions, but rarely attaining their fulfilment. Everything has its right place; and so long as men are men, they will not hurry over their dinners, put on a white neckcloth, and don a dress-coat, in order to go into the boxes of a theatre, and dream, with their heads propped upon their hands, over the subtleties of a musical poesy propounded to the sagacity of the audience in the manner of a sonorous *rebus*. What is wanted at a theatre is a drama of absorbing interest, clearly expounded, skilfully conducted, developed and brought to a close with power, and which shall allow the musician free scope, not for his sentimental dreams, in their nature likely to interest no one but himself, but for the well-defined emotions of the heart; and as variety is one of the chief elements of theatrical music, there must be, side by side with the great manifestations of passion, graceful pieces, various in character, charming the ear and sustaining the attention. To seek to reduce lyrical personages to the condition of abstractions, as regards the sentiment they express poetically, and to that of walking and talking clarinets, flutes, or bassoons, as regards the musical parts they are to play in the general whole of the musical conception, is simply to annihilate opera instead of regenerating it, and converting artists into so many machines, so many living programmes.

Now the invention of Herr Wagner consists in turning opera into an instrumental symphony, with an *obbligato* accompaniment by the singers. But will not a singer on the stage always prove more interesting than an instrument in the orchestra? And if, in virtue of being a living, intelligent being, he interests the spectators in a higher degree than a bassoon or a clarionet in the orchestra, ought he not to have a special part chalked out for him? and is it reasonable to doom him to the office of the old telegraphic machine's gesticulation, without uttering a word, while the instruments speak for him? In plain truth, it is hard to conceive how such a system as this could have found favour with any public in its senses, even for a single day. But I will go further. I say that, if opera such as Herr Wagner conceives it is impossible in practice, in a merely musical point of view it presents no resources in a serious acceptation. What is it, in sooth, that Herr Wagner desires? To extend the scope of melody, by imparting to dramatic music the fulness and interest of the symphony. The symphonist, says Herr Wagner, still timidly clings to the primitive dancing form; he never ventured to lose sight, even for the sake of expression, of the paths which kept up his relations with that form; and here now is the poet crying out to him—

"Launch without fear upon the unlimited waves, upon the broad sea of music! Grapple me by the hand, and you will never wander away from that which is most of all intelligible to every man; for with me you still continue on the *terra firma* of dramatic action, and that action represented on the stage is the clearest and most easily understood of all poems. Open wide, then, the channels of your melody; let it pour forth like a torrent continuously athwart the entire work; express thereby what I do not say, because you alone can say it; and my silence will say all, because I am leading you by the hand."

How can a musician of the worth of Herr Wagner (for, after all, Herr Wagner is a man of infinite talent) talk in this way? Has Herr Wagner forgotten that the great, so to speak, the sole interest of the symphony consists in the development of a given theme which serves, as it were, as a thesis on which the composer comments. Can any one imagine a symphony without unity of thought, and without that ingenious play between the several parts which establishes a sort of pleasant, and often witty, conversation between the several instruments, upon the topic of conservation, upon the theme? Certainly no; and no one can seriously doubt it. Well, these ingenious developments of a principal subject are simply impossible, directly it is laid down that the music is to follow a dramatic and scenic action. For effectively, as step by step the action advances, the personages involved necessarily express different sentiments, and the music which has to express these, must, perforce, change in character; consequently, there is an end to unity of sentiment, an end to the development of a musical parent-idea. The system of lyrical drama imagined by Herr Wagner is, therefore, to be condemned from both points of view, the dramatic and the musical, and as a bad cause is always followed by a bad effect, the music of Herr Wagner is deplorable, notwithstanding the talent of the artist, which, as I have said, is very great. Tried by logic, as by the ear, Herr Wagner is condemned. He can never find any advocates but among a few fanatics, such as every cause can boast of, and among impotent musicians, who, not having the capacity to write a *restricted melody*, find it convenient to produce one that is *infinite*, that is to say, to write no melody at all, while they claim to be considered profound thinkers and sublime composers.

Herr Wagner thought to win a triumph at the opera; he only raised a riot. What shall I say of the artists? What Napoleon I. said to his vanquished foes. "All honour to ill-fated courage!" They did their best; and possibly Herr Niemann may have a fine voice, and sing well. No one can tell. As to the orchestra, it proved that alongside of military courage and civic courage, there is a third kind—musical courage.

Oscar Commettant.

MUSIC AT PESTH.*

We would fain inscribe Joachim's name in letters of fire in the leaven of art, for all those who have sought only passing comets and meteors—where a vivifying sun sends forth its warm beams. Let us allow the most glorious phenomena of a single day, with their satellites and attendant moons, to pass by; they never loved art, and were never penetrated with its sunny rays, for the light with which they shone played on the surface only, while all within is cold and dark. What is Hecuba to them? If, by means of the hollow Trojan horse of their vanity and desire to please, they can subdue the multitude, the Troy of art itself may afterwards be ruined, and the high queen perish, for what they care. Among the very few apostles of music who preach the pure unsophisticated doctrine of the divinity, and whose soul is filled with faith and enthusiasm, we must reckon, without question—Joseph Joachim. Look at him yonder, with his quiet, unpretending demeanour, externally resembling a bronze statue, though he is inwardly a flaming volcano, which speaks electrically, through his finger-tips, to your heart! Not producing momentary heat, but permanent warmth; not dazzling but illuminating, not merely extensive, but much rather intensive—such is Joachim's play. That he is the greatest violinist of the day is a fact attested by all who by greatness, understand—greatness of soul. What coyness, incomparable purity and neatness, there is in his execution! It seems as though Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose quartets he plays in such an unrivalled manner, could all be heard at once, in his feeling and ravishing tones. In the most difficult passages, or in the simple sustained tone, it is the same—in every instance we find song; in every instance the deeply penetrating determination to produce music, and music alone; nowhere is there the slightest ostentation displayed in difficult and rapid passages, which the unprofessional hearer does not remark—nay, the existence of which he does not even suspect—and which sweep by us with the same placid repose as a fleet upon the wide ocean. Of all living violinists, Joachim is the most perfect representative of the classical style; nay, his whole being is classicality and sterling merit itself. With the greatest outward calm he executes the most elevating, feeling, and powerful productions that musical art can produce. Not only do the great composers live again in him, but also the old Italian violinists, such as Tartini, Pugni, &c., telling us how, in times gone by, they played and trilled before the devil himself,—*Trille du Diable*.

It is vain we listen for the most distant approach to a false note; it is in vain we wait for the slightest trick, such as those now practised by modern virtuosos, who, by false sentimentality, by distorting the notes, or by inordinately raising or lowering them, parody the feelings; it is in vain we seek to read on his features how difficult this or that passage is; it is not thus that he *announces* what he is going to play; he expresses it in eloquent, true, and warm words. It is not, however, only as an instrumentalist that he occupies the highest position; he does so also as a composer, as he has proved by his "Concerto in Ungarischer Weise." Thus artistically and, above all, nobly connected, Hungarian music has a truly great future in store for it. Joachim has taught us how great and elevating a work of art may be created out of the pregnant materials of Hungarian music, rendered on the violin. This is the means by which the type of Hungarian national music will ripen into artistically historical and universal significance; and we have a double reason for being delighted that Hungary possesses in its patriotic countryman a great instrumental artist, who bears

* From the Pesth *Lloyd-Zeitung*.

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the spirit of Hungarian music upon eagle's pinions through the wide world.

The concerto consists of three parts: "Allegro maestoso," "Romance," and "Finale *à la Zingara*." We might fancy we were enjoying the effect produced by a symphony of Schumann's, in so correct and searching a mode has Joachim treated his Hungarian theme. The solo violin is the Speaker of the House, who descends from his official chair to commence with the other members—the orchestral parts—the debate, the members often obtaining, with their objections, the best of the argument. But the logic of reason, respect for the laws, and perseverance achieve a victory. The sparklingly free fancy of the first movement is succeeded by a wonderfully beautiful romance, while in the last movement the ennobled shades of Lavata, Csermák, Bihari, and Rózsavölgi flit up and down, in inspiriting staccatos and runs, before us. The difficulties to be overcome in playing this concerto can be appreciated only by violinists. The success achieved by its performance was truly something extraordinary; we trust it may induce the "composer," Joachim, to continue his labours in this branch of his art, to the greater glory of his fatherland and of Hungarian music. Bach's *Chaconne* and Tartini's *Teufelssonate* were the other pieces selected by the concert-giver. Did we not fear having already afforded the artist's extraordinary modesty grounds for recrimination by the above true, though weak, expression of our feelings, we would speak only in dithyrambic verse; but we forbear, and on this occasion will praise the audience, who knew how to honour not only patriotic sentiments but art in the artist—art which, it is true, by the way, streamed forth with most overwhelming power. Bach's *Chaconne*, notwithstanding the fact that Schumann and Mendelssohn wrote pianoforte accompaniments for it, is certainly more characteristic without any accompaniment at all, as it originally stood, and as Joachim played it. The combination of the conflicting parts, the strong and truly antique conception, and the sublime earnestness of the old master, can be grasped only after such an interpretation of them. Who can have played this difficult piece in Bach's lifetime, we wonder? We fancy that the *Chaconne* could, in those days, have been performed as a trio or quartet at the utmost. A no less sterling composition is Tartini's *Trille du Diable*. The inspiration and poetry exhibited in the execution of the first andante movement, which is so unaffectedly simple, weigh down a whole legion of virtuoso-tricks. The last movement with the double trill which the devil played to Tartini in the latter's dream, and whence the sonata afterwards sprang, enjoyed, in truth, a demoniacal success. The audience, even when the piece had been repeated, would hardly leave the rooms. But who likes to part with such an artist, who keeps in his magic bow a host of spirits, all obeying the soul of their master, Mlle. Mérty kindly assisted the concert-giver by singing several songs.

Berlin.—The Singakademie gave, at their last concert, Rudolph Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Return*, a work preceded by so favourable a report as to excite great expectations in musical circles. Emanuel Geibel has arranged the text from Moore's "Sacred Songs," with connecting passages from Holy Scripture. The oratorio describes in four cantos, named respectively "Captivity," "Deliverance," "Reconciliation," and "Promise;" Israel's fall into sin and subjugation, its release from the Babylonish captivity, the returning favour of God, and His call to His chosen people. The idea of the oratorio has, in the oldest times of church-music, found the most various interpretations; and in the freedom which the composer has permitted himself with regard to the old-established style of church-music, we cannot therefore see any authorised subversion of its principles, nor can we in any way represent the work as faulty in its own peculiar department. With regard to the strictness and form of the music, the composer as a rule adheres to the main conditions of the oratorio; he oversteps, however, in many respects, the customary uniformity of the biblical-elegiac mode of composition, and gives to his work the general lyric form, which produces more warmth, and excites more deeply the sensibilities of the hearer. In but one instance have we to criticise the composer for having overstepped the usual limits in this respect; it is in the quartet and chorus at the end of the second part, "So when the dread clouds of anger." Here he has exceeded the general boundaries of sacred music, and has fallen into the operatic style. The general impression of the work is, however, that the composer has been perfectly equal to his difficult task, and that he has gained for himself a good name among the first composers of sacred music of the past and present. We think more highly of the work, as it moves in a certain freedom of invention, without in any way transgressing the main principles of its allotted sphere. A most imposing effect is produced by the choruses of male voices in unisons, with orchestral accompaniment, quasi-recitative, a style we meet sometimes in Glück's and Weber's works. In its lyrical element, the work is remarkably rich and exciting; it is likewise so in the language of sound, whether in expressing the deepest feelings, or in describing the situation. The effect of Herr Schachner's being perfect master of the most modern instrumental effects assists not a little in giving this work an advantage over many solid older compositions. Schachner's inventive genius and his thorough musical accomplishments are most fully seen in the chorus, No. 12, "Go forth to the mount," with the (as fugato treated) "Since the time." We hope soon again to have the pleasure of hearing this well-deserving work. As to its performance by the Akademie, we may say that it was performed in such a manner as to procure the best introduction to the composer's work. The solos, in the hands of Mad. Harriers Wippern, Fraulein Boer, Herren Geyer and Krause, left nothing to desire.—*Berliner Blatt.*

Letter to the Editor.

THE MINOR SCALE.

Sir,—Several weeks ago you published a letter on the minor scale by Mr. W. C. Filby, containing some very startling theories.

I felt much opposed to the principles he endeavoured to inculcate, although he argued them very cleverly. The letter, however, caused me to study the matter somewhat minutely; and, against my own previous convictions, I am compelled to confess that Mr. Filby's ideas are correct.

I found that by using this scale the harmonies became essentially different. Several fine combinations result from a permanent use of this mode; and these would never have come under my notice but for the letter referred to.

Now I am anxious to know if Mr. Filby would favour me, and musicians generally, with a detailed statement of his ideas of the harmonies generated from this scale both as a melody and as a bass. I am sure that this would be deeply interesting to all who are anxious to test this scale.

I have found numerous instances where French and German classics have adhered to this mode in their compositions, and I am only glad that the principle has been mooted.

Believe me, sir, yours, obediently,

Augmented Tone.

Mr. Ransford's Annual Concert.—This entertainment, for the last few years invariably one of the longest and most exciting of the spring season, was given on Tuesday evening, the 2nd instant, at St. James's Hall, and attracted an overflowing attendance. The bill of fare was rich enough to submit to an imperial *gourmand*. As for the singers, they were Misses Augusta Thompson, Poole, Eyles, Ransford, Marian, Moss, C. Williams, Rebecca Isaacs, Eliza Hughes, Mr. Wells, Mrs. Hamilton Lee, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Geo. Perren, John Morgan, Allan Irving, Wm. Merrick, and Ransford; while the instrumentalists, less numerous but still more remarkable, comprised Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Vieuxtemps, and Mr. Lazarus—an incomparable trio. To note all the achievements of the singers would be to levy a small tax on the readers' patience, which we are loth to do even when urged. Let us say that Mr. Ransford sang his own most characteristic maritime effusion, "The King of the Sea" and Dibdin's "True courage" with a force and pithiness worthy the most musical tar in the British Navy; that Miss Ransford introduced a new song by Mr. Hatton, called "The Future Flower;" that Mad. Sainton-Dolby sang another new ballad by Stephen Glover, entitled, "I love the morn;" that Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps played Dussek's sonata in B flat (so frequently introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss Goddard, moreover, performing Mr. Benedict's admirable new fantasia of "Albion" (composed expressly for her) with prodigious success and a unanimous encore (to which, Sims Reeves-like, she refused assent); and the gentleman his own solo on "Patrick's Day;" and that the band of the Coldstream Guards performed various selections from popular operas. We have said enough to show of what materials the entertainment was made, and how easy it was to account for the crowded state of the hall. The accompanyists were Herren Wilhelm Ganz and Emile Berger.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(58TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, 1861,

The Programme to be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Grand Ottet, in E flat, Op. 20, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (for the last time this season), MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, CARRODUS, WATSON, SCHREURS, WEBB, PAQUE, and PIATTI (Mendelssohn); Song, "O cara imagine," Mr. Tennant (Mozart); Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, containing the Funeral March (No. 12 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte Solo (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. CHARLES HALLE (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sonata in B flat, for Pianoforte and Viola, Mr. Charles HALLE and M. VIEUXTEMPS (Vieuxtemps); Song, "The Garland," Mr. Tennant (Mendelssohn); Double Quartet, in E Minor, Op. 87, No. 3—1st Quartet, MM. VIEUXTEMPS, CARRODUS, SCHREURS, and PIATTI; 2nd Quartet, MM. RIES, WATSON, WEBB, and PAQUE (Spohr).

Conductor — MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and of the principal musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—Mr. Charles Hallé begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of the subjoined dates:—Friday, May 17th; Friday, May 24th; Friday, May 31st; Friday, June 7th; Friday, June 14th; Friday, June 21st; Friday, June 28th; and Friday, July 5th.—To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Operas" respectively assigned to them are warrants. The universal popularity of these works in England, as elsewhere, and their admitted superiority to all other compositions of the class to which they belong, support Mr. Hallé in the belief that such an uninterrupted presentation of the entire series may elicit the attention both of students and of connoisseurs. Many of the Sonatas never having been publicly performed, though familiar to professors, are unknown to the majority of amateurs; and some of these are quite as worthy admiration as others which, owing to their frequent appearance in concert programmes, have obtained unanimous acceptance.

As exemplifications of the gradual advance of their composer's talent, from its early stages to its ripe maturity, the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven may be consulted as advantageously as the Quartets or the Orchestral Symphonies. They begin at the commencement of his "First" manner, play a very conspicuous part in his "Second," and extend far into the meridian of his "Third." No less than Thirty-two in number, there are enough of them to illustrate, more or less pointedly, every phase of the great musician's artistic progress; and, if merely regarded as a series of compositions for a single instrument, in variety, beauty, and originality, they stand wholly unparalleled.

At each of the Eight Performances two Vocal Pieces will be introduced. The Programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur. The object aimed at in these descriptions—from which criticism will, as a matter of course, be excluded—is not to guide the taste, but to assist the appreciation of the audience.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; single ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Reserved Seats (Balcony and Area) for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; single ticket, 5*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; single ticket, 3*s.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In resigning the future Direction of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. E. T. Smith feels bound to explain to his Subscribers, and the Public generally, who have honoured him with their patronage in all his various transactions as a Manager, the reasons that induce him to abandon a speculation upon which he originally entered with a thorough conviction of the most satisfactory results. The enormous outlay which unforeseen circumstances, superfluous to enumerate, compelled him to incur, placed Mr. E. T. Smith, with respect to Her Majesty's Theatre, in a position affording him little or no hope of a successful pecuniary issue. Amid outwardly seeming prosperity, his losses were unprecedentedly severe, which led to the inevitable conclusion that, even with crowded houses night after night, the likelihood of a balance ever being struck to his advantage was far too remote to be taken into account. Yielding to the advice of many influential friends, Mr. E. T. Smith has therefore relinquished an undertaking which, while presenting imminent chances of a reverse, offered, on the other hand, such slender probabilities of an ultimately favourable turn. In adopting this resolution, he confidently appeals to the generous sympathy of those kind patrons to whom he is already so deeply indebted, believing that his motives in thus honourably retiring from an enterprise which must, in the end, have involved liabilities difficult, if not impossible, to meet, will be unanimously appreciated. Tendering his heartfelt thanks for the liberal support he has received, and entertaining a hope that it may continue to be accorded him in other undertakings, the success of which mainly depends upon the countenance and encouragement of the public, Mr. E. T. Smith takes leave to announce that there will be no performance of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, under his Direction, in the course of the present Season.

Her Majesty's Theatre, April 6, 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GNAT.—His letter shall appear in our next number.

OETZMANN AND CO.—Next week.

B. ALTHAUS.—The songs have not come to hand.

HENRY SMART.—"Smudge."

SHOULDER.—Seventy-three.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

SOME of the most enthusiastic of English musicians have asked the question, "Why there should not be a competition for Music, as well as Painting and Sculpture, in the approaching Exhibition of the Fine Arts!" and a letter, we believe, has been addressed to head-quarters, calling upon the Royal Commissioners to give the subject their most earnest consideration, and directing attention to the error that has been committed and the injury likely to be inflicted. At the first blush, indeed, it would appear that there is no small cause for complaint. The works of the painter and sculptor are to be submitted to examination before competent judges, and prizes and medals to be awarded to those adjudged most excellent in their craft. Galleries are to be set aside for both arts, and the utmost publicity will be given to every accomplishment of pencil and chisel. As far as regards the new Exhibition of Arts in the distribution of "prizes and rewards," it is well to be able to use a brush or know how to cut stone; but altogether useless to know how to compose Music. Music is a myth to the Royal Commissioners; its professors unrecognised—its influence, its very existence, ignored. Music, Painting, and Sculpture have, from time immemorial, been denominated "Sisters," yet the authorities of the Exposition not only deny the consanguinity, but displace the eldest-born altogether. Why should not musicians be irate at this seeming paradox? Why should they remain placid under a slight which amounts to a denouncement? Why rest satisfied until their wrongs be redressed? It is very natural that the followers of Music—all save the most cautious and logical—should feel the offence and cry out. In their quickness and sensitiveness, nevertheless, they may have overlooked one or two facts, which may throw an entirely new colour over the whole subject.

It is true that Music is the sister art of Painting and Sculpture. True, also, that Music was the eldest born, since birds warbled, rivulets murmured, and winds sang psalms, long ere the hand of man was practised on canvas or marble.

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True, too—we, be assured, shall not deny—that Music has a deeper sounding in the human heart, and exercises a far more powerful influence on mankind in general, than Painting or Sculpture. How, then, comes it to pass that, in the competition of the Fine Arts at the Exhibition of 1862, Music should have been altogether forgotten or disclaimed by the committee of gentlemen constituting the Royal Commissioners, all of whom, we may suppose, were selected for the liberality of their views and their practical knowledge in matters connected with art? Was Music purposely rejected—was it carelessly overlooked? Neither one nor the other. The Commissioners did not take Music into their consideration for the same reason that they did not take Poetry—another of the Fine-Art sisters. Music and Poetry address themselves to the understanding through the ears, although both may be perused in the closet. In the Exhibition of the Arts, all the competing works appeal to the eye, except in the case of musical instruments and bells, which, nevertheless, must, in the first instance, be adjudged by the sense of sight, and are sent indeed to be appraised in accordance with their good looks. Thus Music was not included in the Fine Arts Exhibition, because it was addressed to another sense than that for which the Exhibition was founded and constituted.

That musical compositions could be critically examined, like pictures and statues, is simply impossible, unless, indeed, money and time were of no account. A few glances—some taste and no great amount of knowledge—will suffice to pass a general opinion upon the achievements of painter and sculptor, and sundry general opinions will be found good enough to constitute a tolerably true estimate of the performance. A hundred paintings, and as many efforts of the chisel, may be inspected and reviewed in a single day. How long would it take merely to hear through one hundred pieces of music — operas, cantatas, oratorios, symphonies and concertos included—and, when heard, in what manner could an idea of their individual merits be obtained? We can easily comprehend the *rationale* of offering prizes for songs, ballads, glees, &c., and can believe that the best composition is most likely to attain the first award, since the work is simple, and easily appreciated at a hearing; but we cannot understand how several operas could be performed, or by what steam process of the mind the judges could come to a sound conclusion on the same day. Could any man trust his judgment under the circumstances? We think not. Besides, Music has many homes, and is not restricted to gallery or exhibition. The statue and the picture are fixtures, and can only be viewed in one place. The "Ecce Homo" or "Laocoon" may be represented by feeble copies far from the National Gallery or the Vatican; but the identical *Don Giovanni*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Messiah*, or *Elijah* may be performed in every city in the world at the same moment, and the composer "moult no feather" of his glory. The world, then, is the true Exhibition of Music, where, in innumerable art-palaces and humble cells, it is heard and prized by day and night in unceasing round, and where, far better than in some fixed locality, at some appointed time and in the presence of constituted jurists, with judgments precipitated and opinions blunted, it may meet its absolute merits and rewards. Let musicians, therefore, look beyond the Exhibition of the Fine Arts, and not grudge the poor brushman or stoneman his little perquisites and circumscribed area; and, in case of any difficulty being found with the removal of their fancied grievances, let them console themselves with remunerative anticipations of their well-to-do and most obliging publishers. R.

A LEARNED Doctor (in Medicine), delivered a lecture, a short time since, upon "*the best means for restoring the voice when affected.*" He divided affections of the voice into three classes; the first, to be recognised by a chronic hoarseness of tone; the second, by trembling and uncertain intonation, and the third, by a difficulty in producing the sound. Whether a voice was altogether unhealthy, from violent inflammation of the mucous membranes, or from some defect in the larynx, could be easily known by means of the larynx-speculum — many cases of this description having been successfully treated by aid of this mechanical contrivance. If the hoarseness was merely the result of a slight cold, benefit might be derived from inhaling warm vapour, as recommended for the cure of stammering, by the ingenious Dr. Wolf. Singing must, meanwhile, be discontinued. The course recommended for attacks of the second class was not that usually adopted — namely, a cessation from singing and prolonged repose, but daily vocal practice, care being taken, however, not to force out the air, but to let it flow gently. If, in the midst of the scale, some of the tones should prove inconvenient to sustain, and sound only like howling, as was frequently the case with mezzo-sopranos, the reason was to be sought in the too great extension of the chest-notes upwards, and the best remedy, therefore, was the use of the *falsetto* voice, in lower passages than usual. Finally, the third class owed its existence entirely to the practice of singing with a *palatial* tone. By the execution of high and impassioned music in this false voice, either the entire larynx was pushed on one side out of its position under the hyoid bone, or the natural pressure in the throat degenerated into a choking, and at last into a cramp of the muscles of the larynx themselves. To remedy a case of this kind, great care was necessary, though repose alone was not sufficient. What, also, was indispensable, was a proper system of employing the vocal muscles; in which case the use of eggs and lozenges was totally worthless.

Whether these speculations of the Berlin *Medicus* are of any value or not, they have a certain interest in the present day, when, from some cause or other, almost every singer's voice is as often "out of order" as the contrary. We do not believe that nature has given up producing fine voices, or that the vocal art is absolutely redescending the ladder of excellence. *Tempora mutantur;* that's half the truth: *nos mutamur;* that's the rest of it. The slang about "decay, &c.," is as old as art itself, and the croakers are mere narrow-minded pessimists, who have as little confidence in the inexhaustible resources of nature, as in the creed that man and his mental capabilities are susceptible of unbounded development. To no department of art is the croaking system more obstinately applied than to the vocal, whoever has had anything to do with which, during the last thirty or forty years, must have been almost worried to death by the complaint, that good voices were no longer to be found. But on what is it all based? If we examine the subject impartially, we shall find it rests on two facts: the first, that, as a general rule, those among our singers who possess good voices study less than their predecessors; and the second, that, in consequence of the heavy demands made upon them by "grand" operas, as now composed, their powers must be worn out sooner than formerly. We deny, emphatically, that nature, at the present day, is unable to furnish as many good voices as of old. It is not nature who is at fault, but singers, who more or less neglect the proper study of their art, and the means of keeping the vocal functions strong and healthy. First-class voices, vigorous, extended in register

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agreeable in quality, even, flexible and lasting, have always been uncommon, just as they are now, and always will be; but, in the flourishing days of the vocal art, when thorough musicians and not *amateur physiologists* still taught singing, greater results were obtained from moderate resources than, at present, from the richest.

Q.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—History is written sometimes after a strange fashion. Macaulay gravely prints a sermon which he contends ought to have been preached by some bishop, but which certainly was not taken down in short-hand. Macaulay drew upon his imagination for his theology. More recently we have a professed history of the United Netherlands, by Motley, during the sublime struggle of Protestantism against Papacy by the Dutch; but the students of that famed war of eighty years, who have derived their impressions from the writers of Holland, are astounded at the fanciful sketches of paltry personal traits, whilst the grand, noble, and magnanimous attributes of the Dutchmen themselves are quite secondary in Motley's estimation. Pardon me for entering a protest against a leading article in the Musical World of last week. If in 1861, musical history of events, which date only from 1846, is to be penned as the writer with the initial "R" has treated them, then must we look for the future for monstrosities more marked than even Burney and Hawkins have bequeathed to us, and we may anticipate associations more absurd than even those the living Fétis is conceiving. Is, then, the foundation of the Royal Italian Opera so remote, that the essential principle on which it was based can be soon forgotten? Was not the formation of that great lyric establishment entirely grounded on the universality of art? If it is pretended now that the Covent Garden Theatre in 1847 was opened for Italian opera "*pur et simple*" then was the opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre, one of the greatest musical frauds ever perpetrated, and a gross act of injustice was committed as regards its lessee, Mr. Lumley. Now, sir, whatever may be said of private vengeance, of personal pique, and of artistic antipathy, I claim for the originators of the Royal Italian Opera of 1847, higher aspirations and more elevated sentiments. The second Italian Opera House became a real want, an absolute necessity. Had it not been started, the lyric drama, instead of progressing, would have been thrown back for an indefinite period. The repertory would have been restricted to the wishy-washy Italian masters, and the executants would have been confined to the most inferior order of artists—vocal and orchestral. What the Royal Italian Opera has done for art in this country, has not been confined to the establishment itself—its influence has extended throughout the country by improved execution of works, sacred and secular, in truth, in the Cathedral, the Hall, and the Theatre. "R" does not propose then, I presume, that Covent Garden is to go back to Italian opera alone? Are Weber, Spohr, Glück, Beethoven, Auber, Hérold, Halévy, and Meyerbeer to be abandoned, and is the writer really serious in recommending us to go back to Paesiello and "Piccinni"?

"R" is of opinion that had Covent Garden possessed a Rubini, "French opera would not have been dreamt of." If this were true, then would Rossini's immortal *Guillaume Tell* have been shelved. "R" then makes the annexed astounding announcement:—

"Unfortunately for the perpetuation of pure Italian opera, Signor Mario had a larger intellect, a more plastic mind, and a more susceptible organisation than even his illustrious predecessor; and with Signor Mario, we need hardly hint to our readers, *originated, in a great measure, the foundation of French opera at Covent Garden.*"

The italics are our own, for "R" must have been mesmerised when he wrote the last paragraph, and his medium must have been a Macaulay or a Motley. Guizot was walking one day in the garden of the Foreign Office in Paris, as it existed when he was Prime Minister, and was deeply engaged in reading. "What book interests you so much?" said a friend to him. "I am reading a romance," replied Guizot, showing Thiers' *Révolution Française*. No fiction ever surpassed in fancy that of "R," in assigning to Mario the notion of founding French Opera at Covent Garden. Let me remind "R" of its antecedents. Neither the late Lenari, who was the first to contemplate a second Italian Opera House in London, nor Persiani and Galetti, ever had any scheme beyond that of having an *opera buffa* in opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre. The "idea" of an Opera House, using the Italian, the best language for singing, for the purpose of executing the works of all masters, *without distinction of country*, was my suggestion, as the only system calculated to spread the universality of art. It was the "idea" which Persiani adopted, and Costa endorsed; but as regards the carrying out of my original plan, the first opportunity of testing the sincerity of the Italian artists presented itself when the *Huguenots* was put in rehearsal, and from the Italians, one and all, the opposition to the first performance of that great work was most strenuous. The fame of Viardot's Valentina had reached the ears of the head of the Italian family, and Grisi, the permanency of whose hold on the public was so much secured subsequently by this very part, was not willing to afford her gifted rival the chance of distinction. Sir, I will not occupy your valuable space by details of the cabals, intrigues, and even conspiracies, set afloat to prevent the representation of Meyerbeer's masterpiece. Fortunately for art, and for the Italian artists themselves, for the *Huguenots* saved the Royal Italian Opera, the Queen "commanded" the first night, and the result is of course well known. The "*musique Chinoise*" of Meyerbeer has been more than once the salvation of the Royal Italian Opera. As for Mario, his Raoul, in the earlier performances, was that of the walking gentleman; but his "larger intellect," "plastic mind," and "susceptible organisation," which "Re" refers to, were only developed, when accident afforded Roger, the French tenor, the opportunity of appearing in Raoul for the first time, and after that brilliant example Mario was Raoul, and Raoul was Mario.

C. L. Gruneisen.

16 *Surrey Street, Strand, April* 10, 1861.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Herr Sigismund Blumner's *matinée*, on Wednesday last, attracted a very large audience. Herr Blumner is a pianist of decided merit. He possesses considerable power, and plays with equal correctness and fluency. His choice of Beethoven's trio in B flat, for piano, clarionet, and violoncello, in which he was assisted by Mr. Lazarus and Herr Wolhers, was a happy one, and the appreciation of his performance by the audience must have been highly gratifying to him. Herr Blumner showed his talent for composition in two agreeable solos, a *notturno* and a *mazurka*, which pleased very much. Herr Blumner also played another concerted piece with Messrs. Deichmann, Webb, Boileau, Wohlers, and Neuwirth, in the shape of an *allegro de concert* (by Charles Mayer), and concluded with a spirited performance of the march from *Tannhäuser*, arranged by Liszt, which highly taxed his executive powers. The vocalists were Miss Helen McLeod, a young and rising singer, and Mlle. Marie de Villar, whose "Non piu di fiore" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus) deserves a word of praise. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

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Monday Popular Concerts.—The high repute in which Mr. Charles Hallé is held by the public was never more strongly manifested that at his benefit on Monday night in St. James's Hall. The long string of carriages in Regent Street, and the elegant tenants of the stalls, testified to the favour which Mr Hallé enjoys with the aristocratic patrons of art, while the crowded state of the area, orchestra, and galleries indicated no less clearly the estimation of the music-loving masses,—the latter term, as applied to the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts, meaning a body of thoroughly enthusiastic connoisseurs, always ready to do homage to good chamber-music, and more fully alive to its merits than perhaps any other audience in Europe. Mr. Charles Hallé's reputation as a pianist has been firmly established for many years in London no less than in Manchester, so long his head-quarters. Those who had the good fortune to visit the famous Art-Treasure Exhibition at the latter place in 1857 will not have forgotten how in the midst of the choicest paintings and the rarest objects of vertu, the sister art of music was not neglected (as it appears likely to be in the forthcoming show of '62); the compact band over which Mr. Charles Hallé presided, and the generally excellent material of which his programmes were composed, being not less creditable to his good taste, than his ability as a conductor. But still it is with the pianoforte that Mr. Charles Hallé's name will be most intimately associated, and on Monday night the reception accorded to the great pianist was of the warmest kind. If the selection was not altogether of the newest, it had, at any rate, the merit of being unexceptionally good; and the sonata in F minor, Op. 57 of Beethoven ("*appassionata*"), played without book, exhibited in an equal degree a wonderful command of the key-board, and his rare powers of memory. Mr. Hallé was recalled with enthusiasm at the end of this performance. Schubert's *Impromptu* in B flat, and Chopin's *valse* in A flat, were but trifles—and infringing the systematic order of the regular Monday scheme, to the minds of many — out of place. In better keeping was the melodious sonata duet in F major (Op. 24) for violin and pianoforte, in which the pianist divided the laurels with the violinist (M. Henri Vieuxtemps). The quaint *scherzo* afforded unqualified satisfaction, and was repeated by general desire. There was only one stringed quartet — that by Haydn, E major (Op. 59), given (for the second time this season) to perfection by M. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Schreurs and Paque—the last-named gentleman was a useful substitute for Signor Piatti. Mozart's quartet in G minor, for piano and strings, was the last instrumental piece. Nothing could have gone better. Miss Banks being prevented from appearing by indisposition, the weight of the vocal music fell upon Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in admirable voice, and gave "Dalla sua pace" with the utmost grace and delicacy, his finished style and artistic phrasing being beyond praise. Mendelssohn's "Hunter's song" (first introduced here by Mr. Reeves) was delivered with such characteristic spirit, that there was no alternative left but to repeat it, in accordance with the unanimous wish of the delighted audience. On Monday, at the 58th concert, Mendelssohn's Ottet will be given for the last time this season, and as a fit pendant Spohr's double quartet in E minor, which pleased so much on two occasions last season.

Musical Society of London.—The second concert, on Wednesday evening last, was a perfect triumph. The first part consisted of Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, and Mozart's "Posthumous" Concerto in C, for pianoforte. The imaginative and poetical work of Mendelssohn, originally written when the composer was in his 21st year, was almost entirely reconstructed, after an interval of fourteen years, and introduced to the public in 1843. Since that time it has been repeatedly given in London, and at all the great musical festivals of England and Germany, and has invariably created the most profound sensation. The legend upon which Goethe's poem is based is simplicity itself, and for the edification of those of our readers who are unacquainted with it, we cannot do better than subjoin the following explanation:—

"The German legend that witches and evil spirits assembled on the night of the first of May (Walpurgis-night) on the summit of the Harts mountains, is said to have originated in the heathen time, when the Christians tried by force to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrificing in the open air and on the hills. The Druids are said to have placed watches round their mountains, who, with their dreadful appearance hovering round the fires, and clashing their weapons, frightened the enemy, and the ceremonies were proceeded with. On this tradition Goethe founded the poem."

The principal solos of the Druid priest were powerfully declaimed by Mr. Weiss, Mad. Laura Baxter giving the short but difficult bit for the "aged woman of the people" most effectively, and Mr. George Perren, in the tenor music, atoning for any shortcoming of power by careful and conscientious singing. A professional chorus of eighty voices lent their aid to the orchestra; and, taken altogether, the performance was perhaps the best that has ever been heard in England. Of Mr. John Francis Barnett, the readers of the *Musical World* are not ignorant, nor of our opinions as to his talent as pianist, which indeed are remarkable. He played the concerto of Mozart most admirably, and introduced a cadenza at the end of the first *allegro* in excellent taste, and in perfect keeping with the subject. Mr. Barnett, we believe, is earnestly devoting himself to composition, and is about to submit some new works to public approval. The sooner the better.

The second part opened with Beethoven's Symphony (No. 4) in B flat, the performance of which would have been irreproachable but that the second *adagio* was a little accelerated. The scena "Si lo sento," from Spohr's *Faust*, was charmingly sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, who also joined Messrs. Perren and Weiss in the graceful trio from Mr. John Barnett's *Fair Rosamond*. Macfarren's characteristic and highly dramatic overture to *Chevy Chase* brought to a conclusion one of the best concerts we ever attended. That this result is in a very great measure attributable to the indefatigable zeal and energy of the conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon, every one must admit. Fine as was the band during the first two seasons, it is this year even better. The society numbers among its members most of the musical celebrities of the day, and as a *sine quâ non* to admission in its ranks is a knowledge of music, the audience is at once the most critical and appreciative to be found in (or out of) the metropolis. The genuine and hearty applause of such hearers is something more than a mere ordinary compliment.

Miss Steele gave a concert of sacred music (the first of a series of two) at Messrs. Collard's Rooms, on Saturday last, which was well attended by the patrons and admirers of this esteemed professor. Miss Steele sang with her accustomed taste and expression an *aria* from Handel's *Saul* ("O Lord, whose mercies"); a clever duet by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, with Mad. Ferrari ("A song of Spring"); with Mr. Benson a duet from Spohr's *Last Judgment* ("Forsake me not"); a song by Herr Preyer; and again a duet with Mad. Ferrari, "O lovely peace" (Handel); as well as Mendelssohn's unaccompanied quartet, "When the west," and a trio by Curschman. The fair vocalist therefore did not spare herself, and the well-merited applause she received must have repaid her for her exertions. Mad. Ferrari deserves a word of praise, apart from her beautiful singing in an "Ave Maria" by Cherubini, in which she enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Signor Piatti, the violoncello *obbligato*. Mr Benson and Mr. Lewis Thomas both acquitted themselves satisfactorily, Mr. Thomas's fine bass voice telling well in the "Pro peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Besides Signor Piatti, who, by the by, played a quaint sonata for violoncello by Boccherini, Miss Steele had secured the services of Mr. Charles Hallé, who played, with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's Sonata (in D) for piano and violoncello, as well as some of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, in his usual admirable manner. The accompanyist at the pianoforte was Mr. Harold Thomas, an excellent pianist and thorough musician.

Vocal Association.—At the next concert (Wednesday), which, as usual, will be under the direction of Mr. Benedict, besides the first appearance of M. Ole Büll, the celebrated violinist, Miss Louisa Pyne will make her first appearance at the concerts of the Vocal Association this season. The choir, which consists of 200 voices, will repeat, by particular desire, Meyerbeer's setting of the "Lord's Prayer" (Pater-Noster), and Webb's descriptive glee, "When winds breathe soft.' The programme thus presents more than ordinary attractions.

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The Operas.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Rigoletto*, besides being Verdi's best opera, must always exercise a strong attraction while Signor Ronconi is at hand to play the court-buffoon. A more striking and original impersonation has rarely been witnessed on the lyric boards; and so wonderful is the force with which the various situations are portrayed, that the spectator, lost in the dramatic interest of the scene, is at times almost tempted to forget he is witnessing a musical performance at all. Not that Signor Ronconi lacks the vocal skill to impart significance to the everywhere characteristic melody which Verdi has put into the mouth of Rigoletto: on the contrary — as all frequenters of the Italian Opera are aware — although he now and then sings out of tune, especially at the commencement of the evening (like Persiani and others who could be named); and although his voice was never remarkable either for strength or richness of quality, his manner of phrasing is derived from the most honoured traditions of the Italian school, his execution is fluent and unlaboured, his modulation of tone invariably natural, and his cadence rounded and balanced to perfection; in fact, that, with physical shortcomings which might have succumbed before anything short of genius, he is still a genuine singer, a thorough master of expression, and as successful in the play of tender emotion as in those outbursts of passion of which his Chevreuse, in *Maria di Rohan* affords so frequent and signal examples. In the delineation of the fate-struck jester Signor Ronconi's peculiar talent has full scope. The forced merriment of the earlier scenes, where Rigoletto, whose nature and intellect are of a far more elevated order than his master's, is compelled to put on the obsequiousness of a parasite and the frivolity of a mountebank for that master's recreation and caprice; the sudden shock — as of mental paralysis — that follows the curse of the old nobleman at whom he has scoffed in the moment of misfortune; the first interview with Gilda, in which his affectionate anxiety for the only being on earth with whom he sympathises, is so exquisitely conveyed through the injunction to Giovanna:—

"Veglia, o donna, questro fiore
Che a te puro confidai;"

the despair at finding he has been entrapped by the Duke's retainers into unwittingly aiding and abetting in the abduction of his own danghter; the sequel, where the miserable dupe, awakened to the infamy that has been enacted, once more assumes his legitimate functions as Court buffoon, while his heart is overwhelmed with solicitude about the fate of his child; the after-scene, in which that child is restored to him, under the suspicion of dishonour, from which she can never again be freed; and the terrible catastrophe, when, a second time duped, he is baulked of revenge by the escape of his intended victim, and the murder of the luckless Gilda, who, unknown to Rigoletto, has sacrificed herself to save her faithless lover; these, one and all, present opportunities for the exercise of that dramatic talent which Signor Ronconi possesses in so eminent a degree, and which he never employed with more consummate effect than on Tuesday night, when *Rigoletto* was represented for the first time this season. As an exhibition of vocal power, his performance was more than usually unequal; but as a display of histrionic art it was throughout irreproachable. Mad. Miolan Carvalho (who, like Signor Ronconi, made her first appearance) sang the music allotted to Gilda—than which Verdi has written nothing more genial and expressive—with the finish, grace, and brilliancy of execution which last season elicited such hearty and unanimous approval. She "looked" the part, moreover, to admiration, and in her acting there was an unobtrusive gentleness that could not fail to excite interest. Mad. Nantier Didiée was Maddalena, and Signor Tagliafico Sparafucile — both (how often have we had to say as much) in an equal degree lifelike and effective, natural and picturesque. It was no enviable task for Signor Neri Baraldi to come after Signor Mario as the Duke of Mantua—with "La donna e mobile," &c. He did his utmost, however, and sang the music correctly and well. The only "encore" during the opera was the admirable quartet in the last scene ("Un di, se ben rammentomi"); but after the duet between Gilda and Rigoletto, at the end of the second (third) act, Mad. Miolan Carvalho and Signor Ronconi were summoned before the curtain and applauded with enthusiasm.

The opera was followed by the *divertissement* of *Les Amours de Diane*, in which a new dancer—Mademoiselle Salvioni—exhibited considerable strength, agility, and grace as Diana, and was loudly applauded.

On Thursday night the new tenor, Signor Tiberini, made his first appearance, as Ferdinando, in *La Favorita*, and met with unqualified success. He was greatly applauded in the opening romance; still more so in the scene where Ferdinando defies the King and rejects the honours which have been the price of his disgrace (Act III.); and most of all in the last scene, the well-known "Spirto gentil" (or "Angiol d'amore," as it is indifferently styled) being encored with enthusiasm. We must defer our remarks upon the voice of Signor Tiberini, together with his general capabilities as singer and actor, until after the second performance, which is announced to take place this evening. This will, moreover, enable us either to verify or correct first impressions, and thus to offer our musical readers a fairer and more dispassionate opinion. It is enough at present to chronicle the unanimously favourable verdict of the audience. In the actual dearth of good tenor singers the appearance of one of more than average pretensions is not to be dismissed summarily as a commonplace event.

Mad. Caillag undertook the character of Leonora for the first time in England, and M. Faure—whose engagement proved so satisfactory last season—reassumed that of the King. Both were eminently successful. The subordinate parts of Baldassare, Inez, and Gasparo were sustained by M. Zelger, Mad. Tagliafico, and Signor Rossi; and Mlle. Salvioni was chief dancer in the *divertissement*. The opera went off with spirit from beginning to end, and after each successive act the principal singers were recalled before the curtain.

COLOGNE.—After playing at Düsseldorf and Bonn, Ole Bull gave two concerts in the theatre here.

KÖNIGSBERG.—*Genovefa von Brabant*, *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*, *Wintermärchen*, and *Santa Chiara*, are among the novelties, and bear testimony to the energy displayed by the management.

SONDERHAUSEN.—Herr Dorn's *Niebelungen* was produced for the first time on the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's birthday, and repeated two days subsequently, when the operatic season terminated. It was highly successful. A telegraphic message was forwarded to the composer, inviting him to conduct the second performance himself, but, to the great regret of every one, he was unable to do so.

Provincial.

THE letter signed "Well-wisher to the Festival," which we copied in our provincial news last week from the *Leeds Intelligencer*, has brought us the following reply from one of the Festival Committee:—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

"SIR,—An injudicious letter, copied into your columns last week from the *Leeds Intelligencer*, has caused considerable surprise amongst those gentlemen whom the misstatements therein made more immediately concern—I mean the Leeds Festival Committee. Unhappily, in this town anonymous assertions, far removed from actual truth, are so common amongst a certain class of musical people, that refutation in the local papers is considered of no avail; therefore it is that the letter alluded to has not been answered in the *Intelligencer*. But as it has been transferred to a journal which circulates largely amongst musicians, I deem it right to ask your leave to reply to some of the statements therein contained. The writer of the letter is at great pains to laud the 'Yorkshire Choral Union' as 'the finest choral body in the kingdom;' but those who understand what part-singing really is, very justly question this position, and ask, Where is the proof that they are so? Sir, the members of this union, self-lauded to a sickening degree, as it is, have sung in Leeds several times during the season, and on every occasion they have performed *one* set of glees (!) and part-songs only. Beyond simple, easily-learned pieces, they have not gone, and the Festival Committee very properly say — At our festival we want something beyond this, and even supposing that there are other

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advantages in engaging this choir, we are not at all sure that it is competent for the work. Leaving this point, I ask you, sir, if it would be judicious, fair, or creditable for the committee to exclude from the Leeds Festival about 100 first-rate Leeds chorus-singers, for that they would do, if the mis-named 'Well-wisher to the Festival' could have his way. Are there better singers in Sheffield and Halifax than in Leeds and Bradford? I unhesitatingly say—No. Then upon what principle of fair play and justice and economy would the committee act if they listened to the counsels of interested persons, and engaged the Yorkshire Choral Union, *per se?*

"In a financial point of view, the engagement of as many Leeds singers as can be procured would be highly advantageous, and I very much doubt the *bone fides* of 'A Well-wisher to the Festival' when he urges the engagement of more than 200 chorus-singers from Sheffield, Halifax, and Huddersfield.

"The concluding paragraph in the letter is totally unfounded, for the Bradford Festival in 1859 more singers were engaged from Leeds than any other town out of Bradford and the immediate district.

"I sincerely hope that for the Leeds Festival a *Leeds* chorus will be engaged—for that will bring honour to the town, and increase the funds which I trust will be raised for the various charitable institutions who seek to be benefited by the Triennial Festival of 1861.

"Your obedient servant,

"One of the Festival Committee."

This is, perhaps, the place to refer to another letter which was addressed to another Leeds paper more than two months ago, but which is worth attention even now:—

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL—BREAKERS AHEAD!

(*To the Editor of the Leeds and West Riding Express.*)

"Sir,—In the *Bradford Observer* of yesterday (Thursday) I find the following paragraph:—'Leeds Musical Festival.—Mr. R. S. Burton was appointed Festival Chorus Master on Saturday last. Out of a large committee, six only voted for him—two against him, the remainder (the majority) abstained from voting. A resolution was proposed that the Bradford Festival Choral Society should be applied to for extra singers; but Mr. Burton's friends, headed by Mr. Walker Joy, opposed it might and main, and it was lost by the casting vote of the chairman.'

"Surely this must be a mis-statement of the actual facts; for no one can believe that the Leeds Festival Committee could be so short-sighted to their own interest to allow such an illiberal decision to be arrived at, as that of shutting out Bradford singers from our Festival! I am given to understand that the Halifax and Huddersfield Choral Societies are to be invited to sing in the chorus; but most sincerely do I hope that vocalists will not be brought from any neighbouring town before every available singer in our borough is engaged. Let us not have a repetition of the singular conduct practised at our first festival, when many most excellent Leeds chorus singers were refused engagements, to make room for singers from a distance, at about three times the cost. If the paragraph quoted above be untrue, it behoves the Leeds Festival Committee at once to contradict it. If correct, I fear we shall lose a considerable amount of that support from Bradford which, as a music-loving town, it would be sure to give us.

"Leeds, Jan. 25, 1861. "Yours, &c., A Leeds Singer."

We shall have something to say very shortly on this subject, which, however, will find its proper place in our leading columns.

A grand performance of the *Messiah* was given at the Town Hall of Leeds, on Tuesday evening, the 2nd. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Freeman, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Winn. The chorus was the Yorkshire Choral Union. M. Lemmens presided at the organ. On the previous night, in the same locality, Mr. Burton gave his fourth dress concert, when the same singers assisted. The *Leeds Intelligencer* has a long account of both performances, but offers nothing to quote. Mrs. Sunderland and Mad. Sherrington have no preference for the writer, and both are highly eulogised. Mr. Sims Reeves of course is praised, and congratulated for the passion and pathos of his singing in "Hatton's" (query, "Balfe's") "Come into the garden, Maud." Of M. Lemmen's performance on the organ, the *Intelligencer* thus writes:—

"Next came an organ solo by M. Lemmens, who is styled 'the great continental organist,' a title which, we have no doubt, he well deserves; for in this and another solo, both his own compositions, he showed some fine manipulation and good taste. Unfortunately, from some cause unknown to us, the stops of the organ appeared out of order, or he required assistance in cyphering them, when he performed the first solo; but in despite of that annoying circumstance, he played with great feeling and power, and his second solo, when the difficulties just adverted to had been removed, was a very brilliant and arduous performance. It was very warmly re-demanded—a compliment he gracefully acknowledged, but did not comply with."

This evening Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini are announced to sing at the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Town Hall Concert Society; and on Monday Mad. Alboni and Miss Arabella Goddard, and other artists (the Willert-Beale "tourists") will appear.

Mr. Willert Beale's provincial tour-party would appear to have made a brilliant "hit" at Cheltenham, if we may judge from the following account of the morning and evening concerts, given by Messrs. Hale and Sons, at the Assembly Rooms on the 9th inst., and which we borrow from the *Cheltenham Times*:—

"The programme of the morning's entertainment was most excellent, containing some choice *morceaux* of both the Italian and English schools. Miss Arabella Goddard did *not* play Mozart's Concerto in C, as expected (the concerto requiring full orchestral accompaniments), but she *did* play, in her own exquisite manner, some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, 'Where the bee sucks,' by Benedict, 'The last rose of Summer,' by Thalberg, and a *Duo Concertante*, with Regondi, on airs from the *Huguenots*. If it were possible, we should almost be inclined to say that Miss Goddard plays better than ever. Mad. Alboni was in charming voice, and her rich *contralto* notes, came out to advantage in the aria from *Semiramide*, 'Ah! quel giorno.' Her execution of 'Non piu mesta' is just as wonderful as ever, and—as an encore to this—she gave the ever-welcome *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Signor Regondi, without exception one of the most pleasing solo players of the day, played with great taste and finish, on his two instruments, the concertina and the guitar; indeed, on neither of which has he ever been equalled. Mlle. Sedlatzek and Signor Cosselli, were great aids in the success of the concert, the former in Schubert's song, 'Dein ist mein herz,' the latter in Rossini's buffo song, 'A Maometto,' being most effective.

"In the evening the Assembly Rooms were again the resort of the *élite* and fashion of Cheltenham and the neighbourhood, and again the principal artists shone out brightly, as 'stars' of the first magnitude. Miss Arabella Goddard was loudly applauded after the performance of Benedict's new and brilliant *fantasia* (composed expressly for her), 'Albion' (on 'Pray Goody,' and 'Come if you dare'), and an 'encore' being unanimously called for, she played Thalberg's 'Home sweet home.' In the second pianoforte solo, the magnificent *Mosè* of Thalberg, was really a marvellous performance. Added to these three solos, Miss Goddard played a *Duo Concertante* with Regondi, on airs from *Oberon*, one of the gems of the evening. Mad. Alboni treated her audience in the first place to Rode's air, when, notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of this performance and the wondrous exertion she displayed, an 'encore' was demanded. The lady bowed twice and retired, but, finding the demand continued so urgently, she came back, and again introduced the *Brindisi*, to the delight of the audience. She also sang the *Tyrolienne* from *Betly*, 'In questo semplice,' in so charming a manner, that once more the listeners were anxious to hear more. Again the applause continued loud and long. Again Alboni appeared to bow her acknowledgments, but this time she respectfully, though firmly, declined to comply. Signor Regondi performed a *fantasia* (concertina) on airs from the *Traviata*, and a 'Reverie,' of his own composition, on the guitar. Mlle. Sedlatzek, and Mad. Alboni, gave an exceedingly pretty duet, by Goldberg (the conductor); while the quintet from *Marie Stuart*, in which 'Auld lang syne' is introduced, was effective in the hands of all the performers. Signor Cosselli brought forward an air from *Mathilde di Shabran;* Mr. Land sang very humourously and ver sweetly, a pretty ballad, by Hatton, having, reference to the visit of a lover to his sweetheart. Herr Goldberg performed his duties as accompanyist most satisfactorily, and we may safely assert that both morning and evening concerts were by far the most successful of the season."

The first appearance this season of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini in England took place at the third subscription concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic on Tuesday evening, and constitutes, we need hardly say, our most important intelligence from the country. The magnificent *prima donna* and the "golden-voiced" tenor were received with all the usual honours by (vide the *Daily Post*) "a brilliant and fashionable assemblage." The programme was made up of the old tit-bits of the London concert-

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room, grateful no doubt to Liverpudlian auriculars. Signor Giuglini, in Balfe's "Tu m'ami" ("When other lips"), produced the greatest effect of the evening. Mlle. Titiens sang the air of Alice —Jenny Lind's air—"Vanne disse" ("Va, dit-elle"), from *Robert le Diable*—"a bird-like aria" (vide *Post*) from Signor Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers* (query the bolero?), besides singing duets and trios with Signor Giuglini and M. Gassier, who filled the place of Signor Vialetti, detained at Paris by indisposition. The Gallic barytone is evidently a great favourite with the *Post*, who thus apostrophises him:—

"M. Gassier began flat, as he too frequently does, but soon gave play to his magnificent voice, which was again, we may now say, very conspicuous in 'Deh vieni' from *Don Giovanni*, in 'La ci darem' from the same opera, remarkably so in the trio 'Qual volutta,' from *I Lombardi*, and again in 'Non piu andrai,' which, with everything connected with the ubiquitous *Figaro*, falls within this artist's peculiar province."

From Hereford we learn that Mr. Townsend Smith's preparations for the forthcoming meeting of the three choirs are completed. The subjoined is abridged from the *Hereford Times* of April 6th:—

"The festival will, as usual, be held in the Cathedral and Shire Hall, and take place on September 10th and three following days. Full choral service by the members of the choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester daily at half-past eight. The sermon on Tuesday by the Rev. Canon Musgrave. First morning *Elijah*; second morning the *Last Judgment* and the principal part of *Sampson*; third morning 'Spring' from Haydn's *Seasons*, Mozart's 'Requiem,' and Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of praise;' fourth morning the *Messiah*, without the omissions generally made. First evening concert, overture *Euryanthe*, *Pastoral Symphony*, flute solo; second concert, overture *Anacreon*, Cherubini, *Italian Symphony*, violin solo; third concert, overtures *Wood Nymphs* (Sterndale Bennett), *Guillaume Tell*, Benedict's *Undine*. A concert of chamber music will be given at the College Hall on Friday evening, commencing at about seven and terminating before nine, thus preventing any interference with the grand ball at the Shire Hall. The ball, after the concert on the second evening, will be abandoned, it being impossible to prepare the room for dancing until nearly midnight; added to which the immense attractions procured, at a much greater outlay than on former occasions, necessarily causes the wish to gratify the public by giving as many opportunities as possible for hearing Mlle. Titiens, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Weiss, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Weiss. The instrumental band has been increased, not only in numbers but in talent, Mr. Blagrove principal violin. The utmost care has been used in the selection of the chorus, so as to preserve the high character of the musical performances in 1858. A programme composed of finer works has never yet been issued."

A correspondent writes from Richmond-on-the-Thames, as follows:—

"An amateur concert was given on Monday evening in the National School Room for the benefit of the poor of Richmond, which we trust answered the expectations, in a pecuniary point of view, of the charitable promoters, who, with the assistance of four of the choristers from the Temple, got through an excellent programme in a highly creditable manner. There were so many pieces given that we can only name a few that elicited more than usual approval. The vocal pieces were Pearsall's 'O, who will o'er the downs?' and Miss Stirling's 'All among the barley,' sung by all the company, both of which were deservedly encored; an unaccompanied duet "Could a man be secure," sung by the Messrs. Robinson; a *trio bouffe* by M. Offenbach (solo by Mr. Robinson), also encored; and Benedict's popular romanza, 'Ange Adoré,' sung with great expression by Mr. Robinson, who does infinite credit to his instructor, Signor Ferrari. Two of the Temple choristers sung Mendelssohn's 'Greeting,' and deserved a word of praise. The instrumental part of the concert devolved on two amateurs, Mr. Straton (pianist), who played with considerable ability a *scherzo* by Chopin; and Mr. Hudson (violinist), who displayed his talent in a solo by De Beriot. The performance of a pianoforte quartet by Mozart (in G minor) must not pass without eulogy. The slow momement, remarkably well played, was warmly applauded."

The Principality seems to be commencing its harmonious season, if we may judge by the following notice of a concert recently given at Brecon, and which we have abridged from the *Brecon Journal*:—

"An amateur concert in aid of the Band fund of the 1st Company of the Breconshire Volunteer Rifles took place at the Town Hall, Brecon, on the evening of Wednesday last. A spacious gallery extending the full length of the hall was erected on one side, and this and every other part of the room, which was very tastefully decorated with banners, &c., was densely crowded. The first and second parts opened with a performance by the band of the Brecon Rifles, who acquitted themselves creditably. 'The Hardy Norseman,' first in the selection of vocal pieces, was followed by a song from Major Rolls, who with a good tenor voice, gave an air from *Marta*. Mr. Brinley Richards then performed a Grand Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with great brilliancy and precision. Next came a vocal trio of his composition, 'Up, quit thy bower,' sung by the church choir of Llangasty Talyllyn, and accompanied by the composer, which elicited a unanimous encore. The Volunteer Glee Club sung 'Roderick Vich Alpine,' the solos being assigned to Masters W. Thomas and J. Grant of the Talyllyn Choir, and Messrs. Griffiths and Bell of the Rifles. Hood's 'Young Ben,' sung by Mr. Bell with characteristic humour, was also encored. Bishop's Glee, 'Foresters,' followed by selections from *Il Trovatore*, concluded the first part. In the second part, the 'Chough and crow,' sung with much spirit, received as it deserved an *encore*. In the bass solo Serjeant Lilly showed himself possessed of an excellent voice and considerable taste. Mr. Richards reappeared with selections from Mendelssohn, than which better music could not have been heard. Major Rolls acquitted himself admirably in a little ballad, by Miss Hay, 'The Summer Bloom,' which was unanimously re-demanded. Willis's Glee, 'Merrily goes the bark,' was well sung, but too fast. Mr. Richards' 'Rule Britannia,' was one of the gems of the evening, artistic and popular in its style, calculated alike to display his talent as a composer, and his brilliant execution as a pianist. It was enthusiastically encored; but in place of repeating it, Mr. Richards gave a piece on Welsh airs, which was received as a compliment to the principality (Mr. Richards is a Welshman), and honoured with great applause. Mr. Bell, being encored in 'Ben Battle' (words by Tom Hood), gave the comic song of the 'Flying Dutchman.' The second part ended with an adaptation from Martin Henry's 'God preserve our Queen,' which served as an introduction to the National Anthem, 'God save the Queen.' The concert, on the whole, was eminently successful. Mr. Bell, bandmaster, conducted, the Rev. T. B. Hosken accompanied the glees and solos. At the end of the concert, Mr. John Lloyd proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Richards, Mr. Hosken, and the others who had taken part, which was responded to by three cheers. The proceeds of the concert amount to 50*l*."

Vocal Association.—The second Subscription Concert came off on the evening of Wednesday, the 3rd inst. Mendelssohn's setting of the Psalm, "Hear my prayer," Mozart's motett, "Ave verum," Meyerbeer's "Lord's Prayer," Bach's corale, "Oh, let us praise the Lord," together with Morley's madrigal, "Say, gentle nymph," Webb's glee, "When winds breathe soft," and Mr. Benedict's hunting-song, "Rise, sleep no more," afforded the choir ample opportunity of exhibiting their skill. In general, the pieces went exceedingly well, Mendelssohn's Psalm being perhaps entitled to first honours, something of which, however, was due to the solos being taken by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The other singers were Miss Messent, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Sig. Gambogi. The gentleman, we presume, from his name, is an Italian. His singing of "Fra poco" did not absolutely declare to what country he belonged. M. Lemmens played a fugue of his own composition on the organ, proving himself an excellent composer and a first-rate executant at the same time. M. Sainton played one of Beethoven's two romances for the violin—that in F, and decidedly the best—and a new Scotch fantasia of his own composition, introducing the airs "Auld Robin Gray" and "Duncan Gray cam' here to woo," in the most masterly and brilliant manner, winning enthusiastic applause in each. Miss Eleanor Ward, the young pianist, executed Fumagalli's *Danse des Sylphes* with the utmost grace and neatness, and was unanimously recalled. The Hall was exceedingly full.

Liegnitz.—A series of soirées for classical music has been established here, under the direction of Herr Bilse. At the fifth concert the first three pieces were by our greatest composers, viz. Haydn's G major Symphony (No. 7), Mozart's overture, to the *Zauberflöte*, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The last composition selected for the evening's entertainment was a "Fest-Ouverture" by Herr Hugo Ulrich.

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A. SCHLOESSER. GRAND FANTASIA—"Il Trovatore"	6	0
A. SCHLOESSER. GRAND FANTASIA — "Guillaume Tell"	5	0
A. SCHLOESSER. GRAND FANTASIA—"Martha" ...	5	0
A. SCHLOESSER. GRAND FANTASIA—"La Favorita"	5	0
WILHELM GANZ. GRAND FANTASIA—"La Traviata"	6	0
STEPHEN HELLER. IMPROVISATA on MENDELSSOHN'S Melody, "On song's bright pinions," played by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD	4	0
THEODORE MAUSS. "MAY BREEZES," FANTASIA on a Popular German Air	4	0
ROBERT GOLDBECK. GRAND FANTASIA on "Le Prophète"	5	0
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F. LISZT. The MARCH from WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser"	4	0
THEODORE KULLAK. LES ARPEGES. Etude de Concert	5	0
JULES BENEDICT. FANTAISIE MILITAIRE on HALEVY'S Opera, "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine" ...	5	0
POLYDORE DE VOS. FANTASIA—"Norma"	5	0

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4 But thou didst not leave. Handel's Messiah	1	0
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3 Suoni la tromba. I Puritani	1	0
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6 Andante, from Sonata in B flat (ditto)	1	0

The above Pieces, intended for very young Pupils, are written in a musicianlike manner, and are carefully fingered.

LONDON:
ASHDOWN AND PARRY
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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

"*The Lone old Tree*"—words by Desmond Ryan, music by Clement White (Metzler and Co.).

This ballad is—in the fullest acceptation of the terms—melodious and expressive. The words, too, written with unaccustomed neatness, embody a genuine sentiment with unaffected grace. Let the reader judge:—

"'Twas eve when I crossed, o'er the old stile that led,
To the scenes of my youth, once so dear;
But the green waving fields of my fathers had fled,
And no home of my childhood was near.
A ruin appeared, where my dwelling once rose,
And weeds o'er the garden grew rankling and free;
No memorial remained the fond past to disclose—
All were gone—save the lone, old tree.

Round that tree sported those whom I ne'er shall behold,
Nor those smiles with sad years that depart;
The light laugh and sweet happy faces of old
All came back to my desolate heart.
Ah! vainly I sought for some treasure of yore,
Nor voice nor no watch-dog bade welcome to me,
Not an object familiar its joy did restore—
All were gone—save the lone, old tree."

Mr. White's music reflects the sentiment of the above just as unaffectedly as it is conveyed through the lines of the poet; and thus we have, in every sense, a "model-ballad."

"*Turn Thee, O Lord*," anthem—J. B. Richardson (J. A. Novello).

This is a setting of the 4th and 9th verses of the 6th Psalm. Mr. Richardson (who is assistant-organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and a professor of recognised ability) has derived his materials from Cherubini's admirable and unjustly neglected Mass in F major, out of the many strikingly beautiful passages in which he has certainly selected one of the most beautiful. The anthem is for three voices—treble, tenor (or 1st and 2nd treble), and bass. Nothing could be better—nothing more acceptable. We may observe, in conclusion, that Mr. Richardson acknowledges his obligation to Cherubini on the title-page of the anthem, wherein he sets an example that should be *invariably*, and under all circumstances, followed.

"*The Rainbow*"—words by the Rev. J. Keeble, music by Mrs. John Holman Andrews (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

Mrs. Holman Andrews has here produced a canzonet remarkable in equal degrees for flowing tune, a refined taste for harmony, and a thorough knowledge of vocal expression. Her accompaniment is as ingenious as her melody is genuine; and there is even a point (page 3, line 3, bars 1—2) where the chord of E flat (reckoning upwards from the bass), B flat, C sharp, and G natural, is resolved upon the chord of A natural, C natural, E flat and F natural—which, (if not strictly "canonical"), is at least as bold as it is new. Mrs. Andrews should compose as often in this strain as convenient; she will always find admirers, provided she succeeds as entirely as in "*The Rainbow*"—the words of which, by the way, do infinite credit to the poetical feeling of their author, the Rev. J. Keeble.

"*La Prière exaucée, morceau brillante pour le piano*"—*par* Thecla Badarzewska (Oetzmann and Co.).

The only objection to be made to this graceful (if not very original) little piece—a sort of "*Lied ohne Worte*" with variations—is that its title is absurd. "*La Prière exaucée*" ("*The Prayer granted*) purports to be a reply to "*La Prière d'une Vierge*" ("*The Prayer of a Virgin*")—a previous composition, we suppose, from the pen of Thecla Badarzewska. Any other title, however, would suit it just as well. Nor, by the way, whatever qualities it may really possess, can it be credited with that of "brilliancy"—unless, in a very slight measure, this may be claimed by the last variation. To conclude—"*morceau brillante* is bad French. *Morceau* is masculine. All this, however, does not rob *La Prière exaucée* of a certain amount of incontestible merit; besides which it is written with undeviating correctness.

"*A loving Heart*—words and music by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold (Boosey and Sons).

It begins to rain good ballads. Here is a ballad fitted, if sung with real expression, to enchant any drawing-room, however refined the taste and sensible the ears of the company. It is not only pretty; it is unobtrusive, and devoid of all that maudlin (mock) sentiment, by which so many drawing-room ballads are distinguished. The words, moreover, are in no whit inferior to the music. Here is the first verse:—

"My heart was thine in happier days,
In days when youth and love are one;
Each thought my love its colour gave,
Like rain-drops tinged by sun.
In golden dreams thy image came,
To cheat the weary night,
With visions of the happy day
That gave thee to my sight."

The rest is to match. Mrs. Jerrold has only now to illustrate the title-pages of her songs to complete her artistic triumph, and provide an illustration of the comprehensive theory of Richard Wagner.

"*Minnie Clyde*;" "*I'd choose to be a Daisy*," for the pianoforte, by Henry W. Goodban (Metzler and Co.).

These are neat, brilliant, and showily effective "transcriptions" of decidedly pretty songs. We hardly know which is the better of the two, and so recommend both.

"*Lunella*," ballad for the pianoforte, by Henry W. Goodban (Addison, Hollier and Lucas).

Another "transcription," and of a song, too, the graceful character of which has already been dwelt on in the Musical World.

"*Summer Morning*," descriptive song, words and music by E. Fagan (Cramer, Beale and Chappell).

Mr. Fagan is Organist to the Spanish Embassy. "*Summer Morning*" is a kind of *scena*, in three regular movements, the best of which is an *andante* in D, three-eight measure. The whole would be appropriate and effective in an opera, although it contains no new points for comment.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Berens (Hermann) "Sweetly sounds the harp" (Vocal).
Schumann (Robert) "Oh! sunny beam" (ditto).
Oury (Mad.) "Il Barbier di Sevigia" (Pianoforte).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Staton (William) "A thought of the rose" (Vocal).

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Reynolds (Edmund) "Meet me in the evening hour" (Vocal).
Turo (Maurizio) "The Rifle Volunteers" (ditto).

B. WILLIAMS.

Harvey (R. F.) "Beautiful morning" (Vocal).

SCHOLEFIELD (Huddersfield)

Ainley (W. C.) "The two lands" (Vocal).

E. WOYCKE.

Woycke (Eugene) "Alice" (Pianoforte).

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MRS. MEREST (late Miss Maria B. Hawes).—All Letters concerning Engagements for the Musical Festivals, the Nobility's Concerts, and Public and Private Concerts, &c., to be addressed to 7 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W. C.

SIGNOR ALBERTO RANDEGGER has RETURNED to TOWN for the SEASON.
Communications respecting Lessons in Singing, &c., to be addressed to him, at 32 Orchard Street, Portman Square.

HERR FORMES begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées.
All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s, Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR HERMANNS begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts and Private Soirées, &c.
All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. VENUA, Senior (from Reading), respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends in general, that he has REMOVED from his late Residence, No. 6 Norfolk Square, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W., London, to No. 54 in the same Square.

MISS HELEN McLEOD begs to announce that she will give her Second ANNUAL CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the Evening of TUESDAY, the 4th of June, when she will be assisted by eminent artists.
23 Alfred Place, W. Thurloe Square.

MLLE. TITIENS, SIGNOR GIUGLINI, and HERR FORMES will Sing at the next New Philharmonic Concert, Monday Evening, May 20th, and Public Rehearsal, May 18. Conductor, Dr. WYLDE.

MR. MELCHOR WINTER will Sing Flotow's "M'apari tutt' amor," and Wallace's "Let me like a soldier fall," at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Monday, the 13th inst.; St. James's Hall, 15th; Westbourne Hall, 17th; and Stourbridge on the 28th.
Address, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME MELCHOR WINTER will play Dohler's Tarantelle and Ascher's Fantasia on Airs from Traviata, on Monday, the 13th inst., at the Misses ELTON'S CONCERT, Myddelton Hall, Islington.
Address, concerning Pupils and Engagements, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MRS. EDWARD DAVIES (late Miss Julia Warman) begs to inform her Friends and the Public that she continues to give LESSONS on the PIANO.
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MUSICAL ART UNION.—Organised for the advancement of Music.
The Members beg to announce THREE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 31st; Thursday Morning, June 20th; and Friday Evening, July 5th (the latter with Choir).
1st Concert—Symphony, Ocean (Rubinstein); Overtures, Beethoven, Op. 124, and Rossini's Siege of Corinth; Concerto, violin, HERR STRAUS (Spohr). Orchestra of Sixty performers. Principals—Messrs. H. BLAGROVE, DEICHMANN, PAYTON, R. BLAGROVE, DAUBERT, WHITE, SVENDSEN, CROZIER, POLLARD, WOOTTON, HANDLEY, R. J. WARD, and C. THOMPSON. Conductor, Mr. KLINDWORTH; Choir-Master, Mr. J. C. WARD. Illustrative remarks by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN.
Tickets at Messrs. Cramer's (where a plan of Stalls may be seen), Ewer's, Addison's, Schott's, Lonsdale's, Chappell's, Ollivier's, Leader's, and Betts's Music Warehouses.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN begs to inform his Friends that he has RETURNED from Germany.
All communications respecting Pupils, &c., to be addressed to his Residence, 3 Ponsonby Street, Pimlico, S.W.

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MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—SECOND WEEK. "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG." Mr. Fred. Penna begs to announce that he will give his New and Popular Entertainment, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Pianoforte, Mad. Penna.
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THE MUSICAL BEE-HIVE.—POPULAR FOUR-PART SONGS:—Bon Soir, Garulli, 6d.; Oh, waste not, pining lovers, Handel, 6d.; Ave Maria, Arcadelt, 3d.; Non sdegnarè, O bella Venere, 3d.; Iuvano sicumdesir, 3d.; Alla Trinita, H. R. Bishop, 3d.; The three kings of Cologne, 3d.
"This is indeed a boon to the musical public—the four separate vocal parts being in a large note, 'that they who run may read.'"
C. Lonsdale, 26 Old Bond Street.

CONCERT SEASON, 1861.—Mr. C. M. SHEE respectfully intimates to Musical Artists that he continues to undertake the Management of Concerts (public or private) at moderate charges.
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Published by A. W. Hammond (late Jullien), 214 Regent Street; and may also be had of the Author, at his residence, 81 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W., where Pupils are also received.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S NEW MUSIC.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing, at his Benefit Concert, on Monday next, from ROBERT COCKS and Co.'s EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S ADELAIDE, with new words by WILLIAM HILLS, 3s.; also "Twilight is Darkening," music by KUCKEN, 2s. 6d.
WEEP NOT, FOND HEART: Song by KUCKEN. Sung by SIMS REEVES, 2s. 6d. This new song of the popular German composer is a real gem. Every one who recalls the deeply touching strains of his "Tear," or the calm beauty of his "Twilight is Darkening," will know what he has to expect; also the Young Recruit Solo, 2s. 6d.; for four voices, 2s. 6d.; ditto three voices, on a card, 2d.
THE YOUNG RECRUIT SCHOTTISCHE, for piano, by C. C. AMOS, 2s. 6d.; as a March, by BRINLEY RICHARDS, 2s. 6d.; Quadrille, by STEPHEN GLOVER, 3s.; Quadrille by JULLIEN, 4s.; March by STEPHEN GLOVER, 2s. 6d.; March, by VOSS, 3s.; Polka, by ADAM WRIGHT, 2s. 6d. THE YOUNG RECRUIT Song, solo, 2s. 6d.; for four voices, 2s. 6d.; for three voices, on a card, 2d.

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NEW PIANO MUSIC, by BRINLEY RICHARDS.—The Young Recruit, for piano, solo, 2s. 6d.; duet, 3s.; as a march, 2s. 6d.; Première Tarantelle, pour piano, par Brinley Richards, dédiée à M. Charles Hallé, 5s.; La Czarina, mazurka de salon, 3s.; Cherry ripe! melody by C. E. Horn, transcribed, 3s.; La Carolina, souvenir de Naples, 3s.; Hurrah! for the bonnets o' blue, transcribed, 3s.; the Gipsy's life is a joyous life, melody by E. Flood, transcribed, 3s.; Why do summer roses fade? melody by Barker, transcribed, 3s.; the Plough Boy, English melody, transcribed, 3s.; Louise, nocturne, 3s.; Le Carnaval de Venise, arrangé pour piano, 3s.; Cader Idris (Jenny Jones), Welsh melody, transcribed, 2s.
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ALLOTMENT OF FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES.
The CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY, 33 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.—The SECOND ALLOTMENT for the present financial year is fixed for THURSDAY, the 16th of May, at the Offices, at Noon precisely, on which occasion will be offered Valuable FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, on the following Estates:—
No. 1. ROEHAMPTON PARK (Second Portion).
2. PUTNEY HEATH ESTATE.
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Plans of the Estates will be sent by post, on receipt of seven stamps for each separate Plan. Printed particulars of the Land will be forwarded, with the Society's Prospectus, free of charge.
CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

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Reviews.

"'*Soirées de Vienne,' valses caprices, d'après* F. SCHUBERT, *pour le pianoforte*"—*composées par* FRANZ LISZT (Ashdown and Parry).

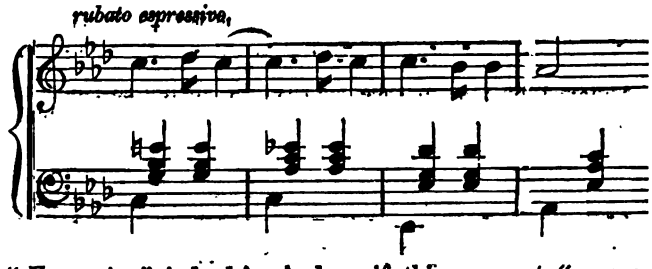
"*D'après F. Schubert,*" is expressive. It is lucky that these "Viennese Evenings" (evenings, we should think, with phantoms, ghouls, and hobgoblins) came, at any rate, *après* (after) Schubert; for if Schubert had heard his innocent ("absolute") music thus travestied, he would most probably have gone stark mad.

To begin with the end. The ninth "*Valse-caprice*" ("*caprice*" with a vengeance) is built upon, or rather dug out of, the well-known waltz in A flat, which German, French, Italian, and Turkish music publishers palmed off for a long time on the world as "*Beethoven's Last.*" M. Liszt begins with a page of introductory howl, in the shape of "*preludio,*" and then presents the composition of Schubert, in the right key, and correctly, with one exception, viz., the alteration of a note in the second part, which completely spoils the melody, and renders it more or less "*Zukunft;*"—

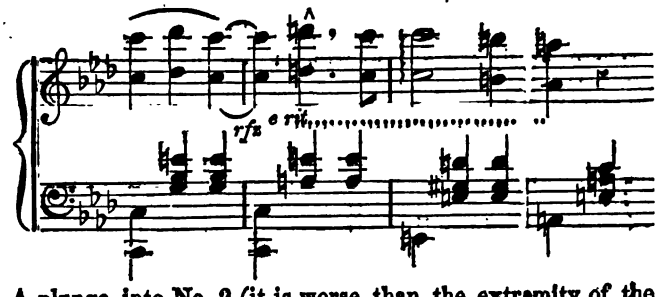
Now, we need scarcely remind our readers that there is no such note as the D flat in the 6th bar, over which the asterisk is placed. See, further on, to what a use M. Liszt puts this unwarrantable licence:—

We cannot stop to multiply instances; but may add that the other eight numbers present every one of them delectable examples of the same species of "caprice"—which reminds us of the vulgar French idiom, "*il y a caprice et caprice.*" Beethoven had "caprice;" so had Weber; so had Mendelssohn; so has Liszt. We have to deal with Liszt. Take, at random, No. 7, which is for the most part as straightforward as it is vigorous. Here is a bit of harmony for the edification of polite ears:—

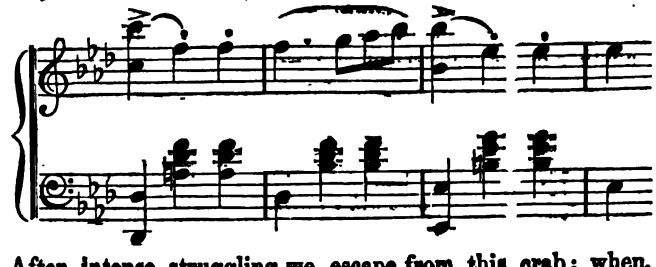
"*Dolcissimo,*" indeed! A dip into No. 1 brings us to the following:—



"*Espressivo,*" indeed! And as if this were not "*espressivo,*" and to spare, we have yet another "*espressivo,*" two lines further on, in the shape of a modulation—or rather an abrupt transition—from F minor to A minor (the very idea makes us shudder):—



A plunge into No. 2 (it is worse than the extremity of the Russian bath), and we find ourselves clawed hold of by the subjoined crab:—



After intense struggling we escape from this crab; when, lo! as we are emerging from this disagreeable water, our right foot is caught hold of by another of the same species. Behold him:—

"This" (as King Arthur might have exclaimed, in a similar

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predicament) "is the fiercest crab we were ever clawed withal, except one in the river Jordan, but this was fiercer." Strolling on the banks of No. 3, we are suddenly stung by the little gnat below, which, though diminutive, hath a pungent proboscis :—

Annoyed by the nuisance, we rush for shelter to No. 4, and in a brief space are conscious of an earwig, crawling inside of our shirt collar :—

—and ever and anon nipping us in still "other-guess ways." Where to fly? Not to No. 5; for look at this nasty spider :—

"*Molto espressivo il canto*"—a singing spider, but one, nevertheless, which can bite in divers manners. Here is another of its manners of bite :—

"*Calando*," indeed (*calandrino*)! "*Smorzando*," forsooth (*smorfioso*)! Still less to No. 6, where runs a frisky tarantula, who disports himself friskily in this wise :—

(Forbid it, St. Job of Pacheco, that we should be bitten by this tarantula!) Where, then, must we seek refuge from these crabs, and earwigs, and spiders, and tarantulas, and what not?—of harmony (say discord)? Where?—if not to No. 8? At No. 8 we at least are neither clawed, nor nipped, nor stung, nor bitten; and if this quiet nook—

—be not all that would be desirable, it is at any rate a resting-place of some sort where we are free of the newts and scorpions of the "*Zukunft*." And is this the way that "Friar Liszt" has bestowed his "Evenings in Vienna"? An American enthusiast goes frantic about the conclusion of a *Missa Solennis*, composed by the Weimarian Chapelmaster who gave Richard Wagner his French passport (which has served him in such good stead). The last four he particularly extols :—

Nevertheless, until we had perused the "'*Soirées de Vienne*,' *valses caprices, d'après* F. SCHUBERT," we could not believe that Friar Liszt had written them. *Now*, we can believe anything. Three quarters of a century and more since, when the renowned Sarti (who ministered to Catherine of all the Russias) had heard some quartets by Mozart, he exclaimed,—"*Si puo far di più per stonare gli professori!*" What would the renowned Sarti (who ministered to Catherine of all the Russias) have said to these aston(ar)ishing perpetrations of Friar Liszt?

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

ASPINWALL (JOHN)	"Midnight"	(Pianoforte).
Ditto.	"Whisperings of the breeze"	(ditto).
Ditto.	"Song of the leaves"	(ditto).
KUHE (W.)	"Logie o' Buchan"	(ditto).

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

GILBERT (ALFRED) "The Skylark" (Pianoforte).

CHAPPELL AND CO.

ENGEL (LOUIS)	"Garibaldi March"	(Harmonium).
Ditto	"La reine du soir"	(Pianoforte).
Ditto	"Une perle noire"	(Ditto).
Ditto.	"Comment est-ce arrivé,"	(Vocal).
Ditto.	"Fedele io t'amo"	(ditto).

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ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

FORDE (WILLIAM) "Colleen Bawn quadrilles." (Pianoforte).
RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Jenny Jones" (Ditto).
Ditto. "Cherry ripe" (Ditto).
KUCKEN (F. W.) "Weep not, fond heart" (Vocal).
Ditto. "Twilight is darkening" (Do).
OUSELEY (Sir GORE) "Special anthems" (Do).

JEFFERYS.

MINASI (CARLI) "I haven't got a beau" (Vocal).
Ditto. "Close to a mother's heart" (Ditto).

JEWELL.

LINDBERG "Cujus animam" (Pianoforte).
BAUDOUIN (ADRIEN) "L'attractive" (Ditto).
WHITEHOUSE (Edward) "Remembrance of childhood" (Vocal).

OLLIVIER.

EAYRES (W. H.) "Our sister Mary" (Vocal).

SCHOTT AND CO.

ENGEL (LOUIS) "Octobre" (Vocal).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE last week has been productive of more concerts than the most robust amateur could possibly survive were he to have attempted the feat of hearing them all. It is only by judiciously popping in at each in the very nick of time when the chief attraction is going on, that I am enabled to say something about the principal affairs of this kind. The promising young violinist, Sarrasate, who carried off the *premier prix* at the *Conservatoire*, deserves the first mention among the concert-givers. The "gem" of his concert, to use the slang of musical notice writers, was a *symphonie concertante* of Alard, for two violins, played by the composer and Sarrasate, who is his pupil. The execution of this piece was marked with such admirable precision, elegance, and spirit—master and pupil playing as though animated with one intelligence—that the most enthusiastic applause was repeatedly elicited. Next, we will mention a concert given by M. Adolph Fétis, whose venerable name, perhaps, as much as his reputation as an organist and composer, insured him a considerable audience and a gracious reception. Among the compositions of his own, which were received with the most favour, may be cited *les Veillées Brétonnes*, a song without words for the organ, *L'abandon*, *Souffrances d'Hiver*, *Dieu*, and *le Bon Dieu*. Another concert, just deserving passing mention, was that of Mlle. Amelie Bido, one of the numerous and undesirable tribe of phenomena. The instrument whereon she phenomenises is the violin. By the way, when the wonder appeals to the ear, should it not be *acoumenon* rather than "phenomenon"? Think this over, and tell me if I have not added to the restricted vocabulary of musical critics. To return to "the" Bido, she played Spohr, and Vieuxtemps, and Leonard (her instructor), and Ketherer, and Hermann, and it must be conceded to her, she possesses several qualities necessary to constitute a good violinist, although the important one of mechanical dexterity is certainly deficient. A different affair from this was the concert given by M. Léon Jacquard, a violoncellist, who holds in Paris a deservedly high position. He is an accomplished master of all the resources of his instrument, and whether in the solid style or in the ostentatious brilliancy of the showy concert piece, is equally capable of holding his ground. A concerto by Molique, (composed for your Piatti), a *fantaisie* by Servais, and an *adagio* by himself, were among his chief performances. A remarkable feature of this concert was an *allegro* for pianoforte and violoncello, by M. Edouard Lalo, a young composer, who has raised high expectations of his future achievements. The piece was much applauded, and displayed the knowledge of an accomplished musician, no less than invention and refinement of taste. M. Edouard Colonne, first violin of the opera, has also figured among the concert-givers. Of course he is an estimable violinist, and neither in concerted pieces by the great masters, nor in a *fantasia* for effect, did he disgrace himself. Mlle. Balbi sang at this concert some light *couplets* from *Maître Claude*, and being very pretty, as well as an agreeable songstress, was warmly applauded. Then there has been the concert of Mlle. Mattmann—whose position as a pianist of the first rank has been legitimately acquired; and a *soirée* by M. Armingand, where, with the exception of a brilliant trio by the same M. E. Lalo, and two pieces by M. E. Lubeck (the well-known pianist), the programme was made from the works of the *soirée*-giver, some of which were songs executed by Mlle. Balbi and M. Archainbaud. An organ player of mark—M. Auguste Durand, who officiated at St. Roch—must be mentioned too as the giver of a *matinée*, attended by immense court celebrities; and likewise M. Luigi Ruiz, a light *basso*, whose concert was illuminated chiefly by the presence and exertions of Mad. Borghi-Mamo. The most original of all these musical entertainments, however, was the *soirée* given by M. Farrenc, the celebrated musical antiquary, whereat some of the results of that gentleman's researches were brought forward, illustrating the origin of pianoforte music. Several pieces originally written for the harpsichord and the spinet, were executed by Mlle. Farrenc (his daughter—the esteemed and laborious composer), who showed great tact and intelligence in bringing out their peculiarities.

The mention of this interesting evening brings us naturally to the classical concerts of the week. A new institution, called La Fondation Beaulieu, for the performance of classical vocal music has just commenced its second series. The programme included specimens of the vocal music of Felice Anerio, Orlando Gibbons, Handel, Pergolese, Marcello, Graun, Haydn, Mozart and Cherubini. Mad. Viardot and M. Bataille were the chief vocalists. Selections from Haydn's oratorio of *Tobias* were executed at the commencement and at the close of the concert. Among the most curious as well as the most showy items of this semi-antiquarian entertainment was a *bravura* air from the *Britannicus* of Graun, chapel-master to Frederic the Great, which was admirably sung by Mad. Viardot, who (as you must frequently have heard her do in London), with the true feeling of an artist, gave its full value to the substratum of passion which underlies the cumbrous adornments systematically resorted to by composers of that day.

I regret to have, in the distinct discharge of my duty as a faithful chronicler, to mention yet another phenomenon (or acoumenon), nay, yet other *phenomena* (or *acoumena*). A certain infant of ten has come forward as a public pianoforte player, and, were it possible to feel astonishment at these precocious displays, when, in fact, they are plenty as blackberries, would have astonished her audience by a variety of remarkable qualities. People don't stare now-a-days at a basket of fine juicy strawberries exhibited at Chévet's in midwinter, nor do they raise their eyebrows at these specimens of human forcing. A few, perhaps, shake their heads at the cost implied in such artificial introversions of the course of nature, and its mournful contrast with the insipidity of the result. Anna Meyer, the above-mentioned "child-wonder" (so named), had, as associates, two other wretched babes, trained, the one to spout verses she is said to compose herself, and the other to sing comic songs with infantine attempts at buffoonery. This moral massacre of infants out-herods Herod!

Now for some miscellaneous gossip, operatical, theatrical, problematical. At the Opera, Mlle. Gueymard is in full career as the acknowledged representative of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, which is drawing large houses. She has restored the romance in the fourth act, cut out by her predecessors; and Meyerbeer has written a coda to append to it, expressly for her. M. Faure, who is now with you at Covent Garden, where he is engaged for three years, has just signed a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera, at 5,000fr. per month for the first year, 6,000 for the second, and 7,000 for the third. A *congé* from April to July enables him to fulfil his English engagement concurrently. Felicien David's *Herculanum*, it is said, will be shortly revived, and also the *Muette de Portici*, on a magnificent scale. It is currently reported that Signor Alary, of sacrilegious note (inventor of the dish *Fricassée de Mozart, à la maître de chant*), has composed a comic opera to a *libretto* by Scribe, called *La Beauté du Diable*, which is speedily forthcoming. The gentleman who has the *toupet* (*Anglicè et vulgo*, "cheek") to adapt *Don Giovanni* to the exigencies of an ambitious tenor and of his own notions of taste, ought to do something original. This was hardly the case, however, with the *Tre Nozze*, in which Lablache danced to a polka warbled by poor Sontag. Mario, by the way, has again, according to his *wont* (or shall we say according to his *cant?*), announced himself indisposed; and Montanaro, the slippery gentleman who jilted Mr. Beale, replaces him in Count Almaviva. So I hear that Grisi is again at the Royal Italian Opera. Is this to be another farewell engagement?

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well,"

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has been fitted with a new reading, illustrating the confusion that may arise between bidding farewell for ever, and for ever bidding farewell. Norma, with her sickle for ever cutting and for ever coming again, might stand now as a female companion to Chrono, with his scythe. By the way, our experience of this artist may legitimately found a new idiom as a contrast to the expressions taking "French leave." As this means to leave without giving notice, so Italian leave would mean to give notice without leaving. Mlle. Trebelli has just bidden adieu to the public of the Italian opera here in Rossini, after making a decided impression. Managers must be on the look-out, for there is very little doubt this young *contralto* is likely to prove a prize of importance. Mad. Penco has appeared in *Norma*, in which she shows so much dramatic power, assisted by a new Adalgisa, under the name of Blondini. Her real name is Mlle. Eunequist, and she is a pupil of M. Masset. Her nervousness rendered it impossible to judge of the capabilities of Mlle. Eunequist.

Only the other day a theatre at Barcelona was burnt down, and now another at Brussels has shared in the fate which seems sooner or later to await buildings devoted to the drama. The *Théâtre des Nouveautés*, the establishment in the Belgian capital I allude to, was built only eighteen years ago. Like the fire at Covent Garden, it seems to have originated in the lofts above the audience part. Letters from Berlin announce that Mad. Lagrua has arrived in the Prussian capital, and will make her appearance in *Nourmahal*, and in Spontini's *Vestale*.

I had other matters of some little interest to mention, but must put them off till my next.

S. B. Y.

TANNHÄUSER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In a letter addressed to Berlioz, and inserted in the *Journal des Débats*, M. Wagner has told us the secret of his journey to Paris. It might have been thought that he had come to submit his works to the judgment of the Parisians. Far from it. The circumstance to which we owe the honour of a visit from him is this. Exiled from his country, M. Wagner is the *only* German (these are his own words) who has not heard *Tannhäuser* and his other works. He has come, therefore, merely to borrow from the French their Opera-house, their artists, their choruses, their orchestra, and 250,000 francs' worth of getting up, that he might have the very legitimate satisfaction of hearing, and, as a matter of course, admiring himself. Well, the thing is done. He has heard himself. I don't know whether he is satisfied; but I am inclined to fancy he won't begin again in a hurry. As for myself, my first prayer, on hearing of his exile, was that M. Wagner might be speedily pardoned, and return to his country forgiven, and free to hear himself executed at home, at his ease and convenience. He ought, above all, to assure the happiness of his fellow-countrymen. When he has progressed triumphantly from town to town; when he has deliciously drunk in the ovations due to him; when he has seen *Tannhäuser* played a thousand times, the *Dutchman* a thousand times, *Lohengrin* a thousand times, and at least two thousand times *Tristan und Iseult*, he may give us Parisians another look in. In the mean time we shall have worked away hard; we shall have been very steady and industrious; and may possibly be sufficiently advanced to comprehend him. Such was the heartfelt prayer of those who were present at the first performance of *Tannhäuser*. The good public is prevailed upon to swallow a multitude of things, but a time comes when it revolts, and will no longer swallow anything. Yet it had come to the Opera with the best intentions in the world. It had been informed that a genius of the first order, a revealer of mysteries, a prophet, a Messiah, was to proscribe for ever the lascivious dance, the sensual song, and to bring us back to pure art, to Greek art, to the perfect harmony of the true and the beautiful. Well, therefore, might that eagerness be exhibited, that tiptoe expectation, that religious silence, that attitude of collected attention, which marked the first few minutes. What applause, too, would have followed had there been oftener a chance for it!

The overture was admirably recited, for all the players, and especially their chief, were sensible of the immense responsibility weighing upon them, and had at heart to show themselves, what indeed they are, the first musicians of Europe. After this piece, which had real worth, heightened, moreover, by masterly execution, the bravos broke forth with a vigour at which the most ardent friends of M. Wagner must have felt satisfied. The curtain then rose on a magnificent scene, and again there was applause, which was not addressed to the musicians this time, but to MM. Thierry and Cambon, the marvellous creators of that enchanted grotto. Venus, or the goddess Holda (according to a little treatise of German mythology at the beginning of the libretto), softly couched upon a bank of verdure, was contemplating her lover, who had dropped at her feet. This lover was a poet, a knight, a master-singer. Tannhäuser was his name. He happened to be slumbering on the lap of Venus, which was scarcely good manners.

It is known that M. Wagner makes his words as well as his music, and that he attaches extreme importance not only to each phrase but to each word of his poems. That of *Tannhäuser* must have lost a great deal in the transfusion from one tongue into another, for although, as we have learned through a recent lawsuit, the piece was translated under the master's eye, by three persons of equal skill—an artist, a custom-house officer, and a dramatic author—we find it anything but interesting.

It seems that M. Wagner, being determined to owe no part of his success to extraneous aid, formally resisted the introduction of any kind of ballet which might divert the attention of the spectator from the main work. He consented, however, after much entreaty, to bring in a little *divertissement* at Venusberg, while Tannhäuser is enjoying his *siesta*, and Venus is contemplating him. A little went a great way in the matter of amusement at this happy retreat. This was all that the pretended *divertissement* in question comprised. Twenty-four bacchantes marched from right to left, and raised their arms above their heads. This movement performed slowly and gently may have diverted the ladies of the ballet, but no one else. Thereupon, twenty-four fauns marched from left to right, and raised their arms in like manner as the bacchantes; sixteen nymphs followed the fauns, still lifting up their arms in the same fashion; sixteen young men sleeping upon the rocks started from their slumbers and uplifted their arms likewise, drawing them asunder with a gentle motion; lastly, twelve cupids, not to appear singular, raised their little arms aloft, but were evidently puzzled to tell why.

All these arms upraised formed no doubt a charming picture, but it was kept before the eye a little too long. There yet remained the Three Graces, however, Mlles. Rousseau, Störkoff, and Troisvallets. I was in hopes that they had been exempted from obedience to the general word of command, and that they would employ their arms according to their individual fancies. It soon became apparent that not any more than the fauns, nor the bacchantes, nor the young men, nor the nymphs, were they permitted to drop them, and that they were likely in the end to be seized with cramp. To all appearance the dance of the future will only admit of this upstretching of arms, and indeed I am free to confess that there is in the simultaneous elevation of so many pairs of them something mystical—something quite sacerdotal.

But if the dance was chaste and sober, the music was tumultuous, deafening, infernal; exasperated fiddle-strings, cymbals furiously clashing, Chinese bells in delirious excitement. The same effect was produced, and an equal degree of pain, as though a hundred needles had been run into your ears at the same moment. The most courteous of the audience, who were bent on maintaining an air of decency, endured their sufferings without wincing; the rest writhed in their seats, turning from one side to the other like St. Lawrence on his gridiron. A number of young ladies attempted to smile, but they ground their teeth in spite of themselves, and crushed their spy-glasses or their fans in their little convulsed fingers. At last the bacchanal rout was over, and Tannhäuser, by no means a light sleeper, opened first one eye, then the other, and finding himself still at the feet of Venus seemed to derive from that fact a strong feeling of dissatisfaction.

"Thou whom I love! Of what art thinking? Say!" Would to heaven Venus had never thus familiarly interrogated her lover, for the answer, and the explanations which resulted therefrom, took up not less than six pages. It was not a duo; it was not a recitative, nor a scena, nor even an act, but a Wagnerian dialogue of intermin-

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able length; and what rendered the position of things more serious still, was that M. Wagner has the sorry habit of under-scoring with a trait of violins, double basses, and brass instruments, every word, every syllable of his eternal harangues. This is, to use a common expression, making mountains of molehills. One is lost in the maze of detail, and the collective whole is forgotten; a world of trouble is frivolously spent in giving a particular expression to each word, and the result of this toilsome labour is to overwhelm the audience under an irremovable load of weariness.

When Tannhäuser had quite done telling about his dreams, his aspirations, his aversions, his fits of sadness, and Venus had come to an end of her supplications, adjurations, complaints, and threats, the two lovers part—not, upon my honour as a gentleman, one moment too soon. The public had ceased paying any regard to this domestic broil, which seemed never likely to end. As soon as it was evident that this maniacal knight and headstrong goddess would neither make it up, nor separate at any price,—that they constantly kept falling back on the same repetitions, the same roundabout digressions, the same old scores,—the audience left them to settle it between themselves, and began to gossip about indifferent matters,—the weather, the rain, the toilettes of the ladies, the news of the day. Now and then the conversation was interrupted just to observe how the lovers were getting on, and when it was found they were still quarrelling, people said, "It's no use expecting an end of it to-night; we must call again to-morrow; say Monday, or in ten days, a month, and we may find them still at their agreeable *tête-à-tête*." After an hour's squabbling, however, Venus and Tannhäuser showed their good taste by separating amicably, avoiding all scandal or appeal to the law. The lady and her grotto vanished, and Tannhäuser found himself sleeping in a green and smiling valley. Remark what a fellow for sleep this Tannhäuser is. In the first tableau he was dreaming on the lap of Venus; in the second he was stretched out on the turf, taking out the rest of his nap. The spectators had need to envy the rogue.

Here occurred the famous air of the herdsman, so calm and primitive in its monotonous simplicity. It was welcomed as a blessing, for it gave rest to the ear, when all at once a comical passage, some such popular burthen as *J'ai de bon tabac dans ma tabatière*, moved the audience to an explosion of laughter. Report proclaims M. Wagner unbending in the extreme. Sooner than listen to any compromise, he exclaims, "Perish my works rather than my principles." Good. Now I bet *Don Juan*, *Der Freischütz*, the *Pré aux Clercs*, the *Muette*, and the *Barbière*, to the *Phantom Ship*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, that he would cut out the *trait de chalumeau*, and that incredible rocket-flight of violins which excited, at the end of the second act, such homeric laughter; and I won my bet. Would it not have been wise to yield to the advice of friends before the performance, sooner than expose himself to so mortifying a disaster? Pride, without doubt, is the spring of many a noble action; firmness is a rare virtue, but it should not degenerate into obstinacy, and a little modesty is not out of place when one stands face to face with a public enlightened and competent like that of the Opera, and whose just requirements the greatest masters have held it a point of honour to respect.

A piece which produced a great effect was the grand septuor (I don't know whether I am quite justified in venturing to call it so), let us say the grand concerted piece which terminates the first act. There is a powerful fulness of sound, a tolerably complete conclusiveness, a felicitous clearing up, which, coming after such heavy clouds and so much darkness, relieves and cheers the public. I will say as much of the grand triumphal march framed in a splendid piece of scene-painting. These are happy moments, but they are dearly purchased.

I come now to that Court of Love where the knight-poets seemed to wrestle which should be lengthiest and most oppressive. The public appeared to take about as much pleasure in their contest as at those competitions of the *Conservatoire*, where we hear the same pianoforte piece played twenty-seven times over consecutively. It seemed so to affect their nerves, that every time a knight took up his lyre there was all over the house either a convulsive movement of impatience, or a plaintive wail of grief. So that Morelli having merely motioned, as if to touch his harp, there was a general cry of "Oh! no! thank you! In pity, don't, don't do it again, good Wolfram; we can bear no more." Whereupon Morelli put down his harp, and the public felt grateful for this kindly impulse. What shall I say of the recital of Tannhäuser, which lasts three quarters of an hour, watch in hand? I was not surprised that Niemann, indisposed the day before, had to take to his bed the day after. A composer must have strange notions of the nature of a singer's lungs to entrust him with such a monotonous and declamatory narrative, after a journey to Rome and back.

A terrible penance was this for the public as well as for the singer, and it may be held to reckon against many a transgression. But perhaps I may be told that I am not seriously discussing the doctrines and music of M. Wagner; that I recount what took place at the Opera, without showing that M. Wagner was wrong in writing as he has written, and that the public were right to give him the reception they did. And yet how can we discuss the void, the chaotic, the systematic, and premeditated overthrow of every principle, of every rule of dramatic and musical composition? Let M. Wagner put himself forward as a skilful symphonist, and I will recognise his good points, and loyally render all the justice due to his ability. As a dramatic composer, he is tried and condemned, as far as we in Paris are concerned, and was already so *à priori*, when we had read his strange book and found how he rated all the great geniuses the world admires. We are of the school of Mozart, of Glück, of Weber, of Spontini, of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Boieldieu, of Hérold, of Auber, and of many other masters who have followed in their footsteps, or have hewn out fresh paths for themselves amidst the applause of every civilised people in the universe. We are for lucidity, for melody, for song, and have a horror of disorder, confusion, noise, nothingness, and darkness. Moreover, to speak frankly, we Parisians feel humiliated to find we are taken for naturals. People fancy they have only to assume a supernatural self-reliance, an imperturbable confidence, to take in the most subtle, the most sceptical, and the most satirical public in the world. There were, on the first night of *Tannhäuser*, in the orchestra and the amphitheatre of the Opera-house, a score of French composers, who have written works superior to all that M. Wagner has done, and before these masters M. Wagner sets himself up as an inspired reformer and an infallible genius. He has only now to pass as the victim of a cabal, and to deny the impartiality and the competency of his judges. This is the grand resource of all unsuccessful authors. M. Wagner can say that the public of Paris are incapable of understanding his music. Alas! nothing can be more true! I am afraid we are all a parcel of ignoramuses—we cannot, at the first smack, detect the flavour of his works; we must return to the charge once and again, and finally the taste may be acquired. Heaven be praised!

But there are folks more deserving of pity than even the Parisians. I mean the artists who, after six months' toil, of unheard-of exertions and fatigue, were constrained to bear the brunt of the battle, to stand the fire of sarcasm, of grumbling murmurs, of derisive shouts. Look at poor Niemann, a tenor to whom success had become a habit, obliged to make his *début* in the midst of all this tumult. He fell into a swoon at rehearsal, and had to be taken home. He stepped upon the stage, his heart beating heaven knows how fast; he was on his knees for twenty minutes in a painful posture; and at last declaimed for three hours a part than which none was ever less favourable to a singer.

But I will trouble you no longer with details. All I wish is, that you in London should be made aware that some folks at Berlin, Weimar, Leipzic and elsewhere have misrepresented us in Paris.

AN ITALIAN IN PARIS.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—There is to be another gathering of the French Orphéonistes in Paris, on September 12th, in the Palais d'Industrie.

M. FAURE AND MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.—The *Journal des Débats* states that M. Faure has signed an engagement for the Grand Opera of Paris, to appear in the *Africaine*, or rather *Vasco de Gama*, by M. Meyerbeer.

GERMAN OPERA IN PARIS.—There is a talk of establishing a German opera-house in Paris, with Dr. Marschner as conductor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MR. SIMS REEVES'
BENEFIT.

AT THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,
ON
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1861,
The Programme will be selected from the Works of
VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, No. 10, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. STRAUS RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Mozart); Air, "Pria che spunti," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Cimarosa); Song, "Sleep, heart of mine," Mr. SANTLEY (Henry Smart); Song, "Twilight is darkening," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Kücken); Suite de Pièces, containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Handel).

PART II.—Sonata, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR STRAUS (Dussek); Song, "Adelaida," by desire, Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Beethoven); Song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," Mr. SANTLEY (Schubert); Duet, "Venti scudi," *Elisire d'Amore*, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. SANTLEY (Donizetti); Quartet, in A minor, Op. 29, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. STRAUS, RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Schubert).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Chappell and Co.; and all the principal Musicsellers.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—Mr. Charles Hallé begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of the subjoined dates:—Friday, May 17th; Friday, May 24th; Friday, May 31st; Friday, June 7th; Friday, June 14th; Friday, June 21st; Friday, June 28th; and Friday, July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Operas" respectively assigned to them are warrants.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Single Ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Reserved Seats (Balcony and Area), for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Single Ticket, 7*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; Single Ticket, 3*s.*

Subscriptions received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Mr. Hallé's, No. 18, Clifford Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OUR SISTER MAY."—The second copy has come to hand. The first must have miscarried.

M. W. (Oxford).—Mr. —— has not resigned his lease. At present there is no chance of the desired "restoration." About the "future prospects" of the "time-honoured" establishment we have *no* opinion, possessing no *data* upon which to base an opinion. That it will "re-open" some day, sooner or later, is, however, our firm belief.

SPHINX.—M. Liszt *was* lately at Brussels, and *was* present, on the 6th inst., at a performance of M. Gounod's *Faust*. His next destination was Paris, which he probably has reached by this time, too late, however, to witness the triumph of his *Tannhäuser*. M. Roger *has* returned to Paris, after his very successful tour in Germany. The name of Duprez' pupil, who is to succeed Tamberlik on the Italian stage, is Lefranc, a tenor of course. Any more questions?

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street.*

A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

"THE opinions of musicians"—says the *Post*—"doubtless vary very much with respect to the merits of Robert Schumann's Symphony in B flat (first introduced to the London public, if we mistake not, by Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace concerts), some considering it a vague and incoherent string of thoughts, others seeing in it a deep, all-pervading meaning, which it falls not to the lot of ordinary mortals to catch. No one, however, ventures to deny that the work is interesting, thoughtful, and artistic in *facture;* and as even tolerable symphonies are becoming rarer every day, and as we ought to be glad to discover any bearing the stamp of our time, and including passages, however brief, that indicate something like genuine inspiration, the propriety of introducing Robert Schumann's composition at a concert of the Musical Society of London, which professes liberal principles and a deep sympathy with the present no less than the past of art, cannot be reasonably questioned. The Society, to our thinking, acted consistently and wisely in bringing forward the intellectual composition which served as a commencement to the concert of last night, and we trust that other large orchestral works, equally new to the British public, may yet be heard from its superb band. This enterprising spirit, this active determination to try all things, and hold fast by the best, is most eminently calculated to keep creative art alive."

The *Post*, as usual, is consistent, and does justice to the intentions of the Musical Society of London in bringing forward Schumann's Symphony, which, by the way, was first performed in this country, not, if our memory serves us, at the Crystal Palace, but at the Philharmonic Concerts. The *Post* was equally just in appreciating the intentions of the same Society, last year, when Schubert's Symphony in C was produced; and it is to be regretted that the highly intelligent writer of the musical notices of that influential journal did not draw some comparison between the merits of the two works, and show—as no one is better able to do—how, the vast superiority of that of Schubert taken into consideration, the treatment it experienced at the hands of the somewhat pedantic, and, in a certain sense, egotistical audience assembled at St. James's Hall on these interesting occasions, and also at those of a majority of the critics, was anything rather than fair, anything rather than logical.

"Schumann," says the *Daily News*, "is a third-rate composer, and will never be generally esteemed as anything more, though strenuous efforts have been made, both in Germany and here, to push his name into notice. His music is lauded by critics, but coldly listened to by the public. Undoubtedly he is (or rather was) a distinguished musician, versed in the learning and technicalities of his art, but he lacks the one thing needful—the inborn genius which makes the great artist, and enables him to command the feelings and sympathies of the world. In the Symphony performed last night there is no want of masterly skill. It contains effective passages, especially the *Scherzo* and its two trios, which are very spirited, albeit not very original;

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but, as a whole, it betrays too evidently the labour bestowed upon it—smells too much of the lamp, and never shows that abundant stream of beautiful thoughts, flowing, as it were, from an exhaustless fountain, as in the music of the four greatest of symphonists—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn."

The *Daily News*, too, is consistent. The esteemed writer of its art notices never expressed admiration for the compositions of Schumann, nor did he ever applaud the Musical Society of London for introducing examples of the *post-Beethovenite* school at their capital concerts. In one sense we are happy (in a great measure) to agree with, in another sense we are sorry (in a greater measure) to differ from him. We are not Schumannites, as our readers know very well; but because we are not Schumannites, that is no reason why Schumann, who has written so much and so earnestly, and who is the idol of a big section of the thinking population of musical Germany, should remain unheard. That would, indeed, be pedantic and egotistical (or egotistic and pedantical); and we feel assured the *Daily News* would be the last, on mature reflection, to suggest such a miserably foregone (and woe-begone) conclusion.

"*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" Flaccus said well; and the thoughtful critic of the *Daily Telegraph* has evidently adopted his golden axiom, without, however, pressing it, as is too frequently done, into the service of common-place and platitude. His views of the opposite duties of the Philharmonic Society and the Musical Society of London are worth perusing:—

"It is the duty of a society, like the old Philharmonic, essentially conservative in its character, to devote all its energies to securing an able performance of all the established masterpieces. The Musical Society, however, has other duties. While paying due homage to universally acknowledged genius, it is also incumbent on the directors to give the members of the society an opportunity of forming an opinion on works on the merits of which authorities are divided. Indeed, few real lovers of music would be sorry to see in each programme some unknown, or comparatively unknown, work of a modern writer side by side with some mighty legacy from the past. Schumann's great reputation quite justified the directors of the Musical Society in bringing forward his first Symphony on Wednesday, and they merit high praise for doing so. At the same time, we believe the work was listened to rather with interest and curiosity than with actual pleasure. Schumann is never wanting in ideas, and scattered through all his works we find charming melodies and unusual combinations which prove that he was not only an original thinker, but that he was endowed with a vivid fancy and a powerful imagination. Unfortunately, he seems to have been deficient in the faculty of using his musical ideas to the best advantage, so that his more ambitious works always produce an unsatisfactory effect. The Symphony in B flat is no exception to this rule, and in spite of the new and sometimes effective harmonic combinations in the first movement, and the characteristic SCHERZO and trios, the applause which followed its conclusion was called forth by the magnificent performance of the band rather than by the qualities of the work itself."

It is not our purpose here to discuss the question of Schumann's merits or demerits as a composer, but merely to show our readers how three of the most distinguished critics of the London daily press have viewed the introduction of one of his large orchestral works at the concerts of the youngest but most vigorous of our musical institutions. We do not fully assent to any of their opinions, but we give them the advantage of our wider circulation, thinking the question one which at the present time is well worth ventilating.

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OUR readers have seen from time to time, in our notices of musical doings in America, and doubtless have remembered, the name of Adelina Patti, a young soprano of high repute in the United States. The name, indeed, has frequently appeared within the last year or two in the pages of the MUSICAL WORLD, invariably set in eulogistic and glowing periods by our transatlantic correspondents. The young lady has now arrived in London, and as she is likely to be heard sooner or later in the season at some of our concerts, it is meet, we think, to introduce her beforehand to the reader, narrate something of her story, and endeavour to make known what her pretensions are in reality. We ourselves have not yet had the pleasure of hearing the new candidate for operatic honours, and cannot say whether her talents and capabilities befit her most for the parts of Bosio or Piccolomini, to both of whom she has been compared; we shall, therefore, have recourse to the transatlantic journals for information, merely observing, *en passant*, that one or two who have recently heard Mlle. Patti in America, speak in high terms of her artistic powers and instincts. We must confess we are not over sanguine about new singers, and do not always put the most implicit faith in Brother Jonathan's judgment on matters of art, more especially where gallantry may play a prejudicial part. It must be admitted, however, that America has sent us some admirable artists, Bosio, Gassier, and Badiali, among others, to say nothing of Malibran, whom England exiled as a singer beyond all hope, and who returned in a few years afterwards from the United States, crowned as Empress of Song.

The following sketch of Mlle. Adelina Patti's life and career is abridged from *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilisation*:—

"Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9, 1843. Her mother, Mad. Barilli Patti, was prima donna of the Grand Theatre at Madrid, and, on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, had sung Norma. Mad. Patti left Madrid soon after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan. Here the impresario Strakosch made the acquaintance of Adelina, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to America in 1844, when the father joined Sanquirico, the buffo, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers Street. There were four daughters; Clotilda married the son of Colonel Thorne; Amalia, wife of Mr. Strakosch; Carlotta is a teacher of music; and Adelina, the singer. Adelina could sing almost before she could speak. At the age of four she sang all the gems of the operas. Her first public appearance was at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile prima donna made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bosio, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family. At this time our prima donna received the highest compliments from Sontag, who told her she would be one of the greatest singers in the world; and from Alboni, who said, if she went to Paris, she would make a *furore*."

Thus, if we may credit her memoirs, Adelina Patti was eighteen years old on the 9th of April last, about the same age at which Mlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre. We all know how frantic the Turin and other journals were about the little Italian lady. Hear a New Orleans paper about the American *prima donna*:—

"It is now three months since Adelina Patti came amongst us. She has appeared in *Lucia*, *Martha*, *Barbiere*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, the *Huguenots* as Valentine, and in the *Pardon de Ploermel*. In each of these operas a new triumph attended her. Adelina Patti may well be proud to have produced such a great sensation here, and to have crowded our Opera-house for three months every night she has appeared; and when she appears in London and Paris, and takes possession of the place left vacant by Sontag and Bosio, whose legitimate successor she now is, New Orleans will have the satisfaction of having first recognised and appreciated the wonderful young artist. Miss Patti is, in our opinion, the most extraordinary artist on the operatic stage. She unites to a voice clear, powerful, always in tune, capable of expressing every sentiment of the soul, and of executing the most difficult and intricate passages with the utmost ease, a chastity of style, a grace of delivery and musical accentuation, perfectly marvellous."

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But this is only one writer's opinion. Let us hear how a critic in cooler Philadelphia expresses himself:—

"After the death of Mad. Sontag and Mad. Bosio, there was lamentation in musical Europe that there was no good soprano singer left to the operatic stage; the best school of vocal music had died with them. But it lives still in the person of Miss Adelina Patti, the young artist who last evening enchanted a large audience at the Academy of Music by her exquisite performance of the heroine in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. There were hundreds there with whom *Lucia* had long been worn threadbare, and a new sensation in connection with it was pronounced impossible. But even to the most *blasé* of opera-goers, the evening was one of delighted surprise, and greater enthusiasm has never been exhibited in the Academy on any occasion.

"Miss Patti is very young in years and appearance, but she is a finished artist. She makes her *début*, indeed, at a point of perfection to which most mature prima donnas never attain. In the character of Lucy her gentle, graceful, ladylike manner is exactly appropriate, and there was no deficiency at all in her acting. Her voice is a pure, delicious soprano, of great evenness and purity of tone, amply powerful in the upper and medium parts and promising greater strength in the lower. It is a fresh, unspoiled voice, with no tremble in it, and none of the cracks that exposure to the Verdi-fire always makes in that delicate article, the female voice. It is as flexible as Sontag's, with a good natural shake, and a facility of execution that makes all appearance of physical effort in the most elaborate passages totally unnecessary. Nature has done everything for Miss Patti; but the very best teaching has given her that beautiful graceful delivery, noticeable particularly in recitative passages, but not the less to be admired in others. She has been singing ever since she could walk, having really 'lisped in numbers.' She has been heard here in concerts, when only eight or ten years of age. But the usual fate of infant prodigies has not attended her; for her talent and her voice have grown with her growth, and having ceased to be an 'infant phenomenon,' she is now that far rarer phenomenon, a beautiful singer, of the purest and best school.

"The audience, as usual in Philadelphia, were quite cool and indifferent at the beginning of the opera. But before the first act closed there was hearty applause. The duet with Edgardo and that with Ashton each revealed new talent. But the triumph of the evening was in the mad scene, which was full of touching tenderness, united with *as beautiful singing as ever fell from mortal lips*. At its close the audience were entirely thrown off their usual reserve. Bouquets flew from every part of the house, the young artist was thrice called out, and at the last call there was an irrepressible shout of enthusiasm, the most honest and legitimate ever displayed in the Academy. Miss Patti will become the pet of the public, and the only fear is that she may be carried off to Europe, to wear the hitherto unappropriated mantle of Mad. Bosio, which she alone, of young Italian singers, seems worthy to receive."

These extracts must, doubtless, excite curiosity in no ordinary degree. Even allowing that one half of what the writers say be true, it makes out Mlle. Patti to be a singularly endowed and accomplished artist. We could supply other notices of the young lady from various sources, no less high-sounding and full of unqualified praise, but shall content ourselves with the above, and look forward to hearing her with much interest.

Shortly after writing the above, we learned that Mlle. Adelina Patti had been engaged by the director of the Royal Italian Opera, and that she was to make her first appearance on Tuesday, in *La Sonnambula*. The *début* of a prima donna is always an interesting event, particularly when the character to be assumed is one with which the remembrance of so many renowned artists is associated; and therefore our preliminary notes may have some value. The interest becomes deeper when the *débutante* is so highly recommended, and expectation is elevated in proportion. "Shall we hear and see a Malibran, a Persiani, a Lind, a Bosio?" This question we shall be enabled to resolve satisfactorily next week. In the meanwhile, we wish every success to the youthful and much-be praised *cantatrice*, and trust that the result of Tuesday's performance may realise the most sanguine anticipations of her friends on the other side of the Atlantic. R.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—If any regret sullies the recollection of the Great Exhibition of '51, it is that the Fine Arts did not participate in the beneficial influence of the undertaking. Architecture was not advanced by the vast sums of money expended upon the colossal glass-house, which, however remarkable for the materials of which it was constructed, offered no striking feature either in design or detail. Sculpture was made available only for the purposes of ornament and decoration; music to increase the effect of some special ceremony; while painting, unless identified with the productions of the manufacturer, was altogether ignored. As far as any immediate benefit or encouragement to the arts is concerned, the Great Exhibition was of no account.

Aware of this omission, and anxious to insure the success of their scheme, Her Majesty's Commissioners have enhanced the interest of the International Exhibition to be held next year, by inviting architects, painters, sculptors, and engravers to send in their works, for the purpose, it is said, of illustrating the progress and present condition of *Modern Art*.

The Royal Commissioners have done wisely so far; but there is an omission in their plan which must inevitably cause surprise and disappointment to many. I allude to music. Why should music and musicians be so invidiously excluded from such an undertaking? Is there any other country in which music is so generally cultivated at the present day as in England? Why, then, should it not be represented on an occasion when it is proposed to bring together a careful and perfect illustration of British art? Perhaps the Royal Commissioners decline to acknowledge the right of music to join the graceful companionship of her sisters; or are they at a loss to determine in what way she should be introduced?

The hanging of pictures or the placing of statuary involves but little trouble, certainly, as compared with the organisation of musical performances. I believe, however, music, if allowed, could be made to contribute materially to the success of the International Exhibition, and at the same time serve its own cause.

This would be achieved if facilities were afforded to the different instrumental and vocal associations in England and on the Continent of comparing their skill. Prizes might be offered for competition, also, to the composers for works in the various styles of composition. By adopting some such plan, in which there are no great difficulties to overcome, the interesting question of the respective proficiency of the different countries in music would be determined, while its advancement would unquestionably be very materially promoted. As the matter stands, I cannot refrain from expressing sorrow and indignation at the fact of the most beautiful and civilising of the arts being repudiated by Her Majesty's Commissioners. ANTEATER.

MISS M. B. HAWES.—We have already announced the rumour that it was the intention of Miss Maria B. Hawes to resume her profession as vocalist, a statement that receives something like confirmation from the *Court Journal*.

RICHARD WAGNER est de retour de Carlsruhe où l'avaient appelé le grand duc et la grande duchesse de Bade. *Tristan et Iseult* sera prochainement mis à l'étude au théâtre Grand-Ducal pour y être représenté vers le mois de décembre prochain. Le grand duc a invité Wagner à choisir lui-même parmi les meilleurs artistes de l'Allemagne, les artistes qui devront concourir à cette exécution pour laquelle aucune dépense ne sera épargnée. Les études auront lieu sous la surveillance de l'auteur qui, en outre, dirigera personnellement les premières représentations. (*Communiqué.*)

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

After two disappointments, caused by the indisposition of M. Faure, *Guillaume Tell* was produced on Tuesday week, and, we need hardly add, filled the theatre in every part. The amphitheatre, and amphitheatre stalls, above all, were crowded to suffocation, and, indeed, from this part of the house proceeded the real applause of the evening; for there, in consequence of the abridgment of the pit, were congregated all the musical spirits of the metropolis, drawn thither in anticipation of a grand performance of Rossini's grand work. Everything tended to the expectation of such a result:—the seeming completeness of the cast, the great resources of the theatre, the efficiency and power of the basses and chorus, the energy of Mr. Costa, than whom Rossini has no more ardent admirer. The cast was as follows: Guillaume Tell—M. Faure; Arnold—Signor Tamberlik; Walter—Herr Formes; Melcthal—Signor Polonini; Gesler—Signor Tagliafico; Fisherman—Signor Neri-Baraldi; Mathilde—Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; Jemmy—Mad. Rudersdorff; Edwige—Mad. Tagliafico. *Guillaume Tell* was first produced at the Royal Italian Opera—the old theatre, of course—in 1848, M. Roger sustaining the part of Arnold, Tamburini of Guillaume Tell, and Mad. Castellan of Mathilde. It was played *once only* that year, in consequence, as was said, of the indisposition of the French tenor. A year or two later the opera was produced with Herr Ander as Arnold, but did not create any great sensation. Subsequently, it was revived with Signor Tamberlik in the principal tenor part, and the Italian was found immeasurably superior to his French and German rivals. Had Signor Tamberlik, indeed, sustained the part of Arnold in the first instance, a thorough success, we believe, might have been reckoned on. Every one who knows music and feels its power must recognise the immense merit of *Guillaume Tell*; but most unfortunately the climax is attained at the end of the second act, and the interest decreases thence to the last finale. In fact, the opera, like most French operas (which are almost interminable), is too long. The quantity of music in the first two acts alone of *Guillaume Tell* is at least equal to the whole *Fidelio*. The director of the Royal Italian Opera, notwithstanding, was determined to give Rossini's master-piece another chance, and for this purpose called in all the resources of the establishment; but as the performance commences so late at the Royal Italian Opera it was impossible to give the whole work, and curtailments were indispensable.

That the management has done everything possible to render the performance complete we feel assured. Signor Tamberlik is by far the best Arnold we have seen in this country. M. Faure, although the music of Guillaume Tell is too low for him, sings like a thorough artist, and acts with great force and intelligence. The Walter of Herr Formes would be inimitable in every way, if only his vocal power was economised a little in the magnificent trio of the second act. That the music of Mathilde would not suit the voice of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, was to be expected. Occasionally, when the voice has not to be forced, Mad. Carvalho sings with infinite sweetness and delicacy; but this cannot extenuate the fault of embroidering the air and subsequent duet with ornaments of her own manufacture. All the remaining characters are entitled to unqualified praise, and nothing better could be desired in their respective ways than Mad. Rudersdorff's Jemmy—a signal success—Signor Neri-Baraldi's Pescatore, Signor Polonini's Melcthal, Signor Tagliafico's Gesler, and Mad. Tagliafico's Edwige.

To the performances of the band and chorus we can apply the term "magnificent," with few reservations. Every evening the overture is encored with acclamation, and the enthusiasm of the audience, after the great scene of the "oath of liberty," is unbounded on all occasions. One of the greatest hits of the performance is, of course, the famous air in the last scene, "Sulvez-moi" ("Corriam, corriam"), in which Signor Tamberlik electrifies the audience with an "Ut de poitrine" that Duprez himself might have envied in his best days. The scenery is marvellously beautiful, and the appointments and dresses all in the best taste. *Guillaume Tell* was repeated on Thursday night for the third time.

Perhaps *Il Trovatore* was as good an opera as could be selected for the first appearance of Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani. Both received on Tuesday night the hearty welcome due to their merits and popularity. Mad. Penco, although comparatively a new-comer, is even now a general favourite, and, indeed, considering the rarity of first-class dramatic sopranos in the pure Italian school, is entitled to a distinguished place. Her Leonora, while exhibiting all those sterling qualities for which it was applauded last season, offered no absolutely novel points for comment. The opening air, "Tacea la notte placida," was given with genuine feeling, and the accompanying "*cabaletta*," or quick movement, "Di tale amor," with the utmost neatness and brilliancy of execution. Equally to be commended from another point of view was the scene of the tower, in which it was difficult to know whether most to praise the tender expression with which Mad. Penco sang the address to her imprisoned lover, or the passion she threw into the subsequent duet with the Conte di Luna, where Leonora sacrifices herself to insure the deliverance of Manrico. Better still, perhaps, was the final scene, in which, after enduring the unmerited reproaches of her lover, Leonora gradually sinks exhausted at his feet, and death bears witness to her fidelity. All this was thoroughly well done, and showed Mad. Penco (not for the first time) to be an actress no less than a singer. Her companion was Signor Tamberlik, whose Manrico is, in many respects, equal, and in one or two superior, to any we have seen. "Ah! si, ben mio," the pathetic apostrophe to Leonora, has possibly been rendered with more intensity; but no one before has ever imparted such fire and enthusiasm to its pendant, "Di quella pira"—which allows full scope for the display of those exceptional resources peculiar to the singer. On Tuesday night, by the energy with which he declaimed this vigorous outpouring of a belligerent impetuosity, and by the interpolation, in an unexpected place, of one of his extraordinary high chest-notes ("C") Signor Tamberlik—so to speak—"electrified" the house, and was twice called before the curtain amid vociferous acclamations. The Conte di Luna of Signor Graziani, though a performance of evenly balanced merit, is principally noted for the smooth and unctuous delivery of the romance in Act II. ("Il balen del suo sorriso"), a placid melody, just fitted to show off a voice which, however limited in range, for mellow ripeness of quality, stands alone among barytones. This favourite air, sung with Signor Graziani's accustomed excellence, was, as usual, and as a matter of course, encored. Mad. Nantier Didiée's impersonation of the witch, Azucena—that "inauspicious and ghastly woman," as she is designated in the English version of the libretto—was as remarkable as formerly for its histrionic earnestness; while her execution of the music—from the plaintive "Stride la vampa" to the simple and melodious "Si, la stanchezza m'opprime"—was everywhere marked by the ease and fluency that belong to thorough artistic acquirement. At the conclusion of the grand duet with Manrico in Act II., Mad. Didiée was summoned forward, with Signor Tamberlik, and loudly applauded. Signor Tagliafico recited the long and somewhat prolix narration of Azucena's early exploits (Act I.)—the only opportunity for distinction afforded to Ferrando—as emphatically as though he believed it all to be true. His appearance, however (an unusual thing with Signor Tagliafico), is not precisely what it ought to be. Ferrando, an old retainer of the Luna family, and supposed to have been present at the birth of Manrico and his brother, should certainly not be made to look *younger* than either of them. On the whole this was one of the most effective performances of *Il Trovatore* we remember. The house was well attended.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed for the first time this season, with Mlles. Parepa and Banks, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti. Particulars in our next.

Herr Reichardt has left London for Frankfort; from thence he proceeds to Darmstadt and Wiesbaden, to give a series of representations at the theatres in those towns. The admirers of this talented vocalist will not therefore have the pleasure of hearing him at any of the fashionable concerts till late in the season.

Herr Franz Abt, the well-known composer of "When the Swallows," &c., and Capellmeister of the Ducal Opera at Brunswick, intends visiting London in the course of the season.

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MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The instrumental portion of the third concert on Wednesday last, excited more than ordinary interest, as it included a symphony by Robert Schumann. The symphony in B flat (No. 1) was lucky in having for "interpreters" a body of executants who did as ample justice to its merits as if they had been performing any of the well-known works which afford as much gratification to players as listeners. Moreover, it enjoyed the advantage of an audience unbiassed by cliques and uninfluenced by *claques*; and whatever the opinion may be of the work in question, the directors of the Society were justified in producing it, although (despite the applause at the end of the last movement) we question the probability of its being repeated. Far more to the general taste was the symphony which opened the 2nd part—the No. 10 in E flat of Haydn. Here everything was spontaneous, flowing, genial, and intelligible; and, rendered as it was to perfection by the band, over which Mr. Alfred Mellon so ably wields the conductor's stick, the audience were fairly charmed. Spohr's first clarionet concerto (in C minor) served to display all the exquisite purity of tone, faultless mechanism, and command of expression for which Mr. Lazarus is justly renowned, and which entitle him to challenge all contemporary clarionet players, native or foreign. The applause, in which the whole orchestra cordially joined, was as hearty and unanimous as it was thoroughly deserved. Mendelssohn's exquisitely poetical overture, "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," at the end of the 1st part, was the most wonderful performance of the evening, as well as the most wonderful composition in the programme. To the vocal department Mlle. Parepa contributed Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," and Signor Belletti the telling air "Chi mai vedo?" from Mr. Balfe's Italian opera *Falstaff*, the two artists uniting in the charming duet from Mozart's *Figaro*, "Esci omai garzon." Auber's sparkling overture to *Le Lac des Fées* brought to a brilliant close a concert which, with all its admirable features, laboured, nevertheless, under the drawback of being too long. Another season we should recommend the council to consider the desirability of commencing at eight o'clock. The next concert, and last of the season (June 5th), a great treat may be expected, as the Pastoral Symphony, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Professor Sterndale Bennett's third pianoforte concerto (by Miss Arabella Goddard), and other sterling works are promised.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was given on Monday night, and attracted an immense crowd, the engagement of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, no doubt, greatly enhancing the attraction. The following programme was given:—Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Grand Scene, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart; Symphony, "Power of Sound," Spohr; Cavatina, "Com' è bello," Donizetti; Concerto, G major, pianoforte, Mozart; Aria, "Aurora che sorgerai," Rossini; Duet, *Lucia*, Donizetti; and Overture, *Preciosa*, Weber. This was a grandly constructed programme, and the execution was universally worthy of the music. Of course Spohr's magnificent symphony was the crowning rose of the garland, and Dr. Wylde evidently took the greatest pains to arrive at a perfect realisation of that wonderfully poetical and picturesque composition. Nor should we forget the rapturously glowing and exciting overture of Mendelssohn, which opened the concerts with surpassing splendour. Beethoven's glorious concerto—No. 4 of the five masterpieces the composer has bequeathed to pianoforte and orchestra—was a worthy companion to such a symphony and such an overture, and was the more acceptable as it was so well recommended by the vigour and superior intelligence of Mr. John Francis Barnett's playing, which pleased and surprised in an equal degree the immense congregation, which paid marked attention to the performance throughout. The concerto in G was, we think, the piece which first introduced Master John Barnett, then pupil of Dr. Wylde, to the subscribers of the New Philharmonic Concerts several years ago. The improvement in the young pianist from that time, of course, is immense, and indeed we perceive manifestations of amelioration in style and expression even from last year. Mlle. Titiens sang the scene from the *Der Freischütz* more magnificently than we have heard it for—we know not how long, and the cavatina from *Lucrezia* with extreme brilliancy. We cannot say which air suited Signor Giuglini best—that from *Don Giovanni* or that from the *Donna del Lago*; but both were given to perfection, and exhibited the admirable tenor in his best mood. Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini are re-engaged for the next concert. Weber's splendid overture brought a most remarkable concert to a fitting close.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND, the pianist, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, gave a concert on Wednesday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which attracted a very large attendance. With Mr. Hammond were associated as instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Aylward (violoncello), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Mr. W. H. Holmes (pianoforte). The pianoforte share of the programme was more than usually important, comprising Beethoven's trio in B flat (dedicated to the Archduke Rodolf), Handel's *allegro* in F, Bach's *Allegro Moderato* in B minor, Professor Bennett's *Scherzo* in E minor, Kullak's "Les Arpèges," Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte* in C, Mr. Cipriani Potter's *Pezzi di bravura* in C, *jagdlied* by Schumann, Romanesca by Moscheles, fantasia by Dohler, and *finale allegro* for two pianofortes, by Mozart. Thus the audience were perfectly enabled to pass judgment on the concert-giver, who was tested in almost every style. Mr. Hammond commenced somewhat nervously in Beethoven's trio, even with the assistance and support of such powerful auxiliaries as Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Aylward. He improved, nevertheless, as he went on, and was loudly applauded in the exciting *scherzo* of Professor Bennett—a capital bit of execution, as he was also in Kullak's showy concert-room piece. Assisted by his master, in Mozart's *allegro* for two pianofortes, he played still better, and pleased even more. Thus we are permitted to chronicle a decided success for Mr. Hammond, whose qualifications as a pianist are far beyond the average of merit. Besides his share in Beethoven's trio, Mr. Blagrove contributed Vieuxtemps's *Deuxième Morceau de Salon*, a masterly performance; and Mr. Balsir Chatterton executed a fantasia of his own composition on the harp with his wonted power and skill. All the vocal music was the composition of Mr. W. H. Holmes, and was distributed among Miss Marian Moss, Mad. Laura Baxter, and Mr. Wallworth. Four pieces were given from Mr. Holmes's new vocal work, "Voices of the Night," words taken from Longfellow, viz., prelude-song, "Pleasant it was when woods were green;" trio, "The Reaper;" song, "Hymn to the night," and song, "The light of stars." All were received with much favour, the last two, perhaps, eliciting most applause. The sacred song, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," admirably sung by Mad. Laura Baxter; and the trio, "To the Lord God belong mercies," finely rendered by the three artists, were no less admired and applauded. Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. J. S. Noble conducted.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG gave her annual concert on Tuesday night at the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square. The solos she selected for the occasion—namely, Macfarren's popular ballad, "The beating of my own heart," Rossini's "Bel Raggio," and the grand scena from *Lurline*, "Sad as my soul,"—though all in such very different styles, seemed equally suited to the capabilities of her pure and flexible voice; and the taste and expression with which she delivered them justly elicited the unanimous and cordial applause of a full and a fashionable audience. The fair concert-giver also joined Mad. Laura Baxter in Winter's duet "Vaghi Colli," and Mr. Rhodes in a duet of Spohr's from *Faust*, besides Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," with Mad. Laura Baxter and Mr. Rhodes. The other vocal artists who appeared were Mr. George Perren and Miss M. Baxter; and the instrumentalists Herr Adolphe Ries (piano), Herr Louis Ries (violin), Herr Lidel (violoncello), and Herr Oberthür (harp), all of whom did ample justice to an excellent programme. Mr. Frank Mori conducted.

MISS THERESA JEFFERYS' concert on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall was a brilliant affair, and brought together a brilliant, if not an overcrowded audience. The artists comprised among the singers, Miss Stabbach, Mlle. Parepa, Miss Emma Heywood, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Theresa Jefferys, Messrs. W. Winn, J. Morgan, Ramsden, Trelawney Cobham, and Sims Reeves; among the instrumentalists, Mr. Henry Baumer (pianoforte), M. Vieuxtemps (violin), and Master Butler (flute). The performances which afforded the very greatest satisfaction were two songs by Mr. Sims Reeves, "Twilight is darkening," by Kücken, and "My Guiding

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Star," from *Robin Hood*, both encored and (strange to say for Mr. Reeves) repeated; the duet "Deh Conte," from *Norma*, by Mlles. Parepa and Theresa Jefferys, also redemanded and sung again; M. Vieuxtemps' violin solo, "Bouquet Americain," and his fantasia "I Lombardi,"—the great Belgian violinist being recalled after each performance; and the flute solo of Master Butler (pupil of Mr. Clinton), a first-rate display considering the young gentleman's years, which was rapturously applauded and encored. Master Clinton is a real credit to his master. For our own parts, however, if we had a young son ever so bent to the flute, we should not greatly like to see him expend so much of his tender breath upon the treacherous *embouchure*. But this opinion is apart. Among other things which produced a good effect we may mention a new song, "O sunny hills," most charmingly given by Miss Theresa Jefferys (whose voice, by the way, we and others remarked, was fast ripening into force and beauty); the ballad, "Days of Chivalry," by Miss Stabbach, the applause consequent upon which brought back the fair songstress to the platform; and a new and very elegant ballad by Mr. Balfe, "Mary," most sweetly and expressively warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves. We have selected enough from the twenty-six *morceaux* of which the concert was composed to show of what metal it was made, and how far the assemblage was gratified. Messrs. Sydney Smith and Francesco Berger alternated as conductors, and Mr. Clinton accompanied his young pupil in his flute solo.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first opera concert of the season took place on Friday afternoon in last week. The present series is to consist of twelve concerts, in all of which Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini will take part, while Mad. Grisi and Mad. Miolan-Carvalho will appear alternately. The programme of the first concert comprised some of the most popular operatic selections. Mlle. Titiens sang "Com' è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with immense power and dramatic effect; Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, "Voi che sapete," from *Figaro*, and "Come per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*—Bellini suiting her style far better than Mozart. Signor Giuglini gave the romance, "Angiol d'amore," from *La Favorita*, and the Italian version of "When other lips," both with surpassing grace and purity of voice; and M. Gassier sang Figaro's air from the *Barbiere*. The only concerted pieces were the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*, and the trio, "Qual voluttà," from *I Lombardi*. Not the least interesting portions of the concert were two solos of Paganini, "Le Carnaval de Venise" and "Le streghe," by M. Ole Bull, and the performance by the Crystal Palace band of the overtures to Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* and Auber's new Opera, *La Circassienne*. Considering the enormous attendance attracted by the great Haydn Festival on Wednesday, and the high price charged, 7*s.* 6*d.*, the concert was very liberally supported; but of course the patronage was not so extensive as it would have been under ordinary circumstances, and had the weather been more favourable. The second concert yesterday was graced by the first appearance this season of Mad. Grisi, whose engagement, in addition to that of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, as may be imagined, made a difference in the number of visitors. This day an extra Saturday concert will be given, when Mad. Alboni will sing for the last time this season, and Miss Arabella Goddard will play. Of yesterday's and to-day's concert we shall speak in our next.

Provincial.

THE *Liverpool Mail* writes as follows:—

"Our musical readers will be glad to hear that Miss Anna Whitty, whose vocal triumphs in Italy have been so frequently recorded in our columns, and who *débuted* last season but one at Mr. Benedict's concert, in London, will make her first public appearance in her native town on the 21st of this month. Miss Whitty has been engaged by the directors of the Philharmonic Society for the sixth subscription concert, which takes place on the above date. This concert will be the most brilliant of the season, for in addition to Miss Whitty, Miss Banks, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, are engaged, and the programme will include Mr. Benedict's new cantata of *Undine*, which has never yet been performed in Liverpool."

The *Brighton Gazette* of May 9th gives a luminous report of the concert held, on Tuesday last, by the Willert-Beale touring-party. The following is an abridgment of this article:—

"The name of Alboni possesses such a powerful charm, that everybody is anxious to hear her. She came not alone, but was accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard, an ornament to our British pianists, and who, on this occasion, fully sustained her musical reputation. In addition to these distinguished artists there was the renowned Regondi, who stands first in his profession. Mr. Wright, finding that an extraordinary demand was made for tickets, was induced to enlarge the reserved seats. Only three rows were left unreserved, and, in order to accommodate applicants, places were arranged on the platform for twenty or thirty more. It reminded us of the Jenny Lind mania when she first came to Brighton. The concert took place in the large room of the Town Hall. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was hailed with much applause on ascending the platform, gave a fantasia by Benedict, entitled *Albion*, in which is introduced the well-known air of 'Pray Goody.' The variations were rendered with wonderful lightness of touch, and the performance might well be pronounced faultless. We remember this artist when she first came out performing a fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was then very young, but there was the promise of future excellence. What a marvellous change has time wrought in her artistical powers. Miss Goddard now displays a versatility of talent that few artists possess, male or female. In Benedict's *Albion*, whilst her left hand was arduously and skilfully employed in pouring out the lower tones, her right sent forth a shower of notes of a lighter character, so skilfully as to astound her hearers, and to make them wonder how so much could be achieved. We need scarcely say that she was immensely applauded. Mad. Alboni was of course greatly applauded on ascending the platform. She had selected for her first piece the well-known 'Una voce.' We could not for one moment imagine that increase of years would have ripened a voice that was perfection long ago. But so it is. Alboni's voice appears to us not only increased in power, but in flexibility and in extent of register. It is, so to speak, three voices combined in one, and that she should possess the capabilities of running these three voices into one, with scarcely the semblance of a break, is a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the history of vocal performance. At the close of the air ('Una voce') she was, as might be imagined, loudly applauded. Signor Regondi performed a solo on the concertina, on airs from the *Sonnambula*, 'Still so gently o'er me stealing,' and 'Do not mingle.' To praise Regondi would be quite superfluous. He has earned, by his genius, a reputation that nothing can shake.

"The first part closed with a duet for pianoforte and concertina, performed by Miss Goddard and Signor Regondi, the joint composition of Osborne and De Beriot. The players seemed to endeavour to outvie each other in the execution of the music. If we were asked which we thought had carried away the palm, we should be unable to say. The performance might be compared to the working of a beautiful piece of machinery. In the second part, Miss Arabella Goddard introduced a solo by Thalberg. If our eyes had been shut, if we had not seen the lady, we should have almost imagined that we were listening to that great master himself. In this solo the left hand was again vigorously employed, thundering forth the bass with masculine power. We may say that in this performance Miss Goddard almost excelled herself, and a rapturous encore followed her successful efforts. She very kindly came forward, and treated her hearers to Benedict's *fantasia* on the beautiful air, 'Where the bee sucks,' in which her extreme lightness of touch was very remarkable, particularly in the successive shakes, whilst ascending to the upper notes of the instrument. Applause renewed again and again followed her performance. Mad. Alboni then gave Rode's variations, one of the finest specimens of roulade singing that were ever heard. To describe the purity of the intonation, and the extreme accuracy with which every note was rendered, would be impossible. Let our readers imagine the skilful fingering of a pianist, Miss Goddard for example, and then hear Mad. Alboni, and they would discover that she realises with her voice almost what a pianist can perform. The audience encored the artist, who kindly appeared again on the platform, and the moment the conductor commenced the well-known air of 'Il segreto,' Mad. Alboni was greeted with immense applause. It was the song which first established her fame in England. She gave only one verse, but that verse will never be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing it. The powerful lower notes and the sustained shake in the upper note produced an extraordinary sensation, and the fair vocalist retired from the platform amidst a burst of applause. Signor Regondi treated his hearers to a solo on the guitar. He is equally clever on this instrument as on the concertina, making the guitar all but talk. The pianoforte used was a new concert grand of most magnificent tone and quality, by Broadwood, sent down expressly for the occasion. It was the admiration of the whole room. The general arrangements, under the direction of Mr. F. Wright, gave every satisfaction."

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might state that they laboured under the radical disadvantage of being unadapted for the finer class of acting. Their great dimensions rendered it impossible for the audience [generally to observe] the play of the features in an actor or actress on the stage. *Apropos* of the Haymarket, he related, with much humour, an account of a night spent in his boyhood, under the *regime* of old Morris, when those who waited till the close of the performance (1·15 A.M.) could boast that they had sat out five pieces, including a five-act comedy. Of the Princess's under Kean's management, however opinions might differ regarding his Shakspearian revivals in some respects, there could be no doubt that for costly splendour they were an institution of theatrical England. In mentioning the Lyceum, the lecturer paid a well-merited tribute to Madame Vestris for the exquisite taste displayed by her during her ever-memorable reign at that establishment. Space will not permit us to follow Mr. Brooks in detail through his remarks on the other houses, though we would not omit noticing his appreciative mention of the credit due to Mr. Phelps for his services to the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells. A brief notice of the leading London managers was succeeded by a judicious and witty sketch of that important element in British dramatic authorship —translating and adapting. On this duplicate point Mr. Brooks was particularly happy, his observations and illustrations being repeatedly applauded by the more observant of the audience. Of all English adapters the palm, we were glad to observe, he conceded to Mr. Planché. Supposing the case of a play being finally and fairly accepted by a manager, the lecturer proceeded to sketch briefly, but with rare unction, its progress through the further stages of being read in the green-room, having the characters cast, the separate parts written out and distributed, rehearsals, &c., until the eventful night, to the author, of its production on the stage. The young play-wright's excitement was then alluded to, and the different degrees of success, short of total failure—a rare occurrence—which his piece might attain. In conclusion, Mr. Brooks explained the operations of that body with which he was connected, the Dramatic Authors' Society, and which, on the whole, he thought, now worked equitably and well, mainly through the new system of charges which had been devised for the society by Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, an author of some seventy summers. With regard to the vexed question of the influence of the drama, he thought there was a deal of cant talked on both sides. For himself, and disclaiming partisanship, he saw in the drama a refined and elevating amusement, but not, as some would have it, a substitute for the pulpit. On the other hand, they talked equal nonsense who accused a hard-worked man of frivolity because in the evening he partook of the amusements afforded by the stage. To the promulgators of such extreme views, either way, he would say with Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—"Fudge." A great mistake, too, he thought, was made by those who indulged in the "no actors now-a-days" cry. We have, he thought, a great many actors and actresses in our day; and could they be brought together as in the good old times, on the boards of the two great theatres, we should find the fact abundantly demonstrated. Returning his thanks to the audience for their attention, Mr. Brooks then closed his altogether admirable lecture.

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—The eleventh concert of this flourishing society, held on Saturday, the 6th inst., was attended by between 400 and 500 of the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The artists were Mad. Laura Baxter, who obtained well-deserved encores in the "Fanciulle," song, and in "Home, sweet home;" Miss Rose Hersee, who was encored in the florid *scena* from *L'Ambassadrice*, and in "I'm but a simple peasant maid," both of which were brilliantly executed; Mr. George Perren (whose new song, "When first the bells," was deservedly encored); Mr. Allan Irving (encored in the duet, "The syren and friar," sung with Miss Rose Hersee); Mr. George Genge, Mr. Melchor Winter (encored in "Good-bye, sweetheart"), Mr. Frank Braine (pianist); conductor, Mr. F. Osborne Williams. The choral pieces were much applauded, and the concert appeared to give general gratification.

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER.—Mr. M. S. Myers delivered a very clever and interesting lecture on *Tom Moore*, last night week, at the above new hall, which was crowded in every part. The lecturer was assisted in the vocal illustrations by Mrs. Harriette Lee and Mr. George Perren; Mr. W. Aspull presided at the pianoforte.

On Wednesday, Mr. J. Theodore Petters, the blind pianist, gave a Concert, being assisted by Mad. Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, Mad. Andrea, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Mr. Frank Elmore, as vocalists; and Mr. J. Theodore Petters, and Dr. Bennett Gilbert (grand pianoforte), Mr. Wells (flute), Herr Karl Otto Booth (violin), Herr Ferdinand Booth (violoncello), Dr. Bennett Gilbert (French horn), and Mr. W. Layland (harp), as instrumentalists; Mr. W. C. Filby, conductor. Mr. Petters' best performance was Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, which he played with extreme neatness and fine expression. The vocal hit of the evening was Mr. Macfarren's ballad "The beating of my own heart," by Miss Susanna Cole.

MADEMOISELLE ELVIRA DEL BIANCO, a pianist of whom the Parisian journals have spoken in the most flattering terms (a pupil of her father Professor del Bianco, of the Conservatory at Florence, and of her uncle, Professor Gherardi), has arrived in London, and will perform at several concerts during the season; among others at the annual (or rather trimestrial) musical entertainment given by Mad. Puzzi.

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Reviews.

"*Autumn Song*"—words by Lois Bolingbroke, music by J. Bolingbroke Cooper (Ashdown and Parry).

Miss Lois Bolingbroke has a poetical feeling worth cultivating. See what she has to say about "Autumn"—that weird season which is so expressively termed "the fall":—

"In the calm October weather,
Droops the harebell, fades the heather;
In the sunshine, soft and mellow,
Turns the brake from green to yellow—
Passing away!

'Neath the trees the leaves lie sprinkled,
Sapless, dry, and brown, and wrinkled;
In the west, the sunset's glimmer,
Waxes every moment dimmer—
Passing away!

The sick man, in his chamber lying,
With the fading day is dying;
And while earth seems fairer, dearer,
Draws his soul to Heaven nearer—
Passing away!

The soul has fled, the light is banished;
But both, although from our sight vanished,
Will rise again.
The flowers next day, the sun to-morrow,
The dead man's soul where dwells no sorrow,
Will rise again."

But for the more or less unfinished workmanship, the above lines might have been signed "Longfellow," and even Shirley Brooks would have refrained from demurring. The music of Mr. J. Bolingbroke Cooper is conceived and carried out in a thoroughly congenial spirit. It is for the most part "*triste;*" but had it been otherwise, it would have been altogether out of order. To conclude, it is well written, the only fault we can point out being (page 5, line 2, bars 1, 2) the unceremonious relinquishment of a six-four on C, for a seventh on D:—

"*Oh, Sunny Beam*"—By Robert Schumann (Ashdown and Parry).

This is an English version (by Mr. Desmond Ryan—one of his neatest and best) of the well-known *Lied*, "An den Sonnenschein," which is as charming in its way as any of the little songs of Schumann. Nevertheless, we cannot help "wishing away" such progressions as the subjoined:—

What pale shadows of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* are the *Lieder* of Schumann, has yet to be taken into consideration by the critics of the day. About posterity we have no fear. Posterity will be all right—maugre Wagner.

"*Sweetly sounds the Harp*"—by Hermann Berens (Ashdown and Parry).

An English version (not over-vigorous), by Mr. Arthur Carleton, of a *bonâ fide* German "Gute nacht!" Herr Berens' melody, which is not without prettiness, begins—almost note for note—

like that of "Are you angry, mother?"—which Miss Stephens used to sing to Mrs. Davison in Bishop's opera of *Aladdin*. It is tolerably well dressed up, however; although Bishop would hardly have ventured upon such harmony as the following:—

There are one or two other progressions equally doubtful; but, on the whole, the song is acceptable.

"'*Alice,*' *morceau de salon, pour le piano,*"—*par* Eugen Woycke, Op. 2, (all music sellers).

A "variation" in E flat (again!), which might be played &c., &c., &c. We trust that Mynheer Woycke's "Op. 3," whenever it appears, may, at any rate, not be in E flat. Everything in E flat is not equal to the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* or the *Sinfonia Eroica*—"*Alice, morceau de salon,*" by no means excepted.

"*A Thought of the Rose*"—words by Mrs. Hemans, music by William Staton (Robert Cocks).

Twenty years since one Sterndale Bennett set some lines by Mrs. Hemans, entitled, "The Better Land." The song is in A major. We know not exactly at what period one Felix Mendelssohn set a German version under the title of "Der Blumenkranz" ("the Garland") of some lines by Thomas Moore, beginning, "By Celia's Arbour;" but *his* song is in A major. In the seventh ("posthumous") book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, there is a *Lied* (No. 5) in A major. What, our readers may ask, has all this to do with Mr. Staton's very clever setting of "How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom, Rose!" (Mrs. Hemans)? Well, we can't precisely say. Our "Better Land" has been mislaid; so it would have been as well not to call that into question. Our "Garland," however, is at hand. In Mr. Staton's song we find this passage:—

In the "Garland" we find this passage:—

The harmony in both is identical. (The bad prosody in the "Garland," by the way, must not be laid to the charge of Mendelssohn, who composed his song to a German translation of Moore's words.) Our seventh ("posthumous")

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MLLE. CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce her MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 7th. Vocalists: Madame RIEDER, Mlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS, Miss RACHEL GRAY, and Miss PALMER; Mr. GEORGE PERREN and Herr HERMANNS. Instrumentalists: M. OLE BULL, M. PAQUE, Mlle. VALENTIN. Conductors: Herr WILHELM GANZ, M. GITS, and Mr. SIDNEY SMITH.
Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s.; of Mlle. Valentin, 6 Duke Street, Manchester Square; of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, 18 Hanover Square; and of D. Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD'S MORNING CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, SATURDAY, May 25. Artists: Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Miss MARIAN MOSS, Herr MOLIQUE, M. PAQUE, and Miss FANNY CORFIELD. Conductor, Mr. ARTHUR O'LEARY.
Single Tickets, half a guinea; Family Tickets to admit three, one guinea; at Messrs. Leader and Cock, 62 and 63 New Bond Street; and of Miss Corfield, No. 29 Burton Street, Eaton Square.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—First Performance of the CREATION.—Exeter Hall, WEDNESDAY, 22nd instant, at 8 o'clock. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Principal Vocalists: Mlle. TITIENS, Miss E. WILKINSON, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS; Organist, Mr. J. T. COOPER. The Choir of the above Society is the largest ever employed in conjunction with a full Band in Exeter Hall.
Tickets, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d.; of the principal musicsellers, and at the offices of the Society, 14 and 15 Exeter Hall.

MLLE. PAREPA begs to announce that, having terminated her Engagement with Mr. E. T. Smith, all communications as to Concerts, Oratorios, Festival and Operatic Engagements, are to be made to her, at her residence, No. 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.

ST. MARK, Myddleton Square. — An ORGANIST is REQUIRED for the above Church; he must be accustomed to a Choir. Salary £35.
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SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI begs to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 21, on which occasion Madame ALBONI will make her first and only appearance this Season at the above Hall. Vocalists: Madame ALBONI, Madame FERRARI, Mr. TENNANT, Signor FERRARI; violin, M. WIENIAWSKI; violoncello, HERR LIDEL; pianoforte, Mr. CHAS. HALLÉ. Conductor, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER.
Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.
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MISS HELEN McLEOD begs to announce that she will give her Second ANNUAL CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the Evening of TUESDAY, the 4th of June, when she will be assisted by eminent artists.
23 Alfred Place, W. Thurloe Square.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that her SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on FRIDAY Evening, June 7th, to commence at 8 o'clock; and her MATINEE MUSICALE on SATURDAY, June 8th, to commence at 3 o'clock, at her residence, 50 Bedford Square.
The most eminent artists will be engaged.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS begs to announce her REMOVAL to 50 BEDFORD SQUARE, where she now receives her Friends and Pupils.

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On WEDNESDAY, June 5th, and following day, the Valuable MUSICAL LIBRARY of a well-known Collector, comprising Important Works in the various branches of Musical Literature, Operas and Vocal Music, Madrigals and Glees from an early date, Oratorios and Sacred Music, curious and rare Masses and Motetts, Instrumental Music, an extensive series of Works on the History, Theory, Biography, and Literature of Music, including the best Works of standard authors, the Histories of Burney and Hawkins, early Theoretical Works; also a very Important and Large Collection of Manuscripts, many of them original and unpublished, comprising Works of the most esteemed writers of all countries, including the series of MSS., in 61 vols., from the Library of the late Duke of Cambridge. Catalogues will shortly be issued.
On THURSDAY, June 6th, a very Important Assemblage of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, including several well-known Violins and Violoncellos of the highest quality, the property of a distinguished Amateur; also Pianofortes, Harmoniums, and Instruments of various kinds.
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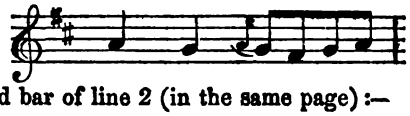
Reviews.

"*Twilight is dark'ning*"—English words by WILLIAM HILLS, music by F. W. KUCKEN (R. Cocks and Co.).

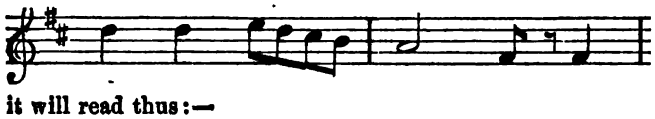
A "*Schlummerlied*" ("slumber song"), not without grace, not without sentiment, but wholly without originality. We prefer Herr Kücken in the "Trab, trab," and "Kleine Rekrut" vein, which is certainly more his speciality than the other. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, has taken the "*Schlummerlied*" in hand, and under such auspices it can hardly fail of success.

"*Weep not, fond heart*"—English words by WILLIAM HILLS, music by F. W. KUCKEN.

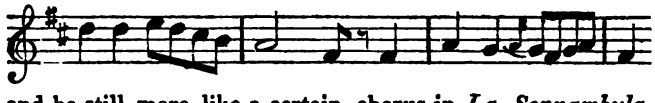
"O weine nicht" (*a Lied im Volkston*), not without grace, not without sentiment, but wholly without originality. We prefer Herr Kücken in the "Trab, trab," and "Kleine Rekrut" vein, which is certainly more his speciality than the other. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, &c. By the way, talking of originality, if Herr Kücken will transfer the second bar of line 1, page 1:—



to the third bar of line 2 (in the same page):—



it will read thus:—



and be still more like a certain chorus in *La Sonnambula*, which was sung the other night at the Royal Italian Opera, while little Senora Patti was lying asleep on the bed. In the "*Schlummerlied*" as in the "*Lied im Volkston*," the English rendering of the words, by Mr. William Hills, is in an equal measure free and independent.

"*Jenny Jones;*" "*Cherry Ripe*," transcribed for the pianoforte—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (R. Cocks and Co.).

Both these "transcriptions" bear evidence of Mr. Brinley Richards' accustomed taste and cleverness; but his heart was evidently with the more beautiful and genial air of Charles Horn. "Cherry Ripe," in short, is done to perfection; and (at page 2) developed by Mr. Richards in a manner worthy of the original melody. We cannot accord higher praise.

"*The Colleen Bawn Quadrilles*," for two performers on one pianoforte—by WILLIAM FORDE (R. Cocks and Co.).

A lively and brilliant set of quadrilles on the tunes introduced in Mr. Dion Boucicault's highly successful "sensation drama." Most of these are Irish, and among the rest are a "Planxty," the "Rose tree full in bearing" ("I'd mourn the hopes that leave me"), "The dear little island," "Garry Owen," "The minstrel boy," "Boyne Water," "Cushla ma Chree," "St. Patrick's Day," and—last not least—&c.

"*The Skylark*,"—vocal trio—words by BARRY CORNWALL, music by ALFRED GILBERT (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas).

A light, pretty, not ineffective, and by no means original part-song, for women's voices—*soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, and *contralto*.

"*Logie o' Buchan*"—by WILHELM KUHE (Ashdown and Parry).

A moderately difficult, and at the same time very showy piece, in which the character of the old Scotch melody is not (as is so frequently the case) sacrificed at the shrine of the transcriber's leaning towards "virtuosity."

"*Two characteristic Pieces*" for the pianoforte—by JOHN ASPINWALL, Op. 5 (Ashdown and Parry).

We have only received one of these "*Characteristic pieces*;" but this one ("*Song of the Leaves*") is so thoroughly and unaffectedly charming that we must beg Messrs. Ashdown and Parry to forward the other to the office of the "MUSICAL WORLD" without delay. The "*Song of the Leaves*" is a *lied ohne worte*—a song without words; but its expression is so genuine that it requires no words to make it plainer. It is also tolerably easy to play—another recommendation.

"*Our Sister May*"—words by G. MONTAGUE DAVIS, Esq B.A., music by W. H. EAYRES (Robert Oliver). "*Remembrance of Childhood*"—words by J. H. JEWELL—music by EDWARD WHITEHOUSE (J. H Jewell). "*Close to a Mother's Heart*"—words by JOHN YOUNG, music by CARLO MINASI (Charles Jefferys).

It is enough to acknowledge the reception of these ballads, the best of which (somewhat, too, in Mr. Balfe's melodic vein) is "Remembrance of Childhood," to some well-written and graceful verses by Mr. J. H. Jewell.

"*Instructions and Scales for Thomas Grocer's new Patent Transposing Metallic Harmoniums*" (Thomas Croger).

These "*Instructions and Scales*" will doubtless be useful to those amateurs who practise on "*Thomas Grocer's new Patent Transposing Metallic Harmoniums*." What more need be said?

"*I haven't got a Beau*"—words by JOHN YOUNG, music by CARLO MINASI (Charles Jefferys).

An unoffending duet for women's voices—*soprano* and *contralto*.

"*Château des Fleurs*," schottische—by HENRI LAURENT (Boosey and Sons).

Fresh, sparkling, and rhythmical, this is just a happy specimen of what such a piece of music ought to be. It is, indeed, one of the best of the recent contributions to dance-music by its late young and much regretted author.

"*Un Moment de Recréation*," *romance pour piano*—by FERDINAND ALBERT JANECK (Ashdown and Parry).

Without the slightest pretensions to originality, this romance, for those young pianists who seek to acquire freedom and equality in both hands, may be recommended as useful practice.

"*My Thoughts will wander far Away*"—words by PENELOPE, music by FRANCIS ROBINSON, Mus. Doc. (Bussell, Dublin).

"Penelope" writes pretty verses, and Mr. Francis Robinson writes graceful melody. In this somewhat sentimental ballad, poet and musican are well matched, and they have accomplished a "pretty piece of work" between them.

"*The Brave Volunteers of the Island*"—words by EDMUND YATES.

Some spirited words on the subject (rather hacknied) of the "Volunteers," and well matched with the old tune to which they are set. We compliment Mr. Yates, and we compliment the composer (whatever may be his name) of the old tune (whatever may be its name).

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"*The Waterloo Galop*"—by CHARLES MARRIOTT (Boosey and Sons).

The subject is in the same key, and otherwise recalls the second theme in the *allegro* of Auber's overture to his delicious ballet-opera of *La Bayadere*. "*The Waterloo Galop*," however, is none the worse on that account.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent.*)

BERLIN, that "ostrich's egg laid in the midst of a desert," as a German writer once happily called it, is more than usually animated just now. One great and absorbing topic of conversation is the Macdonald affair, which has been brought before the notice of the Chamber of Deputies by Herr Vincke. The Prussians, as you are aware, do not, to use a vulgar expression, hardly suited, perhaps, to your columns, "think small beer" of themselves, and are indignant at the censures passed by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell on the course adopted by the petty officials, and endorsed by the higher authorities, of the beloved but somewhat puffed-up Fatherland. The tone of the English press with regard to this business has considerably wounded their *amour propre*, and nearly every subject of his Prussian Majesty, from the noblest Graf, who can boast of sixteen quarterings on his escutcheon, though his worldly possessions do not amount, perhaps, to more than an old umbrella and an inconvenient number of debts, down to the "Eckensteher," or commissionnaire, in the street, would, I believe, at the present moment, be glad to hear that England had suddenly disappeared beneath those waves which it is her boast to rule. I never knew the good citizens of this capital so excited before. I am rejoiced to be able to say, however, that Captain Macdonald has not quite banished Beethoven from their recollection, nor Herr Möller made them forget Mozart. On the contrary, music still pursues its calm onward course, irrespective of railway squabbles and diplomatic notes resulting therefrom.

Mad. Lagrua has been giving a series of "starring" performances, which were excellently attended. This lady is a great favourite with the Berliners, and will, no doubt, soon pay them another visit. Her engagement was a real success, though, I am sorry to say, she was, on one occasion, prevented from appearing by sudden indisposition. She was announced to sing in Norma, but Mlle. Lucca took her part at a very short notice, and acquitted herself, under the circumstances, most creditably. She possesses intelligence and dramatic talent, but is over-weighted in the character of the Druid-priestess, for which her voice wants the requisite volume and power, and her acting the necessary dignity. Any impartial individual would have been at once convinced of this by her rendering of the first recitative, which struck me as singularly deficient in that grandeur and elevation with which we have been accustomed to hear it given. She sang the "Casta Diva," however, very pleasingly, and merited the applause bestowed on her. Adalgisa found an agreeable representative in Mlle. Fliess, who, although a novice, displays great ability, and will ere long, I am inclined to believe, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatic stage. Herr Fricke was an excellent Oroveso. The chorus and band did their part towards the success of the performance.—We have just lost, though only for a time, Mad. Jachmann-Wagner, who is now "on leave of absence;" for even fair vocalists here—if they belong to the Royal Opera—are treated with military discipline, and can do nothing without permission of the commanding officer, the Superintendant of the Theatre. Cases have occurred of a tragic queen being placed under arrest, and actually incarcerated, for refusing a part as unworthy of, or not suited to, her talent and position. The character selected by Mad. Jachmann-Wagner, in which to bid a temporary adieu to her admirers, was that of Lady Macbeth in Herr Taubert's opera of *Macbeth*. The part affords full scope for her dramatic powers, while, in a vocal sense, it is just adapted for her peculiar style. She was especially successful with the fourth act, in which she was enthusiastically applauded. The part of Malcolm was played, for the first time, by Mad. Bötticher, who appeared to great advantage.

"Business" is exceedingly good just now at the Friedrich Wilhemstädtisches Theater, the attraction being Mad. Jauner Krall, who is engaged for a limited number of nights. She has been playing in Dittersdorff's burlesque opera of *Dierothe Kappe*, which has been revived expressly for her, and in which she lately created a great sensation at Dresden and Breslau. She is one of the best bravura singers in Germany, while, for playful archness, there are very few actresses who can equal her. She has become quite the rage here, and the theatre is crowded every night. While speaking of the theatres, I may mention that M. Levassor and Mad. Tesseire are giving their peculiar entertainment at the Royal Schauspielhaus. M. Levassor's comic songs and scenas are as popular as ever, and meet with a due amount of patronage from the public.

Every one imagined, some weeks since, that the regular concert season was at an end, and jaded musical critics fancied they had, for a time, escaped from close rooms to revel in *al fresco* Garten-Concerts, at the various semi-rural coffeehouses in the neighbourhood of Berlin. But, alas! how often are we doomed to experience the truth of the old proverb, "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt," or, as the French have it, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Winter seems to have set in again with its accustomed vigour, and the hail and cold have effectually put an end, for a time at least, to all outdoor amusements, which spring up here with the daisies and flourish with the flowers. The result is that the coverings have been again removed from the benches in our concert-rooms, the gas is relighted, and a new course of indoor concerts inaugurated. This week, for instance, a concert was given for a charitable purpose by Herr Radecke. The principal novelty was a duet-sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, by Herr Rud. Radecke, brother of the concert-giver, which was very well played by Herr Radecke and Dr. Bruns. The concert was brought to a close by Schumann's Pianoforte-Quartet, Op. 47, admirably executed by Herren Radecke, Grünwald, Kahle and Bruns.—Another very good concert was the fourth and last given by the Frauverein for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Fund, at which a new sonata in G major, by Taubert, for pianoforte and violoncello, was performed for the first time, by the composer and Herr Stahlknecht. No less interesting was the execution of Beethoven's so-called "Horn Sonata," Op. 17, by Herr Taubert and Herr Schunke. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner sang, among other pieces, the beautiful alto air from *Elijah*; and the Royal Domchor gave Meyerbeer's *Brautgeleite* in first-rate style. I cannot conclude this short summary of our doings in the concert line, without mentioning a concert given by Herr Friedrich Kiel, assisted by Herren Stahlknecht and De Ahna, at which four very pleasing compositions of his own were performed, and met with unanimous approbation.

Herr Richard Wagner has gone to Carlsruhe for the purpose of being presented at Court. It is reported that his opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, dedicated, as you are aware, to the Grand-Duchess Louisa, is shortly to be produced there under his own superintendence.

The following scraps of news, which I have gathered from the various journals, may, perhaps, interest you. At Dantzig the greatest musical event lately has been the production of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, which, I need scarcely inform you, was most triumphant. At the second representation, Mad. Von Marra, who took the part of the heroine, was called on ten times in the course of the evening. Herr von Bülow has just given two concerts at Schwerin, and also been invited to play before the Ducal Court, where he is a great favourite. "De gustibus non est disputandum." Having indulged in this much Latinity, allow me to go a step further in the same style, and end my letter with

VALE.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—The first took place yesterday afternoon in St. James's Hall. Mr. Hallé played the three sonatas dedicated to Hadyn (Op. 2), and the sonata in E flat (Op. 7)—all from memory. Miss Banks sang Dussek's "Name the glad day," and Macfarren's "Ah! why do we love." Full particulars in our next.

ZURICH.—A musical festival will be held here on the 25th, 26th nd 27th of June.

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ON THE PRINCIPLE OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

If we regard comprehensively the whole art-area occupied by Music, we shall perceive that it divides itself generally into two grand phases of manifestation: the Combinative and the Sinuous. The first consists of the projection of phrases, the arranging of tonal masses, the hanging of huge fragments of sound, by law and æsthetic design, into proportion and unity; in a word, of the Architecture of Music. The second is composed of effects of succession, of the linking of sounds, and, to furnish a converse to the above simile, we will say, of the Painting of Music. One is an æsthetic design wrought out of the variations of tonal *force*; the other a similar intention wrought out of changes in the *character* of sound, or variations in tonal pitch.

Taking a like broad view of that vast medium of emotion in which the human heart may be said to live and move and have its being (emotion being the very incarnate essence of music), we shall see that this also defines itself into two grand and diverse varieties of character. There is, on the one hand, that sentiment which we possess with reference to one another, the emotion arising in our human relationship; and on the other hand all that sentiment which is not elicited in our ordinary and mutual intercourse, the emotion which we feel solely with reference to ourselves and to surrounding nature. The first is personal emotion; the second, mental sentiment or abstract emotion.

Bearing in mind these general facts, we pass on to the statement of another proposition connected with the subject.

In the operation of human language, leaving out of the general effect all the influence produced by its material burthen, the positive facts which it represents, and the feelings (having names) which it suggests, there may still be observed two other and very remarkable principles which enter in an important degree into its action, and which go particularly to produce the shaping of the finer portions of its effect: the one is that influence which emanates from the nervous modulation, the soft inflection, the fine and delicate gradation,—in the pure vocal tone; the other is that effect which is wrought in change of accentuation, and in the contrast of emphasis and pause. Now the first of these two principles is synonymous and identical with the principle of "melody" in music; the second, in every respect the same principle which dictates the metaphysical plan of all groupings of tonal masses, and on which depends all concerted and antiphonal effects.

Reverting now to the two phases in the character of all human emotion, which we defined a few paragraphs back, let the reader attentively consider the following remarkable fact which we are here prepared to state.

In analysing the effect of a human utterance, it will be distinctly observed, upon due inspection, that the variation in tonal *pitch* in speech expresses, of the general emotional burthen involved, the personal feeling, the instinctive sentiment, the ordinary human and *natural* emotion; whilst just as inevitably the changes in the tonal *force*, the earnest rhythmical march, the enlarging waves and chasms in the rolling tide of accentuation, demonstrate the grander truth, indicate the broader sentiment, and express the *abstract* emotion.

To fully establish this fact, argumentatively and logically, would involve far greater dissertation and occupy far greater space than is compatible with the design of these few remarks, which, as has been stated, constitute merely a group of memoranda culled from more elaborate inquiries, and applied to a particular case for a temporary purpose. But with reference to the general feasibility of the last proposition in the argument of these inquiries, let it be considered, in passing, that in the higher and more artistic forms of language (rhetoric and poetry) the eloquence, the impressiveness so far as expressional form, and not the matter involved, is concerned,—exists almost solely in the variety of accentuation, the rhythmical and sentential design; whilst, at the same time, the pure vocal tone (supposing the expression be uttered) becomes firmer, *steadier*, and more monotonous, and loses almost altogether the slight deviation, the sharp inflexion, and the fine gradation, indigenous to the language of ordinary speech.

In illustration of this take the following example:—

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from struggling sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

In this passage, the leading idea of "Freedom" being a grand and comprehensive idea, one appealing to the imagination, drawing the sympathies from their natural and instinctive sphere, into the imaginative world, and thus eliciting a flow of *mental* sentiment and *abstract* emotion—evokes in its expression, in human language, only that dignity and auxiliary impressiveness which dwells in rhythmical evolution and sentential design, leaving almost totally unexemplified all effects of variety in tonal *character*. The firm and steady *monotone* it would appear being a more appropriate material for the reception of the bold and broad outline of sentential and rhythmical variety, than the soft and yielding vocal medium, which adapts its pliant surface-character to the expressive modulation and gradation indicative of personal feeling. Even as the hard and massive stone, having no expressiveness in the abstract—no specific surface-character, is more adapted for the embodiment of architecture than "all hues of gem or marble" appropriate for the working of a more delicate order of design.

To recur to the main path of inquiry, if the last proposition we have broached be true,—that, with reference to human speech, in the alternations of "tone" lies the general vehicle of expression for *personal feeling*, and that in the contrasts of accentuation, the rhythmical change, lies that vehicle selected and prescribed by nature as appropriate for the demonstration of *abstract emotion*, and if from the first principle of human expression proceeds the melodic, and from the second, the combinative,—order of musical effect; then these facts lead plainly and directly to the inference (or if the reality and truth of this inference, as is more probable, be allowed as a self-evident fact, without reference to these enquiries,—then the above facts explain clearly its reason) that abstract emotion—the sentiment accruing from the extension of the sympathies into the imagination, from the mingling of thought with feeling—will mainly display itself in the great combinative issue of musical effect, and that natural emotion—the instinctive feelings of the heart, the simple action of the sympathies, uninterrupted by the interposition of thought and untransported into other circumstances through the illusion of imagination—will mostly be interpreted by the mystic instinct of musical genius, in effects of succession, in the linking of sweet sounds, in "air," "tune," or "melody."

We have now arrived at the first main period in this inquiry. We have, figuratively speaking, shaped a mental implement, and it is to be hoped, magnetised it with the subtle element of truth. We shall in the next place, and very briefly, proceed to apply it in the exploration of our ultimate field of research, Dramatic Composition.

In this great order of composition, what are the general circumstances under which music is invoked to take up, as music ever must, wherever it resounds, the wondrous tale of human emotion?

Now these are the peculiar circumstances—this is the momentous occasion, wherein is perceived the phenomenon of abstract emotion and personal feeling, acting *conjointly* and *simultaneously*.

For, in the conditions of the drama, there is always more or less, some broad, general and comprehensive principle at stake. There are inevitably, more or less, some exceptional circumstances—some occurrences on a grand scale—the agonies of great social changes—the excitement of great events, which tend to spur the mind to action, to expand the imagination; thus to call into play some *mental sentiment* to kindle the divine fire of some *abstract emotion*. The influence may be "Religion," "Freedom," "Patriotism," or "Glory;" or if none of these, it will certainly be "Love," "Fame" or "Ambition." All these are ideas tending directly to inflame the imagination of even the smallest of the actors on the mortal scene involved, and thus to call into being in every breast the elevated phenomenon of abstract emotion, that is, feeling elicited through the action of the sympathy drawn from out its natural and instinctive sphere, up to the vivid realms (be they facts or fictions) of imagination.

But these ideas being still only the *spirit* of certain *human institutions*, it will be perceived, that, in the historical crises of these institutions, in their jeopardy, rivalry, strife, or in their triumph, the above ideas must necessarily be brought into nearness, and blended intimately with the social and individual circumstances of man; and thus the abstract emotions they arouse must come into contact, either for strife or union, with the natural emotions and instinctive sentiments of his heart.

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Thus, in the emotional circumstances of the drama, we have the mental spectacle of some grand and overhanging idea, the broad and grand excitement of some abstract emotion,—relieved by the softer beauty and more delicate brightness of the simple natural feelings; these latter being brought out in all occasions like the present, by the minor dramatic circumstances, into all the keenness of manifestation and force of effect of which they are capable.

This being the nature of the emotional occasion, to the interpretation of which, in the circumstances of the drama, the voice of music is invoked, what would be then the general principle regulating its application to such a case? and this point constitutes the focus of these inquiries.

From what has been already concluded concerning the general office of the combinative form of music on the one hand, and that of the melodic order on the other, we should answer, simply this. If we are to sketch any division whatever in the grand effect, if we are to divide at all the general function and ministration of music as a whole, we should say that those resources which it possesses, that are particularly appropriate for the projection of grand effects, for defining bold and broad rhythmical outline, for erecting resonant antiphonal constructions, for weaving the rich fabric of concerted expression—the orchestral and choral implements of impression—should be entrusted with the illustration of the *broad principle*, the grand truth, the prevailing and fatallic idea, with the demonstration of the *abstract emotion*, and all the high *mental* and *imaginative* phenomena involved; whilst that most perfect resource for twining the graceful wreath of melodic effect, that which can utter the softest inflection, the finest gradation, and kindle into the warmest expression—the human voice—should be selected as the exponent of all the *personal sentiment*, instinctive feeling and *natural emotion* called forth, whether it utter the soft breathing of the unruffled flow of this phenomena, or the stormy declamation it impels, when lashed to the turbulence of passion.

It will be understood that this principle, of the orchestra expressing the abstract ideas, and the human voice the natural sentiments involved, in dramatic composition, is only laid down as of *general* application. There are truths only visible through broad observation, and such we must consequently be content to define generally. In the circumstances of the drama, just considered, we should doubtless find that there would exist no part of any music equal to the subject, into the character of which did not, to some extent, enter, and which was not generally animated with the spirit of *all the circumstances* of the dramatic occasion involved. The vocal melody, though carrying the personal emotion, would catch some of the lineaments of that higher strain constituting the orchestral form of expression assumed; and in the same way the vast antiphonal structure and combinative design displayed through the instrumentality of the orchestra and chorus, would be softened and relieved by the implantation of some of the sweeter features of the vocal melody.

In concluding these observations, we may remark, that although it may be interesting for composers to pursue these æsthetical and metaphysical considerations—to learn the *mental principle* regulating the form and character of their creations—still these are truths couched in the very nature of the laws of human demonstration and expression; and in a composer fitted to grapple with a work of such dimensions as high dramatic composition—that is, endowed not only with emotional impressiveness, but in a high degree, with the faculty of emotional demonstration by music—these laws would conspicuously exemplify themselves, and with them, those principles and truths which in their practical manifestation they involve, and which are in these pages endeavoured to be pourtrayed.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—An attempt is being made to revive the fortunes of opera at Naples and Milan. In the latter city, a new opera by Maestro Pedrotti, *Guerra in quattro*, is to be played during the spring.

ANTWERP.—Nicolai's opera, *Der Templer*, translated by Dangias, has been successfully produced. Nicolai composed this work, under the title of *Il Templario*, in Rome, before he composed the *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. It is quite Italian in style, and full of pleasing melodies.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of *I Puritani*, on Saturday, was remarkable for nothing but the substitution of Signor Graziani for Signor Ronconi in Riccardo—no improvement.

La Sonnambula, on Tuesday, was one of the most interesting performances we have witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera. The success of Mlle. Adelina Patti—now, indeed, the principal topic in London musical circles—took everybody by surprise, except those who had been present at the rehearsal, and who were let into the secret. The reports of the American journals, alluded to in our last, although apparently overcharged and extravagant, must really be received as a close approximation to the truth. The writers in the London papers on Wednesday, except in one or two instances, are as high-flown, uncompromising, and enthusiastic in the young artist's praise as their contemporaries of the New Orleans and Philadelphia press, whose articles we have published. Mlle. Patti is even now, at eighteen years of age, in many respects, a great singer. Her voice is beautiful in quality—a real soprano equal in every part of the register, without the slightest tendency to tremulousness, and reaching to F in alt. with astonishing ease. It is, moreover, extremely flexible, and is managed with more than ordinary skill. The young lady, indeed, is almost a thorough mistress of vocalisation, and has evidently devoted her whole soul to her profession. One so young and so accomplished on the operatic boards we never heard, and no doubt the very highest destiny awaits her in her future career. It would be ungracious just now, after a single hearing, to endeavour to find out faults in Mlle. Patti's method and style. We shall prefer hearing her again before pronouncing an adverse or even qualified opinion on any one point. It is much more agreeable to declare that we were surprised and delighted beyond measure with her performance of Amina, which created the greatest sensation we have known at Covent Garden for years. Mlle. Patti's histrionic—if not so marked as her vocal—powers, everywhere betray the true instinct of genius; and there are some parts of her acting in the *Sonnambula* which could hardly be surpassed for truth, grace, and intensity of feeling. Her second appearance in the *Sonnambula* is announced for Wednesday. Signor Tiberini was Elvino, and Signor Tagliafico Count Rudolph.

On Thursday *Guglielmo Tell*, given for the fifth time, attracted another enormous audience, not a seat being vacant, although it was a non-subscription night. It will be repeated on Thursday.

Mad. Grisi appears to-night in the first of her eight farewell performances, as Norma.

Don Giovanni was given for the first time this season on Monday—an extra night—and filled the house in every part, as it has never failed to do for many years. Although three of the prominent parts were sustained by foreigners, or, more strictly speaking, by non-Italians, the performance recalled old times, and was in most respects worthy the best days of the opera. An ideal Giovanni is hardly to be looked for now, and the comparison of the last new aspirant with Signor Tamburini becomes tiresome perforce of repetition. When we have said that M. Faure has neither the grace nor the spirit of Tamburini, and that his voice has neither the richness nor the flexibility of his renowned predecessor, we have merely stated what might have been assumed in advance by those acquainted with his talent. On the other hand, it may be fairly asserted that, viewed as a whole, the Don Giovanni of the French barytone is superior to any that has been seen on the boards of the Italian Opera since Tamburini retired from the arena of public exhibition. M. Faure has more of the required nobility of presence, and enters more thoroughly into the dramatic exigencies of the character, than nine out of ten who have essayed it during many years past. He has, besides, completely mastered the musical text, and displays an equal degree of fluency in the recitatives—which, being in what is called the "*parlante*" style, are extremely trying to a Frenchman—the airs, the duets, and the concerted pieces. His performance, indeed, both in a musical and histrionic sense, is one of level and well-sustained excellence, correct to the utmost nicety of expression, note-perfect, and always prepossessing from its gentlemanly ease and naturalness. It was an unqualified and, what is more, a well-merited success.

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Mad. Csillag's Elvira is not only the best the London stage can boast just now, but the best in our remembrance of *Don Giovanni*. Critical justice, however, has been awarded to this; to the Don Ottavio of Signor Tamberlik; to Signor Tagliafico's Commendatore; and to the Leporello of Herr Formes, whose last scene is a powerful conception, and upon whom — as was evident from the manner in which he kept his voice under control in all the concerted music—well-intended counsel has not been thrown away. Of Mad. Penco's Donna Anna and the Zerlina of Mad. Miolan Carvalho — both new to the English public — we must speak on another occasion, premising that there is much to call for eulogy in both impersonations. Signor Ronconi's Masetto — one of the most racy and perfect embodiments ever witnessed of a subordinate part—gave unusual strength to the "caste." A character generally thought unworthy the attention of a first-class artist, became, for the first time, one of the most important features in the opera, simply because the admirable Italian barytone (whose versatility is unrivalled) made Masetto what Mozart intended him, a well-defined and complete portrayal, and not the preposterous nonentity to which the artists of the Italian stage have accustomed us. The strange association of earnestness and weakness, of the anxious solicitude and genuine desire of a sincere lover, with the awkwardness and imbecility of a boor, worried almost beyond redemption by the insolent invasion of his rights at the hands of a rich and profligate nobleman, was depicted to the very life; and although Signor Ronconi in his long career has played many more arduous parts, he certainly never distinguished himself more honourably.

The band was superb from the overture to the end; and the restoration of Mozart to his original purity, by rejecting *in toto* the barbarous "modifications" of Signor Alary, added no little to the interest created by this remarkably fine performance. No less than five pieces were encored — viz., "La ci darem" (Mad. Carvalho and M. Faure); "Batti, batti" (Mad. Carvalho); the "trio of masks" (Mad. Penco, Mad. Csillag, and Signor Tamberlik); "Deh vieni alla finestra" (M. Faure); and "Il mio Tesoro" (Signor Tamberlik). All the principal singers were summoned before the curtain after the magnificent *finale* to the first act, and at the end of the opera a similar compliment was paid to M. Faure alone.

Provincial.

THE *Hull News* gives an account of the opening of a new organ on Friday the 10th instant, which will doubtless be perused with interest by our organ-loving readers:—

"The churchwardens of the Mariners' Church have for some time been actively engaged in providing funds for defraying the expenses connected with the erection of a new organ, and the painting and renovation of the edifice. Their efforts have been rewarded with more than ordinary success, for although they only date from last November, and the outlay is about £600, the amount realised towards that object up to last evening, comes up to within about £20 of that sum, a result which must be very gratifying to the churchwardens and the congregation, for whose comfort their operations have been directed. The new organ, built by our townsmen, Messrs. Forster and Andrews, was opened yesterday, when services were held in the church morning and evening, the sermon in the morning being preached by the Rev. R. H. Parr, M.A., and in the evening by the Rev. H. W. Kemp, B.A. The 'opening' was inaugurated by full choral services. The organ, which in exterior is of the decorated Gothic style, with open tracery from the towers, was presided at by Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, of the parish church, Doncaster, whose ability is universally recognised. Mr. Rogers was assisted by Mr. J. W. Stephenson, of St. John's. During morning service Mr. Rogers played three voluntaries, which displayed his accustomed ability, and brought out the full powers of the new instrument. The organ contains 1313 pipes, the great organ ranging from CC to G, and the swell organ from CC to G. The second voluntary was one of Adams's, which, besides requiring considerable executive power, was remarkable from its calling into requisition the whole resources of the instrument. We noticed in this voluntary and in the symphonies, that the various fancy stops were remarkably well brought out. Great fulness and body of tone were discernible in the diapasons, and we were struck with the clearness of the stop diapason and the flute of four feet. The cremona is an exceedingly beautiful stop, whilst the cornopean is particularly rich, especially in the lower notes. The reeds, too, appear to be all that could be desired. We also marked the harmony between the viola di gamba and the stop diapason, while the hautboy is considered quite equal to the other reeds. The organ, for its size, may be classed amongst the very best in the country, reflecting credit not only on the builders but on the owners; and the congregation may congratulate themselves on the possession of such an instrument, as the old one with which they have just parted never was—one of eminently superior quality and manufacture. The churchwardens are perfectly satisfied with the organ, and it is only a matter of regret that the church is not better adapted for showing its fine qualities to advantage. On Sunday, sermons will be preached in the church in aid of the funds of the institution, by the Revs. F. F. Goe, J. Monke, and Chas. Campe."

The following report of the last Antient Concert in DUBLIN is abridged from the *Evening Mail*:—

"The concert of last evening was gratifying to an overflowing audience, although not what might have been expected at one of our Antient Concerts; we believe the selection made was more in accordance with the wishes of the subscribers than that of the committee. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's, 'Hear my prayer.' The solo was rendered by Miss Pyne, with true artistic excellence.' The sestet, 'The cloud-capped towers,' sung by the whole choir, was an effort worthy of notice; as was also the quartet and chorus, 'The Vale of rest.' Beethoven's 'Jubilate' was not so well, the quartet wanting firmness and truth of intonation. Rossini's 'Dal tuo stellato' was unanimously re-demanded. Mr. Hatton's part song, 'O could I with fancy stray,' was sung with great charm; and the two madrigals, 'Now is the month of Maying,' and 'Who shall win my lady fair,' were all that could be desired. Miss Pyne sang 'The convent cell,' 'Rode's aria,' and 'The power of love,' each with distinguishing charm of tone, style, and finish. In 'Ah dolce canto' the executive finish was so clear and brilliant as to make one marvel at the ease with which it was delivered. Wallace's trio and chorus, 'Hark, how the chimes,' was nicely sung by Miss Herbert, Mr. O'Rorke, and Mr. Richard Smith. Mr. Gerhard Taylor played two fantasias on the harp, on themes from Meyerbeer's operas, with great brilliancy. The Misses Flynn, Miss Kate Cruise, Messrs. Keane, Khramer, P. Stewart, Dobbin, and B. Mullen, were, with those already named, the singers of the concerted pieces, and the whole was under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson."

From the *Lynn News* we learn that the Lynn Choral Society concluded its season on Friday last week, with a miscellaneous concert. The principal features of the programme were Spohr's *Ode to St. Cecilia*, Rossini's "Carita," and a selection from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. The soprano part in Spohr's ode and Rossini's chorus was taken by Miss Susanna Cole, who is mentioned in terms of high praise by the local prints.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S CONCERT.—A first-rate entertainment in every respect — on Friday morning, the 10th — the programme being quite a model, which, had we space, we would quote entire, as an example to all concert-givers. The pieces in which Miss Emma Busby played (we need hardly inform our readers that the young lady is a pianist of remarkable ability), were Spohr's trio in E minor, for piano, violin and violoncello, in which she enjoyed the co-operation of Herr Molique and Signor Piatti; Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, with Herr Molique; rondo by Weber, and two solos by Chopin. All these performances indicated, no less the classic feeling than the superior mechanical power of the fair executant. Two solos, by Herr Molique and Signor Piatti, are also worthy mention. The vocal music, by Miss Augusta Thomson and Mlle. Elvira Behrens, calls for no particular remark. Mr. W. G. Cusins was the conductor.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The annual performance of the *Messiah*, in behalf of the funds of the above society, took place last night at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The principal singers were Mads. Lemmens-Sherrington and Weiss, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Palmer, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Whiffin, T. A. Wallworth, W. Winn and Weiss.

BERLIN, APRIL 27TH.—Mlle. Lucca, who, in consequence of the success of her "star" performance, has been engaged at the Royal Opera House, and was to have made her first regular appearance as Recha in *Die Jüdin*, was prevented from so doing by indisposition, resulting from a cold, but is expected to be well enough to appear next week.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL
(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY).

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

For the Benefit, and last appearance this Season, of

M. VIEUXTEMPS.

THE TWENTIETH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1861,

The Programme selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PART I.—Posthumous Quartet, in B flat, No. 13, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Beethoven). Canzonet, "Name the glad day," Miss BANKS (Dussek). Air, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Mozart). Sonata, "Il trillo del Diavolo," with Pianoforte accompaniment, M. VIEUXTEMPS, (Tartini).

PART II.—Märchen (Legend), for Violin and Pianoforte, M. VIEUXTEMPS and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), (Vieuxtemps). Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Mr. SIMS REEVES, Howard (Glover). Song, "Ah! why do we love?" *Don Quixote*, Miss BANKS (G. A. Macfarren). Trio, in D minor, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (by desire), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS, and Signor PIATTI (Mendelssohn).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Co. 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th will take place on Fridays, May 24th and 31st; June 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th; July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication, for which the numbered "Operas" respectively assigned to them are warrants. The universal popularity of these works in England, as elsewhere, and their admitted superiority to all other compositions of the class to which they belong, support Mr. Hallé in the belief that such an uninterrupted presentation of the entire series may elicit the attention both of students and of connoisseurs. Many of the Sonatas, never having been publicly performed, though familiar to professors, are unknown to the majority of amateurs; and some of these are quite as worthy admiration as others, which, owing to their frequent appearance in concert programmes, have obtained unanimous acceptance.

As exemplifications of the gradual advance of their composer's talent, from its early stages to its ripe maturity, the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven may be consulted as advantageously as the Quartets or the Orchestral Symphonies. They begin at the commencement of his "First" manner, play a very conspicuous part in his "Second," and extend far into the meridian of his "Third." No less than thirty-two in number, there are enough of them to illustrate, more or less pointedly, every phase of the great musician's artistic progress; and, if merely regarded as a series of compositions for a single instrument, in variety, beauty, and originality, they stand wholly unparalleled.

At each of the eight performances two vocal pieces will be introduced. The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur. The object aimed at in these descriptions—from which criticism will, as a matter of course, be excluded—is not to guide the taste, but to assist the appreciation of the audience.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Single Ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Balcony and Area, for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Single Ticket, 7*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; Single Ticket, 3*s.*

Subscriptions received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street; at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; and at Mr. Charles Hallé's, 8 Mansfield Street, Portland Place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE UNUSUALLY late appearance of this day's number of the MUSICAL WORLD is occasioned by the important intelligence received "at the eleventh hour" by electric telegraph from Bradford.

W. C. F.—The letter on "The Minor Scale," if not inserted this week, will appear in our next impression. Our columns have been terribly pressed of late.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

Terms { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2*s.* 6*d.*
Every additional 10 *words* ... ... 6*d.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

NO more hopeless task presents itself to managers of Italian Opera than that of discovering an adequate representative of Mozart's Don Giovanni, and yet no character is more frequently essayed by artists incompetent to sustain it. The performance of *Don Giovanni* has resolved itself into an annual necessity, and the opera must be presented whether the singer who undertakes the part of the libertine be good, bad, or indifferent. The manager is satisfied, and imagines the public will be satisfied, if the other personages are more or less efficiently supported, and trusts to the popularity of the music for the rest. But, it may be asked, wherein consists the difficulty of Don Giovanni? Does it tax alike the highest powers of the tragedian or the comedian? Is the music so written that none but an exceptional voice can sing it? The music, on the contrary, is simple enough, so far as the notes are concerned, and any average barytone may master it with tolerable ease. It is the variety of expression that defies the capacity of most singers. No part in the whole range of the drama necessitates the embodiment of so many passions as Don Giovanni. No half dozen parts, indeed. To perform it aright, the artist must be as gentle as the dove and bold as the lion; at once condescending and haughty, humble and scornful, flattering and defiant; with a tongue of oil and a heart of iron. He must don the semblance of one who cares for nothing and feels for nobody,—a sensualist, a voluptuary, who, through the most winning accents, the most captivating glances, the most seductive demeanour, must declare himself in every word, look and motion. Surely an artist may rank high in the scale of excellence without being in the least adapted for the part. And so indeed it has proved; the most consummate singers and actors in other characters having entirely failed to reach Mozart's hero. The difficulty will be acknowledged much greater when the personal graces and refinement of manner required are taken into consideration. Indeed, it is no wonder that, from the first production of the opera in this country, only two artists have been found who could be said to pourtray the character of Don Giovanni with anything like an approach to the ideal truth. These were Ambrogetti and Tamburini. Let us see in what they excelled, and what were their special gifts. We may thus obtain an insight into the difficulties that present themselves, and be able to find excuses for many admirable vocalists who have so signally fallen short of the reality.

Ambrogetti and Tamburini were serious actors of the highest order. They were also first-rate buffoons. Their repertory, in short, embraced the highest tragedy and the lowest comedy. Either could throw the audience into hysterics one night, as the father in Paer's *Agnese*, and the next night provoke their utmost risibility as Figaro or Bartolo in the *Barbiere*. But Signor Ronconi could do both one and the other with at least equal power and equal

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effect. We must, therefore, look for some other quality, or qualities, in the artists who thus specially distinguished themselves. We never saw Ambrogetti, and can only speak from what we have heard and read. Report describes him as having been a perfect gentleman in appearance; graceful and easy in every attitude and movement; courtly in manner; gay, hilarious, buoyant, and overflowing with animal spirits. In his acting he displayed that entire self-possession which betokens the consciousness of inward power. His instinct was unfailing, and enabled him to seize on the salient points of any character he was representing, and verify them to the life. He was, moreover, remarkably handsome, and had that variety of expression in his features which is of such vital consequence in a part like Don Giovanni; in short, was a positive *rara avis*. All we have said of Ambrogetti, may, to a great extent, be affirmed of Tamburini. But personal appearance and refinement of manners would not of themselves necessarily befit an artist for the personification of Don Giovanni without the additional gift of genius. Let us give an illustration. In the scene where Don Giovanni fights and kills the Commendatore, Tamburini, by a few simple gestures, was wont to afford a key to the character of the libertine, clearer and more powerful than a whole host of commentaries. The Commendatore having fallen, pierced by Don Giovanni's sword, Tamburini used to feel his way in the dark to the body, lay his hand upon the heart, lift up the arm, and let it fall, and finding life extinct, kiss his fingers to the corpse in the way of adieu. Genius alone could have hit upon this. So, too, in the tremendous last scene, Tamburini made points that betokened the most subtle and profound conception, or at least an instinct supplying its place. When the statue enters and announces that he has come to avail himself of Don Giovanni's invitation, Tamburini used to walk round him, a candle-stick in hand, as though endeavouring to pierce through the trick which man or devil was playing him; but, finding that the object before him was veritably of stone, seemed awed into belief, and throwing aside the candle confronted his supernatural visitant with undaunted heart and eye that never quailed.

The admirable performance of M. Faure, in his new part at the Royal Italian Opera, has led to the above remarks. The French barytone, in our estimation, has succeeded in giving a more finished and complete version of the character of Don Giovanni than any artist since Tamburini, and it is something to be so far satisfied. If a great deal is wanting, much more has been effected than was anticipated. For years we have been compelled to put up either with mediocrity or absolute unfitness; and now that we have got a thoroughly intelligent artist, who acts becomingly, and sings right well, we should be thankful, and not grumble because neither Ambrogetti nor Tamburini is at hand. A good Don Giovanni is better than *no* Don Giovanni; and so here is "Long life and Prosperity to M. Faure."

THIS year's celebration of the *Niederrheinisches Musik-fest*, which has now been established for forty-three years, and has weathered all the storms with which, through political complications, its very existence was threatened, promises to be unusually interesting and brilliant. The programme, dedicated to the works of the greatest classical masters, contains, for the 19th inst. (to-morrow) the *Missa Solennis* in D major, and the *Sinfonia Eroica*. The first day, therefore, is devoted to Beethoven, a plan worthy of all commendation. Whether it would not have been advisable to change the order of the pieces, we will not attempt to decide, though experience taught, at the third Gesellschafts-Concert, this year, in Cologne, that one of Beethoven's grandest symphonies (the C minor) did not produce, after the same Mass, a degree of enthusiasm equal to its merits.

The concert on the second day (Monday) commences with Mozart's magnificent Symphony in C major (the one with the fugued finale — nicknamed "*Jupiter*"). This will be followed by Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*, which has not been heard at any of the Rhenish festivals since that of 1845, at Düsseldorf. It was first performed at the festival of Cologne, in 1838, when the part of Joshua was sung by Herr Vrugt, an admirable Dutch tenor. The Rhenish public will, therefore, in all probability, welcome with enthusiasm the "table-music" of one of Mozart's symphonies, and the "elephantine tramp" of an oratorio by Handel, and thus, once more, reduce the coryphées of the "post-Beethoven" school to a state of despair.

The chorus and orchestra have always been so excellent at the musical festivals of Aix-la-Chapelle, that we look for the very best results from both on this occasion, especially since they have profited greatly during the last few years, by Herr Wüllner's untiring zeal and talent as a disciplinarian. There is, however, an additional guarantee for the success of this festival, in the person of the conductor, Herr Franz Lachner, General Musical Director at Munich, and in the solo singers, among whom amateurs will be gratified to find Mad. Rübsamen-Veith, Mad. Potthof-Diehl, and Herr Carl Schneider, who, by birth or long residence, belong to the Rhenish provinces.

When it is added that, besides the attractions already mentioned, two of the most popular artists in Germany—Mad. Clara Schumann, and Herr Joseph Joachim—will, on the third day (21st May), delight the public by their truly admirable performances on the piano and violin, we have said enough to convince our pleasure-loving readers that a trip to Aix-la-Chapelle by this night's mail (*viâ* Dover and Ostend) will—despite Herr Mölder (Bonn is two journeys from Aachen)—be amply repaid in amusement. We English hold our music meetings in brown September, the wiser Teutons theirs in "the green and merry worth of May."

IT is delightful to experience a new sensation — more especially in art, in which the highest excellence is the greatest rarity nowadays. Good actors and good singers are so seldom to be found, and disappointments are of such frequent occurrence, that we have long since relinquished our faith in new-comers on the dramatic or operatic stage, even when the trumpet of fame has been sounded loudest and longest in advance. The cry of "Wolf" has lost all its power, and we quietly determine to trust to nothing but our own eyes and ears. Such were our feelings when we went to the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening to witness the *début* of Mlle. Patti. We had read about the lady in foreign journals, and had written about her no later than last week; but, although all we had read was highly eulogistic, and though we presented her in the most favourable light to the reader—as far as we were enabled to do, not having heard her, without compromising ourselves—we were by no means sanguine as to the result. The general audience, of course, who knew nothing whatsoever about Miss Adelina Patti, was apathetic in the extreme, and there was not the least excitement manifested. The theatre, though subsequently full, at first, indeed, was badly attended, and little interest or curiosity was betokened for

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the *débutante*. A few, however, who learned what had taken place at rehearsal, were anxious and excited, and these were her solitary friends; and so Mlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance in England with little or no hope or expectation from any feeling previously created in her favour. Never did singer make her *début* in this country with so little known of her antecedents, and with so little stir made about her beforehand. Generally speaking, a new candidate for lyric and dramatic honours, as soon as announced, becomes the topic in musical circles, and affords matter for speculation in clubs and drawing-rooms. A new "first lady" in the operatic world is a great fact, and subscribers prepare their opera-glasses as astronomers their telescopes on the advent of an unexpected comet. Mlle. Patti, however, had not figured in the programme of the season, and her name had only appeared four days' in advance of her *début*, and *without a single remark* in the advertisements. Not only was the young lady unheralded by puff of any kind, but the usual, indeed indispensable, statement as to who she was, and where she came from, was omitted altogether. Did the director, assured of success, follow this unprecedented mode of securing a sensation? Or did he fear for the result, and so hold his peace? We think the latter most probable, as the temptation to disclosure involved in the complete conviction of having something great to exhibit would be almost too much for managerial forbearance. Mlle. Adelina Patti, we may therefore conclude, came out without any extraordinary hope on the part of the director—at all events until after rehearsal, when announcement was too late—and with no expectation on the part of the public.

Never was surprise greater, nor result more triumphant. Mlle. Patti was welcomed with the warmth due to her extreme youth and prepossessing appearance; but there was no enthusiasm. The utmost attention, however, was paid to the recitative preceding Amina's address to her companions, and the first hearing was satisfactory. The young artist for a moment or two betrayed nervousness; but she instantly shook off all fear, as if conscious of her strength, and executed a passage *di bravura*, which completely electrified the house. The audience was now indeed all ears, and Mlle. Patti's success may be chronicled as a perfect climax, rising from the first scene, and attaining its culminating point in the famous *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giunge." What our opinions of the *débutante* are will be found in our notice of the young lady's performance in its proper place. Meanwhile, we may assert emphatically that Italian Opera has obtained an accession of strength in a certain line which we did not expect to witness in our own time. Mlle. Adelina Patti is a triumphant refutation that art and genius have deserted the operatic stage. Having now obtained the legitimate successor of Bosio, Persiani—we were about to add (and why not?) Jenny Lind—why may we not look for another Pasta, Malibran, Catalani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache? Why should not the advent of Mlle. Patti fill us with hope for the fortunes of Italian Opera? We may indulge imagination so far. At all events we have experienced a new sensation, and that is something.

R.

FAILURE is too frequently the result of zeal and perseverance in a good cause to be matter of great astonishment. Dr. Mark, who has for many years laboured indefatigably and disinterestedly to promote a taste for music among the rising generation, and, as every one reasonably supposed, was laying the ground-work of a handsome fortune, when he established his Royal College of Music at Manchester, has been forced to succumb to the caprices of the fickle goddess, and is now involved in serious difficulties. These difficulties, however, have been so grossly exaggerated, especially in a report which was published in the *Lancaster Gazette*, that Dr. Mark had no alternative but to insist upon a rectification of the statements therein furnished. This was acceded to by the *Lancaster Gazette* so readily as to prove that its managers had been influenced by no motives hostile to Dr. Mark, but had merely given publicity to a very prevalent rumour. In the recantation (which we subjoin) will be found a true account of Dr. Mark's actual position, which cannot fail to excite the sympathy of all who feel interested in the progress of musical education in this country.

"We hasten to express our extreme regret that an erroneous statement should have originated in our columns of last week, respecting the liabilities of the above gentleman. They are *not* 40,000*l*., as stated, but only about 2,000*l*. We deeply deplore this mistake, the more so—since the report has already reached a wide circulation, and may have a prejudicial effect upon Dr. Mark. We could have no vindictive feelings in publishing so gross a mistake, had we not received information from a party pretending to know Dr. Mark's affairs. We have on the contrary and at all times expressed our full appreciation of the eminent services Dr. Mark is rendering to this country, not only by fostering a love and taste for music amongst the rising generation by his effective system of musical education, but also for the spirit and energy he has displayed in establishing single handed a National Institution in the midst of us, from which he intended to foster branches in every locality in the kingdom. For the last three years he has maintained his large establishment at an annual expenditure of 10,000*l*., having nothing but the receipts of his concerts and the sale of his works to depend upon, and travelling with a number of boys giving concerts and lectures to illustrate his plan practically in every district. It is the insufficiency of these resources that has occasioned this temporary stop in his noble exertions, and we consider it a great pity that so valuable a public institution as the Royal College of Music, likewise the energies of its worthy founder, should be crippled for means and for the want of efficient and annual aid, and when it will be more generally known that Dr. Mark has laboured for the last 15 years, and devoted his honest earnings during that time, amounting to upwards of 100,000*l*. in promoting his scheme, we consider Dr. Mark's present position a most painful and undeserved one. The public is greatly indebted to him for his services; he is the originator of a great national idea, which has already advantageously developed itself in the organisation of numerous juvenile bands since "Dr. Mark and his Little Men" have been known about the country, and we are glad to learn that as soon as Dr. Mark is at liberty, he has fully determined to continue his labours, and we trust that the public will encourage him anew in his novel endeavours, and that he may receive sufficient aid from our wealthy friends, and eventually the reward he so justly merits, both from Her Majesty's government and the people of Great Britain, as a national instructor and a great musical reformer. With these few remarks, and animated by a sense of justice towards Dr. Mark, we sincerely hope that the high respect in which he is held throughout the country will induce all those who have published our first report to insert also this paragraph."

That Dr. Mark may be enabled to surmount his difficulties we sincerely hope. He has proved himself truly the "Children's Friend," and is entitled to unanimous sympathy in his hour of need.

M. Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, has announced an evening concert on Tuesday, May 28th, at St. James's Hall, when he will be assisted by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Gardoni. Mr. Benedict will conduct.

Crystal Palace.—The National Choral Society will give a performance of Locke's music to *Macbeth*, on Saturday next, the 25th inst., to be sung by a chorus of 1000 voices, in the great Handel orchestra. A selection of madrigals, part songs and glees, will also be given. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Miss Wilkinson, will take the solo parts, and Mr. G. W. Martin conduct.

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ABANDONMENT OF THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Leeds Express," Saturday, May 18.)

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH *viâ* BRADFORD.

"THE projected Leeds Musical Festival for 1861 has been abandoned, a resolution to this effect having been passed at a special meeting of the Committee held on Thursday last. The causes which have decided the Committee to take so important a backward step, are — the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Leeds a few weeks only prior to the time fixed for holding the Festival; the dulness of trade consequent on the American crisis; the exorbitant demand made by vocalists whose services are considered indispensable; the meeting of the British Association at Manchester during the first week in September, being the identical days of the proposed Leeds Festival; the resignation (from illness) of Mr. Walker Joy, one of the hon. secretaries; and the conduct of the chorus-master with respect to the selection of a chorus. As this question is of considerable importance to the town, and one that is likely to cause no little discussion, we will endeavour, in an impartial and fair spirit, to give our readers some idea of the difficulties with which the Festival Committee were beset, and which have induced them to adopt a course that must produce a baneful effect on our position as a musical town.

"To very few persons will the fact be unknown, that for some years past there have been in existence two musical parties — one ranging itself under the guidance and control of Mr. Spark, organist of the Town Hall, and the other being ruled by Mr. Burton, organist at the parish church. Could that harmonious feeling which generally obtains amongst other professions be instilled into the musical section of a community, a spirit of friendly competition and emulation — not of jealous rivalry — would prevail, to the manifest benefit of the art itself. But, unhappily, rivalry and ill feeling exist in nearly every town large enough to support two sections of musical partisans, and Leeds is by no means an exception to the general rule. We will not stop here to inquire which party is to blame in Leeds for this division, because we are assured that 'much may be said on both sides;' but we had hoped that, in Leeds, as in other large towns where periodical grand musical events take place, the various discordant elements would have united for this occasion in one harmonious whole — all personal considerations being abandoned, and every one using his utmost to secure that benefit and prestige to the town, towards which a successful Musical Festival so much tends.

"Early in the present year the Festival Committee selected Mr. Burton as chorus-master, and he accepted office unconditionally. Following the usual order of things, a Committee was appointed, to whom was entrusted the onerous duty of selecting a chorus of 260 voices, whom Mr. Burton was to rehearse in the choral pieces to be performed at the Festival, the Committee being responsible for the efficiency of the chorus selected. An unwise attempt was made by a portion of the General Committee altogether to exclude Bradford chorus singers from taking any part in the Leeds Festival, because, we understand, that excellent body of voices did not belong to a society called 'The Yorkshire Choral Union,' of which Mr. Burton is the conductor. As it was manifestly unfair, if chorus-singers from other towns were absolutely required, thus to exclude the singers from so large and important a neighbouring town, the General Committee, after mature deliberation, unanimously resolved to engage a portion of the Bradford chorus, and decided that the entire chorus for the Leeds Festival should be selected from the Leeds Madrigal Society, the Leeds Festival Choral Society, the Bradford Festival Choral Society, and the Yorkshire Choral Union, which includes singers from Halifax, Huddersfield, and Sheffield. Lists of competent singers were applied for to each of these societies, and something like 600 names were sent in. Of the Leeds Madrigal Society, comprising 180 members, a selected list of about 80 was forwarded to the Committee, and an equal number was sent in from the Festival Choral Society. The Madrigal Society's singers were guaranteed for efficiency; but they were also willing to undergo any test by an *impartial* musician — for it was believed from the experience of the previous Festival in 1858, that, however good the members of the Madrigal Society may be, many of them would be rejected, unless some such plan were adopted. The decision of the Committee, therefore, was the only one by which even-handed justice to Leeds singers could be dealt out. The Chorus Committee, which comprised Messrs. E. Wurtzburg, T. Eagland, Walker Joy, J. W. Atkinson, and Julian Marshall, after numerous discussions, unanimously recommended to the General Committee that any chorus singers selected by them, if objected to by the chorus-master, should undergo examination by some eminent and impartial professor of music. When the Committee's decision was made known to Mr. Burton, he declined to have anything to do with the chorus, unless he could also have the entire and sole selection of that body. While thus demanding this extraordinary power, he stated his intention entirely to exclude Bradford singers, and take only about 20 or 25 from the Leeds Madrigal Society! Thus the chorus for the Leeds Festival would comprise every member of the Leeds Festival Choral Society — good, bad, and indifferent — and a few from the Madrigal Society, in all about 100 from our own town; and the remaining 160 from Sheffield, Halifax, and Huddersfield only. This, then, is entirely a matter between the Committee and the chorus-master; and those who characterise it as 'a party question', continue that cry in direct opposition to the facts

"Look at it which way we will, the exclusion of Bradford singers would, in our opinion, be a suicidal policy. It is our interest to keep on friendly terms with so large and important a town, where music is cultivated and encouraged to a larger extent than in any other borough in the county, if we may judge by the Triennial Festivals which have already been given there. The Bradford Festival Choral Society is undoubtedly one of the finest bodies of voices in the kingdom. They have sung at every great festival at the Crystal Palace — one hundred of them having been engaged for the *Creation* given on the 1st May last with such distinguished success; and they have also sung before the Queen, 'by special command.' In neither Halifax, Huddersfield, nor Sheffield has Leeds so much interest as in Bradford; whilst its contiguity to this town renders the cost of transporting singers thence less expensive than from the places named above. But this chorus dispute would by no means alone have prevented the holding of a Festival, for there is no question whatever that a magnificent body of chorus-singers can be obtained in Leeds, Bradford, and the district, entirely independent of Mr. Burton; and there would not be wanting equally competent persons to rehearse the chorus in a satisfactory manner.

"Touching one or two of the other causes which would be likely to militate against the success of the Festival, we may state that several members of the Committee have from the very first been of opinion that the Royal Agricultural Show coming so near the Festival, would seriously effect the receipts; and it has often been urged that could a series of grand musical performances be arranged during the Agricultural Show, a large sum for charitable purposes would in all probability be secured. Mr. Walker's Joy's resignation is, too, a serious matter, for he is possessed of considerable tact in musical arrangements, and, with the near approach of the Festival, the efforts of every individual member of the Committee would absolutely be needed. The dulness of trade would of course materially injure the Festival; and should the American war continue, its evil effects upon us as a commercial town must assuredly be increased.

"Such, then, are the main reasons upon which the Festival Committee have based their determination to abandon for the present the Leeds Festival. Next year Bradford will hold its fourth Triennial Musical Festival. We must therefore, in all probabili y, wait till 1868 for our second grand musical event, in which year, too, we shall avoid the danger of clashing with the Birmingham Triennal Festival.

"Whilst the above gives a correct statement of the position of affairs, it is right we should state that a communication was made to the Festival Committee on Thursday, to the effect that arrangements were pending by which the differences which have so long existed amongst musical men, will, in all probability, be soon completely healed. None will rejoice more than ourselves should this desideratum be achieved; and no festival will go off with greater *éclat* than that in Leeds, when every well-wisher to the cause of music uses his utmost efforts to promote the art, and the art alone; and when as we hope, no great counter-attraction, like the Royal Agricultural Show, will interfere with the probabilities of a Festival equalling in grandeur and success the music meeting of 1858.

MR. TENNANT, one of our most successful organisers of "Monster Concerts," has announced his annual entertainment for Monday evening next, at Exeter Hall, which (as on former occasions) will no doubt be thronged to "overflow," by the crowd of music-lovers, anxious to get as much as can by any expedient be obtained for their money. Besides the great *contralto-soprano*, Alboni (a host in herself), Mr. Tennant has secured (among other well-known artists) Mad. Catherine Hayes, Mad. Ferrari, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Signor Ferrari, Mr. Alberto Laurence, Herr Formes, Mr. Charles Braham (who by the bye, makes his first appearance in England as a barytone, on this occasion), Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Ole Bull. Mr. Tennant always caters liberally for his patrons, and amply deserves the success that has hitherto awaited his public undertakings.

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Sacred Harmonic Society.—The performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Friday week may be considered on the whole as the finest ever heard in the metropolis, and we are not surprised to find it announced for repetition on the 24th instant. In no other oratorio does the success depend so little upon the solos and so entirely upon the choruses, and it reflects the highest credit upon their talented chief, Mr. Costa, to say that from beginning to end the singing was marked by a degree of unwavering precision, certainty of intonation, with due attention to every modulation of piano or forte that must have satisfied the most critical. One of the most remarkable displays, to our mind, was the wonderfully suggestive chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," which, although it did not command an encore, as in the case of the well-known "Hailstone" chorus, was nevertheless one of the most effective bits of singing throughout. But, grand as was the singing of the chorus and playing of the orchestra, there were yet other triumphs in store, and none greater than Mr. Sims Reeves's magnificent declamation of the trying air, "The enemy said I will pursue," in which the great tenor fairly surpassed himself, rousing to enthusiasm an audience that set at defiance the conventional etiquette of Exeter Hall, and called for its repetition with a unity of purpose which would take no denial, Mr. Reeves repeated the air, with, if possible, additional effect, and seldom have we heard anything more spontaneous than the applause which greeted his renewed exertions with so much justice. The soprano has but little to do in *Israel in Egypt;* but the one air, "Thou didst blow," was sung by Mlle. Parepa with all her accustomed skill, while the contralto music found a representative in Mad. Sainton-Dolby, whom it would be difficult to excel, either in purity of style or dignity of manner. The somewhat boisterous duet, "The Lord is a man of war," is but too frequently treated as a mere vehicle for displaying the shouting capabilities of two rival bass singers, whose only object appears to be the mutual drowning of each other's voices. In this instance an agreeable exception was found, as its delivery fell to the lot of Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley, both artists in the full sense of the term, and as we never heard the duet go better, were not surprised at the very genuine encore which it elicited. The Hall was densely crowded in every part.

Philharmonic Society.—We annex the programme of the fifth concert.

Part I.—Sinfonia in C, No. 1 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Zum Lieden," Mad. Rieder, *Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Fantasia appassionata, violin, M. Vieuxtemps (Vieuxtemps); Scena and romanza, Signor Delle Sedie, Maria Padilla (Donizetti); Overture, *Freischütz* (Weber).

Part II.—Sinfonia in G minor (Mozart); Aria, Signor Delle Sedie, "Deh, vieni alla finestra" (Mozart); Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Signor Nacciarone (Mendelssohn); Duet, "Ai Capricci," Mad. Rieder and Signor Delle Sedie (Rossini); Overture, *L' Alcade de la Vega*, (Onslow).—Conductor: Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

The reputation of the Society is in good hands when such performances as the one under consideration are by no means extraordinary events in its career. Two masterpieces of the art were never given with more exactitude of *tempo*, more delicate attention to the nicer orchestral effects, nor with more energy and spirit. The overtures were played with tremendous effect, the ultra-dramatic *Der Freischütz* particularly. M. Vieuxtemps played his well-known "Fantasia appassionata" with musicianly skill and artistic expression. Of Signor Nacciarone we cannot speak altogether favourably. He is wanting in the simplicity of manner that our better known pianists of England and Germany possess, and which invests their playing with so much real worth and so many charms. The singing of Signor Delle Sedie wants nothing that an artist should have. He is naturally gifted and artistically cultivated. His delivery of "Deh vieni" was pure and legitimate dramatic art; and was londly redemanded. Mad. Rieder improves in many ways. To the energy and accomplishments of Dr. Bennett we may mainly attribute the success of this one of the best performances of the season.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Mr. Sims Reeves's Benefit.—The announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves upon an ordinary occasion is a tower of strength to any concert-giver, for there is perhaps no other singer, native or foreign, who is so great a favourite of the public, and no single name exercises so powerful an attraction as that of the eminent tenor, whom Englishmen may well be proud to claim as their countryman. Although the ground-work of the great and unprecedented success of the Monday Popular Concerts must undoubtedly be attributed to the instrumental music with which it has been the means of familiarising its attendants, still the vocal element must be credited with its share, and as Mr. Sims Reeves has upon so many occasions contributed his services and introduced so many compositions whose intrinsic merit render them most welcome and valuable additions to our store of really good chamber songs, we think he did wisely in associating his benefit with a series of concerts whose achievements are amongst the most remarkable even in this musical age. Mr. Reeves has the good fortune to possess a voice of a quality so beautiful that it may be said to be almost exceptional in its character, combining as it does the most perfect sweetness with a power altogether unrivalled among tenors, a register of most extensive compass, and a thorough knowledge of music, which enables its possessor to turn these great natural advantages to the best possible account. It is not in singing any particular class of music that Mr. Sims Reeves's speciality consists, his capability is universal; and whether in sacred, operatic or chamber compositions, he is equally at home, standing confessedly a master in each and every style. Three solos and a duet afforded Mr. Reeves's admirers an opportunity of appreciating his quality, and most thoroughly was each piece enjoyed. Cimarosa's aria, "Pria che spunti," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, a song of Kücken's, "Twilight is darkening," so charmingly sung as to cause its repetition to be insisted upon, and the two last verses given again, were Mr. Reeves's contributions to the first part. But the greatest treat was reserved for the second; and those of our readers who have heard how Mr. Reeves can sing the "Adelaide," and how Miss Arabella Goddard can play the accompaniment, may imagine the combined effect of two such artists—each unrivalled. To those who have not had the good fortune, any attempt by mere words to convey the impression would be hopeless—the English language is limited, and we have but one word in our vocabulary that can apply, and that word we need hardly say is—perfection. The duet of Nemorino and Belcore, 'Venti scudi,' from *l'Elisir d'Amore*, by Mr. Reeves and Mr. Santley, terminated the vocal portion of the programme, before dismissing which we must render our just tribute of praise to the latter gentleman for the admirable manner in which he sang Henry Smart's charming song, "Sleep, heart of mine," and Schubert's no less charming song, "As o'er the Alps," the last being unanimously encored. There was but one instrumental solo, Handel's well-known *suite de pièces*, containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith," rendered with all that delicacy of expression, suppleness of finger, and thorough command of all the resources of the piano, of which Miss Arabella Goddard is so completely a mistress. A hearty recall rewarded the efforts of the accomplished pianist. In Dussek's sonata in B flat, Miss Goddard enjoyed the co-operation of Herr Straus, whose neat and finished execution was also evinced in the quartets with which the concert began and ended, Schubert's, in A minor, op. 29, and Mozart's, in D major, op. 10, both compositions of sterling worth, the latter being given for the first time here. The Hall was crammed to overflowing. On May 27th, M. Vieuxtemps announces his benefit and last appearance, the vocalists being Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves, and Miss Arabella Goddard the pianist.

Crystal Palace.—At the second opera concert, on Friday week, Madame Grisi made her first appearance this season. Her voice, though showing signs of wear and tear, has lost none of its charm, and the first movement of "Qui la voce" was listened to by a very numerous and fashionable company with great delight. The *cabaletta* was delivered in that perfect manner which has for years been Madame Grisi's characteristic, though, perhaps, only less brilliant than when it issued in time past from the same lips. The *prima donna's* other song was "Home, sweet home." It was sung in English, and was encored. A similar compliment was bestowed upon "The last rose of summer," by Mlle. Titiens. Mlle. Titiens also sang "Casta diva," and joined Signor Giuglini in the duet from *I Martiri*. Signor Giuglini sang the aria "M' appari," from *Martha*, and, in the second part of the concert, sang "La donna è mobile," to which his style is not well suited. Signor Belletti gave Mozart's "Questi avventurier" admirably, and his excellent singing was also brought to bear upon the song from Balfe's *Falstaff*, which he introduced at the concert of the Musical

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Society. The instrumental music consisted of the overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *William Tell*, and *La Nuit de Noel* (Reber), with two cornet solos by Herr Kosleck, a member of the King of Prussia's private band, and a very clever performer. The chorus were not employed in any operatic *finale* or concerted piece, but sang Horsley's glee, "See the chariot at hand," and the market chorus from *Masaniello*.

If not nominally Saturday's was really a winter concert. The removal of the concert-room enclosure has proved premature, chilling blasts being still the rule rather than the exception. The day was not only cold but dismally wet. Consequently we were not surprised that the audience should have been smaller than was proportionate to the merits of the concert. The attraction, indeed, was of the highest order, and included the party which has been recently touring in the provinces under the auspices of Mr. Willert Beale, Mad. Alboni, Mlle. Sedlatzek, Mr. Land, Sig. Coselli, and Miss Arabella Goddard. To these were added Miss Helen McLeod and Signor Giulio Regondi. Mad. Alboni, who was enthusiastically received every time she made her appearance, sang the aria from *Semiramide*, "Eccomi alfin in Babylonia!" magnificently, and the brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia* as magnificently in its way, the latter being encored but not repeated. She also sang, with Mlle. Sedlatzek, a Venetian duo by Goldberg, joined in the quintett, "Pour les attraits," from Niedermeyer's *Marie Stuart*, and sang one of the solos in a new Italian national hymn, by Arditi, a simple composition of a decidedly military order. The great contralto was in her most superb voice, and was never listened to with more breathless attention, nor ever afforded more unmitigated delight. Miss M'Leod gave Balfe's "Power of Love" with a good deal of expression. Miss Arabella Goddard played Weber's concerto in E flat with exceeding brilliancy, and in the second part of the concert charmed every one with Mr. Benedict's new fantasia, "Albion," for the encore of which she played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," which drew down thunders of applause. Signor Cosselli, amongst other things, rattled off the buffo song from *Cenerentola* with volubility that well-nigh distanced the band. The overtures to *Semiramide* and *La Perle de Bresil* (Félicien David) were admirably played, and Signor Regondi exhibited his wonderful executive powers in his own *morceau de concert*, "Les Oiseaux."

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER'S evening concert — a very capital entertainment — took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday evening. There were several new pieces by the concert-giver, in the programme, and, doubtless, the many friends and patrons of the talented pianist were as desirous to hear his compositions as to hear him play. The concert opened with a new quartet, by Herr Schloesser, for piano and stringed instruments, executed to perfection by the composer, M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti — a work of ambitious design and real merit, which would have found more favour had it not lasted *one entire hour*. The other compositions introduced by the concert-giver were, *Fantaisie de Concert*, for the piano, on *Guillaume Tell*, admirably played by himself; and three vocal pieces: —trio, "Ave Maria," sung by Mlles. Parepa and Behrens and Signor Gardoni; two German *lieder*, by Mlle. Behrens; and a sacred song, "He that keepeth Israel," by Mlle. Parepa. The trio was, perhaps, the most favourable specimen of Herr Schloesser's talents in vocal composition, being both melodious and skilfully written for the voices. Herr Schloesser's "classic" taste was exhibited in Beethoven's duo with variations for piano and violoncello, which he performed with "the incomparable" Signor Piatti, and which met with well-merited success. Herr Schloesser's talents as a pianist were further tested in a *Nocturne* by Chopin, in Liszt's arrangement of the march from *Tannhäuser*, and in Vieuxtemps and Wolff's brilliant duo for violin and piano, on *Don Giovanni*, played with the magnificent Belgian violinist himself. From the vocal performances we may single out Signor Gardoni's "Adelaida"—as a chaste and artistic rendering of that exquisitely beautiful song—as worthy special praise.

HERR SIGISMUND BLUMNER, a recent addition to our list of foreign pianists and professors from the Conservatorium at Berlin, gave a grand orchestral concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. He was assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Walter Bolton, vocalists, and by Herr Ernst Pauer and M. Vieuxtemps, instrumentalists. Henselt's pianoforte concerto, Op. 16, played by Herr Blumner, was not heard for the first time in this country, although stated so in the bills. It is a lengthy, dry, and elaborate work, but being executed with great skill and vigour, found favour with some part of the audience. Herr Blumner is entitled to praise for the introduction of a work of so much pretension, by a composer who enjoys no mean reputation in his own country, though known principally in England by his minor contributions to the pianoforte. Moreover, the concerto had already been deemed worthy of a place in one of the programmes of the New Philharmonic Concerts, some two or three years since, when Herr Klindworth played the pianoforte part. Herr Blumner's other performances were a prelude and fugue, by Bach; a prelude by Chopin; "triolino" and "allegro de concert," by Charles Mayer; a mazurka of his own composition; and Robert Schumann's variations for two pianos, with Herr Pauer. The pianoforte pieces were varied with a solo on the violin by M. Vieuxtemps. Madame Sherrington sang an air by Pacini, "Vedrai carino," and "My long hair is braided," from the *Amber Witch;* and Mr. Walter Bolton (*primo tenore* from the Italian Opera at Lisbon, according to the bills), with a pleasing tenor voice, the air, "Caro imagine," from *Il Flauto Magico*, and the romance, "Tutti m' appari," from *Martha*. The band, which was under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and was selected from the Philharmonic and Royal Italian Opera orchestras, executed Beethoven's overtures to *Prometheus* in first-rate style.

M. SAINTON'S second *soirée* was attended by a numerous and brilliant audience, who evinced marked satisfaction at the excellent programme provided for them. Mozart's quartet in C, No. 6 (one of the set dedicated to Haydn), with which the concert opened, is now tolerably familiar to the public, thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, to which the lovers of good music are also indebted for the introduction of the Beethoven quartet (so called posthumous) in A minor, No. 16 (Query 15). Both were rendered in a style which fairly left nothing to desire, the executants being MM. Sainton (who has so often distinguished himself in these two quartets), Bezeth, Doyle, and Piatti, the first and last-named gentlemen joining Mad. Piatti in a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Rubinstein. Mad. Piatti also contributed solos, including one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne worte," and Chopin's "Valse Brillante" in A flat, while the marvellous talent of her husband was shown in Schubert's "Ave Maria" and a "Bergamosca," the latter Signor Piatti's own composition. Two songs, "Sleep, dearest, sleep!" by Randegger, and "The days that are no more," by Blumenthal, besides an aria from Handel's opera, *Il Radamisto*—the last two for the first time of performance—constituted Mad. Sainton-Dolby's share of the programme, and when we say that our justly-admired contralto was in excellent voice, and sung with all that artistic feeling and expression of which she is so consummate a mistress, our readers can quite understand that the effect produced was in the highest degree gratifying.

MLLE. DE VILLAR'S CONCERT. — This affair came off on Friday evening, the 10th, and attracted a large and fashionable attendance. Mlle. de Villar, who is well known as a soprano singer of high excellence — first introduced to the public, if we mistake not, by Mr. John Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall — sang the grand aria from *Ernani*, "Ernani, involami;" German lied, "Oh Bitt ench Liebe Vögelein;" "The power of Love;" Schifferlied, by Fesca; besides joining Mr. George Perren in the duet "Sulla tomba" from *Lucia*, and taking part in Mr. Henry Leslie's trio "Memory," with Miss Palmer and Mr. George Perren, in all displaying an agreeable voice and good style. Among the other vocal performers, Herr Hermanns created the greatest sensation, eliciting an uproarious encore in Boieldieu's air "Mein Gebot soll man hier," from *Jean de Paris*, and in Falstaff's Trinklied, from Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. John Francis Barnett was encored in Thalberg's introduction and variations on the *Elisir d'Amore* — a very brilliant performance; and played three sketches of his own composing. Mr. Balsir Chatterton executed a fantasia on the harp, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. W. H. Holmes, and Herr Lidel played two solos on the violoncello. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was conductor.

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MADAME LAURA BAXTER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on 7th June, at St. James's Hall. Eminent Vocal and Instrumental artists are engaged. Particulars in Future Advertisements.

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M. SAINTON'S THIRD SOIREE will take place at his residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, on WEDNESDAY, May 29th.

Programme:—Quartet, in G, Op. 77 (Haydn); Grand Trio, in B flat (Beethoven); Quartet, in E minor (Mendelssohn). Executants: MM. SAINTON, BEZETH, WEBB, PAQUE; Pianoforte, Mr. W. CUSINS; Vocalists: Miss MARIAN MOSS and Signor GARDONI, who will sing Beethoven's "Adelaida." Solos on the Pianoforte and Violin. At the Pianoforte, HERR WILHELM GANZ.

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MLLE. CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce her MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 7th. Vocalists: Madame RIEDER, Mlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS, Miss RACHEL GRAY, and Miss PALMER; Mr. GEORGE PERREN and Herr HERMANNS. Instrumentalists: M. OLE BULL, M. PAQUE, Mlle. VALENTIN. Conductors: Herr WILHELM GANZ, M. GITS, and Mr. SIDNEY SMITH.

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MISS HELEN McLEOD begs to announce that she will give her Second ANNUAL CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the EVENING of TUESDAY, the 4th June, when she will be assisted by the following artists:—Vocalists: Mlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS, Miss HELEN McLEOD, Mr. TENNANT, Herr HERMANNS, and Signor CIABATTA. Instrumentalists: Miss ANNIE ELLIOT, Herr F. HAGAR, from the Conservatoir at Leipzig (his first appearance in England), Herr LIDEL, and Herr OBERTHUR. Conductors: Herr WILHELM GANZ and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN.

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All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, W.

M. PAQUE'S MATINEE MUSICALE, MONDAY, 3rd of June (by the kind permission of the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire), 24 Belgrave Square. Artists: Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Mad. RIEDER, Miss GRAY, &c.; Messrs. SAINTON, BENEDICT, CUSINS, KLEINE, OULD, PAQUE, WM. GANZ, RUMMEL, GITS. To commence at Three o'clock.

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HERR FORMES begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées.
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Reviews.

"*Would I could centre all my thoughts in thee*"—words by M. Deigh, music by Frederic Clay (Addison, Hollier and Lucas).

Whoever heard this ballad sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, at one of the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, must remember it with pleasure, as a graceful and truly musician-like setting of words by no means its equal in purity. Mr. M. Deigh's hero, or interlocutor, or at any rate locutor, is an arrant coxcomb. Hear his conceit:—

"Would I could centre all my thoughts in thee,
Would that a simpler, truer heart were mine,
Would I could love thee as thou lovest me,
And seek to gain no other smile than thine!
Would I could deem thee fairest, best of all,
As once when thou wert all my hope and pride,
Gladly would I those blissful days recall,
And seek no happiness but by thy side!

I know thou lov'st me with a love as pure
As ever burnt in gentle woman's heart,
And that thy fond affection will endure
While life remains, so good and true thou art.
Then be it mine with earnest will to strive
To teach this erring heart no more to rove,
Blest by thy smile, for ever may I live,
Faithful to thee, more worthy of thy love."

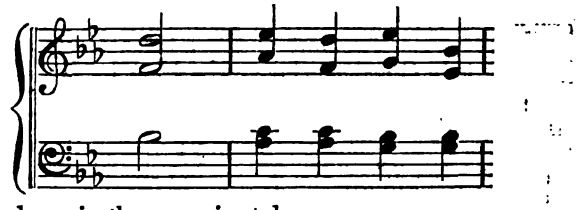
The silly fellow! We should like to hear the lady's answer. Mr. Clay's music is much too good for such Brummagem-French sentiment as this. The song is almost irreproachable. We say almost, because, in our opinion, one progression might be improved:—

But this may, after all, be a question of taste. Mr. Francesco Berger would, doubtless, quote some license for it in Mr. Macfarren's book on harmony.

"*The People's Tune Book*"—by Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (Sampson Low, Son and Co.)

"*The People's Tune Book*" is, as the title sets out, "a class-book of church music for choirs, congregations, and singing schools." The preface contains some sensible remarks on the utility of music in church services, and advocates the application of art to the ends of religion, in contradistinction to the application of religion to the ends of art. The author seems to believe that too much is thought of art, and too little of religion. Psalmody is looking up, however; but much remains to be done. Of course, "*The People's Tune Book*" (the old song) is to do it. It is designed "for singing-schools established especially for the purpose of improvement, not in singing merely, but in the service of song in the house of the Lord." So is every old hymn-book extant, and every new hymn-book that appears. Mr. Mason's work is, at all events, voluminous, comprising (preface and index taken in) no less than 304 pages of letter-press and music-type. There are a good many new tunes, and among the best (old and new) we may single out Shawmut, Barby, Belt, Albec and Aknal, Cave, Cliff and Cole, Duke Street, Ell and Effen, Eutah and Ellard, Fleet Street and Ganges, Glen, Iosco, Kane and Kitto, Janeway and Lyte, Mead and Mear, Oak, Naul, Ocean and Olivet, Ord, Ovio and Oyson, Pekin, Pike, and Phuvah, Shorne, Praise, Pisgah, Shining Shore and Silver Street, Toplady, Tyng, Trumpet, Tully and Tytherton, Wayne and Welt, Winner and Wisner, Zane, Worth and Zebulon, Vail, Vital Spark and the Old Hundredth. To cite a specimen or two, "Pekin," the work of Mr. William Mason, sets off quite in the masonic style:—

continues in the masonic style:—



and winds up in the masonic style:—

"Strand" is also the work of Mr. William Mason. This too, is in the masonic style. Hear the second section:—

[Take notice:—The first line stands for tenor, and sounds an octave lower; the second line for alto, and sounds as it is written; the third line for soprano, and sounds an octave higher; the fourth line for bass, standing where it sounds, and sounding where it stands.]

Dr. Lowell Mason's contributions ("legion") to the "*People's Tune Book*" have none of this ultra-masonic tendency. "Shawmut" is as simple as a hammer; so is "Oak" (which, however, might not pass in the University of Chirk); so is "Olivet."

"'*Malbrook,' mélodie historique pour piano*"—*par* Ferdinand Praeger (Ashdown and Parry).

Herr Praeger has done military justice upon the air upon which Beethoven did military justice in his *Battle of Vittoria*; only Herr Praeger has executed seriously that which his predecessor executed comically.

"'*Valse Caprice,' pour violon, violoncelle, et piano*,"—*par* Auguste Ergmann, Op. 15 (Ashdown and Parry).

The motive of the waltz is extremely graceful and cleverly developed. The instruments are in each instance well suited,

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and the whole makes an agreeable and effective trio for the drawing-room — we beg pardon, *salon*.

"'*La Speranza,*' *aria poesia di* METASTASIO, *posta in musica*" *dall'* HONORABLE MRS. GREVILLE (Duncan Davison and Co., London; *presso di* G. G. Guidi, Firenze).

It is a long time since we have seen so many Italian words on an English cover as on the English cover of the Italian air "*dall'* Honorable Mrs. Greville." *La "Speranza,"* nevertheless, is pretty and singable; so is "*Quando nascente il dolce sorriso,*" a canzonet (same publishers), both words (Italian words) and music "*dall'* Honorable Mrs. Greville;" so is "*La Costanza,*" another canzonet "*dall'* Honorable Mrs. Greville," the words of which are by nobody, or at least by nobody with a name.

"*Sketch for the Organ,*" No. 2—by JAMES GATTIE (J. H. Jewell).

"No. 2" is better than either "No. 1" or "No. 3," inasmuch as it is more definite and less incoherently rambling. "No. 2" is in C major, while "No. 1" and "No. 3" are in no key whatever; another point in favour of "No. 2." "No. 2," moreover, is refreshingly curt; while "No. 1" and "No. 3" are sinuously lengthy; yet another point in favour of "No. 2." "No. 2"——but enough of "No. 2."

"*An Address to Bees*"—music by FREDERIC C. ATKINSON (Joseph Williams).

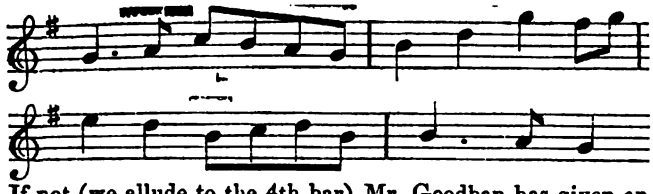
The anonymous poet upon whose high-poised line Mr. Frederic C. Atkinson has hung out his musical ideas to air, apostrophises the bees, as "Ye musical *hounds*;" and farther on tells them that "the *souls* of the flowers" are their "*viands*." This is a trifle in "Ercles' vein;" but to "make up," Mr. Atkinson's music is lively and pretty (if not perplexingly original).

"*Good News from Home,*" for the pianoforte—by HENRY W. GOODBAN (Ashdown and Parry).

A graceful and effective, showy, and at the same time easy arrangement, with short introduction and brilliant variation, of one of the most popular (though not most new—"Thou art so near, and yet so far," by Herr Reichardt, to wit) melodies sung by Christy's Minstrels. One progression, however, demands reconsideration:—

'*The Minstrel Boy*"—by HENRY W. GOODBAN (Ashdown and Parry).

Is the following a correct version of the Irish melody (the "Moreen")?



If not (we allude to the 4th bar) Mr. Goodban has given an incorrect version of the Irish melody (the "Moreen"). In what page of Mr. Macfarren's book on Harmony will Mr. Francisco Berger find a licence for the subjoined?

And for the subjoined?

When the foregoing questions are resolved, we are resolved to recommend this "*Minstrel Boy*" as a really clever "transcription, out of which, too, with small mechanical appliance, considerable effect may be obtained.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

PARISIAN MANAGERS have made up their minds to give no heed to the warning of the Psalmist—"Place not thy faith in princes." On the contrary, it seems the fashion for Dukes and Princes, instead of patronising managers, to be patronised by them. What a pity it is that nature should be so unworldly as to bestow her gifts without respect to rank and titles, and that laurel crowns and jewelled diadems do not, by equal title, cincture the same brows. Unfortunately, however, inspiration is not even impartially breathed upon all classes of mortals alike, but absolutely seems to shun the *turres regum*, and haunt preferentially *pauperum tabernas*. It is on positive evidence the Muses affect low company. This is all *à propos* of a new comic opera which Prince Poniatowski has had performed at the Théâtre Lyrique, under the title of *Au travers du Mur*. The subject seems to have been selected to prove the truth of the saying, "The weakest goes to the wall;" for a very weak and commonplace vapid and villanous affair it is. Princeish decidedly—not princely. The best things were old—which is not extraordinary, by the way—the "Poniatowski gems" are antiques. The thing was produced on the occasion of a farewell benefit taken by M. Bataille, the celebrated barytone, the predecessor of M. Faure, and original representative of Pierre in *L'Etoile du Nord*. M. Bataille leaves the Théâtre Lyrique to return to the Salle Favart. On the same occasion the third act of Glück's *Armide* was given, with Mad. Viardot in the character of the enchantress. Here, music, acting and singing were princely, not princeish. Mad. Viardot acted and sang splendidly; her expression, gestures, and attitudes were Rachelesque, and her voice seemed to recover the force and brilliancy of youth, so thoroughly was she the enchantress. After this came the third act of the *Sonnambula*, a very different affair, indeed, but in its way, with Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez as the Amina, quite as good.

At the Grand Opéra, after incessant groans of parturition, we have been at last presented with David's *Herculanum*. It did not take so long to disinter the buried city itself. On the first night of the revival all the *dilettante* world was assembled. The principal parts were filled by Mad. Gueymard-Lauters, M. Obin, and Mad. Fortunata de Franco (*née* Tedesco). The last played the part of Olympia, originally assigned to Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and acquitted herself with complete success. Mad. Gueymard-Lauters was applauded to the echo in Lilia, and called before the curtain at the end of the second act. Owing to this lady's indisposition, the work of Félicien David was not repeated again till Monday last. *Der Freischütz* is to be the next revival, and it is already in hand.

The Italian Opera closed its doors for the season on the 1st of

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May, and the troupe is now dispersed over every land, as at the fall of another Babel. Tenors, sopranos, barytones, basses, contraltos, birds of many a tuneful passage, have taken wing in all directions, like frighted wild fowl. Zucchini is to Bologna gone—his own, his native land—the realm of sausage and of song; Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani have crossed the British Channel in search of the golden fleece which Albion ever yields to foreign adventure. Signor Mario has quitted Paris for London, and so has Mad. Grisi. Not so Signor Badiali, who goes I know not where. The theatrical sheet, *l'Entr'acte*, publishes the financial and statistical reckoning of the past season, which is summed up as follows:—The total number of performances was 121, the highest number hitherto reached. Of these Rossini had for his share 31; Verdi, for his, 49; Bellini came off with 11; Donizetti with 5; and 5, too, was Flotow's share; Mozart's 8, and Cimarosa's a like number. The number of operas performed was 19. The total receipt from the 121 performances was 809,819fr. 95c., giving an average nightly receipt of 6,692fr. 72c.

The Opéra Comique holds out, in expectancy, a new work, the joint production of M. Rosier and M. Limnander, in which the principal part will be allotted to M. Montaubry. M. Bataille is to make his reappearance in *La Fée aux Roses*, an opera by Halévy. Mad. Viardot had a benefit at the Théâtre Lyrique last night, the attractions being of the most remarkable description. The fragments, namely, of the second, third and fourth acts of *Alceste*, which created so great a sensation at the last concert of the *Conservatoire;* following these the third act of *Otello*, sung by Duprez and Mad. Viardot; the first act of *Maria Stuarda*, with Mad. Ristori next; then a new opéra comique — first time—called *Le Buisson Vert*, by M. Michel Carré as to words, and M. Gastinel as to music, M. Jules Petit, prizeman for singing and opéra comique this year at the Conservatoire, playing the principal *rôle;* the whole concluding with *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*.

Now to unpack my budget of dramatic news. There has been at the Gymnase a new comedy of the severe (severe is the word) old-fashioned school, entitled *La Vertu de Célimène*. The author, M. Meilhac, while donning the stiff conventional garb of rhymed comedy, manages to retain some little life and truth of colour, for which the audience testify their gratitude nightly. At the Vaudeville, a broad, little piece, called *Les Mystères de la Rue Rousselet*, has had a side-shaking success. It is by MM. Labiche and Marc Michel, who have a patent for the manufacture of what the manager of the Adelphi forcibly denominates "screamers." MM. Numa and Parade are the interpreters of their fun on this occasion. L'Ambigu has just produced Alexandre Dumas' drama of *Angèle*. This establishment seems bent on resuscitating the entire repertoire of the famous "Drames" of our youth. Would it could recall the innocent state of mind which allowed us to be moved, to quail, and shudder at their sublime effects. Poor Albert Smith, peace to his manes, alone, had he survived, could have now enjoyed the *Tour de Nesle*, his earliest love, with all the ecstasy of his Quartier Latin days; but his guileless nature preserved the tastes of boyhood with wonderful persistency. What he was at Merchant Taylors' that he was at the Egyptian Hall. Pardon, if I have strayed in the Elysian Fields of another world after the shade of an old comrade. Here I am back again in the Champs Elysées of this, where, for the delectation of mortals yet of the earth, has been opened a new theatre, *le Théâtre Féerique*, in the structure formerly occupied by the Bouffes Parisiens. The opening night witnessed the production of a new *operette*, called *Un Eclat de Trompette*, the authors being MM. Lefebvre and Gérard, and the composer M. Debillemont. The principal part was played by Mlle. Désirée, the clever soubrette, erst of the Palais Royal. Beside her appeared M. Gustave Vierine, a young barytone of promise, Mlle. Jenny Kid (of all artistic Jennies commend me to this "Kid"), and M. Touroul. There was a *féerie* prologue to follow, more amusing in the promise on the bills than in the performance on the boards. Now I am in those happy purlieus, let me dally here an instant to breathe the unwonted balm of the late come spring—for at last that unholy marriage of May and January, which has chilled us all to the marrow, has been dissolved by the ruling of that upright judge, Sir Apollo Sol. May, liberated from her unnatural bondage, rushes, garlanded with lilac and laburnum, over the bush-sward into the rosy arms of June, who steps forward to meet her. Who shall sing the epithalamium—who celebrate the happy second marriage of buxom widow May in strains of auspicious harmony? Sing, O Musard! flourish thy trumpets, clash thy cymbals, wake the tightened parchment dear to the ears of the martial Gaul! Open thy concert, mingle thy airs with the airs of heaven, turn over the leaves of thy music-books amidst the rustling leaves of overshadowing trees, and teach the feathered choristers that inhabit them to abhor Wagner and warble rhythmically. This frenzied exordium, worthy of Buffalmacco the Ruthless (*vide* "Septem Filii Mammonis apud Templaria Porta"), is prelude to an egg and butter. It merely leads up to the homely fact that as "summer is y cumen in," the Musard Concerts, which are held *al fresco*, have commenced, and though the evenings are yet somewhat austere, the *foule*—as the French, not inaptly, calls a crowd—gathers in tolerable numbers about the orchestra. With the opening of these popular concerts coincides, of course, the termination of the concert season in its true sense. The last art-concert was given by M. Léon Kreutzer at the Conservatoire. M. Kreutzer is one of the best musical critics of the present day, and in his practice as a composer upholds the high and pure views of art which his writings teach. His symphony in B flat, the work of a thorough master of his art, was executed on this occasion, and a grand concerto for the piano, played by Mad. Massart. There were also several graceful melodies sung by Mlle. Marie Cico. The concert was numerously attended, and most of the connoisseurs were present.

There has been some talk of another Orpheonist expedition to London for another Orpheonist festival, but it has been put off, wisely, I think, seeing how badly the first was managed. Instead, there is to be a festival of the Choral Societies of France, at the Palais d'Industrie, at the end of September.

Put in your old maids' corner, that Aristocracy has again honoured itself by a matrimonial alliance with Art, Duke Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a colonel of infantry, having been married last month to Mlle. Constance Geiger, whom I am unable to describe under any single head of art cultivation, for she composed, sang, danced, played the piano, acted, all indifferently alike, and alike indifferently; for what is true of a Jack-of-all-trades, applies equally to a Jill. However, she is now a duchess, and as duchesses go, no doubt a very accomplished one.—A new claimant has arisen to the authorship of the Marseillaise Hymn. The *Gazette de Cologne* declares that Rouget de l'Isle copied the air, to which he adapted his strophes from the "Credo" in a solemn mass composed by one Holtzman, a German. Thus, then, it would seem that the French Revolution was accomplished to a German tune instead of a a French one. This is a very doubtful story, and when repeated who alone will answer "Credo"?—His Excellency the Minister of State has just ordered a marble copy of the bust of Auber, by Dantan-Jeune, now exhibiting at the Palais d'Industrie. It is to be presented to the Conservatoire.—The usual monthly account of the gross receipts from all the theatres and public entertainments has been published for April. It is as follows:—

	Francs.
Imperial Theatres, subventioned	560,723·63
Second-rate Theatres	849,669·90
Concerts, Balls, &c.	194,965·90
Divers Exhibitions	30,130·50
Total	Fr. 1,635,489·93

Giving Gye a Lift.—Describing the *début* last week of Mlle. Patti, whose performance seemed to promise us a second Jenny Lind, one of the critics made a remark that she "raised the house *en masse* to a high pitch of excitement." On reading this, the Wiscount, who chanced to be just then in one of his facetious moods, observed to his friend Bernal, "Raised the house, did she? Why really, then, she must be quite a hoister Patti!"—*Punch.*

Tannhauser Redivivus.—As soon as the *fiasco* of *Tannhäuser* was made known, (says a Wolfenbuttel leaf,) on the Rhine, the people were in arms—musically speaking. At Mayence the telegraphic despatch was awaited with anxiety, and when the result was known, the people demanded the performance of *Tannhäuser*, and encored every note.—*Tannhäuser Fudge.*

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Letters to the Editor.

MR. BENNETT GILBERT AND THE "IDYLLS."

SIR,—In justice to myself and to my reputation, allow me emphatically to disclaim all connection with the three "Idylls," "Elaine," "Enid," and "Vivien." I wrote mine at the request of the publisher, without having the least idea of their existence.

At the same time, I beg to inform your correspondent "Alpha," that my "operetta" (not *opera*), entitled, "A Night in Fairyland," is to be produced at the place he names, in the coming autumn. Yours, faithfully,

BENNETT GILBERT.

AMAZONS OR RIFLEMEN.

SIR,—I have been somewhat surprised at the arrangement of the parts in certain choruses lately published for male voices, and intended for the use of the Rifle Volunteers. This arrangement is always the same, namely, one tenor for the melody; a second tenor and alto for the harmony; and a bass. Now,—

1. Do the arrangers mean the alto part to be sung as it is actually written? If they do, a rifleman would be under the necessity of singing it all in falsetto, the melody for the tenor being generally lower. Is not this style of writing rather adopted for Amazons than Riflemen?

2. Is the alto part intended to be used in the lower octave? This is, I believe, always the custom with treble-clef notes for male voices; but then, in the arrangements to which I refer, the alto part would be frequently lower than the bass. Can you inform me why English arrangers have adopted this style?—Yours,

C. MANDEL.

Kneller Hall, May 2nd.

[We cannot.—ED.]

BACH'S ORGAN TRIOS.

SIR,—Can you tell me the best edition of Bach's Organ Trios, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Apply to Mr. W. T. Best, St. George's Hall, Liverpool.—ED.]

CASTARELLI.

SIR,—Will you oblige me by stating in the MUSICAL WORLD whether you know anything of Mad. Castarelli and her system of training the voice, as a friend of mine says she engages to bring persons out for the concert room, &c., in three months. Do you think this possible?—I am, sir, yours,

OMEGA.

PASTARELLI NOT CASTARELLI.

SIR,—I am sorry to be so troublesome, but the wrong name was mentioned to me. It is Mad. Pastarelli, and not Castarelli, who, I am told, engages to bring persons out for the concert room in three months.—I am, sir, yours,

22, 5, '61. OMEGA.

[If "Omega" has further to retract, to reverse, to obviate, to obvert, or to reinstate, our columns will be open to him the week after next.—ED. M. W.]

THE LATE HENRI LAURENT.

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in the answers to correspondents of next Saturday's MUSICAL WORLD, if there is any likeness published of the late lamented Henri Laurent; if so, where? and it's price.

I am, Sir, yours most obediently,

MANDEL.

[Perhaps some of our readers may be able and willing to answer this inquiry.—ED.]

SIR,—Your correspondent of the 13th April, "Augmented Tone," relates the effect produced upon him by certain remarks of Mr. Filby relative to the minor scale, which were inserted in a previous number of the MUSICAL WORLD. He seems to have been suddenly aroused by them to the conviction of a new truth on the subject; and, in the spirit of a true musician, he not only returns thanks to his enlightener, but anxiously asks of him "more light."

It is very probable, however, that the remarks which have proved so startling and beneficial to "Augmented Tone" have not a like effect upon all the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD. Mr. Filby's ideas on the subject of the minor scale cannot be new to the majority of thinkers on musical matters, and it would scarcely be just to those readers of the WORLD, to whom they are not new, to find any portion of its valuable space occupied by such a "detailed statement" of them as "Augmented Tone" so anxiously desires.

Before Mr. Filby was, Godefroid Weber in his "Theory of Musical Composition" had said all that needed to be said in support of the modern minor scale, *i. e.* the scale with *minor third*, *minor sixth* and *major seventh*, of which "Augmented Tone" seems to have but just come to a knowledge. The teachings of Weber have since been more attractively and practically set forth and applied by Dr. Marx, of the Berlin University, in his "School of Composition." In these works "Augmented Tone," and the musicians generally to whom he alludes as likely to be interested by an exposition of Mr. Filby's ideas on the subject of the "harmonies of the minor scale," may probably meet with all they desire; and if so, the space of the WORLD will be saved for matters of more general interest. If, however, Mr. Filby has anything to add to what is contained in the works above-mentioned on the subject, I would join with "Augmented Tone" in requesting him to say on.

For my part I was more startled at "Augmented Tone's" request than at Mr. Filby's remarks. Weber's theory has now been before the world more than forty years, and accessible to English readers, either through the American edition of J. F. Warner, or the re-edition of the same by our own countryman, J. Bishop, of Cheltenham, for more than twenty years. Dr. Marx's work was first published in 1837, the English translation in 1852. (Both works were given to the English public by Messrs. Cocks & Co.) Now, considering the prominence that is given to the subject of the minor scale, and to the establishment of the modern form of it in these works amongst others, which I need not particularise, and the long time they have been accessible to English students, one may well feel surprised, I think, that a musician in the year 1861 should confess himself be so ignorant on the matter as "Augmented Tone." Has "Augmented Tone" even seen the smaller work by Dr. Marx, viz.:—"The universal School of Music?" That might, perhaps, supply all the information he seeks.

Should "Augmented Tone" find it difficult to obtain copies of the above works, he is quite welcome to the loan of mine for a few days.

By the insertion of this in your next impression, Mr. Filby may be saved a certain amount of perhaps unnecessary trouble, and "Augmented Tone" probably assisted.—I am, &c.

THOMAS MURBY.

HERR DALLE ASTE, a bass singer of great continental repute, and pupil of the lamented Staudigl, has arrived in London. For some time past the foreign papers have spoken in high terms of his merits as a singer and the beauty of his voice. In Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and lately in Holland, Herr Dalle Aste has, it appears, created great effect in *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Euryanthe*. We hope to have an opportunity of hearing him in some of the many concerts that take place during the season. Signor Dalle Aste, it may be remembered, produced a highly favourable impression in London some years since.

MISS ANNA WHITTY.—This young lady, daughter of the proprietor of the *Liverpool Daily Post and Journal*, who has been pursuing a most successful musical career at the principal opera-houses of Italy during the last six years, made her *début* in her native town, Liverpool, on the evening of Tuesday last, at a grand subscription concert given in the Philharmonic Hall. As might have been expected from her antecedents, the fair *débutante* was most enthusiastically received by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the town. She sang both in Italian and English; and succeeded in completely satisfying the most exigent that her powers and talents had not been over-rated in the Italian journals. Her voice is an exquisitely sweet mezzo-soprano; her intonation is beautifully true; her execution both finished and brilliant, and her singing of that true Italian character of which Alboni is perhaps the greatest living exponent. Her greatest triumph was in "Non piu mesta" from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, in which the brilliant fioriture and the novelty and grace of the cadenzas excited the utmost enthusiasm. The *début* of Miss Whitty was in every respect decidedly triumphant, and we have now another English vocalist in every respect worthy of maintaining a position equal to that occupied by the Grisis, Bosios, and Albonis of the Italian school of art.—*Daily News*, May 23.

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New Philharmonic Concerts.—At the fourth concert, on Monday last, there was, as at the third, an enormous attendance, owing in some measure, we may suppose, to the re-engagement of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, whose great success on their first appearance urged Dr. Wylde to secure them a second time. Being Whitsuntide, however, the learned Doctor seems to have thought it incumbent on him to provide some further and extra novelty in the vocal line; and, as he had already a soprano and tenor, he naturally bethought him of a bass; and, desirous of the very best to be had, of course he had Herr Formes. We think undue importance has been given to the singers in this instance; and, but for the fact that the season was Whitsuntide, should feel greatly inclined to break a lance in the cause with the ultra-liberal and vocal-munificent director. The singing, nevertheless, would have redeemed ten times the fault committed. Mlle. Titiens sang the air, "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*, with wonderful power and grandeur, and the adagio "M' odi, ah! m' odi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with extraordinary brilliancy, eliciting a perfect storm of applause after both, the latter being so continuous that she had to accept an encore, when she substituted the cavatina, "Com' e' bello," from the same opera. Signor Giuglini introduced the air, "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*, and "Pria che spunti," from the *Matrimonio Segreto*—both exquisitely sung, the last most perfectly. Herr Formes gave the grand air, "In deisen heil'gen Hallen," from the *Zauberflöte*; the comic song, "O, wie will ich triumphiren," from the *Seraglio*, and the aria with chorus from the *Zauberflöte*, "Possenti numi;" the first and last with tremendous vigour and power, and the second with a fund of comic humour the possession of which the Leporello of the great German bass had long ago revealed to us. The instrumental part of the programme comprised the overtures to *Lodoiska* (Cherubini), *Fingal's Cave* and the *Zauberflöte*, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Spohr's concerto for the violin, "Sonst und Jetzt" (Past and present). The execution of the glorious "Pastoral" was magnificent throughout, although, perhaps, a little hurried in the opening of the *scherzo* and the last movement. All the niceties of the instrumentation and points of detail were brought out with wonderful fidelity. Cherubini's overture constituted a rare treat; and Dr. Wylde is indebted to the thanks of all true musicians for his consideration of the grand old Italian master, who in certain quarters seems to be strangely overlooked now-a-days. Indeed, but for the director of the Old and New Philharmonic Concerts and the Monday Popular Concerts, Cherubini would stand a chance of being well-nigh forgotten. Both Mendelssohn's and Mozart's overtures, also, were grandly played; but we were sorry to see so many take their leave before the latter was performed. The extreme length of the programme and extreme sultriness of the night no doubt compelled numbers to hasten their departure. Spohr's Concerto—not a great favourite with violin players, but not the less valuable for all that, as exemplifying the master in a particular style—was finely executed by Mr. Blagrove. Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* will be given at the fifth concert.

R.

Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington.—On Thursday evening last, a concert took place at the above rooms, the proceeds of which were devoted to the purpose of assisting the Rev. Mr. Laing to free the church of St. Paul's, Newington, from debt, and the following ladies and gentlemen voluntered their services gratuitously:—Miss Augusta Thompson, Miss Rose Hersee, Mad. Arnold, and Miss Fanny Huddart; Mr. George Perren, Mr. Thos. Rogers, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Santley; also, Miss Hamilton, pianoforte, M. Viotti Collins, Messrs. Naylor, Tiddell, and F. Osborne Williams. The concert was highly satisfactory, and we trust that the fund has benefited to the extent it deserved from the eminence of the singers, and the interest exhibited in their exertions. The entertainment was advertised, and intended to have been given at the Lecture Hall, Walworth, but almost at the eleventh hour, an intimation was received from a rival establishment, that is indebted for its very existence to the toleration of the neighbourhood, that certain penalties would be sued for if the concert was given there, leaving no alternative but to change the place at considerable trouble and expense. As "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," we should have thought these informers might have waited for some other occasion to display their good intentions.

Mr. F. Kingsbury's Fourth Soiree Musicale took place on Wednesday, when the following artists assisted—Miss Stabbach, Miss Marion Falvey, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Topham, Miss C. Williams, Mr. T. Distin, and Mr. H. Wake as vocalists; and Herr Oberthür, Mr. Viotti Collins, and Mr. W. F. Reed as instrumentalists. Mr. Kingsbury confined his performance to a duet with Herr Oberthür, "Erin go bragh," for harp and violin, a brilliant composition of the first-named talented artist—and to a trio by Reissiger, for piano, violin, and violoncello, with Messrs. Viotti Collins, and W. F. Reed, which was capitally executed and deservedly applauded. Most of the vocalists were pupils of Mr. Kingsbury, and they all acquitted themselves in a manner that must have been satisfactory to their instructor. Miss Stabbach was heard to great advantage in a canzonet by Haydn, and a ballad by Mr. Langton Williams; and Herr Oberthür's solo for the harp, a "transcription" of Reichardt's popular song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," was greatly admired and liberally applauded. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended, and the soirée evidently gave satisfaction to Mr. Kingsbury's friends.

The Vocal Association.—The meeting which took place on Wednesday evening was not of the same character as those gatherings on which, from time to time, it is our duty to comment. The members met their friends in social intercourse, and in the general amenities of a conversazione. The brilliantly decorated hall on this occasion presented an appearance of more than ordinary light and colour. The scene was the more animated from the continual motion, and from that universal hum which distinguishes a crowd assembled to find its own amusement, and not to sit quietly while such is provided. To be sure, there was something to be done in the accustomed way of listening; for, besides a selection of madrigals and part songs by the choir, Miss Banks, Miss Delafield, Miss Lisle, Miss Stabbach, Miss Messent, Miss Jessie Cole, the Swiss Female Singers, Herr Formes, M. Jules Lefort, Signor Belart, and Signor Delle Sedie, contributed to the vocal department of an incidental concert, in which Mlle. del Bianco, Senor Sarasatè, Herr Engel, Herr Kosleck, Herr Oberthur, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. F. Berger, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. W. Layland, and Mr. Benedict were the instrumentalists. It was in the pauses that the company found opportunities of inspecting many curious objects and attractive works of art. In the former category were MSS. of Beethoven and of Mendelssohn, and a harpsichord with double row of keys. Painting and sculpture had been lent for the occasion; and a very interesting display of photographs completed the exhibition. Altogether the Vocal Association may be congratulated on having afforded a treat to its friends, and a proof of vitality in its own organisation.

Miss Oldfield's Matinee.—Messrs. Collards' Concert Room, Grosvenor-street, was on Tuesday filled by a select audience, Miss Oldfield, a young aspirant to vocal fame, giving her first concert. Of Miss Oldfield, we can only say at present that she has a sweet soprano voice, capable of being disciplined into excellence. She was supported by Signor Belletti, who is too seldom heard in the concert room; by Miss Lascelles; by Signori Ciabatta and Gardoni, who strenghtened the operatic selection, of which the concert was in great measure made up; by Mad. Oury, the well known pianiste; and by M. Ole Büll. The conductors were Signor Vera and Mr. Benedict.

Sale of the Garrick Theatre.—On Wednesday the Garrick Theatre, Leman Street, Whitechapel, was put up to public competition, at the Auction Mart, by Mr. C. J. Baker. The theatre has been entirely re-erected within the last six years. The building is of the most substantial character and occupies a large extent of ground. The entrances are well arranged, leading to the boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, which afford accommodation for 1700 persons. The stage arrangements are complete. There are two back entrances, and the theatre is so constructed as to be available for horsemanship or a music hall. The estate is held for fifty-six years, at a ground rent of £27 a year, including land tax, and lets at £600 per annum, and is now let for religious Sunday services at the rate of £120 per annum. The first offer was £1000 and the Theatre was knocked down at £1600.

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NOTICES.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

For the Benefit, and last appearance this Season, of
M. VIEUXTEMPS.

THE TWENTIETH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1861,

The Programme selected from the Works of
VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PART I.—Posthumous Quartet, in B flat, No. 13, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, WEBB, and PIATTI (Beethoven). Canzonet, "Name the glad day," Miss BANKS (Dussek). Air, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Mozart). Sonata, "Il trillo del Diavolo," with Pianoforte accompaniment, M. VIEUXTEMPS (Tartini).

PART II.—Märchen (Legend), for Violin and Pianoforte (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), M. VIEUXTEMPS and Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Vieuxtemps). Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Howard Glover). Song, "Ah! why do we love?" *Don Quixote*, Miss BANKS (G. A. Macfarren). Trio, in D minor, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello (by desire), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS, and Signor PIATTI (Mendelssohn).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5*s.*; Balcony, 3*s.*; Unreserved Seats, 1*s.*

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Cramer and Co.; Chappell and Co. 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—The 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th will take place on Fridays, May 24th and 31st; June 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th; July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication.

At each of the eight performances two vocal pieces will be introduced. The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Single Ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Balcony and Area, for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Single Ticket, 7*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; Single Ticket, 3*s.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

THE explanatory reasons for the abandonment of the Leeds Festival, which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD last week, and which were copied from the *Leeds and West Riding Express*, although containing much that is correct, do not in our opinion convey quite such a faithful statement as the readers of this journal are entitled to. With every desire to be impartial, as we are sure the Editor of the *Leeds Express* always endeavours to be in his musical notices, he must naturally feel disposed to advocate the cause of that party with which his brother, Mr. William Spark, is more immediately connected. The Editor of the *Leeds and West Riding Express* gives six reasons for the abandonment of the Festival, many of them we think not exactly reasonable. First there is the visit of the Royal Agricultural Association to Leeds. Now, what a show of fat beasts, sheep, and swine can have to do with the abandonment of the Festival, we cannot for the life of us divine. We have to learn for the first time what linseed and rapecake, Thorley's food for cattle, oatmeal, swillings, &c. &c., have to do with high art. The sturdy yeomen who are expected to attend the cattle show are neither the patrons nor the opponents of festivals as a body. They do not care for any music except the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle. The Agricultural Society's Meeting in Leeds would neither do good nor harm to the Festival, whatever the Committee may pretend. Next the dulness of trade consequent upon the American crisis is urged. This reason is as fallacious as the other. There are statements published every month by the Leeds Chamber of Commerce showing the progress of trade in that town, and with the exception of the cloth business, all other trades are fully employed. The iron, machine, engine, tool, and other trades, are very busy. Again, there was a guarantee fund of upwards of 6000*l.*, raised to cover any loss that might accrue; and, judging by the result of the last Festival, when a profit of 1000*l.* was handed over to the public charities, it was not very likely that the receipts would fall short of expenses.

Thirdly, it is argued that the exorbitant demand made by vocalists whose services are considered indispensable, was a reason for the abandonment of the festival. Now this is sheer twaddle. *No vocalist was even written to;* and therefore no terms can have been named. The Festival Committee might have been scared by the large sums paid to foreigners at the last meeting, when about 1000*l.* were expended upon the Piccolomini and Alboni party. The terms of the English vocalists would not, we dare say, have been more than heretofore. The meeting of the British Association at Manchester is the fourth bugbear. What next? Had Mr. Spurgeon been advertised to preach in St. George's Hall, Bradford, within two or three weeks of the date fixed upon for the Festival, we should have had even that urged as one reason for its abandonment. The resignation of Mr. Walker Joy, one of the three honorary secretaries, is the fifth fatal objection. Mr. Walker Joy must feel flattered by the compliment. The *paid* secretary does the work, the honorary secretaries do "the polite." Surely some one might be discovered, in a population of upwards of 200,000, accomplished enough to hand the principal female vocalists in and out of the orchestra, and pass round cake and wine in the artists' room. The sixth and last "reason" is the behaviour of the chorus master. The writer in the *Leeds and West Riding Express* says, "Mr. Burton (the chorus master) declined to have anything to do with the chorus unless he could have the entire control and selection of that body." Mr. Burton acted very properly in so doing. What would Costa, Mellon, Benedict, or any other conductor say to a committee if interfered with in the selection of band or chorus for any great occasion? The question needs no answer. Mr. Burton limited his selection from the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society (Mr. Spark's) to a very small number, and

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some of the members of the chorus committee are connected with that very Society. Mr. Burton would not sacrifice his independent judgment; the chorus committee would not give up their little brief authority; so betwixt two stools the Festival falls to the ground. I believe this sixth and last "reason" to be the long and short of the whole business.

Thus Leeds, after having spent some 70,000*l.* upon its Town Hall (Victoria Hall having been erected principally for musical purposes), after having spent upwards of 5000*l.* on an organ, after having had its first Festival ushered in under the sanction and the presence of Royalty, quietly allows some half-a-dozen people, for party purposes, to throw a veil over art; and Music—like Imperial Cæsar in the Capitol—is stabbed by those who profess to be its nearest and dearest friends. Who can wonder at the scores of *Elijah* and the *May Queen* having been advertised, only a week or two ago, by the Town Council, for sale by tender?

The Leeds Town Hall is a splendid building, but it wants paintings and sculpture to decorate its halls, corridors, and approaches. There is a large open space in front, which greatly stands in need of a group of figures. Why not the following:—Mr. Burton and Mr. Spark in the foreground having a set-to, surrounded by their respective backers; and in the background a fat beast rampant, the sheep (which now is suspended in the middle in the Leeds Circus) released from its hanging position, and dying beneath its weight of fat and fleece, the swine revelling in a tub of oatmeal and milk; while Art might be represented weeping in the gutter at its degradation, the scores of *Elijah* and the *May Queen* half burried in the mud? The inscription on the pedestal might commemorate the triumphs of party and obesity over Genius, Art, and Intellect, &c. &c., and the powers that hold sway, in the year of our Lord, 1861.

—♦—

THE retirement into private life of an artist like Giulia Grisi, who, for more than a quarter of a century, exercised so powerful a sway over the destinies of Italian Opera in this country, cannot take place without all but universal regret; and which could not fail to have proved universal, but that she has been so long before the public that many of the present frequenters of the Opera have known her only since her vocal powers began to exhibit symptoms of decline. A more perfect singer than Grisi in her zenith—say twenty years ago—never trod the operatic boards. Let us remember the epoch at which she appeared, and the artists with whom she was tested. At the very period when Giulia Grisi made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre—1831 or 1832—Malibran was astonishing Europe—had recently astonished America—by the brilliancy of her genius and by a combination of artistic and natural qualities never previously found in any singer. Pasta had just declined, leaving a golden track behind her in her setting which still sheds a lustre over the history of the vocal art. Sontag, too, had recently withdrawn into private life; nor yet were the triumphs of Catalani, Fodor, Camporese, Colbran, and other songstresses of the legitimate Italian school, entirely forgotten. It was a perilous essay, indeed, at such a time, for a young untried artist to dare the judgment of an audience whose ears had been thoroughly accustomed to the finest performances of perhaps the greatest singers the world had known. It may well be imagined that but little was expected from the new *prima donna*, although the French critics vaunted loudly of her powers and her beauty. But Gallican opinion had not much weight with the English people in those days; and when Mdlle. Giulia Grisi was announced to make her first appearance as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, the public was not moved, the subscribers smiled, and the *habitués* shrugged their shoulders. It was a memorable night, that of Grisi's first appearance at the Opera. There was a poor attendance and no excitement—no anticipation, indeed. The first appearance, however, of the new Ninetta created universal interest. At that time Grisi was about two or three and twenty. She was eminently beautiful—need we say how beautiful to those who behold her now, after a period of thirty years?—with features as regular as if hewn out of marble by Phidias or Praxiteles, an expression as various and mutable as that of an April sky, and a figure just budding into the most voluptuous era of womanhood. As she advanced to the footlights she seized on every eye, on every heart. Her triumph was to a considerable extent secured. But when she sang that transcendent burst of love and joy, "Di piacer mi balza il cor," and revealed a voice that for purity, beauty and tender grace has never been surpassed, displaying, moreover, such infinite charm in her singing and acting, the effect may be imagined. The audience was intoxicated, and Giulia Grisi became the prevailing topic of conversation in circles musical and unmusical—became, in short, the operatic idol of the day.

Nor did idolatry lose its worshippers when the first glow and tempest of excitement had passed away. On the contrary, the fame of Giulia Grisi increased hourly; and the artist, except in one instance, did not suffer by comparison even with Malibran, who at the time was creating such unparalleled enthusiasm at Drury Lane, and making mad her audiences by her performances in the *Sonnambula*. Ah! these were glorious days for the Opera! Malibran, a host in herself, at Drury Lane; and, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Giulia Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and very good *etceteras*. And now—*heu quantum mutati ab illis!*—Let us not pursue the subject. We have no Malibran now; no Grisi, no Rubini, no Tamburini, no Lablache. Of course when Malibran died Grisi absorbed the entire world of favour. It was some time, however, before she even attempted to step into her predecessor's shoes. She had, indeed, essayed the *Sonnambula* with her renowned rival, but the comparison was not favourable, and Malibran maintained her undoubted supremacy in that character. At first Grisi adhered almost exclusively to Rossini's operas, making her greatest effects in the *Gazza Ladra* and *Otello*. Her first effort in the tragic line was Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*—it is strange she never appeared in London as Zerlina, although always assuming the equivalent character of Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*—and afterwards Semiramide and Anna Bolena. The first grand opera produced especially for her at Her Majesty's Theatre, if we mistake not, was Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto*. Her reputation as a serious artist was by no means of rapid progress. As her years increased, however, and her voice acquired strength and weight, her genius for the highest order of acting was acknowledged, until at last she was quietly invested with the mantle bequeathed by Pasta to Malibran (which, however, perfidious time did not suffer Malibran to wear), and was crowned with the greenest laurels of tragic song. "She won them well;" would we could add—

"And may she wear them long!"

The leaves are now yellow and sere that once were green and bright, and Norma, victim of the Proconsul Time, ceding her rule to some younger High-Priestess, must fling

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aside her wreath, and ascend the pile from whose insatiate flames there is no returning.

We are not about to write the biography of Giulia Grisi. We merely desire to draw attention to the fact that an artist who, perhaps more than any other of her time, has won for herself a place in the roll of Fame, is about to quit for ever the scene of her triumphs. What Italian Opera would have been for the last twenty-five years but for Grisi it is difficult to say. The great dramatic singer is now about to withdraw into private life. It behoves everybody to hear and see her ere she quits the scene. So, when she has passed away, vivid recollection may be linked with one of the brightest glories that ever adorned the Opera. R.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—When will artists perceive the absolute necessity of banding together to get rid of that pest, the "encore?" I mean, of course, real artists—not pretenders, who make it their stock in trade, nor beginners, who are too inexperienced to see, and if they saw, too eager to admit its absurdity. The "encore" is not merely in one sense an injustice, but in every sense a nuisance. It is a nuisance to three-fourths of any given audience assembled at a concert-room or theatre. The unanimous, or even the general "encore" is an exception. Nine times out of ten—nay, nineteen times out of twenty—an "encore" is carried by a small and turbulent minority against the faint opposition or apathetic indifference of a large and polite majority, who, sooner than create a disturbance, submit to the infliction. If only the greatest achievements were encored, no one would have reason to complain; but when at one and the same entertainment you have co-operated in persuading a Lind, an Alboni, an Arabella Goddard, a Vieuxtemps, a Piatti, a Bottessini, a Patti, a Mario, or a Sims Reeves, to repeat some performance that has enchanted the entire assembly, and almost directly afterwards a small knot of partisans make a successful attempt to obtain a repetition of a thoroughly mediocre display, you are not merely disgusted with the indirect result of your own well-placed enthusiasm, but with the encore system *in toto*. A long experience of the inconveniences (to say nothing of the yawning) attending some half-dozen indiscriminate encores in an evening has made me feel grateful to Mad. Alboni, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other distinguished public favourites who, within the last few years, have set their faces against them, and in a number of instances resolutely declined to comply with the often unreasonable demands of audiences. What compliment is it to a thorough artist to be fêted precisely in the same manner as a posse of hopeless and forward mediocrities? Many a time has the real "star" of an evening concert declined to comply with an enthusiastic "encore" in pity to the intelligent majority of the audience, already jaded with listening to a string of commonplaces twice over. It is really an act of kindness—*of mercy*, indeed—to decline under such circumstances.

A case in point occurred only the other night, at Liverpool, near the termination of the sixth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, which I had the good fortune to attend. The concert began with Benedict's picturesque legend of *Undine*, the execution of which, on the part of the principal singers—Miss Banks, Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Santley and Sims Reeves—was all that could be desired. What followed was a miscellaneous selection, which, with recalls and encores, was spun out to an intolerable duration, and which in itself was for the most part wholly uninteresting. After considerably more than an hour and a half of this hodge-podge (imagine one of the old "London Wednesday" programmes at a Philharmonic concert, the symphonies and concertos omitted to make room for it), Mr. Sims Reeves came on to sing the ballad from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. This was about eleven o'clock, two hours after he had sung his last note in *Undine*, when, indeed, the greater part of the audience possibly thought he had left "for good." Well, we all know the ballad is a charming one, and that Mr. Reeves sings it to perfection. He did so on this occasion, and, late as was the hour, the audience re-demanded it unanimously; Mr. Reeves, however, merely bowed, and being again called for, bowed again, but most discreetly (I, for one, thanked him in my heart for it) declined to sing the ballad again. Whereupon there was a good deal of hissing from the galleries, and a semi-"row" in the hall, which it took some time to appease. One of the local papers—the *Post*—thus sensibly alludes to the occurrence:—

"Sims Reeves also introduced Macfarren's 'Guiding star' from Robin Hood, which so delighted the audience that they persisted for some time in their ill-timed and ineffective applause, ineffective, as it resulted in nothing but a long delay in the business. We thought the public had learned ere this that when an *artist* has made up his or her mind not to sing, there is little use in continuing to demand an encore; and as we think the whole system of encoring is bad taste, and a great display of greediness on the part of the audience, we shall always raise our voice in support of the *artist*, and in condemnation of the practice."

Another, however, *The Mercury*, takes both an erroneous and an ill-natured view of the matter:—

"The song was greatly applauded, and a little scene occurred which was rather foreign to the ordinarily orderly, aristocratic observances of the Philharmonic Hall, and was, to say the least of it, unseemly. Perhaps there was rather more of the popular element in the galleries on this occasion than usual, and its representatives felt inclined to have things their own way. They must know, however, that the great English tenor frequently shows a disposition to carry matters with a high hand, and as frequently to the annoyance of those who pay him liberally for his services, which one would almost suppose he gave gratuitously. Last night the song named was re-demanded, and the cheering signifying the wish of the audience was kept up for some time. But no; Mr. Sims Reeves was not going to condescend to oblige his patrons by singing it a second time, short though it was. He returned to the platform, bowed, and retired. The cheering was kept up for some minutes, until it was mingled with a storm of hisses; but Mr. Reeves did not make his appearance again to sing. It was suggested by a gentleman present that the most sensible thing to do, should the great English tenor again condescend to come to Liverpool and be paid for singing to its people, would be that all applause should be withheld so far as he is concerned."

Is the writer quite sure that the "storm of hisses" was not directed against the ill-mannered obstinacy of what he calls the "popular element in the galleries," so decidedly "foreign to the *aristocratic* observances of the Philharmonic," and got up expressly to show their dissatisfaction with the encore nuisance, by the "Upper Ten" of Liverpool? That his remarks were not in consonance with the feelings of the better part of the audience, may be seen in the following letter addressed to *The Mercury* by one of them:—

"*To the Editors of the Liverpool Mercury.*

"Gentlemen,—I attended the concert of Tuesday evening, and with some exceptions can quite agree with your remarks upon the artists. Permit me, however, to say that I think you are unjust to Mr. Sims Reeves in the concluding portion of your observations. I think that Mr. Reeves was quite justified at that late hour in refusing an encore. Your condemnation is rather due to the whole management, or I should rather say mismanagement, of these concerts, a repetition of which occurs at every concert that is given. In the first place, the time of commence-

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ment is advertised for a quarter before eight; it is invariably ten minutes after that time that the first note is struck. Secondly, the intervening interval of fifteen minutes is more often than not thirty minutes. It was fully thirty on Tuesday evening. Thirdly, encores ought not to be permitted at all, excepting under most peculiar circumstances, and this I am sure would be the feeling of the majority, if you could only number those who make a 'noise for,' and those who (in courtesy) but faintly 'object' to encores. I am one of a number of residents on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line of railway, who used regularly to attend the society's concerts, but who as regularly have been deprived of a fourth, and in many cases the best, part of the performances, being compelled to leave the hall, to the annoyance of all about, at a time of the night when the concert should be over.

Liverpool, May 22, 1861. APOLLO."

To this straightforward and sensible letter the Editor of *The Mercury* attaches the subjoined note:—

"Our correspondent is mistaken if he supposes that we are in favour of a compliance with encores *ad libitum*. On the contrary, we are decidedly opposed to the frequency of re-demands, have protested against them time after time, and have often thought that the audience were determined to encore almost every song, whether it was good, bad, or indifferent, not to mention the inconsiderate tax upon the powers of the vocalist. Besides which, as 'Apollo' intimates, the entertainment is often inconveniently and disagreeably prolonged. But there are exceptional cases in which the call for repetition may be fairly complied with, and we think that in question was one of them. 'My own, my guiding star' is a beautiful song, from a comparatively new and popular opera, and the audience were not very unreasonable in wishing to hear it repeated, sung, as it was, admirably. It was not altogether in reference to Mr. Sims Reeves' refusal on this occasion that our remarks were intended. The great English tenor is unfortunately celebrated for his haughtiness of demeanour and apparent contempt of the wishes of his audience, and it is not the first time that he has declined to comply with the unanimously expressed desire of an audience in Liverpool. Mr. Sims Reeves, notwithstanding the deservedly high position he has attained in the musical world, has not, perhaps, often had the honour of appearing before a more numerous or fashionable assembly than that which graced the Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening; and we should have imagined that the reminiscences of his earlier career in connection with this town would have led him to feel that the unanimously-expressed desire for the repetition of his little song was a flattering compliment at the hands of the people of Liverpool, and a request with which he would have gracefully and gladly complied, seeing, too, that he had only the one song in the second part of the concert."

This by no means hits the nail on the head; and the remark about Mr. Sims Reeves' early career is as irrelevant as the reference in the first article to the fact of his being paid for his services. Do the proprietors of *The Liverpool Mercury* give away their paper, or do they sell it? Do they accept the gratuitous services of their contributors (including the musical critic and the Editor himself) or do they pay for them? That Mr. Reeves won, if not his first public honours (for they, if I am not mistaken, were earned at Newcastle), at least some of his earliest in Liverpool is certain; but that is only an extra-reason for his doing his very utmost to rescue the intelligent amateurs of Liverpool from an intolerable nuisance. If any gratitude attaches to the fact of his having sung so well at Liverpool, for a small salary, that he should in London very soon afterwards have been considered worth a large one, he could not have shown his gratitude better. It is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Sims Reeves will not be dissuaded by the affair at the Philharmonic Hall, nor by the comments of the *Mercury*, nor by any sophistical argument whatever, to desist from the chivalrous stand he has made against what is no less an unjust encroachment on the part of a small section of the musical public than an abiding nuisance to the majority. Every candid and impartial amateur thanks him for putting his powerful shoulder to the wheel, and among the rest no one more cordially than, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LIVERPOOL MERCHANT, and

Liverpool, May 23, 1861. FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

MR. TENNANT'S CONCERT.—This brilliant affair came off at Exeter Hall on Monday evening, and was completely successful, as might have been anticipated from the powerfully attractive names set forth in his programme. The "star" of the evening was undoubtedly Mad. Alboni, whose transcendent voice and incomparable method were exhibited to perfection in "Di piacer," "Rode's air," of which she repeated the last variation, in answer to the *furore* of applause and stentorian demand for an encore; and the brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which from any one else sounds hacknied, but is always welcome when sung by this unrivalled queen of song. Mr. Tennant, besides joining in some of the concerted music, gave Mendelssohn's "Garland" (his singing of which has already been noticed at the Monday Popular Concerts), and a new song of Blumenthal, accompanied by the composer—"Good night, love! good night," both with excellent taste, and the latter was very warmly encored. Herr Formes was heard to such advantage in Schubert's "Wanderer," that he also had to obey an unanimous encore. Mad. Catherine Hayes was loudly recalled after "Qui la voce," as was M. Ole Bull for his solo, "A mother's prayer," with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment. Mesdames Louisa Vinning, Stabbach, Lascelles, Mr. Alberto Laurence, Signor and Mad. Ferrari, Miss Spiller—a *débutante* possessing a nice voice, which, with proper cultivation, may be of great service to her—all contributed to swell the vocal portion of a somewhat lengthy programme, in which Mr. Charles Hallé's solos, the so-called "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven, and Chopin's nocturne and valse in A flat were something of a relief to the uninterrupted succession of vocal pieces. The large hall, although not absolutely crammed, was nevertheless well filled. Messrs. Benedict, Francesco Berger, G. Lake, and Harold Thomas officiated as accompanyists at the piano; M. Miolan presiding at the harmonium during M. Bull's *adagio religioso*, so called.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the St. James's Hall are likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the musical season, as it is proposed to give in a series of eight concerts, the sonatas of the great master in the order in which they were written. A very striking instance of the advanced taste in such matters is to be found in the knowledge and appreciation of the "tone-poet," who towers above his compeers, and who for originality, largeness of conception and power of expression stands almost alone. But a very few years since the later works of Beethoven were to the public almost a dead letter, while even by the majority of professors they were but imperfectly appreciated. True, his symphonies were periodically heard at the Philharmonic or other high-priced concerts, but the quartets, sonatas and chamber compositions in which he was so prolific, were all but virtually ignored. To the inauguration of the new state of things, we need go no farther back than 1859, when the Monday Popular Concerts first began the mission of introducing to the "musical masses," works all more or less new to this generation. We have so frequently dwelt upon the merits of these entertainments, that we need say no more here than to express our opinion that they have been the means of preparing the way and educating the taste for the reception of the recitals in question, and had this experiment been attempted some half dozen years since, we believe it would have then been as complete a failure as it appears now likely to be an entire success. The presentation of these sonatas in regular succession, appears to us in the same light as the arrangement of the pictures at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, the chronological order being strictly observed, and the spectator thereby enabled to judge of the progress of art in infinitely less time, and with much greater certainty than by devoting years to travel and viewing scattered examples at different times and places. Thus in the four sonatas which were given on Friday the 17th, Op. 2, F minor No. 1, A major No. 2, C major No. 3, and E flat Op. 7, we have the influence of Mozart exhibited over the mind of the composer, although there is still more than ample evidence of the perfect independence and self-reliance which hereafter manifests itself in so remarkable a degree in what are known as the second and third periods of his career. It requires a pianist of no ordinary calibre to attack the difficulties involved in some of the best known sonatas, and even with the aid of a book is no small tax upon the physical and intellectual powers of the player, but when

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executed from memory alone, the undertaking almost approaches the line of hazardous, and it says no little for Mr. Charles Hallé's qualifications, that all the four sonatas in question were given without the music. If he follows the example in the remaining concerts, as an effort of mnemonics alone, it will be something marvellous. Two songs, Dussek's "Name the glad day, dear," and Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" both sung with the unaffected simplicity of manner which is so characteristic of that rapidly rising artist, Miss Banks, agreeably relieved both pianist and audience.—Mr. Harold Thomas was the accompanyist. C.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's second concert was given on the morning of Saturday last, before an audience which completely filled the Hanover Square Room. The programme was really an admirable one, the *bénéficiaire* wisely preferring quality to quantity, and in lieu of tiring his patrons with an endless succession of pieces, all more or less uninteresting, gave a selection in which the instrumental portion especially was no less welcome for its intrinsic value than the talent of the executants. Mozart's exquisite trio in E flat, for pianoforte, clarionet, and viola, was rendered to admiration by Messrs. W. Macfarren, Lazarus, and R. Blagrove, while in the sonata of Beethoven in A, Op. 30, No. 1, the violin playing of Mr. Sainton was conspicuous for the fulness of tone, delicacy of touch, and perfection of expression, for which the French virtuoso is so eminently famous. Besides joining that clever and rising pianist, Mrs. John Macfarren, in a brilliant pianoforte duet, andante and bolero, of his own composition, Mr. Walter Macfurren contributed, as solos, Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in F minor, Op. 35, No. 5 a romance, "Parmi les montagnes," and impromptu, "Mountain stream;" the last two also from the elegant pen of the concert-giver. Miss Robertine Henderson was so successful in Spohr's lied, "The bird and the maiden" (the clarionet *obbligato* deliciously played by Mr. Lazarus) that an encore was insisted upon, while the applause that greeted the same rising young singer in her second song, "I think of thee," by G. A. Macfarren, showed that for once in a way a morning concert audience can be roused from their usual frigidity — indeed their warmth was throughout remarkable; Miss Messent also sharing the approving hands for her singing in Mozart's "Deh vieni non tardar," and a ballad of the average drawing-room quality, by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold. The magnificent sestet in F sharp minor, by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, with which the concert ended, was listened to with all the attention that so masterly a work deserved, and emanating as it did from the composer when he was under twenty years of age, only makes one the more regret that he has not added a greater number of such compositions to our store of classical music. Full justice was rendered to its merits by Messrs. W. Macfarren, Sainton, Watson, R. Blagrove, Aylward, and Severn. The last concert will take place on Thursday evening, June 11th.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—The sixth concert was given on Thursday evening, and was more than usually abundant in attraction, to the contributions of the choir being added performances on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Ernst Pauer. The chief novelty of the selection was a setting of the twenty-third Psalm, for soprano and alto voices, "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Herr Pauer, a composition of real merit. It was admirably sung; the solo parts by Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Charlieu, Mrs. Percy, and Mrs. Dixon, being extremely good. The pieces which created the greatest impression were Mendelssohn's forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and Spofforth's glee, "Hail, smiling morn." Both were loudly encored and repeated. Pearsall's madrigal, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains," was perhaps the most perfect performance of all. The choir, indeed, were in splendid force throughout the evening, and never sang better, if indeed so well. The pianoforte performances comprised two solos, —Mendelssohn's caprice in E major, Op. 33, and Stephen Heller's "Wanderstunden," No. 2, executed by Mr. Charles Hallé, and Chopin's "Rondo Brillant," for two pianofortes, by Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Pauer. The "Rondo" of Chopin is extremely brilliant and showy, wonderfully adapted indeed to display the executive powers of two performers, and was played with remarkable effect. It was, if we mistake not, its first time of performance in England, and, judging from the effect produced on Thursday evening, is certainly not likely to be the last. The concert, on the whole, was perhaps the best of the season; and, although the encores were fewer than usual, we never knew the audience more attentive and more delighted. At the last concert Miss Arabella Goddard makes her appearance.

Mr. Van Noorden's Concert.—The Westbourne New Hall, Bayswater, was crowded to suffocation on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Van Noorden's concert, the attractions being more than usually great in that "far west" locality, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mlle. Parepa, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, figuring among the engagements. The suburban journal, the *Bayswater Chronicle*, gives a very enthusiastic and efflorescent account of the performance, from which we cannot forbear extracting the following choice bit apropos of Miss Goddard's playing:—

"The 'Queen of our pianists' played inimitably Benedict's new solo for the piano, entitled 'Albion.' The skill, the treatment (manipulatory and mental), the exquisite touch, so modified, refined, and elegant, that the notes fell upon the ear, especially in subdued passages, like pearls to the eye, liquid, round, and equal. It was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The *chef* of her performance was displayed in Thalberg's 'Mose in Egitto.' Had it been composed for her expressly it could not have more fairly met her extraordinary powers; with a wrist motion displaying the utmost flexibility and strength of arm in the *martellato* passages, she displayed a beautiful contrast by playing the charming embroidery which covers the well-known melody with a feathery floating lightness perfectly enchanting. The most vehement demonstrations of applause were given at its conclusion; a recall was made, but gracefully bowed to."

Mr. P. E. Van Noorden, the concert-giver, is both pianist and vocalist, and displayed his talents in both branches of the art on this occasion, performing with considerable skill on the pianoforte Kalkbrenner's solo "Gage d'amitie," and singing the Scotch Duet "Hunting Tower," with Miss M. Van Noorden, which was unanimously encored. Miss Van Noorden, who possesses no ordinary vocal abilities, as our readers are aware, contributed more liberally to the programme, singing Kücken's duet "Treibe, treibe" with Mlle. Parepa, the duet "Si la Stanchezza" from the *Trovatore* with Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and a *Lied* "Von Meinen Bergen" (The Twin Parting), the composition — and a very pleasing one — of Mr. Van Noorden, all given with irreproachable taste and admirable skill. Mlle. Parepa gave a new song "On the hills," also the composition of Mr. Van Noorden, and the cavatina "My long hair is braided," from the *Amber Witch*, with more than usual brilliancy. The other singers were Mad. Gilbert, Miss E. Armstrong, Mad. Albert and Mr. Wallworth. The conductors were Messrs. Frank Mori, Kiakmark and Van Noorden.

Mr. Frederick Penna's "Highways and Byeways."—A very agreeable evening may be spent with Mr. Frederick Penna at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where he is now giving his new entertainment, entitled "Highways and Byeways," three times during the week. We have already remarked on Mr. Penna's qualifications for a public lecturer in our notice of his two readings on the composers of sacred music, recently delivered at the Hanover Square Rooms, and also touched upon his vocal abilities. That Mr. Penna reads well and sings well we are more assured by his new discourse. The "Highways and Byeways of Song" is a very entertaining account, critical and biographical, of some of the best known of our modern composers, including Bellini, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Sterndale Bennett, Balfe, Barnett, Wallan, Loder, Callcott, Rooke, and Wallace, illustrated by specimens of each composer's style. As Mr. Penna is a barytone singer, his illustrations are necessarily confined to vocal pieces of a certain class, but this class comprises all varieties, and the selection made is admirable. For instance, among the songs introduced by the lecturer are those extremely popular ones, "Vi ravviso" from the *Sonnambula*, Callcott's "Friend of the Brave," Balfe's serenade, "My bark is bounding near," Rooke's air "My Boyhood's Home," the song "'Tis folly to hunt," from Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, Barnett's "Farewell to the mountain." The new entertainment, in short, is of great interest, and will well repay a visit to the Egyptian Hall.

Miss Steele's Second Chamber Concert came off at Collard's Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, the 16th

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instant. Miss Steele was assisted by Miss Banks and Mr. Lewis Thomas, as vocalists, and Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Mr. Lidel, instrumentalists. The programme was of more than average excellence, the most important item being Mendelssohn's trio, No. 2, in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, executed with splendid effect by Miss Goddard and her coadjutors of the strings. The other instrumental performances were Miss Goddard's pianoforte solo "Albion," Mr. Benedict's new and highly successful composition, which, in the fair pianist's hands, never fails of creating a furore; Ernst's *Otello* fantasia, by Mr. Blagrove; and solo for the violoncello by Herr Lidel. Miss Steele sang the grand aria from *Orfeo*, "Che faro," Haydn's canzonet "Fidelity," the duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, with Miss Banks; duet, "Come, be gay," from *Der Freischütz* with the same lady; Mozart's trio, "Soave sia il vento," with Miss Banks and Mr. Lewis Thomas; and Attwood's glee, "The Curfew," with the same artists. Miss Steele's real contralto voice and artistic style was made evident in all pieces. Mr. Harold Thomas presided at the pianoforte.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI'S CONCERT, on Tuesday last, at St. James's Hall, was commendable in more respects than one, by no means the least of its praiseworthy qualities being its length, or rather brevity, as compared with the interminable bill of fare that most "beneficiaires" think so necessary to set forth for the delectation of their patrons,—we use the term advisedly, for the majority of benefit concerts appeal rather to the friends and connections of the giver, than to the general public. Nevertheless, there was a strong muster of acknowledged favourites, whose names are a guarantee of satisfaction, and we have only to mention Mad. Alboni, Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Wieniawski, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Lidel, to show that the two accomplished professors did their best to set forth a good entertainment. In the air from *Semiramide*, "Ah quel giorno," with which she first delighted and astonished the musical world at the Royal Italian Opera some fourteen years since, Mad. Alboni's superb voice appeared in finer order than ever, while in the brilliant finale to *Cenerentola* the hearers were fairly entranced. Mad. Alboni also took part in the quartet from *La Donna del Lago*, and a dramatic duet by Rossini. Mad. Ferrari's refined style and admirable taste were displayed to signal advantage in Mozart's "Non temer," and the duet just mentioned. She also shared the *Lucia di Lammermoor* duet with her husband, and joined in the two quartets. Signor Ferrari gave a solo from Handel's *Berenice*, joined in a duet from Donizetti's *Belisario*, and in other concerted pieces, all of which were received with favour. The air from *Berenice* was an irreproachable specimen of pure Handelian singing. Mendelssohn's caprice in E, and two pieces of Heller, served to exhibit Mr. Chas. Hallé's eminent abilities as a pianist. He also, with Herr Wieniawski and Herr Lidel, gave a fine performance of Beethoven's trio in C minor. It was Herr Wieniawski's first appearance this season, and in his own *Legende* and *Air Russe*, he in an equal measure astonished and delighted the audience, who applauded and recalled him with rapture. Herr Lidel also displayed his skill as a violoncello player in a solo by Strausky. Mr. Blumenthal's new song, "Good night," which Mr. Tennant introduced at his own concert, was again perfectly rendered by that gentleman. The Hall was well filled; the fair sex largely predominating. As usual, every one was more than satisfied with the rich musical treat provided by the accomplished and highly esteemed professors.

MAD. ANGELO'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—The Beethoven Rooms were fully and fashionably attended on Wednesday evening, when Mad. Angelo made her first public appearance as a pianist, and well sustained the reputation she has acquired in private. The fair artist began with Beethoven's Andante in F, after which she gave an excellent reading of the sonata for piano and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, in which she enjoyed the invaluable assistance of M. Sainton. The slow movement showed Mad. Angelo as much at home in the expressive, as the finale found her an adept in the "*bravura*" style. From the "Music of the Present," Mad. Angelo selected Charles Mayer's well-known "*Tremolo*," an elegant romance of her own composition, and Liszt's *Fantasia (feu d'artifice?)*, "Les Patineurs," to display the neatness of her execution and vigour of her style. The only other instrumental performance was M. Sainton's "*Solo de Concert*," which the eminent French violinist never played more superbly. Miss Palmer and Miss Robertine Henderson were the vocalists. The first sang two Italian canzonets and an English ballad, and the last "Sombres forêts," and an *aria* by Herr Pauer to Italian words. Their united voices charmed everyone in Mendelssohn's two-part songs, "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," and "May-bells." The vocalists enjoyed the able co-operation of Mr. Walter Macfarren as accompanyist at the piano.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The success obtained by Mlle. Tietjens at the performance of *The Creation* at the Crystal Palace, no doubt suggested to Mr. Martin the idea of engaging her for the same oratorio at Exeter Hall. The National Choral Society furnished six hundred choristers on Wednesday, and the orchestra was well selected and efficient. We enlarged so recently on Mlle. Tietjens' grand execution of the soprano music, that we need not again enter into any details. The performance on Wednesday night more than justified the opinion we expressed some weeks ago of the German prima donna's power to assume the very highest position as an oratorio singer. Miss E. Wilkinson undertook the soprano music of the third part, and was much applauded in the duet with Mr. Lewis Thomas, "Graceful Consort." Mr. Thomas was heard to advantage in all the music allotted to the bass voice, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper received such applause for his singing of the favourite "In native worth," as would have justified its repetition, had not Mr. Cooper had the good taste to decline. The chorus had no great scope for the display of their powers, but the two important choral pieces, which conclude respectively the first and second parts, were executed with remarkable decision and power. Mr. Martin conducted with his accustomed energy and care.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—One of the most brilliant events of the season took place, by kind permission of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, at the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, on Thursday evening last, when upwards of a thousand persons assembled at the fourth conversazione of this society. The fine hall, and the entrance to it, were crowded with a collection of the choicest works of art, contributed by the members and from other sources for the occasion. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor took the chair a little after eight o'clock, and opened the evening's proceedings in a laudatory speech upon the objects of the society, admitting that he had examined carefully its constitution, &c. before granting the use of the Mansion. A paper was read by H. Ottley, Esq., the honorary secretary, after which, a programme of music of the best quality was performed by the following artists: Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Lemaire, Mad. Gilbert, Miss Palmer, Mad. Laura Baxter, Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Theresa Jefferys, Mad. Andrea, Signor Gardoni, Signor Ciampi, Signor Delle Sedie, Herr Herrmans, Mr. Wallworth; pianoforte, Miss M. Baxter; violins, Herr Rauch and Herr Hegar; violoncello, Herr Daubert, and a flute solo by Mr. B. Wells. The music was under the direction of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who presided alternately at the pianoforte.

THE KENTISH TOWN CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY, held a musical *conversazione*, on Friday evening, which was attended by most of the principal inhabitants of the vicinity. Before the music commenced, the Rev. W. Calvert, president of the society, presented to the conductor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, a handsome silver-mounted baton, which had been subscribed for by the ladies of the choir, as a token of their appreciation of his unvarying courtesy and kindness, and the ability he had displayed in conducting the musical arrangements of the society during the two years it has been in existence. Several solos sung by members were much applauded; especially a song, "When the heart is full of gladness," composed by a well-known musical amateur (Mr. A. H. Dendy); Handel's "Lascia ch' io piango", by Miss Booker, who possesses a fine voice; and Kücken's "Maid of Judah." The first and last of these were encored, as was, "The skylark", a trio composed by the conductor. Mad. Gilbert sang with her usual feeling and expression, and was unanimously encored; Mr. Walbanck, the tenor, gave Beethoven's "Adelaide", and a ballad by Balfe; Mr. G. Hodson sung an old English melody; Mr. Freame Reilly two of Mozart's compositions; and Mr. Alfred Gilbert a new pianoforte composition of his own "Grande valse de concert." The concerted pieces were chiefly glees and part songs. The entertainment, which was very creditable to all parties, appeared to give general satisfaction.

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CROGER'S HARMONICON,—An ingenious invention of Mr. Croger has rendered the harmonicon (an instrument apparently becoming more and more in vogue), available not only for amusement, but for educational purposes. In the instruction book, advertised by the MUSICAL WORLD, and favourably noticed last week, a concise and easy system of acquiring a practical knowledge of transposition by the use of Mr. Croger's "transposing" harmonicon is laid down. The novelty of the instrument consists in the power of removing the place of any and every note of it, so that the scale of any key can be formed by simply changing the note or notes required. Mr. Croger's invention is well worth attention, and his instruments are manufactured in first-rate style.

THE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, KENSINGTON PARK.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Amongst the number of those many churches in our metropolis which endeavour to stand out pre-eminently above their fellows by giving a correct and truthful, not to omit an educational character to their musical services, is the church of All Saints, Kensington Park. For no church service in this country have we ever felt a more earnest hope for its success than we do for this. If we omit the spotless, simple, yet majestically grand service of the Leeds parish church (than which a more perfect model could not have been conceived, and which, through the zeal and unflinching rectitude of that truly famous churchman, the Rev. Dr. Hook, has remained for years in its present perfect and unblemished condition, notwithstanding the many endeavours of the "foolish and ignorant" to spoil and mutilate it), there is no church where the service was more precisely and honestly given than at the church of All Saints, Kensington Park, on Sunday last. The pieces and responses to Tallis were properly and correctly intoned; the Te Deum and Jubilate were here ennobled by having some proper services associated with them; the anthem, that bugbear to so many uneducated minds in church music, was, as the rubric dictates, in its proper place. An extremely edifying and judicious sermon followed with the offertory, while the music in the communion service was well and carefully given, not omitting to mention the Sanctus, creditably given by an extremely well balanced choir, the training of which must have demanded Herculean labour. The church was literally crammed in every part, and required on the part of those who undertook the seating of so large a congregation considerable ingenuity in disposing of such a mass of persons. We cannot conclude without trusting that whoever may have the direction of this, beautiful as it now stands, may have the stability and the courage to pursue it heedless of any conflicting, which, let it be remembered, have nothing whatever to do with the church's ordinances; and that we may not on any future occasion have to record that the hand of destruction has passed over this beautiful church, and left its services one of those musical wrecks, of which we have frightful examples in some other places, as remarkable for their high and dry church feeling as they are infamous for their low and slow musical education.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—The late visit of the French Orphéon Societies to this country has been brought again before the Court of Common Council, London. M. Delaporte, director of the festival, applied for the remission of 350*l.* paid to the corporation for the use of the hotels at the metropolitan cattle market on that occasion. M. Delaporte, who attended at the bar of the Court, stated in his memorial that, in promoting so novel an enterprise as the festival in question, numerous unforeseen expenses were incurred, that the amount received by him proved inadequate to cover the necessary outlay, and that in order to meet the deficiency he had incurred in his capacity of director a liability of 1161*l.* odd, which would fall upon the Orphéonist societies represented at that festival, composed of the poorest classes of the community. He asked that 350*l.* might be returned by the corporation through the medium of M. Le Baron Doyen, sub-governor of the Bank of France, and treasurer of the general committee of the French Orphéonist Societies. The petition led to a long discussion, and at length the subject was referred for consideration to the Committee.

PHONATION.—A work on the phenomena of the voice in connection with singing, or *Phonation*, as it is termed by the author, has been read by M. Bataille before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, and referred to a committee, consisting of the following members—Flourens, Claude Bernard, and Longet.

A SECOND PAGANINI.—A Leipsic correspondent, writing to the *Athenæum*, speaks in very high praise of a M. Lotto, a very young, but very fine, violinist, of the French school. The universal verdict is, that since Paganini no such "wonderful" player has been heard. We learn from the same source that a selection of forty of Sebastian Bach's songs, ten for each voice, taken from his various oratorios, cantatas, motets, &c., has been published by Whistling, of Leipsic. The selection has been arranged by Robt. Franz, who has arranged the accompaniments for the piano. M. Lotto is a pupil of M. Massart, one of the most respected professors in the Paris *Conservatoire*.

A BARBEROUS COMPLIMENT.—A popular hairdresser, who is also a *fanatico per la musica*, and a devoted admirer of the composer of *Il Trovatore*, has just invented a new pommade, which, by way of compliment to the great musical *maestro*, he has styled "Verdi grease." We have little doubt but that, like the hundreds of popular airs of Signor Verdi, this brilliant emanation of genius, *à la perruque*, will soon be in everybody's head.—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

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VOL. 40—No. 22 SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

MADAME LAURA BAXTER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on 7th June, at St. James's Hall. Eminent Vocal and Instrumental artists are engaged. Particulars in Future Advertisements.
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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT begs to announce that his Grand ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at the above Hall TUESDAY EVENING, June 25th.
Tickets may be obtained at the principal Musicsellers and at the Hall.

HERR MOLIQUE'S EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, THURSDAY next, at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mesdames LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and PALMER; Signor BELLETTI and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Instrumentalists: Mlle. ANNA MOLIQUE, Signor REGONDI, Signor PIATTI and Herr MOLIQUE. Conductor: Signor RANDEGGER.
Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co.'s, at the principal Musicsellers, and of Herr Molique, 30 Harrington Square, Mornington Crescent.

MADAME OURY'S ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on WEDNESDAY June 26th, at 16, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—St. James's Hall.—Mad. Alboni and Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mad. Lemaire and Mlle. Artot.; Messrs. Gardoni and Giuglini, Belart and Belletti, Delle Sedie and Ciampi, Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Vocal Association (300 voices), Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Ole Bull, M. Wieniawski, Signor Piatti, and a full and complete Orchestra, will appear at Mr. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT on MONDAY, June 24th. The programme will be published on Monday, June 3rd.
Sofa and Balcony Stalls, one guinea each; Reserved Seats, Balcony, and Area, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; Gallery 3s.; at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square, W.

M. PAQUE'S MATINEE MUSICALE, MONDAY, 3rd of June (by the kind permission of the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire), 24 Belgrave Square. Artists: Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Mad. RIEDER, Miss GRAY, &c.; Messrs. SAINTON, BENEDICT, CUSINS, KLEINE, OULD, PAQUE, WM. GANZ, RUMMEL, GITS. To commence at Three o'clock.
A few tickets to be had at Messrs. Schott and Co., and at M. Paque, 124 Great Portland Street.

M. SAINTON'S FOURTH and LAST SOIREE will take place at No. 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Wednesday, June 12, at half-past Eight o'clock.
Programme:—Quartet in A, No. 3 (Schumann); trio, Marschner in G minor; quartet in E minor, No. 8 (Beethoven); solos, pianoforte and violoncello.
Executants: MM. Sainton, Bezeth, Doyle, Piatti; pianoforte, M. C. Hallé; vocalist, Herr Dalle Aste.
Tickets, half a guinea, to be had of the principal Musicsellers, and of M. Sainton, at his residence.

MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—FIFTH WEEK. "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG."
Mr. Fred. Penna will give his New and Popular Entertainment, EVERY EVENING at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Pianoforte, Mad. PENNA, who will perform a Sonata by Beethoven.
Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

JUNE 21ST.—HERR ENGEL'S CONCERT.—Full particulars will be announced.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ANTIGONE at the next New Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Hall, MONDAY EVENING, June 3, and Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, June 1st.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Third Season.—PROGRAMME of the FOURTH CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening, June 5, at half-past Eight o'clock, at St. James's Hall. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.
First Part. Overture, Der Berggeist (Spohr); aria, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard (Sterndale Bennett); air, Signor Gardoni (Bolldieu); overture, a "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn).
Second Part. Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); duo, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Gardoni, Azor and Zemira (Spohr); overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber).
Tickets for the gallery, at 3s. 6d. each, may be obtained of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street; and at Austin's ticket-office, St. James's Hall.
N.B. In order to enable the audience to be seated before the commencement of the concert, the doors in Regent Street and Piccadilly will be opened at a quarter to Eight.
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THE RICHMOND MUSICAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT will take place on 10th JUNE, at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, under the immediate patronage of their R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary Adelaide. Conductor—W. C. SELLE, Mus. Doc.
Tickets at Etherington's Music Library.

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MUSICAL ART UNION.—SECOND CONCERT.—THURSDAY MORNING, June 20, at Hanover Square Rooms. Orchestra of 60 members. Vocalist, Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Overture (Suite), BACH; Concerto, Pianoforte, Mr. KLINDWORTH, SCHUMANN. Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven), &c. &c. Conductor, Mr. KLINDWORTH. Illustrative programmes by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN.

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*** Tenth week, and grand change of Programme.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The Last SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 6th, at St. James's Hall. Pianoforte: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

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ROYAL SURREY GARDEN WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Directors, Messrs. CALDWELL and BISHOP. A series of TWELVE GRAND CONCERTS will take place on Wednesday Evenings, commencing on June 5th, and to be continued every Wednesday Evening until August 21st. Engagements already concluded. Mad. CATHERINE HAYES and Mlle. PAREPA, Miss LASCELLES and Mad. LEMAIRE, Mr. TENNANT and Mr. SANTLEY, Signor DELLE SEDIE and Herr FORMES, M. OLE BULL and M. WIENIAWSKI, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; accompanist, M. EMILE BERGER; Conductor, the PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR FORMES begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées.

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HERR HERMANNS begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts and Private Soirées, &c.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MLLE. PAREPA begs to announce that, having terminated her Engagement with Mr. E. T. Smith, all communications as to Concerts, Oratorios, Festival and Operatic Engagements, are to be made to her, at her residence, No. 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS begs to announce her REMOVAL to 50 BEDFORD SQUARE, where she now receives her Friends and Pupils.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that her SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on FRIDAY Evening, June 7th, to commence at 8 o'clock; and her MATINEE MUSICALE on SATURDAY, June 8th, to commence at 3 o'clock, at her residence, 50 Bedford Square.

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Reviews.

"*Wagner's celebrated Opera, 'Tannhäuser,'*" edited for the pianoforte (Boosey and Sons).

This forms No. 21 of "*Boosey and Sons' Edition of Standard Operas for Piano Solo,*" and is unquestionably one of the most interesting of the series. The arrangement has the double merit of being faithful and moderately difficult. Not a piece, not even a recitative, is omitted. Every pianist, amateur or professional, who would like to know something of a man so unmercifully abused by one set of people and so unmercifully praised by another, will here find a sort of epitome of Wagner's *inventive* powers as a composer. What melody he can make is almost absorbed by *Tannhäuser;* for assuredly there is little in *Lohengrin*, none in *Tristan*, and less than none in *Rheingold*. In a letter from Paris a short time since, Wagner politely declines the offer, on the part of the Opera at Prague, to have his *Rheingold* brought out there at present. He (Wagner) "intends to get up a model performance" (next September), of his latest work, *Tristan und Isolde*, which is to be represented by the best artists, selected from all parts of Germany; and the year following there will be a similar performance of *Rheingold*. These performances are to be taken as models for the future. As an important principle is involved, and as the personal superintendence of the author is, in his opinion, absolutely necessary for the proper *mise-en-scène* of the two works, Herr Wagner trusts that no one will feel hurt at his refusal. Happily Tannhäuser presents no such extraordinary difficulties—at any rate, not in the very ingenious pianoforte arrangement before us. Wagner should get the anonymous "editor" of the Messrs. Boosey to "edit" his *Lohengrin, Tristan*, and *Rheingold*, after the same fashion as his *Tannhäuser*. Thus prepared for the most universal of instruments—although, it is true, they become what Herr Wagner styles "hammer-music, they are at least reduced to the ordinary conditions of intelligibility. For our own parts, we have played through this arrangement of *Tannhäuser* with considerable gratification, and can therefore recommend it with the less hesitation. We have also read with great interest and pleasure the masterly analysis of the book, which—under the head of "*Tannhäuser, and the War of the Minstrels in the Wartburg*"—stands as preface to the volume. This last, by the way, is remarkably well got up, correctly, and beautifully printed, and (none will complain of this) wonderfully cheap. If *Tannhäuser* possessed no other recommendation, it can boast of being the best abused opera (*en attendant* its successors) of the present or any other century. This alone must stimulate curiosity. Here moreover it is in the power of a tolerably skilled pianist to do in a couple of hours what it took the *Academie Impériale de Musique et de Danse*, under the immediate personal superintendence of Herr Wagner himself, six months to accomplish—and even then by no means to the composer's satisfaction.

"*Après l'Orage*"—*par* FREDERIC D'ALQUEN (Ashdown and Parry).

"*Après l'Orage,*" indeed! Why *after* the storm? Why, M. D'Alquen, "after the storm," or "before the storm," or why "storm" at all, or anything else? In the name of the holy brotherhood of Querists, what has the music to do with the title, or the title with the music? Here are two pages in D flat, or thereabouts, filled with calm arpeggios symmetrically arranged in the manner of a mild waistcoat pattern, but otherwise unsuggestive, followed by two pages of a "pepper" of demisemiquavers enough to make one hoist an umbrella—"after the storm" though it be; and this again, gives way to the final *coup*, in the shape of more arpeggios of rather "louder" design than before. There really is no sort of merit in music of this kind. M. D'Alquen might use his time better than in making such things as can be produced, at per yard, by anyone who chooses to spoil paper in the business.

"*Him I love dearest*"—words by J. P. DOUGLAS, music by HENRY SMART (Leader & Cock).

If this beautiful song is not speedily on every pianoforte, it will say little for the musical taste of the day. Although—allowing for the very brief *coda* at the end of the second verse, through which the climax, by a simple device (the retention of a bass note, making the harmony, which would otherwise be the full close, a *six-four* instead of a common chord), is so exquisitely deferred—the form is that of the mere ballad, such is the expressive grace of the melody, such the glowing richness of the harmony, that it is as good as a thousand ballads in one. The professed ballad-makers, indeed, might fatten on it for a century. Any one bar — nay, *half*-bar — transplanted from its original place into one of their jumbles of heterogeneous chords and limping make-shift tunes, would shine like a sun in the midst of a morass. Mr. Smart, too, is lucky in having so evident a scorner of twaddle as Mr. J. P. Douglas, for his poet-in-ordinary.

"*The Happy Hours,*" duettino for treble and tenor, words by BARRY CORNWALL, music by HENRY SMART (Leader and Cock.)

What "Him I love best," is as a ballad; the "Happy Hours" is (are?) as a duet. Two voices (of opposite sexes, be it understood) could not possibly unite more melodiously in song. The first theme—for the voices together—is as charming as it is simple; the second, led off by the treble and responded to by the tenor, until they mingle in one sweet strain, is not a whit less engaging. Why is not this music heard at the Monday Popular Concerts? R. S. V. P.—Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

"*Sylvia*"—*par* CHARLES WEISBECKER (Ashdown and Parry).

Truly a pleasant little piece of pianoforte matter, creditable to the writer, and recommendable to players. It is shaped like a mazurka, and styled so as to make us know that M. Weisbecker is somewhat of a follower of Chopin — not deeply and intimately, as it were, but somewhat reverentially and afar off. Nevertheless, he makes pretty music — Chopin somewhat diluted, and thus more easily accessible to the uninitiated.

ENGLISH OPERA AT CROYDON. — Three entertainments have been given at the Public Hall, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, by Mr. Melchor Winter, and his "Boudoir Opera Company." The opera on Saturday was *Il Trovatore*, with Miss Thirlwall as *Leonora;* Mr. Melchor Winter as *Manrico*, and Mr. Morelle as *The Count di Luna*. Miss Thirlwall unites, with a rich soprano voice, a graceful action and artistic expression. Mr. Melchor Winter is a tenor singer with a voice of sweetness, flexibility, and compass; and on Monday evening, although suffering from a severe cold, it was evident that his vocal powers were of a high order. The same may be said of Mr. Morelle, as a bass singer. The minor parts were all filled up in a creditable manner, and the celebrated "Miserere" chorus was rendered with much effect. The dresses were splendid, and great satisfaction was evinced by the audience.—*Croydon Chronicle, 25 May.*

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THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Its Rise and Progress.

(*Continued from page* 117.)

Les Rendezvous Bourgeois owed, doubtless, its sustained vogue, which even now defies the progress of time, to the humorous libretto of Hoffmann*; but the other works which I have mentioned, subsequently possessed an actual musical value, and though they could not bear a comparison with those of Boieldieu, which are distinguished by greater *verve*, they at any rate contain melodies most seductive from their natural and easy flow. Among the more remarkable pieces in the best productions of Nicolo may be mentioned: the introductory quatuor in *Cendrillon*, in which the heroine's song, "Il était un p'tit homme," is ingeniously interwoven with the motivo of the two sisters, "Arrangeons ces dentelles," and with the basso air, "Ma chère enfant, soyez tranquille!"—the duo between Clorinda and Thisbe in the same opera, "Ah, quel plaisir! Ah, quel beau jour!" Alcindor's air, "Conservez bien cette bonté," and the duo! "Vous l'aimez, donc, avec tendresse." In *Le Billet de Loterie*, the soprano air, which has become classical, "Non je ne veux pas chanter; in *Joconde*, the celebrated air in which Martin was enabled to exhibit the full compass and flexibility of his voice, "J'ai longtems parcouru le monde," the spirited duet, "Ah, monseigneur, je suis tremblante!" the stanzas, "Parmi les filles du canton," in which Mad. Gavandau achieved one of her successes; the quatuor, "Quand on attend sa belle," and lastly, the romanza, "Dans un délire extrême." In *Jeannot et Colin* the charming duet between Colin and Colette, "Tous mes plaisirs étaient les siens," the sweet romanza, "Oh, Jeannot me délaisse!" and the air which has likewise become classical, "J'ai perdu l'ami de mon cœur."

Etienne had entirely succeeded in arranging for the stage a little fable by Perrault, and he ventured to treat in the same manner a tale which La Fontaine had derived from "Orlando Furioso." The task was a more hazardous one; but it succeeded; and *Joconde* obtained an immense money success. The two collaborators, unwilling to allow the public enthusiasm in their favour to grow cool, brought out, before the success of *Joconde* was quite exhausted, *Jeannot et Colin*, a pastoral piece of the utmost simplicity, which succeeded, thanks to the graceful melodies of Nicolo, whose style was, beyond every other, suited to rustic subjects.

Although the scores of *Joconde* and that of *Jeannot et Colin* were superior to that of *Cendrillon*, they did not attain, at the time at least, an equal vogue. In the present day the result would be reversed.

Nicolo injured his health by excesses, which eventually shortened his life. He was not, in fact, more than forty-two when he died, March 23, 1848.

His last moments were embittered by seeing his rival Boieldieu elected a member of the Institute, when he had himself vainly sought admission at the same time into that learned body.

He left unfinished the score of *Aladin, ou la Lampe merveilleuse*, which was completed by Benincori;† but neither was the latter gratified by seeing the work performed, as he died a few days before the first representation, which took place on the 6th of February, 1822.

Nicolo produced no less than six Italian operas and thirty-three French operas, several of which were masterpieces in point of style, and yet, as I have before stated, the doors of the Institute were obstinately closed against him. It must be confessed that there is less difficulty in the matter nowadays.

Méhul.

I should compare Nicolo to the painter Lancret and Méhul to David. Nicolo allured one by the easy grace of his scores, by agreeable *tableaux de genre*; the masculine accents of Méhul, noble pages of history, were not always understood at first by the multitude. Of him may be said what Mozart said of his *Don Juan*, "I write for myself and for a few of my friends." Méhul also wrote for himself rather than for the public.

His excessive timidity of character, his kind-heartedness, which induced him to think of his friends before he took any care for himself, the pain he suffered from a few unwonted failures, domestic sorrows, and finally sickness, shortened his days and cast a gloom over his life.

He was born at Givet, a small town in the Ardennes, on the 22nd of June, 1763, according to some biographers, and on the 24th according to others. His father was a cook, and obtained in the sequel through his son's interest a place in connection with the corps of Engineers. He received lessons of music from a blind organist. The liveliness of his imagination enabled him to divine the resources of the organ, and he was soon rewarded with the post of organist in the church of the Récollets. Incited subsequently to join the community of Prémontrés by the chorus-master, Abbé Hanser, who discovered his promising bent, he received lessons from this learned master of counterpoint. Méhul while in this convent was second organist. The colonel of a regiment stationed at Charlemont happening to hear him, and being rich and a lover of music, brought him to Paris and provided for his subsistence.

Here Méhul made acquaintance with Glück, and the sincere admiration he professed for the works of the author of *Iphigénie* won him his friendship.

This intimacy introduced into opéra comique the Germanic element, which it had before wanted, and which was destined to revivify the style, and finally to bring forth the works of Hérold, in which are admirably mingled French *esprit*, Italian *morbidezza*, and German poetry. This is an important fact in the history of art.

Méhul had written a grand opera, *Alonzo et Cora*, the first performance of which did not seem likely to be at hand. The Opéra Comique opened its doors to him, and in 1790 his first piece, *Euphrosyne et Coradin, ou le Tyran corrigé*, the words of which were by Hoffmann, saw the light. At once Méhul conquered a high position among the composers of his time. Before writing *Cora* he had submitted to a long preparatory training by composing three operas on old libretti, and under the superintendence of Glück. It may, therefore, be said, that Méhul's talents were already ripe when he presented *Euphrosyne et Coradin* to the stage.

In this score are to be found both the merits and the defects which are attributable to this master, and which we shall discover in his other works; firmness in his orchestration, a sustained elevation of style, but, at the same time, a degree of coldness in the melody, and at times a certain monotony in the accompaniments.

The overture to *Euphrosyne* showed that Méhul had learned in the school of Glück the science of employing more robust orchestral combinations than was usual in other comic operas of the day. The piece which produced the deepest impression in this work was, and justly so, the duo of "La Jalousie", superior to anything at that time to be heard. The piece commences in subdued tones to these words,—

> "Gardez-vous de la jalousie,
> Redoutez son affreux transport."

Little by little the orchestra becomes animated, and the peroration burst forth in the midst of rapid passages for the violins, and the howling of the trombones, at that time a rare instrument, and the more startling therefore in its effect. Méhul seems to have had the intention of depicting the fury of the Eumenides, and indeed Grétry, in his essay on music, says on this point:—"The explosion at the end seems to bring down the roof of the theatre to crush the head of the spectator. In this masterpiece Méhul exhibits the power of Glück when he was thirty." We must also cite, among the good parts of *Euphrosyne et Coradin*, the quatuor "Toutes trois, vous êtes jeunettes."

Immediately after this, the Opera hastened to bring out *Alonzo et Cora*, and the new scores of the same master, *Stratonice*, *Adrien*, &c.

*François Bénoit Hoffmann, born at Nancy, July 11, 1760, in his youth treated the writers of opéra-comiques with contempt, and in an epigram protested against the election of Sédaine on this account to a seat in the Academy. He made amends afterwards by writing a number of libretti, *Adrien*, *Euphrosyne*, &c. He died in April, 1828.

†Benincori, born at Brescia, March 28, 1779, wrote three little comic operas which were not successful. Grief at these successive disappointments increased the malady which brought him to the grave, October 30, 1821.

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He returned to the Opéra Comique with *Le jeune Sage et le vieux Fou* (1793), and *la Caverne* (1794), which was played at Favart — the subject being the same as that of the piece produced under the same name by Lesueur at Feydeau the year before. Lesueur's work alone retained a vogue.

In 1797, Méhul met with a partial failure in *Le jeune Henri*, an opéra comique, the words of which were by Bouilly. It is well known that the overture pleased the public immensely, so much so that they wished to hear it played over again, and then refused to let the piece be finished. Nevertheless, after the curtain was let down, as a sort of consolatory tribute to the musician, the overture was asked for a third time, and thenceforth it became a classical piece at concerts with a grand orchestra.

In 1799, Méhul produced *Ariodant*, in which the wonted beauties of the author are once more to be found. The exact similarity of Hoffmann's libretto with that of *Montano et Stephanie*, by Berton, deducted from the success of *Ariodant*, in which occurs the well known air,

"Femme sensible, entends-tu le ramage."

Epicure (1800), the libretto of which was by Desmoustiers, and in the score of which Cherubini had taken some share, did not succeed, and the same was the case with *Bion*, an heroic pastoral by Hoffmann. Tragic subjects of this kind will never find favour at the Opera Comique, and the tendency of this theatre to copy the Grand Opera has always appeared to me prejudicial to the special character of the works to which it is devoted. This is a grand point, on which I intend to enlarge at the close of these studies. Méhul signally compensated himself for these failures, on the 19th of February, 1801, by the *Irato* of Marsollier.

The following circumstances are said to have given rise to this piece of buffoonery.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From our own correspondent*).

MOZART'S *Zauberflöte*, and *Don Juan*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, and Bellini's *Norma*, were the operas performed this last week at the Royal Opera House. A goodly list, I think you will acknowledge, both as regards variety, and what, perhaps, in the opinion of true musicians, is still better, quality. The execution of all these works, moreover, was, on the whole, highly gratifying, even to one who, like myself, has been so long accustomed to the admirable manner in which things are "done" at the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of the inimitable Mr. Costa. May his shadow never be less, say I, although I am afraid the sentiment may not please certain rival conductors, whom the said shadow rather obscures perhaps.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience to hear the *Zauberflöte*, that great work of a great master. The part of Pamina was performed, for the first time, I believe, by Mlle. Lucca, the usual representative of the character being Mad. Harriers-Wippern. Comparisons, I am perfectly aware, are "oderous," especially between two ladies, and yet every one draws comparisons on every possible occasion. I shall, therefore, do so in the present instance, if only for the sake of being in the fashion. Of Mad. Harriers-Wippern and Mlle. Lucca, I certainly prefer the former lady. There is more unity or consistency, so to speak, in her performance. Her acting and singing blend so artistically together, that they produce, as it were, one homogeneous whole, which, as I take it, is the greatest triumph an artist can possibly achieve. There is no straining after effect. Everything is so easily accomplished, that the hearer fancies the task is one which is attended with no difficulty, and might be entrusted to anybody. Similar notions sometimes prevail with regard to writing a style like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or Lord Macaulay, commanding the Channel Fleet, and driving a one-horse chaise. Yet we know that it requires considerable skill to do any one of these things, and that it is not every person who possesses that skill—"*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*" Mlle. Lucca is assuredly not equal to her fair colleague. Yet she is good—exceedingly good—in the part, which, in fact, offers so many opportunities for producing a favourable impression, that, to use a rather vulgar term, any artist who altogether fails to do so must be a "muff." Mad. Köster was admirable as the Queen of Night, and all the other parts were creditably filled.

Le Prophète was as attractive as ever, the house being crammed to the ceiling. The cast was partially new. In the first place, Herr Taubert conducted the work for the first time, and, considering that he undertook to do so at only a day's notice, is fairly entitled to high praise. Herr Theodore Formes was the misguided hero of the piece, and both sang and acted with uncommon talent. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Bertha, one of her most successful impersonations. She was enthusiastically applauded in the duet of the fourth act. As I informed you, in my last letter, Mad. Jachmann is away on leave of absence. Mlle. de Ahna was her substitute as Fides, and a very worthy substitute she proved. Her fresh beautiful voice was heard to excellent effect in the *arioso* of the second act.

Mlle. Emmy Lagrua concluded her "starring" engagement as Norma, having previously won all kinds of golden opinions from all sorts of people—including even some of the disciples of the Future ——— as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. Her rendering of this genuinely German part was a complete triumph. The audience were fairly carried away by her execution of the grand scene, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and of the Cantilena, "Und ob die Wolke," in both of which she was vociferously applauded. Her Norma is a fine performance, considered both in a vocal and a dramatic light. Her purity of intonation and facility of execution are perfectly charming and might well serve as a model for younger artists, and teach them what is to be effected by a thorough and conscientious study of the rules of classic style. Mlle. Lagrua sings without the slightest effort. And why? Simply because she has *learnt to sing*—a process too much neglected, I am sorry to say, by many fair artists of the present day, who fancy that all they require is to possess a voice. A man might almost as well imagine himself a Landseer or a Millais, because he had a box of colours and a set of brushes. Mlle. Lagrua was especially happy in the "Casta Diva" and the touching scene with Adalgisa, when the latter confesses her love for the false Roman, as well as in the pourtrayal of the struggle which agitates the breast of the deceived mother at the sight of her innocent children, calmly sleeping on the couch, and altogether unconscious of the danger to which they are exposed. At the conclusion of the opera, Mlle. Lagrua was well nigh overwhelmed with bouquets. Some enthusiastic admirer, also, flung her a laurel wreath, the sight of which occasioned an extra outburst of plaudits from all parts of the house. I am sorry to say that the orchestra was rather too noisy to please me, and that the chorus were far from being up to the mark on one or two occasions, especially in the last scene.

Mlle. Jauner-Krall continues to draw excellent houses at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre.

On the 12th inst. Herr Ries, the eminent Concertmeister, invited a number of musicians and amateurs to his house, for the purpose of introducing to them one of his former pupils, Herr E. Caudella, solo violinist to his highness Alexander John I., Prince of Moldavia and Wallachia. I was fortunate enough to be included in the list of honoured guests. Herr Caudella played several compositions of the modern school; among others, variations by David, and Vieuxtemps' "Rêverie." His style is distinguished for its elegance, certainty, purity and ease. I fully concur in the general opinion freely expressed that, with perseverance and study, the young artist will occupy a high rank in his profession. He already reflects great credit on his master, and that is no small praise. Mlle. de Ahna sang two compositions, full of melody, by Adolph Ries, and came in for a fair share of applause.

An exceedingly interesting performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Ascension Day, by the Meischner Gesangzirkel. I was particularly struck by the rendering of the introduction, the chorus *a capella*, and the *Inflammatus*. The soloists were well selected, and acquitted themselves most creditably, the whole entertainment producing a highly favourable impression on a fashionable and discriminating audience. As concerts are not so plentiful here as they were in the winter months, and as I should like to send a tolerably long letter, I would, if I could, give you a correct account of a concert lately given by Herr Constantin Decker, pianist, from St. Petersburgh. As it was, he might as well, on the present occasion, have remained in the capital of the Czar, or transported his piano to the wastes of Siberia, as far as I was concerned; although I made a point of attending. The Spaniards have a proverb, "Heaven deliver me from my friends;" and never was it more applicable than in this case. Herr Decker was formerly a favourite in Berlin, and, on his quitting that capital, left many friends behind him. Now, not only have those friends certainly not deserted him during his absence in the North, but they appear to have enrolled all their sons and daughters among their ranks, so that they have multiplied to an alarming extent. I could not help thinking of Lovell's exclamation when, in *High Life below Stairs*, he throws open the cupboard-door: "Why, Mrs. Kitty, your cat has kittened! Two toms and two tabbies!" All these friends of Herr Decker seemed to be present at his concert, and what is more, in order, no doubt, to prove their right to the appellation, appeared to have resolved he should not have a chance of mistaking

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them for strangers. They accordingly made themselves perfectly at home in the room, coming and going in the middle of the pieces, talking, laughing, and applauding with a vehemence more indicative of partiality than discrimination. The younger portion of the audience was particularly vociferous and demonstrative. The consequence of all this manifestation of Damonic-Pythian feeling was that I have not the clearest idea in the world of what Herr Decker can do and what he cannot; of what his compositions are worth, and what they are not worth. I think, however, I may venture to assert, with a due regard to truth, that Herr Decker is a very fair pianist, but that he is far from being such an artist as Herr Hallé, Mr. Benedict, Liszt, Mad. Pleyell, or, "facile regina," Miss Arabella Goddard. Before he gives his next concert, I would advise him to send a circular to his very numerous friends, asking each one for the loan of four thalers (a large sum here). By this means he will naturally lose them all, or, at any rate, their number will be so reduced as no longer to be a positive nuisance.

Our old friend, R—— has just returned from Brunswick, bringing with him some of the *Leberwurst* and several bottles of the *Mumme*, for which that small capital is so celebrated, besides a whole budget of musical news. During his stay, he heard Herr Joachim play Beethoven's violin-concerto, and Tartini's "Teufel's Sonata," as it is termed here, in a manner which fairly astonished the audience, accustomed as they are to listen to music executed in first-rate style. Joachim's style, however, is something more; but as you know it as well, or perhaps better than I do, I will not give you the elaborate description of it with which R—— has favoured me. The programme of the concert—which, by the way, I may as well mention was the last of the series of this year's Symphonie-Concerte—comprised Robert Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Franz Schubert's "Reitermarsch" scored by Liszt, and Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. The latter was magnificently performed, it appears, and applauded to the echo. The Brunswick public must mind what they are about. If they do not take care, the manager of the theatre will be producing *Tannhäuser* itself. The other pieces were equally well played by the orchestra—which stands deservedly high in the estimation of all competent judges—and were greeted with hearty applause. "Après moi, le déluge." After Joachim Herr H. von Bülow! That gentleman gave a concert, "all to himself," on the 27th of April, when he played *fourteen* pieces. I wonder how he liked it, and, above all, I wonder how the audience liked it.

At the theatre, Grétry's *Richard, Cœur de Lion*, was revived, on the occasion of the Duke's birthday, and favourably received. It was well sung, well acted, and well put upon the stage. The new theatre, a very fine building, which will be a great ornament to the old town, is rapidly approaching completion. According to report, it is to be opened on the 1st of October, and the opera chosen to inaugurate it is Mozart's *Don Juan*. A more fitting selection could not well have been made. A grand military concert, that is to say, a concert at which the performers are all members of the various regimental bands, was given on the Duke's birthday. Among other compositions included in the programme were a hymn by Handel, a "Fackeltanz" by Meyerbeer, and a new march by the band-master-in-chief, Herr Zabel, under whose direction the concert took place.

From the various musical papers I have picked up the following scraps of intelligence. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner commenced her starring engagement at Dresden as Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*, and Mlle. Georgine Schubert, who has been playing a round of characters with great satisfaction to the public, closed hers, a short time since, as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*. A fund has been established, at Leipsic, for the family of the late Carl Zöllner. Concerts in aid of it have been already given in Dresden, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Vienna, Dantzig, Strassburgh, Liverpool, Ancona, Riga, Bucharest, Hanover, Reval, &c. The following contributions have also been received:—100 thalers from a concert given by the Orpheus Society in Boston, 100 thalers from the German Männergesang-Verein, in Cincinnati; 25 thalers collected by some Germans in the Labati prairie, Texas; 35 thalers from the German residents at Porto Alegro, Brazil; 122 thalers from Lübeck; and 500 thalers from the Liedertafel, in St. Petersburgh. At Stuttgard the opera has suffered severely by the loss—for a time at least; let us hope not permanently—of Herr Pischek and Herr Sontheim, the tenor. The former gentleman has had an apoplectic stroke, and the latter became deranged, so as to render it necessary for him to be placed in a lunatic asylum. From Wiesbaden, I learn that the grand festival of the Rhein-Main-Sängerbund is fixed for the 15th and 16th of June. The following are, at present, the arrangements of the Central Committee. On the 15th instant, the singers invited from other places to take part in the proceedings will be welcomed at the railway station by their brethren of Wiesbaden, and then make their way, in a grand procession, to the Kurhaus, where a general rehearsal will be held. The concert will take place in the same locality, at four o'clock, P.M., and commence with an orchestral work, followed by a choral composition for the whole body of vocalists. After this, each of the seventeen Societies present will sing a piece separately, and the concert will conclude with a second choral composition for all the Societies combined. On the 2nd day (Sunday) there will be a grand "Volksfest" on the Neroberg. At the theatre, Gounod's *Faust* is in rehearsal. One hundred and twenty-four Vocal Associations (of which 98 alone have sent in a list of 2,200 singers) have already signified their intention of taking part in the approaching Nuremberg Sängerfest. The Finance Committee has disposed of shares to the value of 48,000 florins. One great object of interest connected with the approaching festival appears to be a costly flag, to be carried, I presume, before the singers, on their march through the town, and costing 400 florins. The Germans can never do anything without processions, headed by gay banners in the daytime, or coruscating, if I may use the term, with blazing torches at night. It strikes me that there is a great deal of puerility about all this, but I have no doubt it is quite correct and sensible. At any rate, it is, to a limited extent, good for trade, and delights the simple-minded patrons of Kartoffeln-Salat, who, it must be confessed, are in some things a rather simple-minded people. In England we generally leave such modes of display to charity-children out for a holiday, Temperance Societies, and the Ancient Order of Foresters.

I have nothing more to say for the present, except VALE.

Letters to the Editor.

FILBY *versus* AUGMENTED TONE.

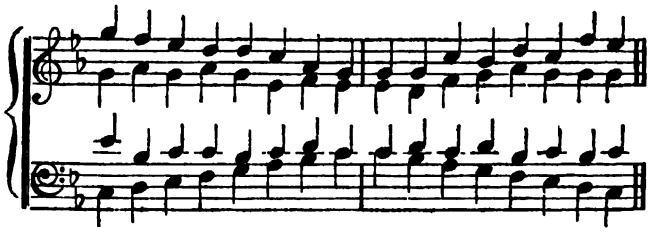
Sir,—Of course I must admire the apostasy of your correspondent "Augmented Tone," whose extreme candour has given his communication an *augmented tone*, and who appears to have been a self-constituted judge and jury in a trial of "inclination *versus* judgment," and to have returned a verdict for the defendant.

I could never expect any one—who, from prejudice or long association, adheres to the *mutable* minor scale—to give up his convictions until his judgment shall have been fairly convinced—until he shall have discovered the fine combinations which result from the use of the *permanent* mode, and which he is debarred from in using the other. In this, as in general life, the improvement should necessitate the change, and not *vice versâ*.

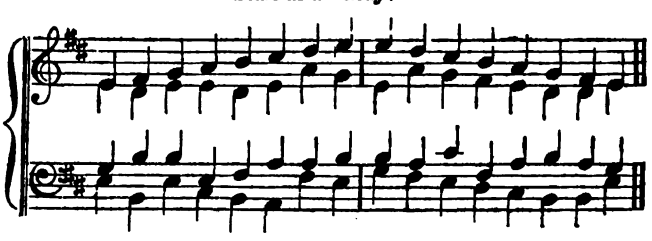
In complying with the wish of your correspondent, I must premise that the subjoined specimens have been framed more with regard to utility than to novelty or ingenuity. Other remarkable progressions have come under my notice, which, for my previous reason and for economy of space, I am obliged to suppress.

It will be observed that I use the *real*, instead of the accepted, signatures.

Scale as a *bass*:—



Scale as a *melody*:—



From these it will be seen that the permanent minor is the legitimate domain of the *diminished seventh*, and that it here becomes practicable and useful. Of this fact Mendelssohn, Spohr, Chopin, and

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Schumann must have been profoundly aware. Of this fact Meyerbeer, Stephen Heller, and *our* (I say it with pride) G. A. Macfarren must be deeply sensible. For do not their works testify its truth ?

Let not our readers suppose that this scale is essentially modern, for it may be found (not to go back quite so far as your tutelar saint, Job de Pacheco) in the works of Mehul, Scarlatti, Rameau, Purcell, &c. &c.

One word to your correspondent "Dominant" (of some three months' standing). I do not consider the *mediant* a desirable degree to carry *common chord*; but, if I use it at all, it certainly *should* contain an augmented fifth. I do not acknowledge a *relative major*—which is not remarkable, as my near kin do not happen to be in the army.

Trusting you will find space for this,

I am, Sir, yours every faithfully,

23, Kensington Park Terrace, W. W. C. Filby.

In re GILBERT *audi* GADSBY.

Sir,—I quite agree with Mr. Bennett Gilbert, in his saying, "In justice to myself, and to my reputation, allow me emphatically to disclaim all connection with the Three Idylls," as it appeared by the review that the authorship of the other Three *Iddylles* was attributed to him; however, I consider it very honorable of Mr. Bennett Gilbert to refute this idea, more especially as the *Iddylle* "*Vivien*" (with the name of Gadsby attached to it) was considered by you to be the best of the four.

I should not have troubled you with this epistle, sir, considering I had the more flattering notice, but to take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Gilbert, and readily granting pardon to you, for an error that arose from the similitude in the printing of the four *morceaux*.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

60, Albert Street, Mornington Crescent. Henry R. Gadsby, (Author of "*Vivien*.")

Miss Fanny Corfield, the talented and very successful pupil of Professor Bennett, gave a *matinée* of Classical Pianoforte Music, on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The young lady provided a most unexceptional programme, and gave a concert, indeed, of rare excellence. She was assisted by Herr Molique at the violin, M. Paque at the violoncello, and by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Marian Moss as vocalists. The instrumental selection comprised Spöhr's duet in E, for pianoforte and violin; Dussek's sonata for pianoforte, No. 3, Op. 35, in C minor; Beethoven's pianoforte and violin sonata, in G, Op. 30, No. 3; Haydn's Trio, in G. minor, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello; and "The Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel. Miss Fanny Corfield is to be commended unreservedly for contributing to the programme Dussek's splendid sonata, which the initiated reader will recognise as number one of the set of three dedicated to Clementi. The fair artist's performance was characterised by great neatness and facility of execution, and undeviating good taste and judgment. In Beethoven's sonata for violin and pianoforte, the pianist fairly divided the applause with the violinist, Herr Molique, and the performance was admirable throughout—the gem of the concert, indeed. The vocal music was akin to the instrumental in point of merit. Mad. Sherrington sang "Angels ever bright and fair," a *melodie* by Schubert, and Bennett's "May dew"—all three exquisitely given; while Miss Marian Moss displayed her sweet voice and agreeably unpretending style in Mozart's "Vedrai Carino" and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming." The attendance was elegant and numerous.

Beethoven Rooms.—A *matinée* was given at the above rooms, on Thursday week, by Mrs. Dundas, the pianist, which comprised the services, in addition to those of the fair concert-giver, of Herr F. Hegar (violin), Herr Oberthür (harp), Master Butler (flute), Mr. Lidel (violoncello), and Mr. Klindworth (piano), instrumentalists; and Miss Armstrong, Miss Steele, and Mr. Redfearn, vocalists. Mrs. Dundas, a neat and graceful executant, played Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, and Mendelssohn and Moscheles' Duo Concertante, for two pianos, "La Marche Bohemienne," from *Preciosa*, with M. Klindworth. Although the programme possessed no grand attraction, there were some points of special interest. Herr Oberthür's harp-playing constituted a great feature, and Master Butler delighted everybody by his really extraordinary performance on the flute. In the vocal music Mr. Redfearn particularly distinguished himself, displaying his pure tenor voice and correct style in an English ballad and Mendelssohn's "Hunter's Song." Mr. Arthur O'Leary accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Madame Puzzi's Concert.—This very interesting annual affair came off at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday afternoon, in presence of a brilliant and crowded audience. The programme, though not exactly of the monster kind, was extra-longitudinous, and comprised nearly all the vocal talent not engaged at the Opera in the metropolis. Moreover, there were five conductors, among whom Mr. Benedict and Signor Schira. From the selection, which included no less than four-and-twenty pieces, we can only cite a few for especial mention. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington supplied the Shadow-song from *Dinorah* as her special display,—Mlle. Parepa, the air "Le serment" for hers—both eminently successful; Signor Gardoni the romance, "Le Chemin du Paradis," one of his most finished and refined efforts; Mad. Gassier, who made her first appearance in London for two years, the valse, "Ah! che assorta," with more than the old brilliancy, and, with M. Gassier, Iradier's duet, "Iota de los Toreros," given with extreme national unction; Mad. Rieder, the "Carneval de Venise," with variations—a very admirable performance; Signor Solieri, the romance of Donizetti, "E morta," a highly expressive and neat specimen of Italian vocalization; besides other contributions, single, duplicate, and triplicate, by Mad. Lemaire, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. Patey, Mr. Alberto Laurence, Signors Delle Sedie and Ciabatta. The instrumental part boasted of a new *fantasia* by M. Ole Bull, a solo on the pianoforte by Mlle. Elvira, Del Bianco Thalberg's *Sonnambula*, on the same instrument, by Signor Andreoli, &c. &c. The concert concluded with Martini's trio "Vadasi via di quà," sung in chorus by the whole company.

Italian Opera, Lyceum.—A short season of Italian opera is to commence on Saturday, June 8th, at the Lyceum, under the lesseeship of Mr. J. H. Mapleson. The *prime donne* already announced are Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Gassier (her first appearance these two years), Mad. Lemaire, Mlle. Sedlatzek, and Mad. Alboni; Signori Belart, Mercuriali, Tito Palmieri (his first appearance in England), and Giuglini. Signor Delle Sedie, of the principal continental theatres, will make his *debût* on the opening night, and Signors Gassier, Casaboni, Mr. Patey, Herr Hermanns, and Signor Vialetti will also perform during the season. Signor Arditi is to be the director and conductor, and Mr. H. Blagrove the leader of the orchestra. The orchestra will be selected from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Philharmonic Society, and will be complete in all departments. The chorus has likewise been chosen from Her Majesty's Theatre, and will be under the direction of Signor Vaschetti.

Musical Art-Union.—This new society gave its first concert last night in the Hanover Square Rooms. The principal feature was an orchestral symphony by Herr Anton Rubinstein, entitled *Ocean*.

M. Halle gave his third Beethoven recital yesterday afternoon in St. James's Hall. The two sonatas, Op. 14, the sonata, Op. 22, and the sonata Op. 26 were performed again—all from memory.

New Organs Opened.—On Sunday the 19th inst., a new organ by Conacher & Co., Huddersfield, was opened in the Parish Church, Thorner, near Leeds; another instrument, by the same builders, was opened on the same day in the Parish Church, Sowerby, near Halifax. This organ is the munificent gift of John Rawson Esq. of Brockwell, near Halifax, and is erected in memory of his uncle, the late Wm. Priestley Esq. On the 29th Inst., a large new organ by Conacher & Co. was opened in the Wesleyan Chapel, Burnley. All these instruments are very highly spoken of, the workmanship being thoroughly good, and the tone of a full round and musical quality.

The Conservative Land Society.—The two seats at the Board of Directors, vacant by the retirement of B. H. Adams, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. Worthington, have been filled up by the election of H. W. Currie, Esq., of Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and C. E. Newcomen, Esq., of Ovington Square, Brompton, who are now members of Executive Committee.

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MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—The 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th will take place on Fridays, June 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th; July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication.

At each of the eight performances two vocal pieces will be introduced. The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Single Ticket, 10*s.* 6*d.* Balcony and Area, for the series, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Single Ticket, 7*s.* Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1*l.*; Single Ticket, 3*s.*

Subscriptions received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street; at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; and at Mr. Charles Hallé's, 8 Mansfield Street, Portland Place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS PALMER'S CONCERT, with several other important notices, unavoidably postponed until next week.

W. H. B. (Bucks).—The parcel has not come to hand.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TERMS { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2*s.* 6*d.*
{ *Every additional* 10 *words* ... ... 6*d.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

THE much-talked-of organ for Manchester Cathedral has been completed and opened at last. Three weeks since we quoted a long paragraph from a Manchester cotemporary, wherein the what and the how of the musical doings on the occasion were sufficiently noticed, but as little as possible was said of the organ itself; and this, perhaps, for a very good reason. We shall "live and learn," doubtless, on this point, as on most others. Meanwhile we have something to say, as well about the organ as about the curious circumstances which helped its builder to place it where it is. While the matter was in a condition of little better than talk, we felt a delicacy, for many reasons, about interfering. In the first place, a London journal might be supposed to affect too exclusively metropolitan notions. Again, Manchester, we concluded, was quite strong enough to take care of its own interests. Among the literary staff of its press are men who can, and fequently do, discuss musical affairs with no small amount of ability and spirit. In one instance, at least, this has been unmistakeably shown on the very question in hand. The most influential of the Manchester papers, on more than one occasion, put forth sundry columns of able and technically-argued remonstrances against the thing then doing by the Cathedral authorities. All to no purpose, however. They chose to do the thing their own way, and they have done it. So there's an end—no, there is *not* an end to it. We cannot mend the past, but we may reasonably hope to influence the future; and, in this spirit, have now to ask, "How, in the name of the year 1861, came such an organ to be placed in the Cathedral Church of Manchester?"

And first, as to the instrument itself. The latest intelligence on this point we derive from a provincial cotemporary, which describes a private exhibition of the organ at its builder's manufactory in Worcester; and, among other particulars, sets forth that all present—professors, amateurs, church dignitaries, and newspaper critics—were highly delighted with its excellence. Of course we are treated to the usual string of unmeaning phrases proper to such occasions: the tone is "rich," "full," "brilliant," and all the rest of it. No doubt it is. We should much like to know when as much *hasn't* been said on a similar provocation The question is, what is likely to be said in time to come? When the ceremony of the *debût* is forgotten—when the organ has to speak for itself in its own cathedral—when Worcester (with the money in its pocket) has made its final bow to Manchester, and the organist, fairly left alone with his instrument, comes to ponder on his certainty that, for better or for worse, he must cleave to it for at least the next five-and-twenty years—when all these "whens" shall have been accomplished, will all parties concerned be quite so satisfied with their bargain as they are now represented to be? By way of help to a guess, we need but glance at the plan on which this instrument is built. It has three rows of keys of the usual CC compass, and the ordinary two-octave pedal clavier. The list of its stops is as follows:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Double stopped diapason	16ft.
Clarabella	8ft.
Open diapason	8ft.
Open diapason	8ft.
Gamba	8ft.
Stopped diapason	8ft.
Principal	4ft.
Principal	4ft.
Twelfth	2⅔ft.
Fifteenth	2ft.
Tierce, larigot, mixture, 5 ranks	
Sharp mixture, 3 ranks	
Trumpet	8ft.
Clarion	4ft.
SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Bourdon (bass) and Dulciana (treble)	16ft.
Open diapason	8ft.
Viol di gamba (to tenor C)	8ft.
Stopped diapason	8ft.
Octave	4ft.
Suabe flute	4ft.
Super octave	2ft.
Sesquialtera, 3 ranks	
Trumpet	8ft.
Hautboy	8ft.
Clarion	4ft.
CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Clarabella (wood)	8ft.
Dulciana	8ft.
Viol di gamba	8ft.
Stopped diapason	8ft.
Gamba	4ft.
Stopped flute	4ft.
Piccolo	2ft.
Krumhorn	8ft.
Grand ophicleide (on high pressure)	8ft.
PEDAL ORGAN—CC TO F.	
Principal (wood)	16ft.
Violin	16ft.
Bourdon	16ft.
Octave	8ft.
Trombone	16ft.

Now, seriously—without knowing how well or ill the organ has been finished—without caring to inquire about the probabilities of its workmanship—we merely ask what that is really fine and grand in the way of tone *could* be got, by any constructive skill, out of such a scheme as this? It reads like a plan that might have dawned on any cogitative grandfather of the present race. With a trifling exception, it might have walked straight out of the *atelier* of old Father Smith, just after all German notions had been frozen out of his brain by the English ignorance and parsimony of his time. Not to speak of inventive talent—we remember no large organ-plan of late times that betrays such an absence of *reading*—such a contemptuous indiffer-

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ence to all that the continent has done, to a few fine examples at home, and to the mass of information which, for some years past, has been floating about on the subject. It shows no evidence of design—no glimpse of the well-recognised principle that the secret of effect lies in varieties of quality—nothing, in short, save a reverential adherence to the old "rule of thumb." It is a very common church organ, magnified by the aimless duplication of some of its parts, instead of a great instrument, designed for a special site, on some clear and defensible principle. Its great-organ is without dignity and character; its swell without force and variety; its choir (with an aforesaid trifling exception) is utterly commonplace; and its pedal-organ fitly accompanies the remainder. Not, we presume, to be altogether behind the age, a startling novelty crops out on the choir manual in the shape of a "grand ophicleide on high pressure." But this seems only curiously contrived to give a lop-sided tendency to all beside it; for if this "great ophicleide" be not merely the shadow of a name—if it be really voiced with that energetic brilliance to which the great English builders have accustomed us—it will assuredly find, in the rest of the scheme, nothing wherewithal to match itself.

And such is the plan of an organ which, in the year 1861, has been thought worthy to be placed in the Cathedral of the second greatest city of this empire! No doubt, all manner of apologies will be made for it. We are informed, for instance, that it is very well made, that it has the pneumatic lever for its great-organ touch, and divers other mechanical excellencies into the bargain. And thil may all be true, while utterly uncompensating the original vices of its design. Tone, and tone only, must be the final test of every instrument; and when the Cathedras authorities of Manchester have shown that their organ is capable, in this respect, of satisfying the exigencies of its position, they will have added one more to the large stock of wonders which their city can already boast.

Again, if the Manchester chapter were resolved not to have their organ built in London (and we do not intend to insist that they were wrong in so resolving), why, of all places in the kingdom, must they needs go a-marketing to Worcester? On what grounds have the claims of the resident builder in that city been permitted to extinguish those of all his provincial rivals? This will be hard to answer, we imagine. A man must win his spurs before he is allowed to wear them; and it is no disrespect to Mr. Nicholson to say, that whatever may be the merit of his smaller works, he has produced no large instrument of high character enough to guarantee his success when entrusted with any of those great opportunities, necessarily rare, such as placing an organ in one of our cathedrals. It seems to us that, in this matter, the capitular body have contrived to make a double-barrelled blunder. They have not done the best possible thing for their church, and at the same time have passed a very undeserving slight on their fellow-citizens, Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, who are, beyond all doubt, the best provincial organ-builders in the kingdom. It would be simply ridiculous, almost offensive, to compare the bundle of flat common-places we have described with the fine scheme of the equally fine instrument which Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine erected, long since, in St. Peter's church. This organ is known and admired by all the best judges in the country; and we are rendering it the barest justice in stating our belief that, both in the comprehensive excellence of its plan, and the pains-taking and artistic skill bestowed on its execution, it is entirely unequalled by anything of provincial, and but *few* specimens of metropolitant origin. It is not faultless—we know that nothing is—but its faults are not those of design; above all, its builders are not "bumptious" people;—they are among the few of their order who believe there may be something of the art yet to learn, and this, perhaps, furnishes a not inconsiderable reason for trusting them to the extent of their present acquirement. If, then, London was to be excluded, these builders of this fine Manchester church-organ were the people who ought to have been commissioned to execute a still finer work for the cathedral. By merit and by locality this was their right; and, had it been accorded to them, doubtless they would have denied neither cost nor skill to the completion of an instrument of which their city might have been justly proud.

It is the most disagreeable part of our task to speak of the influences by which the existing arrangement has been brought about. Our information bids us believe that one of the canons, having succeeded in getting the matter into his own hands, chose to ignore the existence of Mr. Harris, the cathedral organist, and to take for his sole councillor Sir Frederic Ouseley, by whose advice the present scheme and builder were decided on. Thus, it would appear, that Sir Frederic Ouseley's judgment was invoked because he was a clergyman, and had not to play the organ, while Mr. Harris's opinion was unasked, on the equally illogical ground, that he *had* to play the organ, but was *not* a clergyman. Now, we have the highest possible respect for Sir Frederic Ouseley's personal character, much consideration for his office as the Oxford Professor of Music, and not a little genuine esteem for his talents as a musician. For these reasons we the more regret the many indications now floating about that, owing to a fellowship of cloth, or what, in another calling, would be termed *esprit du corps*, he should be liable to be placed in a false position in matters of this sort. Doubtless, the clergy, generally, regard Sir Frederic as a phenomenon, esteem him one of the greatest living musicians, and, in the construction of instruments, to possess a knowledge of all that has been done between the days of Tubal Cain and Cavaillée Coll. This may be natural enough, but yet may largely exceed the warranty of facts. Indeed, a large amount of theoretical and executive musicianship may exist without the slightest knowledge of the mechanism of instruments. As there are always exceptional causes of failure, it would be scarcely fair, perhaps, to quote, in proof of this, the organ designed by Sir Frederic Ouseley himself for his own church.

On such points as what an organ should contain, who should build it, &c., there will always be diversities of opinion. Doubtless, the clergy of a cathedral, who provide the money, are entitled to a large share in the discussion. All this being granted, however, there remains no excuse for the manner in which Mr. Harris, after thirty years of highly meritorious service, appears to have been treated in the matter of the Manchester organ.

IT is not very difficult for a writer on the public press to obtain a character for originality. All he has to do is simply to contradict universal opinion, and insist that he alone is right. Moreover, this is a very convenient mode of dealing with criticism, as it brings judgment into no contact, and nobody can establish injurious comparisons. In fact, it is the only safe way for an ignorant scribe, since by condemnation he avoids analysis, and by opposition pledges himself to no particular ideas. He is a shrewd

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penman, however, who can thus run tilt at the whole world, and manage to secure to himself some modicum of fame. He knows that many are ill-natured and are too glad to hear others abused, and that an air of superiority always attaches to censure. Such a writer, in some respects, is the "London correspondent" of the *Liverpool Albion*, whose strictures, or, more properly, speculations, have ere now found room in our columns, partly from their novelty, partly from their amusing nature, and on one or two occasions because they happened to coincide with our own opinions. The "London correspondent" was certainly in the right when he directed all his energies against the sensation attempted to be got up for Mlle. Johanna Wagner, some years ago—which is not at all to be wondered at, as he attempts to put down every new success. Nevertheless, he makes a direct misstatement in his letter of last week, when he affirms that "the whole world was blowing Mlle. Wagner's trumpet," except himself; which was so far from being the case, that the leading metropolitan journals showed little admiration for her talent, and we ourselves never flinched from stating our unfavourable opinion. A writer who propounds statements so dogmatically should have a good memory.

The "London correspondent," in his most recent epistle in the *Albion*, has levied the whole battery of his artillery against the success of Mlle. Adelina Patti—as on principle he was bound to do, seeing that her success was almost unprecedented. This was too good an opportunity to let pass; and so, with the air of "Sir Oracle," all the critics of the press are written down as asses, and the "correspondent" himself glorified as the only true thinker, and the one who alone has the honesty to proclaim his opinions.

"Patti, much to her own surprise," writes the correspondent, "finds herself first among the foremost of several at the same house, whom she would have been flattered to have been deemed a worthy second to a fortnight ago. She has not the voice of Penco; she has not the execution of Miolan Carvalho; and not only can she not act like Csillag, but she can hardly be said to act at all. Yet she transcends the whole trio in popularity already, at least in paper popularity; but how far such crowns partake of foolscap it would be unwise to conjecture. Certainly there is, thus far, little of that brain turning on the part of the many-headed monster which might be inferred from the jubilations of the journals. The public, news-led and nose-led as they are, have been told to accept her as phenomenon, and they do accept her accordingly; for what would be the use of a community paying for thinking machines, and yet the things on two legs pretending to have an opinion of their own? But although the said machines purvey judgment for their purchasers, they cannot supply enthusiasm, any more than matrimony can buy love."

The impertinence conveyed in the above paragraph would be altogether unworthy of notice were it not mixed up with an attempt to shirk the truth in every way. Mlle. Patti's success could not have occasioned any surprise in those who had known her career in America; and as for the young lady's own expectations, and the good opinion she entertained of herself, these may be gathered from the exorbitant terms she demanded from the director of the Royal Italian Opera, and the confidence she displayed on the opening night. There was nothing, indeed, fortuitous in Mlle. Patti's success. It was by far the most legitimate since that of Alboni in 1847. It was altogether unexpected, and was achieved without premeditated favour, without puff, claque, or organisation of any kind. Of how few singers could this be alleged! If there was any influence exercised at all, it proceeded from the public, who were really enthusiastic the first night, and not from the critics who had to express their opinions afterwards. The affirmation, then, about the "public being news-led and nose-led," although extremely witty, is entirely false, since the public were the first who declared the singer a phenomenon; and the notices in the public prints, next day, were but the echoes of the preceding night's jubilations.

The comparisons with Mesdames Penco, Miolan Carvalho, and Csillag must have been forced from "Correspondent," seeing that in another part of his letter he attests to Mlle. Patti being "a genuine artist, and consummate musician, as well as vocalist." Could he lay his hand on his heart, and honestly say as much of any one of the three singers with whom he has placed her in competition? Must he plead ignorance or forgetfulness for this unfortunate slip of the pen? But he tells us, too, that the new *prima donna* is destined to be "great in small parts," an acknowledgment very like a contradiction of what he has asserted in the paragraph quoted above. "Correspondent's" idea of "great" and "small," however, appears to be of rather a loose nature, if we may be permitted to judge from his denominating Bellini's *Sleep Walker* "a meagre part." Poor Amina! No doubt "Correspondent" never saw the *Somnambula*, never read the book, never perused the score, never knew that the part was written and the music composed for Pasta, nor that Malibran had achieved her greatest laurels in the character, nor that Jenny Lind followed in Malibran's footsteps, nor that—but why adduce more "nors" when it is evident "Correspondent" was writing without the remotest knowledge of the subject, which, indeed, is his only excuse for giving publicity to opinions so absurd.

But "Correspondent's" auguries are as unlikely to gain him the name of a true prophet as his sentiments that of a shrewd thinker. "The *furore* in favour of the new *prima donna*, Patti," he writes the day on which *Lucia di Lammermoor* was to be produced, "will probably be abated by her Lucia to-night." Mlle. Patti's second essay brought no abatement of favour, as our readers are now aware, so that the writer's prophecy has proved all moonshine. The correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* may be extremely clever, but we fancy he would prove it more if he would be guided oftener by truth and strive less to differ from the majority, who in the end are sure to be right. To be original is a great matter, but, in our humble opinion, it is far greater to be consistent with truth, even though praise do not always follow. Besides, the fact of one being continually in error may sometimes be accepted as a proof of ignorance, when there is danger that even writers like the correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* may be ignored as oracles.

R.

THE LEEDS' FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Leeds, 29th May, 1861.

Sir,—If the article in your last week's paper had appeared in a local print, I should have paid no more attention to it than I usually do to similar effusions,—the absurdities and falsities it contains being patent to all who are conversant with the position of affairs in Leeds—and whose judgment is not warped by prejudice. But appearing as it does under the sanction of your own pen, I think it proper not only to set the public right in the matetr, but to point out to yourself, sir, the inaccuracy of the statements by which you must have been misled, before you could have permitted such an article to appear in your paper.

It is not my business to discuss the motives which actuated the editor of the *Leeds and West Riding Express* in his explanation of the causes which led to the abandonment of the projected festival. Whatever they were, the causes are truly stated, and I will, with

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your leave, make a few remarks on your strictures on each of them in turn.

1. *The visit of the Royal Agricultural Society.*
2. *The dullness of trade.*

These must be considered together. There is not, indeed, any immediate connection between fat beasts, linseed, swillings, &c, &c., and high art — but as we *are* to have the fat beasts at all events, and are, I hope, determined to give a hearty and hospitable welcome to the "sturdy yeomen," and the many more delicate specimens of humanity whom we expect to see on that occasion, the dullness of trade (which is a *fact*, whatever your informant may think — and, judging from his ignorance of most things, I should not set him up as an authority on this point) — the dullness of trade may well make us consider whether we should be inclined to go through a second course of similar expenditure in the same year. Leeds wishes not to do by halves anything it undertakes — and it would be a poor way of showing its advancement to rush into the *Gazette* for the want of a little common prudence, and the sake of a little vain display. Nor would the subscribers to the guarantee-fund be very well pleased with a committee which, with the present difficulties staring it in the face, persisted in incurring the risk with almost a certainty of having to fall back upon that fund. The surplus of the last festival was 2000*l.* — not 1000*l.*, as your informant says — but the circumstances were peculiar. The opening of the Town Hall by the Queen in person, and the presence of her Majesty in Leeds *immediately before* the festival, were sufficient to insure a large profit. A *first* festival is almost always a success — a *second* in the same place almost always a failure.

3. *The exorbitant demands of the vocalists.*—As you characterize this reason as "sheer twaddle," and italicize the statement that "*no vocalist was even written to*," I must be allowed to say equally emphatically that this statement is a "*sheer falsehood*." Your informant should not speak so positively of what he knows nothing about. He proceeds to talk of the sum paid at the last meeting to "The Piccolomini and Alboni party;"—no such party was engaged. The engagement of Mad. Alboni was entirely separate, and the sum is wrongly stated. "The terms of the English vocalists would not, *we dare say*, have been more than heretofore."—Dare you? They *are*. These matters are worth noticing only as showing that your informant is talking of matters on which he is entirely ignorant.

4. *The meeting of the British Association at Manchester.* As this commences on the *very day* fixed for the Festival, and lasts exactly the same time, the absurd parallel of Mr. Spurgeon is inapplicable.

5. *The resignation of Mr. Joy.*—No one who knew anything about the working of the former Festival, and how and by whom the work was done, could have made the ridiculous and insolent remarks about the honorary secretaries which you have admitted into your article. As one of the number, I certainly do not intend to take further notice of those remarks, but all who are acquainted with Mr. Joy will understand what a loss the experience and intimate knowledge of all the requisites of an orchestra possessed by him would be to a committee, especially under circumstances requiring them to be fortified with every available assistance.

6. *The behaviour of the Chorus-Master.*—You say "I believe this sixth and last reason to be the long and short of the whole business." "*I* believe!" Who is *I*? Where is the editorial "we?" A slip of the pen, Mr. Editor, but one which shows that the whole article is the emanation of some local correspondent, with very imperfect knowledge, and very partial views. Why could he not write in his own name as I do? Then it would be known what his opinions were worth. But to return. Let me begin by stating that I am the *only* member of the Chorus Committee of the Festival connected with the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society. I cannot, therefore, consider the remarks made in your paper on this point as otherwise than personal, except on the *primâ facie* probability of your correspondent being mistaken on this as on all other points. The facts are these: Mr. Burton was elected chorus-master, and accepted the appointment *unconditionally*. Afterwards a sub-committee was appointed (of whom I was one) *to select a chorus*. Moreover, subsequent resolutions pointed out to this sub-committee from what sources they were to make their selection. They made their selection, and reported to the Orchestral Committee, adding this proviso, out of consideration to the chorus-master, that if he had any doubts of the efficiency of any one chosen, he might have him or her tested by an independent musician of eminence (Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Hullah were mentioned). The suggestion was mine. The cause of it was a knowledge on my part that the members of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society (the oldest society in the town) had a natural objection to be tested by the chorus-master, who was confessedly inimical to the Society. Your correspondent (as usual wrong, even when the truth would have served him better) says that "Mr. Burton limited his selection from the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society (Mr. Spark's) to a very small number." Mr. Burton did nothing of the kind. He said that he only *knew* a small number, and these he would admit without trial, and that he would admit as many more as came up to his standard. For anything I know, Mr. Burton might have admitted the whole Society. What I contended for was the principle (which I think Mr. Burton might have adopted as the best for himself), *that no ground should be given to any one to say that partiality had been shown.*

Well, Mr. Burton declined the terms proposed by the sub-committee, and therefore the general committee decided to ignore the acts of those they had deputed to perform a specific duty, and bowed to the dictum of their servant, Mr. Burton; which of course they had a right to do, though it looks, and to me *feels* rather like an insult to the sub-committee. You say "Mr. Burton acted very properly. What would Costa, Mellon, Benedict, or any other conductor say to a committee if interfered with in the selection of a band or chorus for any great occasion?" I don't know — nor do I care. Mr. Burton was not Costa, or Mellon, or Benedict, or any conductor at all. He was merely a chorus-master, who was bound to take and train as well as he could any chorus put under his care. I don't question his ability. I supported his appointment, and do not doubt that he could have made the Madrigal and Motet society do, as one of the most eminent of living chorus-masters has assured me *he* could—"any mortal thing."

I am not aware that I have anything further to add except this, which I state most emphatically, that as far as I am concerned (and I believe I can say the same for the other members of the sub-committee), the question has not been one between Mr. Burton and Mr. Spark, or any one else than the committee. Mr. Spark has not, and has never had, any part of my regards in the present question. My object has not been to support a party, but to prevent one party from swamping another. I am aware that this will be met by an incredulous smile by some, and by loud jeers from others; but as I am conscious of good intentions, and a sincere desire of fair play, and as I am sure I cannot be accused of shirking the real hard work of a Festival, I care neither for covert sneers nor vulgar bluster.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WM. ATKINSON,

Vice President of the Leeds Madrigal Motet Society, and late Hon. Secretary of the Leeds Musical Festival Committee.

[Is it not singular that, in all these letters and articles about the Leeds Festival, not one allusion should be made to the most important man who had any hand in it—viz., Professor Bennett, the conductor? Ordinary lookers-on might naturally suppose the whole and sole direction to be vested in him; in which case the squabbles between Messrs. Spark and Burton would have been of small consequence. —ED.].

RIGA.—A member of the operatic company, who, on account of his inefficiency and overbearing arrogance, is by no means a favourite, had been rather severely criticised in the local paper. In consequence of this, he waited in the street, and as the editor, Dr. Beckhaus, was walking home on his return from the theatre, came on that gentleman from behind, and ill-treated him so severely that the Doctor has had to keep his bed for several days.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MLLE. Adelina Patti's second impersonation was looked forward to with the greatest interest and curiosity, and a fuller attendance we do not remember at the Royal Italian Opera on any former occasion than on Saturday, when the young artist was announced for the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her two previous performances in the *Sonnambula* had literally worked up the Opera public to the highest pitch of expectation. We cannot say, however, that these exorbitant expectations were entirely realised. Indeed, with an artist who has such great instincts, and, as far as we are permitted to judge at present, possesses such an intuitive knowledge of character, this was impossible. The character of Amina is far more difficult to embody than Lucia, and requires far greater histrionic powers, as may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that the former was written for Pasta, the empress of lyric tragedy, and the latter for Persiani, the Queen of bravura singing. As a test of the capabilities of the actress, it was consequently instituting an anticlimax, to put Mlle. Patti into *Lucia* after the *Sonnambula*. Donizetti's music is charming, and Sir Walter Scott's heroine, somewhat paled indeed in the ineffectual fire of the Italian poet, is sufficiently interesting; but, excepting in the mad scene, the artist has really no self-dependent great situation, since in the finale to the second act the roaring brother and the "cursing tenor" do all in their power by vociferation and gesture to "pluck" all hearing and seeing that away. Mlle. Patti looked the character of Lucy to the life, recalling more, perhaps, than any singer we have seen the exquisite description of the novelist:—"Something there was of feminine softness, perhaps the result of delicate health, or residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." That her emotions seemed to have been toned down to this delineation is not at all unlikely, seeing that the fire and energy exhibited by all modern impersonators of Lucia, in the scene where Ashton shows her the forged letter announcing Edgardo's death, and in the great scene where her lover returns suddenly as it were from the grave to denounce her at the moment she has plighted troth to another, are made to yield to overwhelming anguish and despair, which knows no outbreak. Mlle. Patti in Lucia certainly betokened none of the passion and impulsive feeling so remarkable in her Amina. That the latter may be more agreeable to her instincts is not unlikely; but still both parts having been played so differently, may have proceeded from nice and subtle discrimination of character.

For the above reasons, and for these only, we cannot affirm that Mlle. Patti achieved the same triumphant success in *Lucia* as in *La Sonnambula*—which may demonstrate to many of her admirers that she belongs more to the Malibran than the Persiani school, which indeed is our own conviction. In reality the two first scenes of Lucy, the one in which the cavatina is introduced, and that with her brother, necessitate all the address, perfect finish, and dazzling brilliancy of *fioriture*, such as adorned the singing of Persiani and Jenny Lind—and perhaps of them alone—and require the very smallest amount of impulse or passion. Mlle. Patti sang the cavatina—the original one written for Persiani—with much brilliancy, and accomplished in the duet some surprising *tours de force*, singing an ascending and descending chromatic passage with astonishing ease and completeness, and making several dazzling flights in the highest part of her voice with great effect. So also in the duet with Ashton and in the Malediction scene, the young artist made frequent points, but did not endow the acting or singing with that sustained force to which the public had been accustomed, and which her powerful impersonation of Amina led them to expect. In the mad scene, however, Mlle. Patti came up to the very highest anticipations, and carried the whole house with her by her natural and earnest acting and her really admirable singing. The whole performance thus terminated most satisfactorily, and Mlle. Patti achieved a second triumphant success in her second part. Signor Tiberini was Edgardo, and Signor Graziani, Enrico. *Lucia* was repeated on Monday.

On Tuesday Mad. Grisi gave the second of her Farewell Performances, when she chose *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she was assisted by Signor Tiberini (Gennaro), Signor Ronconi (Duke Alfonso), and Mad. Nantier-Didiée (Maffeo Orsini). Mad. Grisi acted with all her wonted vigour and grandeur as the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, one of her truest and most powerful assumptions. She sang, too, now and then with incredible ease and purity, always exhibiting her immense power and energy, and not unfrequently revealing bright glimpses of her past glories. Signor Tiberini came too directly into comparison with Mario to please universally. His Gennaro, indeed, was less liked than his Fernando, Arturo, Elvino, or Edgardo. Mad. Nantier-Didiée exhibited her usual intelligence and artistic qualities as the dashing, high-spirited young noble, Maffeo Orsini, and was encored in the *brindisi*. Signor Ronconi's Alfonso was a masterly delineation throughout, and the scene with the duchess in the palace was not to be surpassed for subtlety or real tragic force. His denouncement of the duchess in the poison scene was worthy of Edmund Kean.

Guglielmo Tell was repeated on Thursday, and *Sonnambula* will be given to night for the third time with Mlle. Patti. On Monday, Signor Mario will make his first appearance this season as Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*—certainly one of his most finished and exquisite performances—with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho as Rosina, Signor Ronconi as Figaro, Signor Tagliafico as Don Basilio, and Signor Ciampi—his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera—as Doctor Bartolo. This indeed will be an interesting representation. R.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—(*From "The Times"*).—Probably since the first institution of the Philharmonic Society its concerts have never enjoyed a higher share of public esteem than now. Just at the time of the involuntary secession of forty members of the band, for years associated with its successes—but no longer able to partake in them, in consequence of an arbitrary arrangement at the Royal Italian Opera, which leaves not a single Monday open during the Philharmonic season—the performances seem to be imbued with new life and vigour. Instead of six concerts, to which the *maximum* was reduced last season, the old number, "eight," has been restored, and with such encouraging results that next season—1862, the jubilee of the society—the directors are enabled to offer a bonus to their patrons. The following announcement was circulated with the programmes of Monday evening:—

"The subscribers to the Philharmonic Society's Concerts and the public are respectfully informed that it is intended to mark the year 1862 as a peculiar epoch in the annals of the society, that year being its 50th anniversary. The jubilee will be distinguished by offering to the subscribers, after the eighth concert, a complimentary concert, to be held in a locality adapted to the performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers."

Thus, as we have frequently maintained, it is possible to find more than one first-class instrumental orchestra in this vast and decidedly musical metropolis. Time out of mind the interests of the Philharmonic Society—the oldest and most respectable institution of its kind in this country—have been consulted by managers of theatrical establishments, and the nights of Philharmonic Concerts invariably held sacred, the members of the band being allowed to send deputies anywhere on such occasions. But things are greatly changed, and before the commencement of the present season, had come to such a pass that fears were entertained for the very existence of the society. The majority of the band were compelled, greatly against their inclination, and manifestly against their interests, to decline the annual engagement proffered them at the accustomed period; and, as it was thought, no alternative remained to the Philharmonic but to change its ordinary night of performance from Monday to Wednesday, or resign its place among the musical institutions of Great Britain. Happily (which has not always been the case) there was a certain spirit of resolution in the actual directorate that rebelled against either alternative. To change the night, it was argued, and with excellent reason, would be suicidal; to dissolve would, under the circumstances, be pusillanimous. The issue of much and serious deliberation was, that, instead of abandoning their evening, the directors persistently retained the Monday, to which, for half a century,

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subscribers had been accustomed; and, in place of dissolving, increased the number of their concerts. The difficulty about the orchestra was speedily solved. Professor Sterndale Bennett, one of the greatest musicians of our day, was not a likely man to be put in a corner for want of a band. The elements, too, were immediately available; and a new body of instrumentalists was engaged, which, as the execution of the symphonies and overtures this season has triumphantly shown, is in no respect inferior to its predecessor. The concerts began, as usual, with a liberal subscription, which, had the nights of performance been altered, would, in all likelihood, have been diminished at least one-half (such is the force of habit among musical amateurs, as among all other classes of the community); the band had scarcely got to the end of one symphony when it was unanimously praised; and long before the programme had been gone through, it seemed to be utterly forgotten that there had been any difficulties whatever connected with the resumption of the Philharmonic Concerts. Concert after concert has only increased the satisfaction of subscribers, and—it is but justice to Professor Bennett to add—the discipline of the band. Now in the zenith of the musical season, the honoured institution which was the first to reveal to us in England the treasures of instrumental harmony—for which Cherubini, Clementi, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, expressly composed orchestral symphonies—and which introduced no less a genius than the author of *Der Freischütz* to our public, holds its head as proudly as at any period since the year in which it was first projected. The concert on Monday night—sixth of the 49th season—was magnificent in every respect; and the audience were enraptured alike with the selection of music and with the excellence of the performance.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The sixth concert (on Monday night) was one of the best ever given by the society. The symphony of Haydn, in G (letter V) with which it began, was quite a treat, and not at all "rococo," as some have asserted who are themselves more or less "rococo," in an age when certain enthusiasts want us to swallow the music destined for another (the "music of the future"). The second symphony—Beethoven's No. 4 (in B flat)—was a treat in another sense. Both were admirably played, and both heartily enjoyed. The overtures—Mendelssohn's fiery *Ruy Blas* and Rossini's brilliant *Siège de Corinthe*—were equally acceptable and equally well played. Professor Bennett may fairly be congratulated on the high position already universally accorded to his new band in musical circles. Spohr's violin concerto No. 7 (in E minor) was capitally played by Mr. Blagrove, who had already a year previous (at one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London) made its great merits known to the public. The vocal music was all excellent, although a trifle lengthy for a concert programme, including six long instrumental pieces. Signor Belletti gave a scene from *Euryante*, superbly; Mlle. Parepa, the magnificent scene of Spohr, "Si lo sento," magnificently; Miss Lascelles Mozart's ever fresh and melodious "Non piu di fiori" (clarinet *obbligato* Mr. Williams) as admirably as could be wished; and the three joined in a delicious trio from *Cosi fan Tutte*. The feature of most interest in the concert, however, first because the least familiar, secondly, because the work of an English composer, thirdly, because performed by an English pianist, fourthly and lastly, because of its intrinsic worth as a production of the highest genius and skill, was Sterndale Bennett's second pianoforte concerto (in E flat), played by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this work a morning contemporary (*The Times*) says:—

"The novelty—for that which has not been heard for more than twenty years may fairly be regarded as a novelty—was the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the second of the four which Professor Bennett has published, and of the six he is known to have composed and played in public. This masterpiece—and it is nothing less, though more than a quarter of a century old—sounded as fresh, and spontaneous as if it had been written yesterday, a proof, if proof were wanting, that it is a work of genius, and that nothing but its uncommon difficulty could have prevented it (long ere this) from becoming a stock piece in the pianist's repertory, and as generally popular as it is eminently beautiful. The audience on Monday night listened to movement after movement with marked attention, charmed in an equal measure with the force and energy of the *allegro*, the expressive grace of the *adagio*, and the fire and vivacity of the finale, a sort of *mouvement de chasse*, no less strikingly original than brilliant and animated. Their satisfaction at the end was exhibited in loud and unanimous applause, which did not cease until the performer (Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Sterndale Bennett—whose champion before the English public she has long felt proud to be—began with her earliest public career, and who played as if her whole soul was in the difficult task she had undertaken) reappeared in the orchestra. We have long regarded the pianoforte concertos of Professor Bennett as the nearest things of their class to the unsurpassable examples bequeathed us be the great masters, and were never more fully confirmed in this belief than on the present occasion, when one of the best of them was revived with such signal success."

We consider the revival of this concerto, after an interval of nearly twenty years, an event sufficiently important to justify us in reproducing one or two other opinions from the contemporary press. *The Daily News* writes as follows:—

"The chief interest of the evening, however, was excited by the two solo instrumental pieces, which placed in a strong light the genius and talent of an English musician. Sterndale Bennett's concerto in E flat is one of his early compositions, written when he was a young man, and yet it is well entitled to a place among the works of the greatest masters. It is exceedingly difficult, demanding a pianist of the very highest powers; and such a performer it found in Miss Arabella Goddard. The fair pianist evidently played *con amore*. We never heard her exert herself more strenuously or more successfully. Her whole performance was a display of power which could not have been surpassed by any performer in Europe. The audience listened with breathless attention, followed, at the close, with demonstrations of enthusiasm in which the *habitués* of the Philharmonic Concerts indulge only on very great occasions. The room rang with applause, which continued long after Miss Goddard had retired from the orchestra, and brought her back to repeat her acknowledgements. Of course the applause was directed partly to the composer, who, however, seemed to take none of it to himself."

Of Miss Arabella Goddard's playing *The Morning Post* speaks as subjoined:—

"Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's concerto in E flat was one of those wondrous displays of instrumental execntancy which can only be heard from the greatest artists when the god of music completely possesses them. More perfect pianoforte-playing it were impossible to imagine; unless anything better than unerring mechanism, tone of the richest and most sympathetic kind, and feeling warm and chaste as the first love of girlhood could be conceived. If Miss Arabella Goddard had done no more than "sing" as she did upon her piano the simply beautiful theme of the slow movement of Professor Bennett's concerto, we should be justified in describing her as a transcendently great artist; but this was only part of a performance which was equally great throughout; for the portions which demanded rapidity of finger, force, or playful elegance, were quite as admirably given as the sentimental movement, to which we have specially alluded only because it is so simple, and therefore so dependent upon poetical feeling, the source of all musical beauty, for its effect. Miss Arabella Goddard was unanimously applauded on every possible occasion, and recalled enthusiastically into the orchestra at the termination of her performance."

The above encomiums were thoroughly well earned by the young and richly gifted lady, who never more nobly exhibited her love for genuine art, or more triumphantly asserted her supremacy as a pianist. The enthusiasm of the audience, both for the music of Sterndale Bennett and the playing of Miss Goddard, was of a nature not to be mistaken. It was a success "*hors ligne*."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—In the height of the season these admirable concerts—which more than any other help to make winter and spring supportable to the numberless amateurs of good music in our metropolis—are apt to be neglected by those whose task it is to report on public entertainments. In revenge, however, St. James's Hall never fails to be crowded with an intelligent audience whenever a "Monday Popular Concert" occurs. At the last but one, when Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit, the hall could have accommodated half as many again as were able to obtain seats; and on Monday night, when the name of M. Vieuxtemps was at the head of the bills, a vast audience assembled to bid adieu to the great and truly "classical" violinist whose performances gave such *éclat* to the earlier months

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of the present year. In securing the services of the accomplished Belgian artist—one 'of the absolute emperors of the fiddle, who is not only conversant with all the Italian masters from Tartini to Paganini, but has Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn at his fingers' ends—Mr. Arthur Chappell, the indefatigable director of the Monday Popular Concerts, rendered both the musical public and himself an inestimable service. M. Vieuxtemps has performed at almost every concert since January, and with a success always increasing. So thorough and legitimate a master, indeed, was here precisely suited. Nothing being unknown to him in the library of chamber music, and his executive powers being in this respect unlimited, he was just the man for the work—the right man, in short, in the right place; and amateurs will be doubtless pleased to learn that a fresh engagement has been entered into with M. Vieuxtemps to lead the Monday Popular Concerts next season. As the concert of Monday night was in his name, we may take it for granted that the programme was of his selection, in which case he may fairly be complimented. A richer or more varied selection than the following could hardly be desired:—

PART I.—Posthumous Quartet in B flat, No. 13; Beethoven. Song, "Name the glad day;" Dussek. Song, "Dalla sua pace;" Mozart. Sonata, "Il trillo del Diavolo;" Tartini.

PART II.—Märchen (Legend) for violin and pianoforte; Vieuxtemps. Song, "I arise from dreams of thee;" Howard Glover. Song, "Ah! why do we love?" G. A. Macfarren. Trio, in D minor, No. 1; Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Associated with M. Vieuxtemps were Herr Ries (2d violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello); and, with such accomplished "helps," it was not astonishing that the so-called "posthumous" quartet of Beethoven (which is *not* "posthumous," the only quartets published after the death of the composer being those in A minor and F major, Ops. 130 and 133) should be given to absolute perfection. It was the first time this colossal work had been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, where, nevertheless, nearly all the seventeen quartets of Beethoven—to say nothing of his quintets, trios, and *sonatas*—have been played; and its success was in proportion with its extraordinary merits. The *scherzo* was encored and repeated; the same compliment being paid to the *cavatina*, but wisely declined; and this, too, in a work which takes very little short of three-quarters of an hour in performance. M. Vieuxtemps never achieved a more genuine triumph, and had never better cause to be gratified at his success, the medium being one of the profoundest inspirations of the profoundest of instrumental composers. We need not descant upon M. Vieuxtemps' marvellous execution of the *Devil's Sonata* (so-termed) of Tartini, nor upon the admirable manner in which Mad. Vieuxtemps plays the pianoforte accompaniment; nor is it requisite to say more of the very charming composition at the beginning of Part II., and of Mendelssohn's incomparable trio at the end, than that the pianoforte part in both pieces was magnificently sustained by Miss Arabella Goddard. The enthusiastic applause bestowed upon M. Vieuxtemps was a sign of the estimation in which he is held by the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts. A more hearty "adieu" could not have been accorded to an artist of high repute. It was possibly the more marked in consequence of its being generally known that this was M. Vieuxtemps' last appearance in London for the season.

A word must suffice for the vocal music. Miss Banks has more than once earned laurels by her intelligent singing in Dussek's very popular canzonet "Name the glad day," and in Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" The "Dalla sua pace" of Mr. Sims Reeves has long been noted for its truly Mozartean purity; while Mr. Howard Glover's romantic and beautiful setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," when sung with such exquisite feeling and refinement as by this gentleman, is invariably encored, as it was on the present occasion. Mr. Benedict was accompanist, and proved himself, as usual, a "nonpareil" in this department.

For the next performance (the 62nd since the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts), M. Wieniawski is to be violinist, and Herr Nicholas Rubinstein (brother to the well-known Anton Rubinstein) pianist.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The repetition of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, on the 24th May, was in every respect as successful as the previous performance. The choruses, one and all, were again marked by wonderful energy and precision, the "Hailstone" chorus again eliciting an encore; the duet, "The Lord is a man of war" (Messrs. Belletti and Santley), and tenor solo, "The enemy said" (Mr. Sims Reeves), being also repeated. However we may condemn encores in general, there are some exceptions with which we can hardly quarrel; and when Mr. Reeves sings the air just named, which is really irresistible. As before, Miss Parepa and Mad. Sainton-Dolby highly distinguished themselves as the principal female vocalists; and although to Miss Banks there fell nothing more than a share in the duet with the first-named lady, still the little she had to do was so well done as to justify unqualified praise. All credit, too, must be given to Mr. Wilbye Cooper for efficiency in the second tenor music.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at St. James's Hall have so far proved eminently attractive. The four sonatas introduced at the second "Recital," on the 24th, were those in C minor, No. 1; in F major, No. 2; in D major, No. 3 (all Op. 10); and the sonata (*Patetica*) in C minor, Op. 13. That the first-named bears more than an occasional resemblance to the celebrated pianoforte sonata in C minor of Mozart, is well known to most connoisseurs; but that there is yet throughout equal evidence of originality, both in thought and treatment, is a fact no less patent. In the D major sonata, however, Beethoven asserts all his grandeur; the contrast between the touching solemnity of the *largo*, the sprightly character of the *minuetto*, and vigour of the *rondo finale* being in every way remarkable. Mr. Charles Hallé's style of performance is so well known as to require no comment from us beyond mentioning that all four sonatas were again played without book. Mr. Santley afforded rest to the instrumentalist and gratification to the audience, by singing "The Shepherd's Lay" of Mendelssohn, and Schubert's song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," both in his best manner.

M. SAINTON'S SOIREES.—The third of these admirable reunion came off on Wednesday, of all days in the year, the Derby-day, which, nevertheless, seemed to have had no effect on the customary attendance, which was as numerous and elegant as usual. The programme comprised Haydn's quartet in G, Op. 77, No. 1; Beethoven's trio in B flat, Op. 97; Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor; with pianoforte and violin solos, and songs by Signor Gardoni and Miss Marian Moss. M. Sainton was assisted in the quartets by MM. Bezeth, Webb, and Paque, who rendered full justice to the two works, that of Mendelssohn, especially—one of the most original and exciting compositions ever written for the four instruments—creating, even in the bosoms of placid ladies, an emotion not to be concealed. M. Sainton played, for his solo, his own *Fantasia Ecossaise*, one of the most showy pieces dedicated to the fiddle for a long time, and which was executed with wonderful finish and skill. M. W. Cusins was the pianist, and in addition to his share in Beethoven's trio, performed Chopin's "Berceuse" and Schubert's "Valse Caprice," with great dexterity and neatness. Signor Gardoni sang Beethoven's "Adelaida" with genuine expression, and Miss Marian Moss, despite a cold which severely affected her, got through Schubert's "Ave Maria" most creditably. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was given last night, with Herr Formes as the Prophete.

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JUNGMANN, A.,	Souvenance	2	6
KRUGER, W.,	Les Cloches du Soir	4	0
LISZT, J.,	Grand Paraphrase sur Il Trovatore	6	0
„	Rigoletto	6	0
„	Ernani	6	0
MAGNUS, H.,	Carnaval Napolitain	4	0
PACHER, J. A.,	Op. 9, La Harpe	4	0
„	Op. 34, Le Ruisseau	3	0
„	Op. 50, Twelve Melodious Studies	7	6
„	Op. 53, Tendresse	3	0
SCHULTHES, W.,	Op. 27, Stella Matutina, mélod. rélig.	2	6
SILAS, E.,	Op. 40, Costanza Impromptu	3	0
SPINDLER, F.,	L'Oisillon	2	6
WOLLENHAUPT, H. A.,	Op. 19, Grande Marche de Concert	3	0
„	Op. 23, La Gazelle	3	0
„	Op. 24, Galop di Bravura	4	0
„	Op. 26, Helene. Grand Valse Brillante	4	0
„	Cordelia. Schottisch	3	0
„	La Violette. Polka de Concert	3	0

MOLIQUE'S ORATORIO—"ABRAHAM."

Soprano Airs.—	I will extol Thee, my God	4	0
„	Hear my prayer, O Lord	3	0
	Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes	4	6
Contralto Air.—	They kept not the law	1	6
Tenor Airs.—	Who walketh uprightly	2	6
„	Pour out thy heart before the Lord	2	6
Baritone Airs.—	Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness	3	0
„	Let there be no strife	2	6
„	The joy of my heart is ceased	4	0
„	Lord have mercy upon me	4	6
Duets.—	Cast out this bondwoman. Alto and Baritone	4	6
„	It is of the Lord's great mercies. Soprano and Baritone	3	0
Trio.—	Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Let all those rejoice	3	0
Quartet.—	S. A. T. & B. Go in peace before the Lord	4	6
March,—	Arranged for Pianoforte Solo	2	6
„ „	„ Duet	4	0
„ „	Organ (arranged by W. T. BEST)	3	0

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The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Göthe*

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VOL. 39—No. 23 SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

Countess of Orkney.	The Lady Caroline Bathurst.
Countess of Waldegrave.	The Lady Mary Hoare,
Countess of Darnley.	The Lady Clarence Paget.
Countess of Chichester.	The Lady Selsey.
The Countess of Gainsborough.	The Hon. Lady Pakenham.
The Lady Mary Ross.	The Hon. Mrs. Edgell.
Viscountess Boyne.	Lady Molesworth, of Pencarrow.
Viscountess Falmouth, Baroness le Despencer.	Lady Ross.
	Mrs. Tait.
Viscountess Chewton.	Mrs. Gilbert.

JAMES LEA SUMMERS has the honour to announce his GRAND EVENING CONCERT in aid of the Association for the General Welfare of the Blind, on THURSDAY, June 20th.

Vocalists:—Mlle. PAREPA, Miss BANKS, Miss PALMER, Miss LASCELLES, Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, JAMES LEA SUMMERS; Violin, JOSEPH HEINE. Conductor: Mr. GEORGE LAKE.

Doors open at Seven, commence at Eight.

Front Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. and 1s.; may be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., Cheapside; James Lea Summers, 10 Great Marlborough Street; the Institution, 125 and 127 Euston Road, N. W.; and of the Manager, Thomas Headland, 9 Heathcote Street, Mecklenburgh Square.

J. L. HATTON'S GREAT CONCERT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 11th, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mlle. Parepa, Miss Ransford, Madame Weiss, Miss Nedora Collins, Miss C. Hamilton, Miss Alice Dodd, Miss Marian Moss, Madame Louisa Vianing, Miss Eyles, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Poole, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Young, Mr. Allan Irving, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Winn, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, Mr. Viotti Collins; violoncello, Herr Lidel. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Several new Ballads and Songs will be introduced for the first time.

Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 4s.; body of hall, 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Mitchell, Old Bond Street; Sams, St. James's Street; Cramer and Co., Regent Street; Hammond, Regent Street; Addison and Co., Regent Street; Leader and Cock, New Bond Street; Chappell, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

HERR OBERTHUR begs to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY, the 10th of June, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists: Miss STABBACH, Miss E. WILKINSON, Miss E. ARMSTRONG and Mr. TRELAWNY COBHAM. Instrumentalists: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Miss L. V. TRUST, Miss BULKLEY, Mr. TRUST, Herr OBERTHÜR, Mr. LAZARUS, Signor REGONDI, Herr RIES and Herr LIDEL. Conductors: Herr W. GANZ, Herr A. RIES and M. EMILE BERGER.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., at the principal Musicsellers, and of Herr Oberthür, 14 Cottage Road, Westbourne Park Terrace, W.

MR. and Madame R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce their MATINEE MUSICALE, at their Residence, 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, on THURSDAY, June 13th, at Three o'clock, under the immediate patronage of her Highness the Duchess of Hamilton, her Grace the Duchess of Wellington, Lady John Somerset, Lady Hobart, Lady Henniker, Lady Maria Ponsonby, the Hon. Mrs. Ryder, the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd Talbot, Lady Flower, Lady Verner, Mrs. James Bosanquet, and Miss Byrne (of Cabinteely).

Vocalists: Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley. Instrumental: Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; flute, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten; guitar, Madame R. Sidney Pratten. Conductor, Herr Wm. Ganz.

Tickets, 15s. A limited number at 10s. 6d. may be had only at Mr. and Madame Pratten's residence.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has the honour to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, July 1st, 1861, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Catherine Hayes, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Gardoni, Signor Gustave Garcia. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; harp, Mr. Boleyne Reeves; violoncello, Herr Lidel; guitar and concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor, Signor Randegger.

On this occasion Signor Giulio Regondi will play for the first time a new Concerto MS., composed expressly for him by Molique.

Reserved seats, half a guinea; unreserved tickets, seven shillings each, to be had of the principal musicsellers, and of Signor Giulio Regondi, 27 Berner Street, Oxford Street, W.

MR. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, MONDAY, June 17th, 1861. Artists: Mlle. Titiens, Signora Guerrabella, Mlle. Artot, Mad. Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Lascelles, and Mlle. Parepa; Signor Giulini, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Patey, Signor Delle Sedie, and Signor Delle Aste, the Orpheus Glee Union. Violin, Herr Strauss; pianoforte, Mr. Anderson. The Orchestra under the direction of professor W. S. Bennett and Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Sofa stalls, 21s; reserved seats, area and balcony, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

MRS. BUTLER DIAMOND'S EVENING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, 17th of June. Vocalists: Miss Banks, Mrs. Butler Diamond, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Richard Moss. Instrumentalists: Miss Eleanor Ward, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Violoncello, M. Paque. Conductors, Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Wm. Ganz.

Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; family tickets (to admit three), one guinea; single tickets, 7s. 6d. May be obtained of Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, Regent Street, and all the principal musicsellers.

M. SAINTON'S FOURTH and LAST SOIREE will take place at No. 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Wednesday, June 12, at half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme:—Quartet in A, No. 3 (Schumann); trio, Marschner in G minor; quartet in E minor, No. 8 (Beethoven); solos, pianoforte and violoncello.

Executants: MM. Sainton, Bezeth, Doyle, Piatti; pianoforte, M. C. Hallé; vocalist, Herr Dalle Aste.

Tickets, half a guinea, to be had of the principal Musicsellers, and of M. Sainton, at his residence.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, St. James's Hall.—Madame Alboni and Mlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mlle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Lemaire, and Mlle. Arton; Messrs. Gardoni and Giuglini, Belart and Belletti, Delle Sedie and Ciampi, Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the Vocal Association (200 voices), Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Ole Bull, Wieniawski, Signor Piatti, and a full and complete orchestra. Conductors: Messrs. Arditi, Benedict, and Lindsay Sloper, will appear at Mr. Benedict's Grand Morning Concert, on MONDAY, June 24th. The programme is now ready.

Sofa and balcony stalls, one guinea each; reserved seats, balcony and area, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s.; gallery, 3s.; at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square, W.

MADAME CATHERINE HAYES has the honour to announce that she will give her first MATINEE MUSICALE on TUESDAY, June 5th, 1861, at 25 Park Lane (by the kind permission of Mrs. Rawson Reid). Mad. Catherine Hayes will be assisted by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Tennant, M. Jules Lefort, Signor Delle Sedie, and Herr Formes; M. Ole Bull, Signor Pezzi, Signor Giulio Regondi, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Accompanists: Signor Campana, F. Berger, and Signor Eduard Vera. Commence at Three o'clock.

Tickets, one guinea each; may be obtained at the principal music warehouses, or of Madame Hayes, 13 Westbourne Park, W.

MR. WILHELM KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on THURSDAY, June 20th, 1861, to commence at half-past Two o'clock.

Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Rieder, Mr. Tennant, Herr Hermanns, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mr. Wieniawski; harmonium, M. Engel; pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Conductors, M. Benedict and Francesco Berger.

Sofa stalls and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved and balcony seats, 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. each; to be had of Mr. Kuhe, 12 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.; of Mr. Austin, Ticket-office, St. James's Hall; and at all principal musicsellers.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERTS of Solo and Concerted PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover Square Rooms. The Third, on TUESDAY EVENING, June 11th.

Programme:—Quintet, in F minor (Dussek); Recit. and Rondo, "Or che in ciel" (Mozart); Fantasia, Op. 77 (Beethoven); Song, "Invocation to the Deep" (E. J. Loder); Sonata (MS.), Pianoforte and Violoncello (Walter Macfarren); Song, "I arise from Dreams of thee" (G. A. Macfarren); Solos (Walter Macfarren); Vocal duet, "Good Night" (Henry Smart); Trio, in D, Op. 70 (Beethoven).)

Artists: Signor PIATTI, MM. HENRY BLAGROVE, MESLAKE, BLAKESTONE, WALTER MACFARREN, and FRANCESCO BERGER. Vocal: Miss BANKS, and Miss PALMER. Programme illustrated with remarks by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN.

Tickets, 10s. 6d., of the Musicsellers, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, 58 Albert Street, N.W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SEVENTH CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING next, June 10, at 8 o'clock.—Programme: Sinfonia, Eroica, Beethoven; Concerto, Violoncello, Signor Pezze, Kraft; Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits," Weber; Sinfonia in A (Italian), Mendelssohn; Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Beethoven, Overture, Figaro, Mozart. Vocal performers: Mlle. Guerrabella and Signor Delle Sedie. Conductor, Professor Sternedale Bennett. Tickets, 15s. each, to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

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GIDEON.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 12th, will be performed, for the first time in London, "GIDEON," a Sacred Lyrical Oratorio; words by the Rev. Archer Gurney, M.A.; composed for the Glasgow Musical Festival, 1860, by Charles Edward Horsley, Grand Organist of the United Grand Lodge of Free and accepted Masons of England.

Principal vocalists: Miss Stabbach, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Mr. C. Henry. The band will be complete in every department, consisting of the members of the unrivalled orchestra of the Musical Society of London. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. The chorus, selected from the principal choral societies of the metropolis, will be numerous and effective. Organist, Mr Henry Smart. To commence at Eight precisely.

Tickets—sofa stalls and front row of Balcony, 10s. 6d.; family ticket (to admit three), 25s.; area and Balcony, 5s.; seats under west Balcony, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.

Tickets may be had at the principal music shops in London and the suburbs, and at Mr. Austin's ticket-office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W. The whole of the music of Gideon is published by Mr. G. Rodwell, 8 Rathbone Place, W.; and may be had, price 5s., on application to Mr. Rodwell, or to Mr. Austin, Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.

GIDEON.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, June 12th.—SIMS REEVES in the great part expressly written for him. Popular prices.

TO-DAY at THREE o'clock, Mr. DEACON will give the first of three Séances of CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, at 16 Grosvenor Street (by permission of Messrs. Collard and Collard).

Executants: Violin, Herr Strauss and Mr. Clementi; viola, Herr Baetens; violoncello, Signor Pezze; pianoforte, Mr. Deacon. The Second and Third Séances will take place on Saturday, June 15, and Thursday, July 4th.

Tickets (reserved and numbered) for the series, one guinea; for a single concert, half a guinea each; to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, W.; and of Mr. Deacon, 4 Duchess Street, Portland Place, W.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Conductor, Dr. WYLDE.—St. James's Hall.—The BEETHOVEN NIGHT: Beethoven's Grand Eroica Symphony; Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard; Beethoven's overtures, "Fidelio" and "Men of Prometheus," &c., will be performed at the New Philharmonic Concert, Monday Evening, June 17th, at Eight o'clock, and Public Rehearsal, Saturday Afternoon, June 15th, at half-past Two.

In addition to these works Herr Wieniawski will play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Miss Arabella Goddard, Weber's Concerto in C; and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Formes will sing.

MESSRS. LOUIS and ADOLPH RIES have the honour to announce that their EVENING CONCERT will take place on Wednesday, June 12th, 1861, to commence at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists: Miss Augusta Thomson, M. de Fontanier. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Adolph and Louis Ries, Deichmann, Blagrove, Hann, and Vieuxtemps.

Tickets to be had of the principal musicsellers, and of Messrs. Ries, 1A Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT begs to announce that his GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at the above Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, June 25th.

Tickets may be obtained at the principal musicsellers, and at the Hall.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

MLLE. ARTOT, MLLE. ANNA WHITTY, MLLE. KOCH, at the CONCERT of the Vocal Association, WEDNESDAY, June 19th, at Eight. Also Miss Stabbach, Miss Jessie Cole, and Miss Messent; Herr Dalle Aste and Signor Garcia. Pianoforte, Miss Alice Mangold; harp, Mr. John Thomas; accompanist, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Choir of 200 Voices. Conductor, M. Benedict.

Sofa stalls, at Mr. Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL ART UNION.—SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY MORNING, June 20th, Hanover Square Rooms, at Three p.m.

Overture in D, suite (Bach); Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven). Herr Pauer will perform Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A. A celebrated vocalist. Orchestra of the members. Conductor, Mr. Klindworth.

Third Concert, with Choir of Members, July 5th.—Tickets at Cramer's, &c.

MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—SIXTH WEEK. "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG."

Mr. Fred. Penna will give his New and Popular Entertainment, EVERY EVENING at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Pianoforte, Mad. PENNA, who will perform a Sonata by Beethoven.

Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

ROYAL SURREY GARDEN WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Directors, Messrs. CALDWELL and BISHOP. A series of TWELVE GRAND CONCERTS will take place on Wednesday Evenings, commencing on June 5th, and to be continued every Wednesday Evening until August 21st. Engagements already concluded. Mad. CATHERINE HAYES and Mlle. PAREPA, Miss LASCELLES and Mad. LEMAIRE, Mr. TENNANT and Mr. SANTLEY, Signor DELLE SEDIE and Herr FORMES, M. OLE BULL and M. WIENIAWSKI, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; accompanist, M. EMILE BERGER; Conductor, the PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, W.

SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—SCHWEITZER SANGER GESELLSCHAFT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Peculiar novelty and great hit.—These pleasing and attractive Entertainments will be repeated EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, and EVERY EVENING at Eight. Books of the Words with Translation.

Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery 1s. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; and at the Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly.

Second week of the New Programme, and One Hundredth and Twentieth Concert.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place THIS DAY, at Three o'Clock, at her Residence, 50 Bedford Square. Vocalists: Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mrs. Holman Andrews, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: M. M. Sainton, Paque, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Accompanist: M. Emile Berger.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS begs to announce her REMOVAL to 50 BEDFORD SQUARE, where she now receives her Friends and Pupils.

MR. A. LAURENCE, PRIMO BARITONO ASSOLUTO, FROM THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN THEATRES,

has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Profession, that he intends residing PERMANENTLY in London, for the purpose of

GIVING INSTRUCTION IN SINGING

and the higher Branches of VOCAL and DRAMATIC ART.

Mr. Laurence's System is based upon that of the

PUREST SCHOOLS OF ITALY,

in which the first step is to show

HOW TO PRODUCE THE VOICE.

Communications to be addressed to Mr. LAURENCE, 14, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, W.

"Such finished part-singing is seldom heard."—MUSICAL WORLD, Dec. 22.

THE VOCAL-CONCERT QUARTET, Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. A. Matthison, Mr. Shirley Hodson, may be engaged for Soirées, Public or Private Concerts, Dinners, etc.

Address, Mr. Shirley Hodson, Secretary, 35, Gloucester Place, Kentish Town, N. W.

MISS ANNA WHITTY, from the principal Opera Houses of Italy, is IN TOWN for the Season.

Communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL

In Aid of the Funds of the General Hospital,

On the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of AUGUST next, under the especial patronage of Her most gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

President: The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Vice-Presidents: The Nobility and Gentry of the Midland Counties.

J. O. MASON, Chairman of the Committee.

HERR RUMANN MULLER, from Glasgow, begs to inform his Patrons and Friends that he has ARRIVED for the Season.

3 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

THE MEN OF HARLECH, FROM BRINLEY RICHARDS' RECOLLECTIONS of WALES, for the Piano; 12 books, 2s. each, or in one vol., bound, 21s. Brinley Richards' The Student's Practice for the Piano; 24 books, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., and 4s. each. Brinley Richards' The Classical Practice for the Piano; 24 books, 2s. each and upwards,

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HOME SWEET HOME. By W. VINCENT WALLACE (Sicilian Air), arranged for Piano, 3s.—"Quite within the power of a moderate performer, yet brilliant and very effective."

London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street.

The New and Fashionable Pianoforte Piece,

LA PRIERE EXAUCEE (The Prayer Granted), the Reply to "La Prière d'une Vierge" (The Maiden's Prayer), Morceau de Salon, par THECLA BADARZEWSKA. "Admirably adapted for the drawing-room." "Very effective, without being difficult." Price 3s. Sent post-free for 1s. 6d. Also "La Prière d'une Vierge," 1s.

London: Oetzmann and Co., 32 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W.

WAVES, OF THE OCEAN WALTZ. By L'ALEMBERT. Beautifully illustrated. Prices 4s. Sent post-free for 2s. "The best waltz we have heard lately."

London: Oetzmann and Co., 32 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W.

"HOPE IS SHINING STILL." Mad. CLARI FRAZER'S Popular new Song. Composed by ALFRED B. BURRINGTON. Extract—

"Here our faith for ever travels with our love,
Never comes the deluge, but we see the dove;
See the white wings gleaming o'er the troubled deep,
Bringing back the olive, where we stand and weep."

Price 2s. 6d. Sent post-free to any part for 1s. 3d.

London: Oetzman and Co., 32 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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Reviews.

"Abraham" — an oratorio, the words taken from the old Testament — by BERNARD MOLIQUE, Op. 65. (Ewer and Co.)

The text of *Abraham* is taken, for the most part without addition or abbreviation, from the Holy Word, in all its native simplicity and sublimity, and in that sober, vigorous language which affords the feelings matter for active, inward thought. The plot — in so far as we may speak of a plot in connection with an oratorio, especially such an oratorio as the present, which is more lyrical than dramatic—embraces the principal events in the history of the Patriarch; his separation from Lot; his invocation to the Lord; his offer to Lot and their quarrel; God's promise to Abraham; Hagar; the flight of Sarah's maid; the promise made by the chief of the three angels of a son to Sarah; the judgement pronounced on Sodom, and its accomplishment; Hagar in the desert, consoled by an angel; the offering up of Isaac, &c.

Herr Molique alone has chosen the words, and, it must be confessed, has executed the task with great skill. No one can fail to approve the mode he has adopted, which is similar to that pursued by Bach and Handel. We ought also to be gratified that a composer of the present day, like the composers of former times, once more takes up the harp of David, in direct opposition to the spirit of the actual age. Not that we are influenced by a bigotted admiration for sacred music, but we always feel particularly gratified when a man of genius and talent, touched by the pinions of the spirit of God, wings his flight, and soars above earthly things, heavenward. To magnify the greatness of God in the eyes of man, is, as it ever has been, the most sublime mission of the art of music. Herr Molique's oratorio preserves its religious character throughout, and this is a great point in its favour.

The short orchestral introduction (there is no overture) begins at once in the right tone, gradually drawing us from the tumult of the world, and leading our thoughts into higher regions. The fact of its preparing the mind for what is to follow proves that the author has well grasped the idea of a musical composition of this kind. For many persons it will not be sufficiently spun-out, but such pregnant brevity is precisely the quality which pleases. The art and skill displayed in the scoring is a foretaste of the composer's knowledge — which is rendered more and more evident through the forty-four pieces — of the character of the various instruments, of the delicacy with which the right instrument is in every case selected, of the profoundly significant grouping, and of the maturely considered employment of the instruments, especially for soft and gentle expression. Perhaps the composer's undeniable partiality for the deeper chords of the viola, violoncello, and corresponding deeper wind instruments, comes out too frequently and too strongly, although it is certainly most allowable where it is introduced, as, for instance, in the recitatives of Abraham, etc. These recitatives, are, in fact, so entirely what they ought to be, namely, the transition of pathetic speech into song, that a really good and feeling singer could produce a deep impression with them alone, especially in parts where the text would appear to offer an opportunity for a short *arioso cantabile a tempo*. Herr Molique always identifies himself completely with his text, and hence his airs are always the reflection of the fire which beams out from the words into his heart; they always express the sentiments and feelings required by the text and the various situations. Herr Molique collects, as it were, all the rays of the effect about to be expressed into the focus of a burning-glass, out of which the melodies stream forth; his tones are thus the symbols of the inward effect which the words contain: for instance, of Abraham's trust in the Lord; of Hagar's cry for help; of the adoration of God by Abraham; of the comforting of Hagar by the angel; and of the way in which Abraham is encouraged and inspirited by the latter. Here and there, indeed, we hear something less original, or the model set up by the composer in his own mind is, at times, less perceptible than at others.

But Herr Molique's peculiar mastery is displayed in the choruses. Even a less accomplished musician may succeed in producing a beautiful cavatina or a fine *arioso*, but a chorus written in accordance with the true principles of art requires musical knowledge; this is the *conditio sine quâ non*. It is here that most of our present composers are wrecked. Choruses written in the sterling style of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn are becoming more and more uncommon. In this, as well as in other respects, Herr Molique has produced very admirable things. When the opera and concert-season are over we may devote some time to an analytical review of *Abraham*, piece by piece. Meanwhile we must conclude by stating that both the full score and the pianoforte arrangement are before us, and that the manner in which they are brought out is worthy of all praise. We may remark (*en passant*) that every one is surprised and disappointed at *Abraham* not being announced as one of the features of the approaching Birmingham Festival. Surely Birmingham is not jealous of Norwich.

"Verdi's celebrated opera, 'Rigoletto'"—edited for the pianoforte (Boosey and Sons).

"No. 13 of *"Boosey and Sons' Edition of Standard Operas for Piano Solo."* All that was said in favour of the edition of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, in our last impression (and that was not a little) is equally applicable to Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which is just as well, and just as completely done. The introductory description of the plot and music is as interesting as the pianoforte arrangement or "transcription" is faithful, *playable*, and effective. Not a single piece is omitted; so that a capital "bird's eye view" of the entire opera is at the disposition of any pianist, amateur or professional, endowed with even moderate executive facility. That *Rigoletto* is Signor Verdi's best opera is a fact admitted by all musicians; that it is not his most popular the more extensive success of *Il Trovatore* sufficiently proves. The inference to be drawn from this is not encouraging to aspiring composers, even those who look upon the Italian school as the "be all and the end all" of musical excellence. Why is not *Rigoletto* more popular (as it undoubtedly ought to be) than *Il Trovatore?* Only because its melodies are more simple, fresh, and truthful in expression; because it has less of the conventional "slang" of Italian art, and more of that genuine dramatic fire and characteristic propriety which distinguish operas of the highest class. It is less popular than *Il Trovatore*, precisely for the same cause that Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, which arose out of the full maturity of his genius and experience, is less popular than any of his other operas. There is an indolence of mind on the part of our *dilettanti*—lawgivers to a great extent, in matters of taste, who cannot, or will not, exert their appreciative faculties so far as to carry themselves out of a certain magic circle of ideas. That which closely resembles what they have been in the habit of admiring must perforce be good; that which differs from or

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exceeds their limited perceptions is, to say the least, "doubtful." They hesitate, are perhaps afraid, to pronounce a verdict. Is it not a grave matter to compromise one's reputation for the possession of a fine taste in things intellectual? Our leading amateurs ought to have more imagination, surer judgment, less conventionalism. If they had, the eternal, meaningless tune-spinning of some modern Italians would not meet with so much favour in their eyes, and the best work of the idol of opera-goers — Signor Verdi — would not be underrated by them, as it unquestionably is.

"*Take back the ring*"— ballad, words by S. F. B., music by M. A. M. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

"S. F. B" writes smooth verses and sentimental. This is the lay of a middle-aged gentlewoman, who kindly warns off a young adorer that would fain bestow himself upon her "for better or for worse" the rest of his live-long days. But she won't have him, being too conscious of her inability to make him happy. Shade of Ninon de l'Enclos! The music of "M. A. M." is pretty, if not very new.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

HILES (HENRY) "In Paradiso" (Vocal).
SMITH (SYDNEY) "Une nuit d'été" (Pianoforte).
Ditto "Rippling waves" (ditto).
Ditto "The Bay of Biscay" (ditto).
Ditto "Midnight" (ditto).
Ditto "Whisperings of the breeze" (ditto).

BIRCH (Amersham).

BIRCH (W. H.) "Old Towler" (Vocal).
Ditto "Sweet nightingale" (ditto).
Ditto "The spring" (ditto).
Ditto "Bonnie Dundee" (ditto).
Ditto "Come, live with me" (ditto).
Ditto "Grand triumphal march" (Pianoforte).

CRAMER AND CO.

M. A. M. "Take back the ring" (Vocal).

CHAPPELL AND CO.

KUNTZLER (EMIL) "Freundschaft und Liebe (Pianoforte).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

GILBERT (ALFRED) "The song of gratitude" (Vocal).
Ditto "The song of hope" (ditto).

EWER AND CO.

Orpheus' Book, 37.
Schulthes' Benediction Service (Vocal).
O'LEARY (ARTHUR) Admired Movements from Molique's oratorio, "Abraham" (Pianoforte).
IONEL (LÉONIE) "Echo du bal" (ditto).
Ditto "Astre des nuits" (ditto).
KRUGER (W.) "Les cloches du soir" (ditto).

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

HEMINGWAY (GEORGE) "England, happy land," (Vocal).

JEWELL.

BIRCH (W. H.) "Old Erin! I love thee" (Vocal).

METZLER AND CO.

GLOVER (STEPHEN) "Flowers that shine the fairest" (Vocal).
Ditto "When I knew you long ago" (ditto).

OLLIVIER.

MATTHEWS (W. E.) "Chi ami" (Vocal).

RANSFORD AND SON.

GANZ (WILHELM) "Remembrance" (Pianoforte).

B. WILLIAM.

GLOVER (S.) "I love the summer sky" (Vocal).

J. WILLIAMS.

BARTHOLOMEW (MRS. MOUNSEY) "Britons, strike home" (Pianoforte).
KREIPL (J.) "When may breezes whisper" (Vocal).
ROELFS (BENEDICT) The drawing room mazurka (Pianoforte).

MUSIC FOR A FLOWER SHOW.—The following is a programme of the appropriate music which the band tried to play:—

Song, "La mia Lettucia." VERDI. *Gigue and Saraband*, "May Flower." PURITANI. *Quadrille*, "La rosée posée." FLEURETTE. *Duet*, "Heartsease and Daisy Chain." VERDANT GREEN. *Overture*, "Flowers of the Forest." A. MELLON. *Song*, "She grew a wreath of Roses." GLUCKSINIA. *Polka*, "The Lillie of the Valet." GARDENER. *Schottische*, "The Floral Haul." DIGGES. *Selection*, "Charles II. Hoaxed." I. TREESON.—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

THE VIENNA CONCERT SEASON.*

THE concert-season, just brought to a close, is declared on all sides to have been one of the most brilliant on record. A glance at the compositions performed proves the existence of zealous and discriminating activity. The critical "Summaries" published in this paper enable our readers to institute a pretty strict comparison between the results of the present season and the seasons for the last eight or ten years; while our remarks, though merely aphoristical, on the internal constitution of our musical bodies, are always productive of some advantage, or, at least, may serve to guide us for the future.

The musical doings in this capital may, as a rule, be divided into five groups. 1—The instrumental concerts more particularly so called, and represented by the Gesellschaft Der Musikfreunde, the Philharmonic Orchestra, the Orchestral Union, and the Euterpe. 2—Concerts which are either entirely, or, at least, for the most part, vocal, and represented by the Singacademie, the Singverein, and the various Männergesang Associations. 3—Chamber-music, represented by the Hellmesberger and Hoffmann quartets. 4—Individual concert-givers, at whose head, this season, stands Joachim. And, lastly, 5—The so called "Academies," benefit concerts, &c.

At their four subscription concerts, the Gesellschaft Der Musikfreunde gave us Beethoven's Mass in D, Schumann's *Manfred* music, with dialogue, three symphonies (Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert), a pianoforte concerto, new in Vienna, by Robert Volkmann; a new chorus with orchestra, by Debrois van Bruyk; a march by Schubert (arranged for full band by Liszt); and an overture by Catel. In addition to the usual subscription nights, the Society gave two performances of Schubert's newly-discovered opera, *Der häusliche Krieg*, besides getting up a "Pupils' Concert" (overture, pianoforte-concerto, airs, songs, and symphony). In connection with the efforts of this Society, we may mention those of the Filial Associations, particularly of the Orchestral Union, on account of the performance (on two special evenings) of four symphonies, two pianoforte concertos, airs, &c.; and also of the Singverein, which gave Schumann's music to *Faust* (3rd part), and co-operated in *Manfred*, *Der häusliche Krieg*, the Mass, &c.

To the independent orchestral association called the Euterpe, we are indebted for four symphonies (Christopher Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schumann), three overtures (Cherubini, Ries, and Langwara), and several solos.

The Philharmonic contributed, at eight concerts, the following:—ten symphonies (three by Beethoven, two each by Mozart and Schumann, and one each by Gade, Haydn, and Rietz); eleven overtures (three by Mendelssohn, two by Cherubini, and one each by Beethoven, Spohr, Schumann, Gade, Rietz, and Wagner); as well as Gade's "Frühlings-Fantasie," Mendelssohn's music, with dialogue, to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, airs by Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Méhul, and Spohr; and detached, orchestral, or vocal pieces, by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Berlioz.

The orchestral concerts given by Herr Tausig, for the purpose of introducing some of Liszt's orchestral compositions, form a peculiar episode of their own.

Vocal music is most worthily represented in the programmes of the Singacademie, with a decided tendency to the sacred style (Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul; Motets by Sebastian and Christian Bach; detached choruses by Palestrina, Lotti, Gabrieli, Hermannus Contractus and Handel, as well as some additional pieces by Mendelssohn and Schumann); while living composers, to wit, Wilhelm Rust, Otto Grimm, and Franz Mair, were not forgotten.

As we have already mentioned, the Singverein performed the Third Part of the music to Faust, besides several compositions by Mendelssohn, Hans Walter, Schumann, and Grädener. The efforts of this society are principally directed, however, to affording valuable assistance to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde.

Thanks to the Männergesangverein, we heard a performance of Mendelssohn's music to Œdipus at one concert, and a number of choral compositions at another. To the latter kind of works the attention of other Societies, also, such as the Academischer Gesangverein, the Sängerbund, etc., is directed.

In the programmes of the first series of the Hellmesberger Quartets (six concerts), we find Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven (six times), Spohr, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and, in the way of novelty, Waldemar Bargiel, Johann Herbeck, Robert Volkmann, and Moritz Käszmayer. In the second series, consisting of four concerts, we had Haydn, Mozart (twice), Beethoven (four times), Spohr, Hummel, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and—no novelty. In six concerts, Hofmann's Quartet gave us novelties by Rappoldi, Langwara, and Bibl,

* From the Vienna *Recensionen.*

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besides older works by various composers, from Haydn down to Schumann.

The number of concerts given by individual artists is, this year, tolerably small, even if we reckon among them those of composers, such as Goldmark, Dorn, and Mögele. Among the separate virtuoso exhibitions, in the midst of which Herr Tausig cuts a figure more prominent than pleasing, Mlles. Zadrobilek, Kress, Mösner, Herren De Ahna, Epstein, Bachrich, and Schweida, occupy a very honourable position; Joachim towers above every one else, like a true, thorough, and brilliant artist as he is. When such virtuosity is united to such artistic feeling, the victory achieved by real art over the vain tinsel of mere virtuosoes is, and ever will be, complete and lasting.

It is true that this victory is to be gained only by a continuous struggle, and a conflict nearly always beginning afresh, so that the victor is never secure. It is, however, an undoubted fact that the better school of art has been favourably progressing for some years past, and has now most decidedly got the upper hand. We perceive this in the course pursued by our musical institutions; in the programmes of individual concert givers; and in the behaviour of the public and the critics; nay, even in the pains taken in the composition of what are called "Musical and Elocutionary Academies."* It is true that insipidity and triviality are far from having entirely disappeared from this department of art, but those once exclusive attributes of "mixed" concerts are gradually ceasing to be their most prominent features, and, what is better still, the public no longer find in them their exclusive source of amusement. This change in affairs enabled the managers of the concert given, this season, for the benefit of the Opera Pension Fund, to include in their programme an overture by Weber, airs by Spohr and Mozart, Mendelssohn's Violin-Concerto and finale to *Loreley*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. This enabled the "Concordea," also, to get up a complete representation of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, assisted by the resources of the two Imperial theatres. A "Schiller-Academie" gave us pieces by Weber and Lindpaintner. Even the specimens of literary composition at these entertainments are now, as a rule, selected with a greater amount of intelligence, or there is an attempt to find something new and really interesting, such, for instance, as Hebbel's *Michel Angelo*, Schlesinger's small farces, fragments from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, etc.

A circumstance that has already been remarked is that individual concert-givers scarcely dare any longer present themselves to the public without Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann. Although, in many instances, this is done rather clumsily, and although it is desirable that Beethoven should be the Omega and not the Alpha in the education of our young professionals, the necessity the artist is under of presenting a programme of sterling worth to his patrons, affords satisfactory testimony of a cultivated taste on the part of the hearer; and the performance of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, without counting Liszt's *Dichtungen* —to which we devoted a separate paragraph above—the public performance, we say, of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, during the course of six months, in a city like Vienna, is really no small advance. It is, as a matter of course, altogether out of the question to compare Vienna, as far as activity in musical affairs is concerned, with many a smaller town in northern or middle Germany. Concentration of thought upon special and limited objects, and total absorption in one well-defined direction, cannot be expected or required of us. People must not insist on Vienna's being Leipsic, Breslau, or any other city where men of great talent pursue their course, with iron consistency, towards some one particular object. On the other hand, Vienna boasts of so many men of such varied talent, while public sensitiveness is so great, public feeling so frank, and public sentiment so fresh, that anything only needs to be awakened into being, to pulsate freely, freshly, and vigorously, following its own path; and though it may sometimes giddily spring aside from it, it speedily returns to where its correct instinct calls it. This instinct warns us more especially against everything wearisome. If this results in our having sometimes not at first appreciated, from a dread of what appears monotonous, many things we subsequently enjoy, we gain a by no means inconsiderable advantage, namely, an ever fresh, quick feeling of appreciation for the essentially vital element in art generally, and, in music more especially, for the light genius of melody.

We should have to plunge into a thorough analysis of particular circumstances and individual institutions, if we attempted to give a detailed account of the continuous progress of musical Vienna. It is not long since we endeavoured to show what a change had taken place here during the last ten years. We shall often probably have occasion to express our opinion of the system of musical associations, and the ends they have in view. Many persons consider logically musical matters among us solely in a musical light, without taking into account their influence on society. We ourselves have, perhaps, frequently arrived at a wrong decision, in consequence of this circumscribed mode of viewing things. We do not hesitate, however, to own our error, when we think we have discovered something better. We endeavour, also, if only as "an exercise for the memory," to gain a clear insight into the connection between human and artistic matters; and when, as last winter, for instance, we see the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde taking the lead, and achieving triumphs with the Mass in D, with Schubert's Opera, with the formation of an orchestra of their own, and with the organisation, which has been commenced, at least, of the Conservatory, we cannot help recollecting the struggle necessitated not for a merely professional change of officials, but for placing the guidance of the Association in the hands of men who could be relied on, and who would work well together. We make this observation in order to mark distinctly the party to which we belong; for parties there must be as long as life and human activity exist, and those persons who cherish a love of art must hold together, unless they would have their cunning opponents enlist on their side the whole body of weak and neutral individuals. We rejoice sincerely at the successes thus achieved; and, while passing over in silence what did not turn out so well, but which was quite immaterial when placed in the balance against so much that was most excellent, we will, in conclusion, express the hope that, at the expiration of another year, we may have it in our power to give an equally favourable account of the "Vienna Concert-Season."

* "Musikalisch-deklamatorische Academien." "Academy" is a Viennese term for a "Concert."

THE ORGAN.*

FOURTEENTH STUDY.—OF THE FOUNDATION STOPS OR REGISTERS.

THE foundation stops or fundamental open-flue pipes were the first stops, and will be the last, used in the construction of the organ. They are all tuned to the pitch of one of their own class, which is an open four-feet pipe of metals called the principal. The pitch to which their scale is tuned determines the pitch of the rest of the organ, and hitherto this pitch has been on an average as much as a tone below the pitch of the orchestra and pianoforte. These open-flue pipes might with propriety be called also flageolets, were it not that this word conveys to the mind the idea of an instrument of a very limited size only. For, in matter of fact, these open pipes are nothing more than flageolets of various sizes turned upside down on the sound-board of the organ, and there supplied with wind from the capacious lungs of the bellows. Of these open pipes, however, all are not for that reason only foundation stops, but only such of them as have their lowest note tuned in unison or in octave with the foundation note of the organ. Then, the lowest note of which is tuned a third, a fifth, a fifteenth, and the like, are therefore not foundation stops, though they are open pipes.

Although all the open-flue pipes may be called soft stops as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the degree of their softness. On the contrary, they may be very distinctly divided, according to their scale, into soft stops of a round and full quality, and soft stops of a thin and delicate quality. When the soft foundation stops of a thin quality are used alone, the organ may be said to have lost half its power at least, and may be compared to a garment which has been stripped of a thick inner-lining; but when those of both qualities are used together, the organ speaks at its full foundation tone. The thinness of the finer or delicate quality disappears in the roundness of the fuller quality, and this latter, which would be especially wan by itself, at least in a great number of the registers, gains by being united with the finer quality a richness and brilliancy of tone, which is quite equal to that of the most vigorous instruments.

The great advantage of the foundation stops is that they can be combined with all the other stops of the organ without doing more than sweeten their tone by giving them that velvety quality, which is just what they want in addition to their own. Substitute for them, no matter which of the other two divisions, either of the loud or mutation stops, that is, and the organ tone becomes harsh

* From *L'orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, par M. J. Regnier.

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and brazen, of a quality which grates painfully on the ear and nerves of the hearer without reaching his heart. In this way a complete rupture would certainly be made between the organ and the traditions of its first builders. They could, undoubtedly, have made the instrument to consist wholly of noisy and metallic qualities of sound, had they so pleased, but they very wisely preferred, as it seems to us, to lay its foundations in a quality of tone, which is both rich and profound at the same time.

There is also this marked difference between the foundation stops, and all other stops of the organ, that they alone can be used independently, and do not require help from the other stops, while all the rest would undoubtedly commit an act of imprudence, if they attempted to launch forth their mighty voice, and make our churches reecho with their sounds, without supporting themselves on the broad and outspread wings of the foundation stops.

All these advantages together have, no doubt, been the reason why the open-flue pipes have been called the foundation stops of the organ. There is no organ which can possibly do without them, and there is no church, of the largest or smallest dimensions, to which they are not suited. In a vast temple their noble harmonics sail around its spacious aisles with a freedom, and elasticity, and a tenderness which are truly admirable; in a small sanctuary they make up by their sweetness and mellowness for a certain amount of hardness of quality and want of roundness, which the more noisy stops of an organ always have in a place which from its limited dimensions has but little resonance.

The foundation stops of the organ are moreover never out of place in any part of the divine office. The author resides far away from Paris on the eastern frontier of France, not far from the banks of the Rhine, and he can assure his readers in Paris that, on these harmonious banks, he has been in the habit of hearing the organ speak with wonderful effect by its foundation stops alone; and that, in the hands of players who are not by any means the best specimens of German organists, he has heard it so speak even and more especially at those solemn moments when the generality of organists, both French and Spanish, believe that a flourish of trumpets and a noisy uproar are absolutely necessary for the sake of variety. But noise is not so necessary, as some seem to think, to express the holy joy of the divine offices. There is, moreover, in the foundation stops a certain keen and soul-stirring note, which takes as near as possible the same place in the music of the church that a solo on the violoncello, or even on the violin, takes in that of the orchestra. In such cases, neither the violin nor the violoncello can for one moment be accused of want of energy; and yet how far are they, for all that, from the power and vigour of even the smallest trumpet stop. But it is, above all, the tender, and I would even dare to say the loving, expression of the two principal parts of the holy sacrifice that is more especially got from the foundation stops. At almost whatever degree of power we seek for their effects, and however refined or feeble, owing to its extreme softness, this degree may be, we still find a something in it, when borrowed from the foundation stops, which is preeminently suited both to the time and to the place. The Germans are more thoroughly convinced of this than the French, but they push their conviction perhaps a little too far when they make use only of sounds of the most extreme thinness at these more solemn moments. They do this with the view of gaining for them the greatest possible expressions of respect and reverence, and these extremely thin sounds do certainly have the effect of a very distant and mysterious music, but at the same time they attempt too much and so defeat their object, because the sounds they make use of to produce this effect, inasmuch as they act too powerfully on the imagination of the worshippers, are found rather to be a cause of distraction, than an aid to devotion.

MISS HELEN M'LEOD gave a Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening. The fair concert-giver was assisted in the vocal department by Mlle. Elvira Behrens, Mr. Tennant, Herr Herrmanns, and Signor Ciabatta; and in the instrumental by Miss Annie Elliott (pianoforte), Herr F. Hager (violin), Herr Lidel (violoncello), and Herr Oberthur (harp). Miss Helen M'Leod, contributed to the programme Balfe's song, "The power of love," Schira's aria, "L'appuntamento," the recitative and aria, "O mie fedeli," from *Beatrice di Tenda*, besides joining in duets and trios. A unanimous encore followed the air from Bellini's opera, when Miss M'Leod substituted a Scotch song, which she gave with true national voice and *gusto*. M. Wilhelm Ganz and Mr. Walter Macfarren were the conductors.

M. PAQUE'S CONCERT.—There are few among the bewildering crowd of entertainments now taking place which deserve such conspicuous mention as this, which was given last Monday, at 24 Belgrave Square, by permission of the Marchioness of Downshire. The programme was full of interest, but too long for intact publication. M. Paque is known to all musical audiences as one of the most capable violoncello players amongst us; a position which he has attained by the exertion of great natural gifts, improved and increased by long and attentive study. The chief feature in which M. Paque's playing was exhibited, was a new fantasia from his own pen, and a very ingenious composition it is. He also appeared in a MS. trio by S. W. Waley, two or three minor solo pieces, and a song of Seligmann (sung by Mad. Rieder), with *violoncello obbligato* played (*mirabile dictu*) with the back of the bow.* M. Paque was also assisted by Miss Rachel Gray, a young lady evincing great capabilities; Mad. Sainton, who sang Lüder's admirable setting of L'emigré "Irlandais;" Signor Tagliafico; Messrs. Klein, Ould, Cusins; and M. Sainton, who joined in the trio above mentioned, and played his unpublished fantasia on Scotch airs, which has lately attracted much attention in the violin world. Mr. Benedict joined M. Paque in a duet on themes from *Robert le Diable*, in which the pianoforte part is his own, the alto by M. Batta. The room was crowded by an aristocratic audience.

M. SAINTON'S CONCERTS.—The programme of the third, given on Wednesday week, was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartett in G, Op. 77, No. 1, Haydn. Adelaida, Beethoven. Trio, B flat, Op. 97, Beethoven.

PART II.

Quartett, E minor, Mendelssohn. Pianoforte solos, *a* La Berceuse, Chopin, *b* Valse Caprice (d'après) F. Schubert, Liszt. Ave Maria, Schubert. Violin solo, Fantaisie Ecossaise, P. Sainton.

The quartetts were played by MM. Sainton, Bezeth, Webb, and Paque. The Haydn specimen is perhaps the best of all his concerted pieces. The *adagio* is a rare instance from his pen, for it is full of the intensity of expression that the mode of treatment requires. Mendelssohn's E minor quartett taxes the capabilities of players in the union of delicacy and expression. Each of these masterpieces was played in an unexceptionable manner. In the trio of Beethoven, the capabilities of Mr. W. Cusins were well exhibited. MM. Sainton and Paque were the other performers; the playing of the violinist in the *andante* being passionately expressive. Two elegant transcriptions by Liszt, of melodies by Chopin and F. Schubert, for pianoforte, by Mr. W. Cusins, and Mr. Sainton's ingenious "Fantasie Ecossaise," played in a masterly manner by the composer, complete the list of instrumental works. Signor Gardoni sang "Adelaida" with wonderful easy and graceful execution; the other piece being Schubert's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss Marian Moss, in a manner exhibiting great natural gifts, improved by zealous study. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(*Communicated.*)—This interesting event is fixed to take place on Tuesday the 27th of August, and three following days, making the twenty-eighth triennial celebration of these famous musical meetings. The proceeds arising from the festivals are applied to the assistance of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital, one of the largest beneficent institutions of this nature out of London. So great has been the success of the Birmingham Festivals, that since their establishment in 1768, nearly eighty thousand pounds have been realized for the charity. The meetings, under royal patronage, are supported by the nobility and gentry of the Midland counties, who

* As an improvement on this, we beg to recommend playing with the front of the bow on the back of the violoncello.

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not only act as Vice-presidents, but by their presence in the Town Hall, where the performances are held, manifest the interest they take in the welfare of the hospital. The arrangements are made by a committee, and are always on a scale of grandeur and completeness: the best available vocal and instrumental talent being invariably engaged, and the works performed consisting always of the highest class of sacred and secular music, by the most renowned ancient and modern composers. The last festival was held in 1858, when the Earl of Dartmouth was President. This year that office will be filled by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

THE SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—These admirable interpreters of their national melodies have appeared at St. James's Hall in a new programme, and improve amazingly on further acquaintance. Their voices are not only well harmonised, but they are indebted to sound musical instruction. The choruses are well rendered, and the part singing is almost perfection. The comic solos by Fraulein Johanna Claussen call forth nightly the most enthusiastic applause, and in one of her encores, when we heard her, she sang "The Captain," with English words, in the most captivating manner. Her comic powers are of a high order, and we doubt whether there is at present upon the Swiss stage a vocalist to compete with her. Mlle. Fredericke Kelley is the leading soprano, and she, too, when we had the pleasure of hearing her, was loudly encored in a solo by F. Gumbert, the English words, "Within the leafy grove is heard." The contralto, Mad. Anna Decker Schenk, has a voice of extraordinary compass, and the purity of taste exhibited by all the singers entitles them to unqualified praise. The concluding piece, "The Schoolmaster's Wedding," is the gem of the new programme, the principal parts being sung by Mlle. Johanna Claussen and Frau Decker-Schenk, with great comic power and effect. Everybody should hear the Swiss Female Singers. The entertainment, indeed, is one singularly amusing and delightful, and entirely original into the bargain. Other entertainers have their parallels and companions. There is nothing whatever like the Swiss Female Singers.

OLD SHILDON WESLEYAN CHAPEL. OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN.—On Whit-Tuesday the new organ, recently built for this chapel by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, was opened, when the choir gave a selection of chorals, chorusses, &c., interspersed with organ pieces at intervals, by Mr. J. W. Goundry, the organist of the chapel. The solo stops of this instrument are very fine, and were well displayed in Rurch's "Rondo," and variations on "God save the Queen." The cornopean, especially is much admired for its rich and clangy quality of tone. The following is a description of the instrument — or more properly of what it will be when entirely completed:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC TO G IN ALT.

Draw-stops.

1. Open Diapason, metal; 56 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.
2. Stopt diapason, bass, wood; 56 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.
3. Stopt diapason, treble, wood; 56 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.
4. Viola di Gamba, metal; 44 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.
5. Wald flute, wood; 44 pipes, 4 ft. pitch.
6. Principal, metal; 56 pipes, 4 ft pitch.
7. Fifteenth, metal; 56 pipes, 2 ft. pitch.
8. Sesquialtera, metal; 3 ranks, 168 pipes; vacant slide.

SWELL ORGAN, TENOR, C TO G IN ALT.

9. Double diapason, wood and metal; 44 pipes, 16 ft. pitch.
10. Open diapason, metal; 44 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.
11. Salcionel, metal; 44 pipes, 8 ft. pitch; vacant slide.
12. Principal, metal; 44 pipes, 4 ft. pitch.
13. Hautboy, metal; 44 pipes, 8 ft. pitch; vacant slide.
14. Cornopean, metal; 44 pipes, 8 ft. pitch.

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO C.

15. Bourdon, wood; 25 pipes, 16ft pitch.
16. Principal, metal; 25 pipes, 8 ft. pitch; vacant slide.

Total pipes, 794.

COUPLERS.

17. Swell to Great.
18. Great to Pedals.

3 Composition Pedals.

Although the sesquialtera is wanting at present, the effect of the full organ is very grand and brilliant, and the tone composition generally such as reflects great credit on the builders.

RATHER A HIGH NOTE.—The critic of the *Times*, speaking of Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace, described him as the best singer that had been heard in Haydn's oratorio — in fact, as the greatest man in *Creation*.—*Punch*.

Letters to the Editor.

PADDING.

SIR,—The *Saturday Review*, a short time since, had a notice on the cheap magazines, which it described as consisting of two tales by two good men, all the rest being mere "padding." I think this padding remark applies to a good many of our benefit concerts both in London and in the provinces, where there is often two clever women and one clever man (or *vice versâ*), whilst the rest of the company is "mere padding," and could be dispensed with to advantage. I have often observed that this system of making a small party into a big one, by the addition of nonenities, is injurious to art, and converts a charming concert into a dull one; for as nothing less than one solo will do for each of the party, the audience are compelled to sit out some stupidly misconceived and badly-executed composition, when one or more great artists are kicking their heels in the green room, doing nothing, except, perhaps, chuckling at the simplicity of John Bull as personified by the committee who put up with anything that is graciously vouchsafed to them by the London managers.

I am, sir, yours in earnest,

PADDY.

RIFLEMEN NOT AMAZONS.

Sir,—In your impression of the 25th, your correspondent C. Mandel, "expresses surprise at the arrangement of the parts in certain choruses lately published for male voices, and intended for the use of the Rifle Volunteers," which "arrangement is always the same—namely, one tenor for the melody; a second tenor and alto for the harmony; and a bass." Your correspondent asks, why English arrangers have adopted this style? Without presuming to give a definite answer to this question, I might suggest the following:—viz. That in arangements of this kind for a large body of men, like the Volunteers (the greater part of whom sing by ear), you must of necessity give the melody in that scale, or compass, best suited to the majority of voices—which is designated tenor,—in this case the alto part is intended to be sung as actually written; and although above the melody, I can assure your correspondent that a very excellent effect is produced. I have before me a number of songs for "singing on the march" arranged by one of our most eminent musicians, with tenor (melody), alto, tenor, and bass, which I have heard sung at concerts, evening parties, &c., with very good effect by four voices, which (owing to the scarcity of good altos), I consider to be a great boon. The wise man most wisely says that, "There is nothing new under the sun," and if your correspondent will turn to page 47, vol. 3, of "Burney's History of Music," he will see that in the days of good Queen Bess, the melody was given to the tenor voice, in the various editions of the Psalms, and other works then published, *i. e.* for four voices.

I am, Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

"TENOR MELODY."

OMEGA SATISFIED.

Omega has nothing further to retract, to reverse, to obviate, to obvert, or to reinstate, and, moreover, was not aware that the letters of those who wrote to the Editor were copied into the MUSICAL WORLD, or he would not have *troubled* him about the matter.

[We really acted with the best intentions. "Omega" wished for information, and we laid his case before our readers. That is all. If he has anything more to specificate, modify, discharge, disinvolve, reconsider, or pretercept, our columns will be open to him this day month. ED.]

EPIGRAM

Addressed to Mr. James Smith by a lady who had taught him some duets, and to whom he had presented a pair of ear-rings.

A gift like this, from you appears,
The best you can bestow:
'Tis fit you decorate my ears,
You've *bored* them long ago.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL
(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY).

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

AT THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will be selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quintet, in C, for two Violins, two Violas and Violoncello, MM. WIENIAWSKI, RIES, WEBB, HANN, and PIATTI (Beethoven). Lieder Kreis, Mr. SIMS REEVES (Beethoven). Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, for Pianoforte Solo (his first appearance at these concerts), M. NICOLAS RUBINSTEIN (Beethoven).

PART II.—Quartet in F. No. 7, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (dedicated to Count Rasoumowski), MM. WIENIAWSKI, RIES, WEBB and PIATTI (Beethoven). Songs, "The Savoyard," "The stolen Kiss," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Beethoven). Trio in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. RUBINSTEIN, WIENIAWSKI and PIATTI (Beethoven).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson; and Oetsmann and Co., Regent Street; Chappell and Co. 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

THE FIFTH CONCERT will take place on

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 14th, 1861.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Sonata in D minor, No. 2, Op. 31 (Beethoven).
Song,
Grand Sonata in E flat, No. 3, Op. 31 (Beethoven).

(Interval of ten minutes).

Grand Sonata in C, Op. 53 (Beethoven).
Song,
Grand Sonata in F, Op. 54 (Beethoven).

Pianoforte, Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

Accompanist, Mr. HAROLD THOMAS.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.

Tickets may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; R. Ollivier's, 19 Old Bond Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

MISS CLARI FRASER begs to announce that she will give a GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT at the New Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, on the Evening of THURSDAY, the 20th instant. The following artists are already engaged:—Miss Arabella Goddard, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Signor Gardoni, Signor Belletti, Herr Formes and M. Wieniawski. A Select Choir of Voices, under the direction of Mr. HENRY LESLIE, will also assist.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

Terms { *Three lines and under* ... ... 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 *words* ... ... 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

IT is well for the prosperity of the vocal art that such a teacher as Signor Mario is still before the public. It is well, too, for the same cause, that such music as Rossini's *Barbiere* is not altogether overlooked. Such a singer and such music are indeed constituted to uphold genuine Italian vocalisation, in spite of the degenerate influence of Signor Verdi and modern operatic composers. Let us, however, do Signor Verdi and his labourers in the same vineyard justice.

Rossini wrote for nearly all the most accomplished singers of the age, singers educated in the best schools, trained after the best models, and severely tested before they ventured to confront public opinion. No doubt his own music had no small share in making the singers, more especially as he had a consummate knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice, and never—at all events while he devoted his genius to the Italian stage—would tax its powers to the utmost for the sake of effect. Rossini was, perhaps, more intimately acquainted with the means and resources of every kind of voice than any composer who ever wrote, excepting Mozart. He was himself a first-rate barytone, and, when a boy, was one of the treble singers in the cathedral of his native city. This early teaching, combined with wonderful quickness of observation, enabled him to create music for the singers which, without in the least concealing their powers, allowed them to produce the finest effects. That, nevertheless, his vocal compositions, for the greater part, were adapted to the means of popular singers, is well known; and hence, it cannot be denied that the singers had a certain influence on his music.

When Signor Verdi commenced writing for the stage the vocalists in the legitimate Italian school were extreme rarities. He found vociferators instead of singers, and was compelled to accommodate his music to their capacities. It was suddenly discovered that a good voice alone was wanting to constitute the vocaliser; and Signor Verdi endorsed the discovery by writing compositions which required for their performance the smallest amount of art. Here was a chance for tyros. Why learn singing at all, when it might be so easily dispensed with? Why encounter difficulties, expend time and money, and waste one's best energies in close and severe application, when a reputation might be made by mere strength of lungs and a fortnight's discipline? It is wonderful how the "vociferators" came into vogue, and what influence they exercised upon composers. Signor Verdi, above all, "championed them to the utterance." The school of David, Tacchinardi, Garcia, Rubini, Galli, Tamburini, and others was gradually dying a natural death, and, as an inevitable consequence, Rossini's music, having nobody to interpret it, was falling into disrepute. Fortunately, now and then singers were found who added a desire to attain the highest excellence in their profession to natural aptitude and instinct, and who thus became preservers of the loftiest school of the vocal art. More fortunate still that some such legitimatists should have descended to our own times, and that we still can boast of Mario and Alboni.

The performance of the *Barbiere*, now being given at Covent Garden, cannot fail to prove entirely gratifying to those who pin their faith to pure Italian music and pure

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Italian vocalism. We might search back in vain to the first representation of Rossini's enchanting work for singing more legitimate and more perfect, for acting more easy, gentlemanly, and instinct with comic genius than may be found in Mario's Count Almaviva. The very spirit of Rossini and Beaumarchais are concentrated in his performance. And what a study for the singer! A tenor might learn more from listening to Mario attentively one night, than from a dozen lessons administered by the most erudite professor. Such artists, indeed, have ever proved the best indoctrinators; and it is matter for no small congratulation that after so many years passed in exerting himself to please the public, the great tenor should be enabled to exhibit his admirable talent with almost undiminished powers. The performance of Mario in Count Almaviva will have a two-fold value for singers; it will teach them that the old school cannot be dispensed with, and that the voice may be best preserved by adhering to the best models. No tenor who knows his art is compelled to force his voice in the music of Almaviva, not because it is written less high than Signor Verdi's tenor parts—which certainly is not the case—but because it lies so artfully for the voice, and because the upper notes are never called upon for extra exertion. In many parts of the Count's music the voice is taxed to the highest part of the register—witness the trio "Ah! quel colpo"—but a well-trained organ can take the passages without difficulty, and attack the highest notes without effort. Such is the effect of legitimate vocal music. We strongly recommend every tenor who wishes to procure a lesson in genuine Italian singing of the very highest value to go and hear Mario in Count Almaviva, cautioning him at the same time not to suffer his enjoyment to interfere with his instruction, which we acknowledge to be no easy task. Perhaps the best way would be to hear him twice, the first time for pleasure, the second for information. R.

TEMPORA mutantur et Grisi et Mario. Fifteen years ago it would have seemed strange to be commenting on the prospectus of a forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre, without the stereotyped gratulatory paragraph on the re-engagement of "those universal favourites," Grisi and Mario. Two months back, however—seven years since Grisi took formal leave of the English public, amid enthusiasm unbounded—it appeared no less strange to be commenting on a prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera from which the names of "those universal favourites" were omitted.

Tempora mutantur—et "GRISI" *et* "MARIO." In 1847, but for the opportune apparition of the Swedish Nightingale, Mr. Lumley would have been compelled to shut up Her Majesty's Theatre and decamp. A formidable opposition had sprung up against him. At the head of this opposition stood Grisi and Mario. Mr. Costa, the famous music-director, had joined the ranks of the seceders, it is true; but it is equally a fact that what gave deadliest force to the opposition was that Grisi and Mario were its life and soul. Mr. Costa might still have waved his conductor's stick over the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, with the vigour, grace, and precision for which he is noted; but Grisi and Mario at the rival establishment, the danger was the same, and Mr. Costa's energy, experience, and so forth, would have gone for little or nothing. At the head of the opposition stood Grisi and Mario; and, as a natural result, Her Majesty's Theatre—notwithstanding its eel-like pertinacity of life, its aristocratic *prestige*, and the wisdom of its experienced chief, the Argus of impresarios—after a noble struggle, retired from the contest, not dishonoured, but confounded. Twice that contest was renewed—first under Lumley, next under E. T. Smith—the Briareus of impresarios. Twice, after a noble struggle, Her Majesty's Theatre retired from the contest—not dishonoured, but confounded. Grisi and Mario, "those universal favourites," won the battle for the Royal Italian Opera.

Tempora mutantur, et GRISI *et* MARIO. "*Tempora*" were manifestly changed, inasmuch as the unexpected secession of "those universal favourites" from the theatre of Mr. Gye—the Abrriagruesus of impresarios—was but a prelude to the unexpected shutting up of the theatre of Mr. E. T. Smith. The Briareus of impresarios was "shut up"—not on account of the secession of Grisi and Mario (which at an earlier period might have explained the occlusion of portals previously patulous), but on account of their acquisition. Briareus put forth two of his hands, and clutched Norma in one of them, and Almaviva in the other. This accomplished, Briareus thought to "shut up" Abrriagruesus; but the sequel proved he had ill reckoned, for Abrriagruesus shut up Briareus. Briareus had acquired Norma; he had acquired Almaviva, and he was straightway "shut up." Thus Grisi and Mario were thrice the cause of shutting up Her Majesty's Theatre: the first and second time because they were at the Royal Italian Opera, the third time because they were not at the Royal Italian Opera.

Tempora mutantur et GRISI *et* MARIO *et* ARGUS *et* BRIAREUS *et* ABRRIAGRUESUS. Grisi and Mario having "shut up" Briareus, leave him to ruminate on the nature and vicissitudes of things, and tender their services (through Icbatata) to Abrriagruesus, who forthwith (through Icbatata) expresses himself "willin'." Like Barkis, Abrriagruesus was willin'." Now it remains to be seen if, by the acquisition of Norma and Almaviva (through Icbatata), Abrriagruesus will also be compelled to "shut up." Much depends on Patti and "circumstances;" not much on Tiberini; little on the international exhibition; less on Patriossi; least on Norma. What may depend upon Almaviva and "circumstances"—whether much, not much, little, less, least, nothing or everything, depends more upon circumstances than upon Almaviva.

But—*tempora mutantur, &c.*

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It having occurred to me that the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest* may not be an uninteresting topic to some of your readers, I beg to forward you a short account of the present year's celebration.

This festival, which consists of three concerts given on three consecutive evenings, and which is held yearly in Whitsuntide at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Dusseldorf, was celebrated this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the able direction of Franz Lachner, of Munich. The first concert opened on Sunday, the 19th inst., with Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. Nothing could surpass the precision and delicacy with which this noble work was executed. The orchestra, composed of first-class artists from far and near, responded heartily to Herr Lachner's efforts; and the result was what might have been expected. The perfect silence observed during the performance, and the deafening applause which followed the conclusion of each movement, showed how thoroughly the audience appreciated what they heard.

The symphony was followed, after a short pause, by the same composer's *Missa Solemnis*, in D major (Op. 123).

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This colossal work, which took its author more than three years to compose, and was regarded by himself as his most complete composition, is, however, very seldom attempted in Germany, on account of its magnitude and difficulty—obstacles only to be overcome on occasions like the present, when so large a number of practised musicians concentrate their energies towards the same point. The performance of the mass reflected the same credit on the chorus as the symphony had done on the orchestra. The solos were well executed; the obligato for the violin, one of the principal features of the "Benedictus," being played by Herr Joseph Joachim, with that exquisite taste and finish for which he stands alone. With the Mass in D terminated the first concert. The success of the second was equally brilliant. The programme was composed of Mozart's orchestral symphony in C major, and Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*. The oratorio which formed the second part of the concert was a perfect triumph for all concerned. The choruses, from first to last, were sung with a vigour and accuracy that left it difficult to decide to which the palm was due. Two were unanimously encored—viz., the first chorus in the second part, "Glorreich ist Gott," and the last but one in the 3rd part, "See the conquering Hero comes." Frau Rübsamen-Veith, who had ably sustained the soprano music in the *Missa Solemnis* on the previous evening, acquitted herself most brilliantly in that of Achsah. Her rendering of the airs, "Horch auf den Vögel Jubelchor!" and "O hätt' ich Jubal's Harf," was irreproachable. The part of Joshua was undertaken by Herr Carl Schneider of Wiesbaden; Othniel and Caleb by Frau Potthoff-Diehl, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Herr Julius Krause, of Berlin, singers of well-attested capabilities. The theatre, crowded to excess, resounded with applause whenever a halt in the music allowed of it; and every one present seemed to participate heartily in the feeling of enthusiasm with which Handel's splendid composition (if justice be done to it) all who listen to it must be inspired.

The programme for the third concert was as follows:—

PART I.

1. Overture, "Oberon" (Weber).
2. Aria "Mitrane" (composed in 1686), Frau Potthoff-Diehl. (Rossi).
3. Concerto, Pianoforte, and Orchestra, Frau Clara Schumann (Schumann).
4. Aria "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Herr Krause (Mozart).
5. "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" from the *Missa Solemnis* (Beethoven)

PART II.

1. Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra (F. Lachner).
2. "Hallelujah," cantata for Soprano, "Esther," Frau Rübsamen-Veith (Handel).
3. Concerto, Violin and Orchestra, Herr Joachim (Beethoven).
4. Aria "Euryanthe" Herr Schneider (Weber).
5. Grand chorus: "The Heavens are telling" (Haydn).

The appearance of such artists as Mad. Schumann and Herr Joachim together in this programme was alone sufficient to stamp the character of this final concert. The solos were well chosen and well executed, especially the "Hallelujah" and air from *Euryanthe*, in which Frau Rübsamen-Veith and Herr Schneider confirmed the good opinion already formed of their abilities. The prelude and fugue, a new composition of Franz Lachner's, was vigorously played, and received with unbounded applause. The concert found a worthy finale in the chorus which closes the first part of Haydn's *Creation;* orchestra and singers vied with each other in obtaining a perfect performance, and succeeded to the satisfaction of everybody.

Thus ended the 38th Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest; the theatre was filled each night to the ceiling with lovers of the art, gathered together from all parts of Germany. Great credit is due to Franz Wüllner, music director of Aix-la-Chapelle, for the pains he must have taken to bring the chorus up to the mark at which Herr Lachner found them. There were 426 singers and 135 players—561 performers in all.

Cologne, May 28th.

MOSCHELES AT THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The hall was full to overflowing. An illustrious stranger was present—the veteran Moscheles, who has just arrived on a short visit to the city where he passed so large a portion of his brilliant career. It would be interesting if he could be induced to appear once more before a public whom in former days he has so often delighted.—*Daily News.*

BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—At the fourth, which took place yesterday, Mr. Hallé played the two sonatas (Op. 27), the sonata pastorale (Op. 28), and No. 1 of Op. 31 (in G). These performances are exciting more and more attention.

CONCERTS.—Yesterday Mlle. Valentin, Miss Messent, and Mad. Laura Baxter, held their annual concerts. Herr Molique held his on Thursday evening. Mr. Henry Leslie also gave a concert with his choir on the same evening. Particulars in our next.

MR. DEACON, a pianist who has gained an excellent reputation in Italy, where he resided so many years, has returned to his native country, and has announced his intention of giving three *séances* of classical music, the first of which takes place to-day, when he will be assisted by several professors of eminence.

A LETTER TO DESMOND RYAN.

(IMPROMPTU.)

On Sundays, after breakfast, Pat,
I read my weekly papers o'er;
The news are new to me, but, drat
It! Usque's heard them all before!

I mind me oft of glorious "Ops."
By men—Pat—who are now no more,
And would much like them at the "Pops,"*
But Usque's heard them all before!

The most notorious works by those
"Tone-poets" whom we still deplore,
Are Beethoven's (as who not knows?)—
But Usque's heard them all before!

Among B.'s† works the "posthumous"
Are known the least (or I'm a bore);
And they must be seal'd vols.‡ to us,
'Cause Usque's heard them all before!

Being very sure the populace
The beauties of these works ignore,
I speak of them; but Petipace
Says Usque's heard them all before!

And thou, fair pianist, whose touch
Enchants the tasteful ear galore,
Why play B.'s latest "ops." so much,
When Usque's heard them all before?

Yet worse the critic fares than you;
He can "exaggerate" no more!
He'd join the Wolfenbüttel crew,
But Usque joined them long before!

I've burnt my fourteenth symphony,
My MSS are on the floor;
To get them played, a farce 'twould be,
For Usque's heard *them* all before!

EXAGGERATOR.

* Abbreviation for Monday Popular Concerts.
† Beethoven (*vide* Lenz). ‡ Volumes.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

SIGNOR Mario made his first appearance on Monday night with one of those parts in which he stands unrivalled. So brilliant a Count Almaviva as his has not been witnessed by the present generation of opera-goers. Incomparable as an exhibition of vocal skill, it is also a pattern of high-class comedy—natural and refined in an equal measure, easy, elegant, and in every sense attractive. Such a performance is the more to be valued at a time when scarcely a contemporary singer, Italian or non-Italian, can execute the music of Rossini's most dashing hero with the requisite grace and fluency. To these qualities, moreover, rare as they are just now, Signor Mario joins unflagging spirit and a kind of *gentlemanly* humour as agreeable as it is peculiarly his own. On Monday night—as though, for reasons unnecessary to state, resolved to do his best—he fairly eclipsed his previous achievements. In his very best days he has seldom played Almaviva so unexceptionally well—never, on any occasion with more uniform and sustained excellence. He was received with the old heartiness, and at once—in the beautiful cavatina, "Ecco ridente il Cielo"—rewarded his patrons with a specimen of legitimate Italian art, combining the utmost purity of expression with a style and method altogether faultless. The duet with Figaro—"All' idea di quel metallo"—was, if possible, even better, the florid passages at the end of the quick movement ("A che d'amore") being delivered, "*mezza voce*," with an evenness, fluency, rapidity, and perfect truth of intonation not to be surpassed. To avoid details, we may add that the rest was of the same stamp; that not one moment of apathy weakened the effect of the performance; and that Almaviva's last solo (in the trio with Rosina and Figaro) was marked by the same careful refinement as his first — the well-known "Zitti zitti, piano piano!" which forms the last movement of the trio, eliciting a loud and general encore. As Signor Mario never sung or acted better, so was he never more liberally applauded. In short, he was to employ the conventional expression, "in his finest voice," and did thorough justice to his admirable talent. Our crowded space will not allow of more than a word or two for the other performers. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho's Rosina showed all that extraordinary vocal facility for which it was so much admired last season; Signor Ciampi's Bartolo, though overstrained and turbulent, was original and painstaking; Signor Tagliafico's Bartolo was an extremely diverting caricature, and Signor Ronconi's Figaro more than ever racy and inimitable—a model Figaro, indeed, upon which a volume might be written. The duet, "Dunque io son" (Mad. Carvalho and Signor Ronconi), "Una voce" (Mad. Carvalho), "Largo al factotum" (Signor Ronconi), "La calunnia" (Signor Tagliafico), and Manca un foglio" (Signor Ciampi), were one and all received with favour; the variations on the "*Carnaval*," introduced by Mad. Carvalho in the lesson-scene —a marvellous display of "bravura"—created a "sensation;" and even Berta's little air ("Il vecchietto"), given with Mad. Tagliafico's accustomed spirit, was heard with satisfaction. The overture, as a matter of course, was unanimously encored; and the splendid *finale* to Act I.—long as it is—might have been heard twice through without displeasure. The principal singers were summoned at the end of both acts, and Signor Mario had two separate recalls, In short, it was a "gala night" at the Opera—a genuine triumph of good music.

On Saturday *La Sonnambula* was given for the third time. On Tuesday the *Prophète* was repeated. On Thursday, *Guillaume Tell*, and last night *La Sonnambula*, again to be repeated on Monday. Thus, we need hardly say, the star of Adelina Patti seems to be greatly in the ascendant. *Il Barbiere* to-night.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fourth and last concert, which took place on Wednesday, was not only in every way worthy of its predecessors, but might be looked upon as the triumphant climax to its third season. Never has Mr. Alfred Mellon's band more brilliantly distinguished itself than upon this occasion, and the warm and hearty recognition of its merits at the conclusion of each piece was never more fully deserved. The instrumental selection was particularly rich, comprising three overtures—the least known of Spohr's *Der Berggeist*, bringing with it almost the charm of novelty, the best-known of Mendelssohn's, the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which the execution was perhaps the finest ever heard in London, and Weber's familiar *Euryanthe*. But beyond these there were other, and still more interesting features in the programme; the most remarkable being Professor Sterndale Bennett's concert in C minor, for pianoforte, No. 3 of the four published. That such a work should have been so long overlooked by our pianists is indeed unaccountable; and now that Miss Arabella Goddard has set the example by playing two of the series within little more than a week, we may possibly have an opportunity of more frequently hearing one or other of the concertos which are in every way worthy of being placed in the same category as the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers. True, there are but few before the public so thoroughly competent as Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom it is not too high praise to say that anything more refined, expressive, and intellectual than her reading of this concerto was never heard, and the long-continued applause and universal recall, were only compliments due to the merit of so wonderful a performance, to which the delicately subdued and skilfully managed accompaniment of the orchestra lent an additional charm. Of Beethoven's symphonies the "Pastoral" is perhaps the most familiar and best understood, being melodious throughout, and completely suited to the appreciation of all who have any taste or feeling for music. To say that the execution was worthy the composition will not appear too high an eulogium for those who know the materials of which Mr. Alfred Mellon's band is composed, and how thoroughly they are under the control of the accomplished conductor. Although the vocal music necessarily plays a somewhat subordinate part at these concerts, the selection is nevertheless invariably excellent, and the singers of the highest stamp. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington contributed the recitative and air "Zeffirette lusinghieri," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, a very graceful and expressive performance; and Signor Gardoni, "Ah quel plaisir d'être soldat," from Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, which he sang with great spirit and force; and the two artists joined in the duet "Oh, lovely maiden, stay," from "Sphor's *Azor und Zemira*," which, both on account of the fine music and fine singing, was even more liked than the songs. The last *Conversazione* is announced for Wednesday, July 3rd.

MUSICAL ART UNION.—A number of artists, among whom figure the names of several of our most eminent professors, have resolved themselves into an association under the above title, for the purpose, as they say, of introducing unknown compositions to the British public. The object is not an unworthy one, and doubtless many works which are ignored by our great societies, or, more properly, are never taken into consideration, or even known at all, if heard well executed, would create a sensation. The risk, however, is imminent, and the Union which depends on novelties alone for success must be composed of the most cohesive and irrefrangible materials to stand for any length of time against old faith and feelings, traditions, custom, and prejudice. But the Art Union does not rely on novelties alone; it purports giving the great works of the great masters, and in a complete and efficient manner. But herein it competes with the old and New Philharmonic, and with the Musical Society of London. The prospectus recently issued gives the names of sixty members for the orchestra, with Mr. Henry Blagrove as first violin, and Mr. Klindworth as conductor. The whole band, indeed, is eminently capable, and in point of numbers exactly realises Beethoven's standard of efficiency. Three concerts are announced for the first series, with a view, no doubt, of seeing to what extent the public will offer their support, and what chance of ultimate success remains to the undertaking. The programme of the first concert, given on Friday evening last week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, included one novelty of the highest pretensions, being a symphony by Herr Anton Rubinstein, entitled "Ocean." This work, we are informed, enjoys a high reputation in the German States and Russia, and has gained for its composer more renown than he has gained for himself as pianist. The design of the symphony is exceedingly poetical. The first movement is intended to portray "the immensity of the ocean;" the *adagio*, "the depth of the human heart;" the *scherzo*, "the sports of Neptune and his attendant tritons and nereids;" and the *finale*, "the voyage of life, and

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exultant thanksgiving for its happy completion." Without stopping to investigate the causes which induced the composer to attempt to illustrate physics and metaphysics in one musical piece, we may assert that the general idea of the work has been too vast for Herr Rubinstein's comprehension, and that he has failed in consequence. The first movement is by many degrees the best. It has several finely-descriptive passages, and is marked by occasional power in its construction and development. A single hearing, however, does not permit us to pronounce definitely on its merits. The symphony is elaborated to a fault, and simplicity nowhere attracts the ear. The execution was most admirable, and Herr Rubinstein has everything to thank Mr. Blagrove and his assistants for, since it was impossible his "Ocean" could have been presented in a fairer aspect. After the symphony, the next remarkable feature in the programme was Spohr's violin concerto, No. 11, magnificently played by Herr Strauss, who is gradually growing into the very highest repute in this country. The band executed Beethoven's overture, Op. 124, and Rossini's overture to the *Siege of Corinth*, both splendidly. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington was the vocalist, and sang Pacini's "Lungi dal caro ben" and variations on "Sul margin d'un rio," both with extreme ease and facility. The rooms were well filled, but not crowded.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the last concert on Monday, the feature was the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music. The performance was got up with infinite care and pains, and reflected the utmost credit on Dr. Wylde, the band, chorus, principal singers and reciters. The poem was read by Miss Heraud and Mr. Ryder, and the principal singers were Mr. George Perren, Mr. Richard Seymour, Mr. C. Henry and Herr Formes. Miss Heraud has hardly power enough for such an area as that of St. James's Hall, but her voice is sweet, and its inflections are managed very skilfully. The poem was abridged here and there, but still the verses seemed interminable, and the splendour and beauty of the music could hardly redeem their tediousness. The introduction into a concert-room of these long poems, tragedies, in fact, with music however attractive is, we are convinced, a mistake. No performance could be more complete and admirable than that of Monday evening at St. James's Hall, but still the audience was very much inclined to devote themselves to sleep during the recitations. Should Dr. Wylde contemplate repeating *Antigone* on any future occasion, we strongly counsel him to reduce the poem at least two thirds, whereby he will increase the attraction of the music ten-fold. The programme, among other things, included Beethoven's sympathy in D, and the overture to *Euryanthe*, both of which were played magnificently. Herr Formes sang the air "La Calunnia," from the *Barbiere* with immense effect. A new disposition was made of the orchestra. The chorus was so large as nearly to occupy the whole of the platform, and the band were placed on the ground in front. There was an immense attendance.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—This annual musical "festival," for to such an epithet its extraordinary proportions entitle it, took place as usual at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday morning, in presence of a numerous and brilliant assembly. The occasion was even more interesting than usual, inasmuch as Mr. Howard Glover favoured his patrons with several compositions from his own pen, all of which were good, and two of which were new as well as good. The most important of these was a strikingly original setting of Southey's legendary poem, *The old woman of Berkeley*, which, for dramatic feeling and poetical treatment of the text, could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Weiss's delivery of this was an intelligent and powerful example of vocal declamation. Mr. Howard Glover himself was the accompanist. The other novelty —a very melodious and expressive ballad, founded upon Shelley's lines, beginning "The fountains mingle with the river"—was preceded by "I arise from dreams of thee," which already enjoys a wide popularity. Shelley's little poem, also entitled "Love's Philosophy," has been set with kindred poetical feeling by Mr. Howard Glover, and the song is one of the most charming and original which has proceeded from the accomplished pen of the composer. Both were given with inimitable point and expression by Mr. Sims Reeves, and created a corresponding sensation. As upwards of fifty pieces were set down in the programme, and the performers were nearly of equal number, to enter into anything like details would be beyond our limits in the present crowded state of our columns. Amongst the vocalists were Mads. Gassier, Catherine Hayes, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa, Weiss, Louisa Vinning, Rieder, Sainton-Dolby, Laura Baxter, Palmer, Theresa Jeffreys, Lemaire, Gerard, Eliza Storder (pupil of the concert-giver); Messrs. Sims Reeves, Gardoni, Belletti, Delle Sedie, Morgan, Perren, C. Braham, Gassier, Weiss and Formes. The instrumentalists included Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Alice Mangold, Miss Fynes, Herr Nicholas Rubinstein, and Mr. Charles Hallé (pianists), Mons. Paque (violoncello), Signor Gilardoni (contrabasso), Messrs. Wieniawski, Molique, Sainton and Strauss (solo violinists); the accompanyists being Messrs. Benedict, Randegger, Cusins, Howard Glover, J. L. Hatton, H. Thomas and Lindsay Sloper. The other contributions from the pen of Mr. Glover were a charming pianoforte solo, "The baby's song" (first time of performance), played by Miss Alice Mangold; "My loved Zelita" (song from *Lays of many Lands*), by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, exquisitely given; and song, "A child sat by the river's side," rendered with infinite expression by Mad. Weiss. One of the most exciting performances of the concert was Mozart's duet in D for two pianofortes, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, which, interpreted by two such incomparable artists, we need hardly say, was listened to throughout with breathless attention and created an immense sensation. The duet had been previously introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts, when it was executed by the same players; but numbers heard it for the first time on Wednesday, and we have no doubt every one who heard it would desire to hear it again. The two pianofortes used on the occasion, were supplied by the Messrs. Broadwood, and were among the most remarkable for power and quality of tone ever sent from their establishment. Not to enter into details, we may allude, as among the most attractive features of the selection, to the duet for pianoforte and violin by Herr Nicholas Rubinstein and M. Wieniawski, the pianist proving himself a brilliant and accomplished executant; to Spohr's duet for violins in G, by Herr Molique and Herr Strauss—a superb performance on the part of both artists; to Mad. Sainton-Dolby's singing two new songs, "Rest," and "A hawking song"—perfect both in voice, style and expression; to Mr. Charles Braham's vigorous interpretation of the romance, or "Il balen," it being his first appearance in public as a barytone; to Mlle. Parepa's extremely brilliant singing in Auber's air from "Le Serment;" to M. Sainton's splendid performance of a fantasia of his own composition; to M. and Mad. Gassiers' perfect rendering of Iradier's duet "Jota de los torreros;" to Signor Belletti's air from Balfe's *Falstaff*—a grand vocal display; to Signor Gardoni's exquisite delivery of the song "Le Chemin du Paradis;" and, among more unpretending performances, to the beautiful duet of Mr. Henry Smart, "The Gondolar," sung by the Misses Brougham with irreproachable taste and feeling. Many more names and pieces might be mentioned, but these must suffice to indicate the quality and character of Mr. Howard Glover's "annual festival."

MISS PALMER'S CONCERT, given at St. James's Hall, on Friday, the 24th ult., was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The singers, with the fair concert-giver, were Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Banks, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; the instrumentalists, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Mr. W. Pettit. Miss Palmer exhibited her admirable talent in many styles and two languages. She sang Mercadante's romance, "Il Sogno;" the song, "The Sailor's Wife," composed expressly for her, by Mr. J. L. Hatton; ballad, "I wandered by the brook side;" Dussek's duet, "Thy pardon, dearest treasure," with Mr. Sims Reeves; with Miss Banks and Mr. Thomas, Bishop's trio, "Blow, gentle gales;" with Mrs. Sims Reeves and Miss Banks, the trio from *The Devil's Opera*, "Good night;" and, with Miss Banks and Mr. Thomas, Mr. Henry Smart's trio, "The Carnival." Miss Palmer, almost more than any singer we know of recent years, has made rapid way in public estimation. This she owes to her intense feeling and earnestness, rather than to the beauty of her voice, which nevertheless has a charm peculiarly her own. Miss Palmer is a true contralto voice, but one which is highly available in the upper register, whereby she is enabled to accomplish songs written for a *mezzo-soprano*. The singing of the fair artist in Mercadante's romance was irreproachable in

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every respect; the Italian master himself would have been pleased to have heard her. Not to specify all the young lady's efforts, we may cite as entitled to particular notice, Mr. Hatton's song, Dussek's duet, and the trio from *The Devil's Opera*, in all of which she was eminently successful. But Miss Palmer did not appear as a singer only on this occasion. She contributed to the programme a serenade, called "Sleep on," written expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves, a very graceful composition, which gave unmistakeable evidence of the tuneful instinct, and which was exquisitely sung by the great tenor. About the other performances we must be brief. Miss Arabella Goddard played Benedict's new fantasia, "Albion," in her most incomparable manner, and joined Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Pettit in Mendelssohn's trio in D (No. 1), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—a very admirable performance by all three. We were infinitely pleased to see Mrs. Sims Reeves once more in the concert-room, of which she had been but recently one of the most brilliant ornaments. Mrs. Reeves gave the air, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, which none could sing with more quiet grace and tender feeling, and Mr. Hatton's "I dream of thee," the very perfection of expressive ballad singing. Mr. Sims Reeves created the usual sensation in "Adelaida," one of the most perfect specimens of vocalisation now to be heard on or off the stage, to which, need we say, the exquisitely delicate accompani mentof Miss Goddard lent additional grace.

STERNDALE BENNETT'S CONCERTO IN C MINOR.—The four concerts to which the Musical Society's public performances are unfortunately limited are anticipated with greater interest than any other events of the busy musical season by all the professionals and amateurs of London, and are remembered with more enduring pleasure. The last of the present series will be looked back upon with more unalloyed satisfaction than any of the others. If the programme contained no new production of Young Germany to pique the curiosity of the listener, each instrumental piece comprised in it was of that supreme and unquestionable excellence which stamps it for immortality, irrespective of the caprices and fashions of the hour. We believe this to be as true of the one specimen of a living composer introduced into the programme as of the other compositions which time and death have hallowed into classicality. For although we do not attempt to draw any comparison between the Englishman and Beethoven, we believe that Dr. Bennett's concerto in C minor, whenever well performed, will be as certain to meet with appreciation, limited in number though its admirers in comparison may be, as the Pastoral Symphony itself. The singular circumstance of two of Dr. Bennett's concertos, after being neglected for so many years, being performed within ten days at our two most important societies, is almost as strange as the marvellous power of the composer as a youth, compared with his subsequent sterility. It is not our province to speculate on the causes of the sudden cessation of Dr. Bennett's career as a composer; it is unfortunately too true that, after having rivalled Mozart and Mendelssohn before his eighteenth year, he has since then, honourable as his present position is, done little to justify the rich promise of his youth. The concerto performed last night is the third in order of composition of the four which have been published from his pen, and while quite as artistically finished and beautiful as the Mozart-like second concerto played at the last Philharmonic concert, it is larger and more individual in style. It was interpreted by Miss Arabella Goddard with such unerring correctness, such singular richness of tone, such exquisite and unaffected feeling, that no terms of praise could do more than mere justice to her remarkable performance. The mere mechanical difficulties are very considerable—for instance, in several passages where the pianist, unassisted by the orchestra, has two parts to play; but even the perfect ease with which all these were mastered was not more admirable than the unobtrusive pathos displayed in that slow movement, which Schumann, in one of his most graceful essays, so fancifully likens to the moonlight wanderings of a somnambulist.—*Daily Telegraph.*—The great triumph of the evening was Miss A. Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C minor. It was a triumph for the composer, whose *chef-d'œuvre* we consider this concerto to be; it was a triumph for the fair pianst, whose playing was a marvellous union of every quality that a great performer can possess; and it was a triumph for the orchestra and its conductor, who accompanied with a vigour, precision, and delicacy beyond all praise. The pieces, beautiful in themselves, and charmingly sung by Mad. Sherrington and Signor Gardoni, greatly increased the pleasure given by this excellent concert.—*Daily News.*

MADAME RIEDER gave a *matinée* on Thursday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The singers were Miss Augusta Thomson, Fraulein Mehlhorn, Mesdames Rieder and Lemaire, Signor Gardoni, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Patey, and Signor Delle Sedie; the instrumentalists, Herr Pauer (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), M. Paque (violoncello), and Herr Engel (harmonium). The concert opened classically, with Beethoven's trio in D major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, finely executed by Herr Pauer, M. Sainton, and M. Paque. The singing, in many cases, was admirable; Mad. Rieder in the *Carnival de Venise*, and Signor Gardoni in the *Chemin du Paradis*, achieving the principal laurels. Miss Augusta Thomson gave a very brilliant reading of the *ballade*, "Pouvoir du Chant," from Auber's new opera, *La Circassienne;* and Fraulein Mehlhorn, a new importation, sang Mozart's "Deh vieni," and Taubert's "Wood-bird Song," very prettily. Signor Delle Sedie, who is now becoming, or striving to become the barytone lion of the season, sang Dr. Malatesta's romance from *Don Pasquale*, "Bella si come un angelo."

SURREY GARDENS.—A series of twelve concerts, under the somewhat familiar title of "Wednesday Concerts," was inaugurated on Wednesday last in the great Music Hall, and proved eminently successful. The opening programme proved that the director, or directors, was, or were, stimulated by the desire to throw at least a classical halo round the performance by commencing proceedings with Haydn's symphony, in D major, No. 10, which was very admirably executed by a carefully selected and efficient orchestral force under the direction of Prince George Galitzin, whose illustrious name could not fail to add an attraction of its own to the concert, and irresistibly awaken the sympathies of transpontine audiences. Of the Prince as a conductor we have frequently expressed our admiration, and were never more impressed with his powers and instincts for wielding the baton than on Wednesday night, when in Haydn's symphony he made the band literally go like clock-work, and showed himself a thorough proficient in the management of the *tempi* and the minutest details of the fine work of the glorious old master. There is no mistaking Prince Galitzin's beat. It is decisive, marked and unerring, and the instrumentalists gather double confidence under its safe guidance. The other instrumental feature in which the band distinguished themselves was the Russian Quadrille, by Prince George Galitzin, upon the merits of which we have already descanted when it was performed for the first time at the Russian Concert given at St. James's Hall, and which created no less a sensation on Wednesday than on its first introduction to the public. M. Ole Bull was the solo instrumentalist, and performed Paganini's "Di Tanti Palpiti," and an *Adagio*, by Mozart, to the infinite delight of the enthusiastic Surrey auditors. The vocal selection was excellent. Herr Formes, the Armstrong gun of the singers, gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and "O ruddier than the cherry," with prodigious power and grand expression, and was encored in both, but each time, Sims Reeves-like, only condescended to return to the platform and reciprocate the compliment with a bow.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that she will give TWO CONCERTS in the above Hall, the first on FRIDAY EVENING next, June 21st, to commence at Eight o'clock; the second on SATURDAY MORNING next, June 22nd, to commence at Three o'clock.

Vocalists: Madame Catherine Hayes and Mlle. Parepa, Madame Beati, Miss Marian Moss, Miss Rachel Gray, Mlle. Anne Whitty, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Gardoni, Signor Belletti, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, M. Ritter (who is expressly engaged for these Concerts); violin, M. Sainton; violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductors: Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Benedict.

Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved area, 5s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, and Hammond's, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co.'s 48 Cheapside; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Wieniawski, Gardoni, Blumenthal, Artot, Jules Lefort, and Herr Engel, on the 21st instant, at 13 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, at HERR ENGEL'S and M. LEFORT'S MATINEE MUSICALE.

Address, Herr Engel, 73 Baker Street.

SIGNOR PIATTI begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY MORNING, June 29th, 1861, at Campden House, Kensington (by the kind permission of F. Woolley, Esq.), to commence at Three o'clock.

Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Lablache, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Belart, Signor Solieri, Signor Delle Sedie, Signor F. Lablache, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madame Piatti; violin, M. Sainton; violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductors: Mr. Benedict and Signor Campana.

Single ticket, one guinea; family tickets (to admit four), three guineas. Tickets may be obtained at Signor Piatti's residence, No. 1 Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park; at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at the principal Musicsellers and Libraries.

JUNE 21ST.—HERR ENGEL'S CONCERT.—Full Particulars will be announced.

MR. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, St. James's Hall, MONDAY NEXT, June 24th, at which all the following phalanx of talent will appear:—

Titiens, Alboni, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa, Lemaire, Sainton-Dolby, Georgi, Mlle. Zinck (from Copenhagen), and Arabella Goddard, Giuglini, Gardoni, Belart, Belletti, Delle Sedie, Formes, Santley, Weiss, and Sims Reeves, Ole Bull, Wieniawski, Piatti, Arditi, and Lindsay Sloper, the Vocal Association (200) Voices, and full orchestra.

Immediate application for the few remaining Sofa and Balcony Stalls, 21s., and Reserved Seats, 10s. is solicited; Unreserved Seats in Area and Balcony, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—Orchestra and Chorus 150 Performers. TUESDAY EVENING, June 25th. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Weiss, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte, Mr. John Francis Barnett; violin, M. Ole Bull.

The Jupiter Symphony will be performed. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing Purcell's "Come if you dare." Mr. J. F. Barnett will perform Mendelssohn's Concerto (G minor). Conductor, Dr. Wylde.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Conductor, Dr. WYLDE.—The LAST CONCERT of the present Season will take place at St. James's Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, June 17th, at Eight o'clock; the PUBLIC REHEARSAL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 15th, at half-past Two, when will be performed Beethoven's Grand Eroica Symphony and other works.

Programme:—Overture, Fidelio (Beethoven); concerto, pianoforte, John Francis Barnett; aria, Herr Formes (Mozart); aria, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (Spohr); Eroica Symphony (Beethoven); aria with chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean," the solos by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (Mozart); concerto for violin, Herr Wieniawski (Mendelssohn); duet, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Formes (Rossini); overture, "Men of Prometheus" (Beethoven).

Tickets for the Public Rehearsal, stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s., 3s., 1s. For the Concert, sofa chairs, 10s. 6d.; balcony, reserved, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s.; other tickets, 3s., 1s.; to be had of Cramer and Co, 201 Regent Street; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Leader and Cock, No. 63 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL ART UNION.—SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY MORNING, June 20th. Vocalist, Mlle. Parepa; Pianoforte Concerto, Schumann (Herr Pauer); Overture (Bach); Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven). Orchestra of Members. Conductor, Mr. Klindworth.

Third Concert, FRIDAY EVENING, July 5th. Requiem Cherubini, &c. with Choir.

MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—SEVENTH WEEK. "OLD FRIENDS," and part of "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG."

Mr. Fred. Penna will give his New and Popular Entertainment, EVERY EVENING at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Pianoforte, Mad. PENNA.

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THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 19th, at Eight.—LAST PERFORMANCE this SEASON.—Artists: Mlle. Anna Whitty, Mlle. Koch (from the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic), Miss Stahlbach, Miss Jessie Cole, and Miss Messent. Pianoforte, Miss Alice Mangold; also Signor Belletti, Signor Belard, Signor J. Garcia, and Herr Dalle Aste; harp, Mr. Aptommas; Choir of 200 Voices. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Sofa or balcony, 5s.; reserved area or balcony, 3s.; unreserved, 1s. each, at St. James's Hall.

DECIDED HIT, AND CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
SCHWEITZER SANGER GESELLSCHAFT.

SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—These pleasing and highly interesting Concerts will be repeated every Evening at Eight, and every Afternoon at Three.

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*** Great success, and crowded houses.

HERR RUMANN MULLER, from Glasgow, begs to inform his Patrons and Friends that he has ARRIVED for the Season.

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Communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street.

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On the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of AUGUST next, under the especial patronage of Her most gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

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Reviews.

"*In Paradiso*"—song, words by MAD. WOLFENBERGER, music by HENRY HILES (Ashdown and Parry).

"What uncommonly queer people those Newcomes are"—said the Marquis of Farintosh to his friends at White's. "I give you my honour, there was a fellow at Lady Anne's whom they call Clive, who is a painter by trade—his uncle is a preacher, his father is a horse-dealer, and his aunt lets lodgings and cooks the dinner"—(*The Newcomes*, vol. 2, page 43). What uncommonly queer people are these manufacturers of drawing-room music. We pledge you our honour, dear reader, that here is a song with an Italian title-page, English words, Irish music, a German poet, and publishers who reside in Hanover Square, and let their first floor for an "institute."

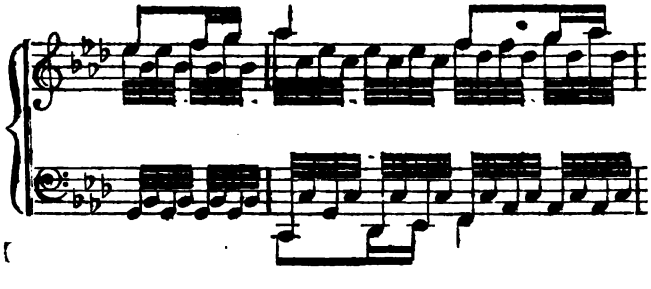
"*Une Nuit d'Eté*"—*mélodie impromptu*; "*Rippling waters*"—characteristic piece—by SIDNEY SMITH (Ashdown and Parry).

Why the first of these bagatelles should be styled "impromptu," the second "characteristic," and not the second "impromptu," and the first "characteristic;" or why either should be called both, or both either, it would be hard to decide. Both bear the evidence of careful preparation, and therefore neither can have been improvised; neither has a spark of originality, and therefore both are without claim to be termed "characteristic." What stands for "*Rippling waters*," might just as well stand for "*Nuit d'Eté*," and what stands for "*Nuit d'Eté*" might just as well stand for "*Rippling waters*." One, it is true, has a French, the other an English title; one is composed "by," the other "*par*" Sydney Smith; and therein lies the difference. The long and short of the matter is that both are very neatly written "songs without words," by no means too long, and by no means too short.

"*The Bay of Biscay*"—*fantasia*—by RICARDO LINTER (Ashdown and Parry).

The introduction to this *fantasia* is an uninteresting jumble of finger-passages. The air, the venerable "Bay of Biscay" (of course), is boldly set, although objection may be taken to the following:—

There is a passage in the first variation which Steibelt, Woelfl, or even Dussek might have (may have?) written:—



The second variation is energetic but somewhat rough-hewn. As a whole, this *fantasia* is decidedly not without cleverness.

"*Midnight*"—romance; "*Whisperings of the Breeze*"—characteristic piece—by JOHN ASPINWALL (Ashdown and Parry).

We object to "*Midnight;*" we object to "*Whisperings of the Breeze;*" we object to "characteristic piece." Why such catachrestical titles? Why "characteristic" when there is nothing characterized? Mr. Aspinwall, in his turn (if he has a dictionary), might object that "catachrestical" is a far-fetched synonyme, for for-fetched; and that we had better have written "far-fetched" than "catachrestical." His objection would hold good. Well, then,—why such far-fetched titles? Why "*Midnight?*" Why "*Whisperings?*" Why "*of the Breeze?*" Why not Moonshine? Why not Mutterings? Why not "of the Dale?"—Coleville of the Dale?—who, being "of the Dale," yielded him to Sir John Falstaff. Why not, in short, "much ado about" little melody? This last would precisely suit "*Whisperings of the Dale*"—we beg pardon, "of the breeze," which is scarcely anything more than an elegant series of arpeggios. Mr. Aspinwall would do better to go in search of a genuine melody than employ such ingenuity and diligence in dressing up a sham one. "*Moonshi*"—we beg pardon, "*Midnight*," is just as cleverly written as its companion, and shows strong feeling, too; but, on the other hand, it is sombre, monotonous, and destitute of originality.

Grand Triumphal March—composed by W. H. BIRCH. (Author—Amersham).

"Grand" is a grand word; "triumphal" is a triumphal word; "march" is a plain word. Mr. Birch's composition is neither "grand" nor "triumphal." It is a plain march, and there's an end—no, there is *not* an end. Mr. Birch's march is very like the old tune of "The Vicar of Bray," which Mr. William Chappell will persist in calling not merely an old tune, but *an English* tune. (We have no doubt he has arguments; and our columns are always open to arguments.) The trio too (if our memory fails not) is like something of Mendelssohn, and (if our memory fails not) in the same key (F sharp minor); but as we cannot say exactly *what* piece of Mendelssohn it is like in the

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same key, we must give Mr. Birch the advantage of a "doubt." Enough that his march is not only a plain march, but a spirited march. That it lacks originality is a pity; but Mr. Birch cannot reasonably be blamed for want of originality. Beethoven was original; but who knows why? He would not, however, notwithstanding his originality, have written down the following:—

"*Freundschaft und Liebe*"—two solos for piano—by EMIL KUNSTLER. (Chappell & Co.)

Mendelssohn and water. Herr Kunstler must have been haunted by "the first violet" (page 6, line 5, bars 1, 2), and other Mendelssohnian inspirations.

The Operas.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Adelina Patti has killed *Guillaume Tell*—we mean the success of *La Sonnambula* has been so great, as to necessitate the withdrawal of Rossini's masterpiece. Well, let us not grumble. We have had *Guillaume Tell* performed already seven times this season, and are likely to have it performed two or three times more. Ten representations of one opera in a season is of very rare occurrence. The second performance of the *Barbiere* on Saturday showed Mario again in delightful voice, and warbling the "golden couplets" of Almaviva like a nightingale—a Rossini-ol. Being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded in every part, although the *Barbiere* is not so great a favourite with the fashionables as the *Trovatore*—a thing hardly to be accounted for, since Count Almaviva is the very pearl of a gentleman, while Manrico neither musically nor dramatically is gentle in any way. Perhaps the Troubadour is preferred because of the contrast he presents to themselves in placidity and graciousness of bearing. Manrico may have the same fascination for the ladies which the Gypsy Guitarist had some years ago at Norwood. We cannot think, nevertheless, that the music of "Di quella pira" can exercise the same power over sensitive minds as that of "Ecco ridente."

On Monday *La Sonnambula* again, as attractive as ever, with Mlle. Patti ravishing one half the house, and converting the other half, who had gone to hear her, sceptical as to all the reports about her, and now had to enrol themselves among her most enthusiastic admirers. Signor Tiberini is almost entirely extinguished in the dazzling brightness of the young and ardent *prima donna*.

The third of Mad. Grisi's "Farewell performances" took place on Tuesday, when the *Huguenots* was given for the first time this season. We have heard more complete and powerful performances of Meyerbeer's grand work, but Mario's splendid singing, and more than magnificent acting, would have made amends for a thousand times greater drawbacks. His voice had all its pristine beauty and charm—and what voice was ever like it for quality and sympathy of tone?—and he seemed to have gained a renewal or super addition of strength, if we may judge from the force and volume he displayed in the septet in the duel scene. The duet with Valentine (Act 4), however, is Mario's crowning achievement; and here literally he created a furor, and the plaudits rained upon him so thick that he was compelled to appear twice before the curtain—with Mad. Grisi, of course—before it could be appeased. Mad. Grisi, nevertheless, did not allow the great tenor to monopolize all the applause, but won them for *Valentine* individually, when no Raoul was present. It would be impossible for Mad. Grisi to go through a performance without indicating that power and genius which have long placed her name highest among modern dramatic singers. Valentine, though not vocally suited to her style, is, on the whole, after Norma, Semiramide and Lucrezia (we might name perhaps Anna Bolena), her grandest achievement. Here and there—now unfortunately more than ever—the music is too high for her; but, generally speaking, the part is one in which her means and her talents find ample scope for display. The audience, determined to let no consideration interfere with the current of their sympathies, applauded their old favourite vehemently in every scene, and took no cognisance of shortcomings.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho makes one of the most brilliant of Queens, and Mad. Nantier-Didiée one of the most effective of pages; while M. Faure sustains the character of St. Bris with dignity and power, and Signor Polonini does all he can to allow the mantle of Signor. Tagliafico to fall becomingly on his shoulders in the part of Nevers. The Marcel of M. Zelger has been eulogised more than once in these pages; but why the part should not have been given to Herr Formes, who reckons it among his most powerful achievements, baffles surmise.

The band and chorus were unusually excellent, and the "Rataplan" chorus, this time, thanks to the correct singing of Signor Lucchesi, who sang the solos, escaped the customary sibillation.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The performances of Italian opera which for some time past have been advertised to take place at this elegant little theatre—under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, late factotum of Mr. E. T. Smith—commenced on Saturday night. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, given, so far as the principal singers were concerned, in such a manner as left nothing to desire. This will be readily understood when it is added that Mlle. Titiens was Leonora, Mad. Alboni, Azucena, Signor Giuglini, Manrico, and M. Gassier, Ferrando; while the part of the Conte di Luna was undertaken by a new barytone—Signor Delle Sedie, who created so favourable an impression at one of the recent concerts of the Philharmonic Society. An orchestra of some 45 performers, conducted by Signor Arditi, and a chorus of average strength, materially aided the effect of the representation, which was further enhanced by a "*mise en scène*" that would have done credit to any theatre.

About the *Trovatore* itself we need say nothing. By this time it is almost as well known to frequenters of the Opera as the *Barbiere di Siviglia* or *Don Giovanni*, and if its popularity should happen to prove as enduring as it has been sudden, the critics of "the future" will be justified in allotting it a place by the side of those undisputed masterpieces—as a work that (if nothing more) has outlived the "fashion" of the period at which it was originally produced. Nor is it requisite to devote a column to the performance of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, seeing that the Leonora of the one and the Manrico of the other are, to the musical world of this metropolis, "familiar as household words"—the result of an experience to which the "four seasons" have, almost in an equal measure, contributed. Since the operatic waters were first troubled by Mr. E. T. Smith, it is difficult to state specifically at what precise period of the year Mlle. Titiens has *not*, from time to time, been singing (magnificently) "Tacea la notte," and Signor Giuglini pouring out his vocal soul, with outstretched arms, to the melting strains of "Ah! si ben mio." No more, then, will be expected from us than a simple record of the fact that on Saturday night Mlle. Titiens—singing and acting her very best—once again triumphantly proclaimed herself the most superb Leonora, without a single exception, that the Anglo-Italian stage has witnessed; that Signor Giuglini never sang the music of Verdi's romantic and inexplicable hero with greater sweetness end expression; and that the efforts of both accomplished artists were never more thoroughly appreciated or more enthusiastically applauded. Far less familiar to the operatic public, but equal and in some respects superior to either, was the Azucena of Mad. Alboni. It has been too persistently maintained that the music given to the Gipsy—"that inauspicious and ghastly woman" (*vide* English *libretto*)—can only properly be "screamed;" but it is the privilege of Mad. Alboni to vindicate

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the reputation of Signor Verdi, by showing that the music of Azucena may be *sung*—and sung, moreover, with as much ease as if it had proceeded straight from the fluent and graceful pen of Rossini himself. Mad. Alboni, indeed, both sings and declaims the part of Azucena to perfection. Not merely in the unaffectedly melodious phrases of "Stride la vampa," and "Si la stanchezza," does she illustrate the truth, that in the mouth of a genuine mistress of the art of singing every phrase intended for the voice becomes naturally "vocal," but even when (as in the scene where Azucena narrates her adventures to Manrico) each successive phrase is declamatory, she manages so to temper declamation with the element of vocal expression, that her performance never ceases to be purely and absolutely *musical*. For this reason alone it is calculated to exercise a charm in which that of other artists of the highest rank—not excluding Mad. Viardot, who exhibits with such terrible minuteness all the melodramatic peculiarities of the character—has been more or less wanting. Signor Delle Sedie made a good impression as the Conte di Luna, especially in the romance, "Il balen," which, though robbed of its native simplicity by a slight excess of ornament, he sang otherwise remarkably well, amply meriting the encore that, as a matter of course (when was "Il balen" *not* encored?), he obtained. The other encores were for the "Miserere" (Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini)—an irreproachable performance in every respect—and "Ah! si ben mio," which Signor Giuglini gave with true and refined expression. A more efficient representative of the subordinate, but by no means unimportant, part of Ferrando than M. Gassier has not been witnessed. At the end of each act the principal singers were recalled.

After the opera the National Anthem was given—the solo verses by Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Alboni. The house was well attended.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with a cast nothing inferior to that of the *Trovatore*, comprising Mlle. Titiens as Leonora, Mad. Alboni as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini as Gennaro, and M. Gassier as the Duke. It is not necessary to go through a performance so well known, nor point out its many striking features, such as Mlle. Titien's transcendent singing of the air "M'odi, ah! M'odi;" Alboni's *Brindisi*, one of the most perfect vocal efforts ever listened to (of course encored); Signor Giuglini's pathetic singing of the tender and graceful music of Gennaro, just suited to his style; and the very admirable singing and acting throughout of M. Gassier. No wonder indeed that the house was crowded in every part; no wonder that the favouritism was divided between the two ladies; and still less a wonder that the audience were enchanted from first to last. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Thursday for the second and last time.

This evening Verdi's last opera *Un ballo in Maschera* is announced with a cast, including the names of Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini and Delle Sedie and M. Gassier. Next week, therefore, we shall be enabled to state how far Signor Verdi has succeeded in obliterating all recollections of Auber's *Gustavus the Third*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Although the series is now drawing rapidly to a close, there being but two more concerts to complete the present season, the public interest in no way diminishes, nor is there any falling off in the enterprise and judgment which have all along so strongly characterised these entertainments. No sooner has M. Vieuxtemps abdicated the post of leader, which he had so honourably maintained ever since the beginning of the year, than he is succeeded by M. Wieniawski, also a fiddler of the very highest pretensions, further attraction being, moreover, added in the shape of a fresh pianist, M. Nicholas Rubinstein, who made his first appearance here on Monday last, and performed Beethoven's "Sonata appassionata," and was recalled. The programme was selected from the works of Beethoven, and, in addition to the sonata, included the Quintet in C major, Op. 29; the quartet in F major (No. 1, Op. 59); and trio in B flat major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 97)—the latter for the first time here, being the sixth and last of Beethoven's pianoforte trios—dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph. M. Wieniaski, who was received with great enthusiasm, was ably seconded by Messrs. Ries, Webb, Hann, and Piatti. Mr. Sims Reeve's singing of the exquisite "Lieder Kreis," and elegant ariettes, "The Savoyard" and "Stolen kiss," produced the accustomed impression.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The seventh concert took place on Monday last, when the following programme was given:—

"PART I.—Sinfonia Eroica (Beethoven); Romanza, "Perchè dell' aure" (Torquato Tasso) (Donizetti); Concerto, violoncello (Kraft); Aria, "Quì la voce" (I Puritani) (Bellini); Overture (Ruler of the Spirits) (Weber).

"PART II.—Sinfonia in A major, No. 2 (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society) (Mendelssohn); Cavatina, "Largo al factotum" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Concerto in C minor, pianoforte (Beethoven); Duet, "Dunque io son" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Overture (Figaro) (Mozart). Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett."

A magnificent instrumental selection, with one exception, though for some ears somewhat too familiar. The violoncello solo was entirely out of place, and was utterly bad. Signor Pezze, a capital executant, did all he could to render it agreeable to the audience, but to no purpose. The effect of the performance was a decided inclination to somnolency. In fact, Kraft's concerto is a work of little Kraft, by which we do not mean Kraft fils. Had the pianoforte concerto been placed where the violoncello concerto was, and the latter eliminated from the programme, an immense advantage would have been gained. Moreover, the directors departed from their usual routine by the introduction of two concertos into one scheme. The pianoforte concerto was played by Mr. J. F. Barnett with great power and expression, and elicited cheers from all parts of the hall. No success could be more decided or better deserved. The singers were Signora Guerrabella and Signor Delle Sedie. The lady had been heard before in London, but not in so public an arena as the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. She gave the air from the *Puritani* with considerable boldness of style and dramatic energy, and evidently made a "hit." Signora Guerrabella's proper theatre, nevertheless, we fancy, would be the stage, where her forcible manner and vigour would find ample scope for display. Signor Delle Sedie gave the romanza from Donizetti's opera with remarkable finish and a command of the upper tones very unusual in a baritone. We did not altogether fancy him in the air from the *Barber*, nor did the duet from the same opera exhibit both artists in the most attractive light. The last concert is announced to take place on the 24th instant.

MAD. LAURA BAXTER'S CONCERT.—This annual entertainment took place in St. James's Hall, which was crowded in eveys part. According to custom, Mad. Baxter provided an excellern selection of music, vocal and instrumental. Her own performances were, of course, among the special attractions of the prot gramme. Mad. Baxter, by the aid of rich natural endowment and assiduous study, has won for herself a conspicuous position before the public—in sacred music no less than in secular (as her recent performances at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society have shown), taking honourable rank among the most cultivated singers of the day. On the present occasion, she gave ample scope to her talent, wisely eschewing Italian "cavatinas" and "cabalettas," those rocks upon which our native vocalists too often "go to pieces." Mr. Henry Smart's "Estelle," a song of the most elevated beauty, the elegant ballad "By the sad sea waves," from Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Brides of Venice*, and the simple national melody of "Home, sweet home," were her solo performances. With the character of each of these she proved herself thoroughly conversant, in each awakening the sympathy and eliciting the unanimous plaudits of her audience. "Estelle" (which is almost as long as it is beautiful) was received with the utmost favour, and both the ballads were encored. Mad. Baxter also joined in some concerted pieces, two of which (a trio from the opera of *Falstaff*, and a duet, "The sailor sighs," the compositions of Mr. Balfe) were particularly admired. In the trio Mad. Baxter was associated with Mlle. Parepa and Mad. Weiss; in the duet (which was encored) she enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. Sims Reeves. The other principal singers were Mlle. Parepa, who gave the laughing song from Auber's *Manon*

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L'Escaut, and a brilliant air from Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* (accompanied by the composer), in the last of which she was encored; Mad. Louisa Vinning, whose "Batti, batti" afforded general satisfaction; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, who gave Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart" with excellent effect; Mad. Weiss, who, in selecting Mozart's "Non più di fiori," evinced both ambition and good taste; Mr. Weiss, who was eminently successful in Mr. Wallace's very popular "Bellringer;" Mr. Allan Irving, whose "Della vita" (Mercadante) would have been still more welcome earlier in the evening; and Mr. Sims Reeves, whose "Fra poco," about the unrivalled beauties of which we need say nothing, was redemanded with enthusiasm, and who, in an unaffectedly charming new ballad by Mr. Balfe (accompanied by the composer), called "Fresh as a rose," which he gave with perfect and genuine expression, was similarly honoured—in the first instance judiciously declining, in the last (which he could not well, under the circumstances, avoid) readily accepting the compliment. The instrumentalists were Miss Matilda Baxter, a talented and improving pianist, who played Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, and Wallace's *fantasia* on "Robin Adair" with entire success; and Herr Lidel, who, in addition to a solo on his own instrument, joined Miss Matilda Baxter in a duet by Osborne and De Beriot, with which the concert was auspiciously inaugurated. Besides Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, Messrs. George Lake, Walter Macfarren, and S. Noble assisted as accompanists at the pianoforte, the last-named gentleman, a very admirable organist, giving solos by Handel and Bach at the end of the first and second parts.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's Concerts.—These interesting performances were closed on Tuesday evening with most gratifying success. The very fine pianoforte quintet of Dussek, with its many anticipations of the characteristics, and even the ideas of later composers, began the concert. This admirable specimen of an excellent writer was first revived by Mr. J. W. Davison, at some concerts given by him in conjunction with Mr. G. A. Macfarren—many will recollect them—at Chappell's pianoforte rooms, in 1843; it has been occasionally reproduced since then, but is not half so much heard as its merits entitle it. Miss Banks then sang Mozart's surpassingly beautiful Rondo, "Or che in ciel," and, later in the evening, E. J. Loder's "Invocation to the deep," one of the very best of his charming vocal compositions. A prominent feature in the programme was Beethoven's fantasia, Op. 77, a work exemplifying all the best and strongest characteristics of the master, but which, strange to say, has never till now been played in public in London. To the alternate humour, pathos, fire, playfulness, and tenderness of this eminently interesting piece, no less than to its great mechanical difficulties, Mr. Walter Macfarren did ample justice in his execution, and he has thus the merit, not only of having been the first to present it to the notice of our dilettanti of the highest class of pianoforte music, but of having presented it in such a manner as fully to reveal its measureless beauty. After this, Miss Palmer sang Mr. G. A. Macfarren's setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams," with such intense feeling, such power of declamation, and such genuine expression, as greatly to surpass even her best performances. A MS. sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, of Mr. Walter Macfarren, is a work of real power, clear in phraseology, perspicuous in plan, excellently written for both instruments, and highly effective throughout. The composer had the utmost advantage in its performance, in the collaboration of Signor Piatti, who played his very conspicuous part with a zeal that showed he fully felt the pretensions of the composition, and fully determined to impress them on his hearers. In Beethoven's trio in D, with this pre-eminent artist and Mr. Blagrove,—and in three solos of his own,—"May Morn," "Mariana," (a singularly felicitous specimen of his talent,) and "The Mountain Stream"—Mr. Walter Macfarren amply sustained the high ground as a pianist he has taken throughout this series of concerts. After the fantasia of Beethoven, he was unanimously recalled, and at the close of each movement of his own sonata, and at the conclusion of the whole, he was cordially applauded. The Hanover Square Rooms were fully attended, and many of the chief professors now in London were among the audience.

Mlle. Caroline Valentin's Concert.—Mlle. Valentin gave her annual morning concert, as usual, in the Hanover-square Rooms. There was a numerous and fashionable audience, and the programme was one of well-varied attraction, containing an agreeable admixture of the "classical" and "popular" schools. Mlle. Valentin still progresses as a pianist; and that her ambition keeps pace with her talent was evident in her selection of pieces. Beethoven's sonata in F minor, Op. 57, which some enthusiast (not Beethoven) christened *Sonata A passionata*, is a difficult and honourable task even for the most experienced performer; the *finale* to Weber's first sonata (Op. 24), in another sense, is not less trying; yet both these famous pieces were essayed by Mlle. Valentin with an ardour that did her credit, and executed with a spirit that showed how thoroughly she was in earnest. Beethoven's melodious and graceful sonata in F. (Op. 24), for piano and violin, was another ordeal to go through, the successful issue of which, however, depended rather on the gift of expression than on that of mechanical facility. In this beautiful duet Mlle. Valentin enjoyed the co-operation of M. Ole Bull, who gave quite a new reading to several passages, and whose subdued playing in the accompaniments evinced a spirit of fairness which was thoroughly appreciated by his associate. A duet for piano and violoncello, by "Goltermann," in which she had the valuable assistance of M. Paque, Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor (Op. 66—a posthumous work), and one of M. Stephen Heller's most animated tarantellas, made up the sum total of Mlle. Valentin's contributions to her own programme. Her reading of the pieces by Chopin and Heller proved her sympathy with and thorough knowledge of the music of those composers, as well as her discrimination in choosing the best examples of their respective styles. Thus, Mlle. Valentin cannot be accused of chariness in administering to the entertainment of her patrons, who warmly recognized her indefatigable zeal, and by their repeated applause rendered full justice to her ability. The other instrumental solos were a fantasia on the violoncello by M. Paque, and Paganini's "Di tanti palpiti," on the violin, by M. Ole Bull—each in its way a remarkable exhibition of skill. There was vocal music, and to spare. Among other good things, we may notice Mad. Rieder's "Ombre legère," "Sie ist mein" (Curschmann), by Mlle. Elvira Behrens; "Oft in the stilly night," by Mr. George Perren; a German *lied*, by Herr Hermanns; an air from Handel, by Miss Rachel Gray (a promising young beginner); and last, not least, two graceful canzonets by the late Signor Gordigiani, sung to perfection by Miss Palmer, who also gave "Swifter far than summer's flight" with a poetical expression deserving of the highest praise. Few singers have made more rapid progress of late years than Miss Palmer, and few by more artistically legitimate means. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Herr Wilhelm Ganz (himself an excellent pianist), M. Gëts, and Mr. Sidney Smith. The entire concert afforded satisfaction—and with reason.

Mr. Hatton's Concert took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, and was altogether a brilliant and novel affair, The brilliancy may be gathered from the names of the singers and instrumentalists, which comprised, amongst others, Mlle. Parepa, Miss Ransford, Mad. Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Palmer, Miss Marian Moss, Miss Banks, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Herr Rubinstein (piano), Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), and Herr Lidel (violoncello). The novelty consisted in the introduction of several new songs and ballads, the composition of the concert-giver. Miss Arabella Goddard had been announced in the programme, but at the last moment, in consequence of indisposition, the fair artist's place had to be supplied by Herr Rubinstein. Mr. Hatton's new contributions included song, "Save father on the Sea," composed for Miss Palmer, and sung by her; ballad, 'I'm conquered by thee," written for Mr. Sims Reeves, sung by him, and encored; Song, "Spirit-rapping," written for Miss Poole, and sung by her; ballad, "Voice of the western wind," composed for Mr. Santley, sung by him, and encored. Mr. Hatton always finds admirers in a mixed audience. His melody is native, and to the manner born; he is a downright John Bull composer, and his songs have a Sirloin smack in them. Hence the enthusiasm his new offerings excited on Tuesday evening, when nine tenths of them were encored, which unfortunately had the effect of prolonging the already too elongated programme beyond all reasonable

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bounds. We may select the "Adelaida" of Mr. Sims Reeves (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Hatton, in lieu of Miss Arabella Goddard), Benedict's "Take this lute," by Mlle. Parepa (encored), as the vocal gems of the concert. The hall was not so crowded as from the attraction of the programme might have been anticipated.

M. SAINTON'S SOIREES.—Although these entertainments, from their nature and their excellence, are sure to be attractive, the distinguished violinist does not fail to present special features for consideration. At the second soirée the 16th quartet of Beethoven in A minor was given. The wonders of the posthumous compositions of Beethoven have been somewhat discoursed of by many writers during late years, and we do not intend to travel a road so well worn by the feet of earnest and zealous pilgrims; suffice it to say that the 16th quartet is a representative of them all, presenting sublimity, power, and beauty to the minds of those "who have ears to hear," and is not less characteristic of its time in being a stumbling block to the silly, and a puzzle to all who desire a royal road to the formation of a musical taste. The executants at the entire series have been MM. Sainton, Bezeth, Doyle, and Piatti—a quartet of indubitable excellence—with Mad. Piatti as pianist, who showed great talent, neatness in playing, and a remarkably unaffected manner. Mad. Sainton, we need hardly say, was the vocalist, and revived an air of Handel's disgracefully neglected opera *Il Radamasto*, which is not only Handel in every bar, but seems (like many others of his songs) to have been written with special reference to Mad. Sainton's genius. The fair artist also sang a new song by Blumenthal, "The days that are no more," of unquestioned excellence, and the well-known and always acceptable "Sleep, dearest, sleep," of Randegger.

At the fourth and last concert, given on Wednesday last, the following programme was given:—Quartet, Op. 41, No. 3 (Schumann); Song, "Der Wanderer" (Schubert); Trio in G minor (Marschner); Quartet in E minor, No. 8 (Beethoven); Solos, Pianoforte, *a* (S. Heller), *b* Fantasia (Chopin); Solo, Violoncello "Il Trovatore" (!) (Piatti). The quartets were superbly executed, the adagio and finale of Beethoven's exhibiting the genius of the first violinist in every bar. The trio of Marschner is free from pretension in manner, and is clever enough to surprise any one unacquainted with his instrumental works. M. Hallé's playing was in keeping with the high-class performance of all other artists. Herr Dalle Aste was not able to exhibit his considerable powers of voice and singing to a "proper extent," as he was suffering from cold. We hope to hear him when he recovers. The rooms were full of an audience of connoisseurs.

MESSRS. LOUIS AND ADOLPH RIES gave their evening concert on Wednesday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to a crowded audience. Mr. Louis Ries has long distinguished himself as a player of a superior order, and his services as second violin at the Monday Popular Concerts have been of the highest value. Mr. Adolph Ries, though less before the public, is, nevertheless, as a pianoforte player, an artist of acknowledged merit, and the solos he introduced, Chopin's Nocturno, Op. 32, and "Les Arpèges" of Kullak, Op. 89, were both rendered with extreme finish and neatness. Mr. Louis Ries contributed a couple of solos — a reverie and rondino of H. Vieuxtemps,—both charmingly played, and the duo of Thalberg and De Beriot on the *Huguenots*, combined the talent of the brothers. The remaining instrumental pieces were a trio (MS.) for the pianoforte violin and violoncello, by A. Ries; the grand quintet by F. Ries, and a quintuor of Robert Schumann, to which Messrs. Deichmann, R. Blagrove, W. H. Hann, and E. Vieuxtemps, lent their able assistance. Miss Augusta Thomson sang the air "Pouvoir du chant," from Auber's *Circassienne*, and M. De Fontanier contributed two songs "Behold the western evening light" (A Ries), and "Le Torrador" (D'Adhéman). The vocalists also joined in two duos from *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and the duet "Di Cappricci," from *L'Italiana in Algeri*.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS, one of our most fashionable professors of the vocal art, gave a *soirée* at her residence, 50 Bedford Square, on Friday, the 7th, and a *matinée* on the 8th, being assisted in the two by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Tennant, Herr Hermanns, and Mr. Sims Reeves as vocalists, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Mad. R. S. Pratten, and M. Paque as instrumentalists. Mrs. Andrews, who has a very charming *mezzo soprano* voice, and indicates a good school in her singing, did not adventure upon a single solo in either concert, but joined in duets, trios, and quartets with the other singers, therefore betokening a modesty unparalleled in a concert-giver. The great vocal hit of the *matinée* was Blumenthal's song, "The days that are no more," sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby; unless it might be "Come into the garden, Maude," by Mr. Sims Reeves. Miss Arabella Goddard played twice on both occasions, at the *soirée* supplying Heller's solo on Mendelssohn's "Songs' bright pinions," and Benedict's "Albion," both of which were encored, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" being substituted for the former, and "Where the Bée sucks," for the latter. At the *matinée* Miss Goddard joined M. Sainton and M. Paque in a trio by Spohr, and played Liszt's *Rigoletto fantasia*, in both achieving her customary laurels. To the above encores at the *soirée*, we must add a solo on the guitar by Mad. Pratten; Blumenthal's serenade, "An Evening Song," by Mr. Tennant; and Bishop's quartet, "Where art thou, beam of light?" sung by Mrs. Holman Andrews, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Hermanns. The rooms were filled on both occasions by a brilliant and fashionable auditory.

MISS MESSENT'S ANNUAL CONCERT was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday evening, the 7th. The lady's share of the programme comprised the aria, "Deh per questo," from the *Clemenza di Tito*; the old ballad, "My lodging is on the cauld ground;" and "The piper of Dundee," besides taking part in several concerted *Morceaux*. In all, the fair concert-giver was greatly successful, and displayed her varied talent to the utmost advantage, coming off with flying colours no less in the beautiful air from *Tito*, than in the old English ballad and the Scotch song. The singers with Miss Messent were Miss Eyles, Signora Beati, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Charles Braham and M. Jules Lefort; the instrumentalists, M. Nicolas Rubinstein and M. Wieniawski. Mr. Charles Braham, who is just entering on his new career as a barytone, sang the air "Il balen" from the *Trovatore* with great power of voice and breadth of delivery, and cannot fail to become a decided acquisition to the concert-room, sacred or secular. Signora Beati, a new importation from Milan, made a favourable impression, even with the drawback of extreme timidity. The conductors were Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. George Lake and Mr. Harold Thomas.

A MESMERIC CONCERT was given at Mr. Collard's Concert Rooms on Thursday last. A *willing* influence was present on that occasion beyond all doubt, for the performers gave gratuitous service. A slight demur arose at the commencement. The music had *not* been "willed," and without it the artists could not proceed. Whilst voices were thus held in suspense, the fairy fingers of Miss Eleanor Ward played, not the *Fairies' Dance* of Parish Alvars, but *La danse des Sylphes* by the Emperor of French harpists, Felix Godefroid. Less than mesmeric influence was sufficient to bring the forgotten copies of music (and that they *were* forgotten may be excused under circumstances so unusual), and the concert proceeded. One professional gentleman took fright on seeing Dr. E——'s name on the tickets and withdrew, lest by any accident he should fall asleep, and thereby be prevented concluding his engagements for the season. Had Mr. T—— from Yorkshire walked in, or Dr. A—— been present, the whole room might have been in a state of somnambulism; but they were absent, and no power was exerted over a wakeful and fashionable audience but that of the performers. The Exhibition harp of 1851 showed its blue colours, and was touched by the hand of its energetic possessor, whose rich melodious tones would have awakened any sleepers, and destroyed any other magnetic influence by its own. The infirmary, for the benefit of which this concert was given, is doing much good in cases in which ordinary remedies seem to fail, and although mesmerism amongst the happily organised may provoke a smile, on those who require its aid it works marvellously. We are glad that the "willed" artists gave their services so willingly on such an occasion.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL
(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY).

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

AT THE TWENTY-SECOND CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON,

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 24TH, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, will be selected from the Works of

VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

Pianoforte, M. THEODORE RITTER (his first and only appearance at these concerts this season);
Violin, M. WIENIAWSKI; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI.
Vocalists, Miss HELEN McLEOD, Mr. TENNANT, and Mr. SANTLEY.
Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.
The last Concert of the Season will take place on MONDAY, July 1st.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson; and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Chappell and Co. 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

THE SIXTH RECITAL will take place on

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 21st, 1861.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

Sonata in F major, Op. 54 (Beethoven).
Song,
Grand Sonata (Apasionata), in F minor Op. 57 (Beethoven).
(Interval of ten minutes).
Sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78 (Beethoven).
Song,
Sonata in G. major, Op. 79 (Beethoven)

Vocalist, Mr. SIMS REEVES. Pianoforte, Mr. CHAS. HALLE.
Accompanist, Mr. HAROLD THOMAS.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.
Tickets may be obtained at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; R. Ollivier's, 19 Old Bond Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

NOTICES.

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

THE destruction by fire of the Surrey Music Hall is one of those dreadful accidents which periodically befall our places of public amusement, and which seem alike to defy precaution and watchfulness. Within a few years we had to chronicle the burning of Covent Garden Theatre and St. Martin's Hall, and have now to add that of the very splendid building in the Surrey Gardens, devoted to music. In the present case, we believe, the cause of the conflagration is distinctly traced; and the smallest care, it would appear, on the part of the workmen who were occupied in repairing the roof, would have prevented the catastrophe. Generally, however, the cause remains concealed, or is only surmised. In the case of the Royal Italian Opera, conjecture was completely baffled; and to this day the burning down of that magnificent theatre continues a mystery. Is there any means of preventing these terrible occurrences? Must it be set down in the book of probabilities that any given theatre in London is doomed to share the fate of the Surrey Music Hall—say, once in twenty years? If this be correct calculation, and that there are twenty theatres in London, every year should have its conflagration, which, fortunately, is not the case, and which, no doubt, is owing to the superior providence of some managers over others, or to a better system of ventilation or fire-prevention adopted in the structure of the buildings. In any case, it behoves those who construct theatres, as well as those who watch over them, as far as lies in their power, specially to provide against accidents by fire. Where such inflammable materials as painted canvass and fragile wood-work are used, and brought into all but immediate contact with flickering jets of gas—as is the case in all theatres, and is unavoidable—it is really wonderful that accidents are so few, and proves that the midnight guardians of the temples must be wakeful at their posts. In the case of Her Majesty's Theatre a large tank of water surmounts the building, which is so arranged that the whole contents may be turned on to the interior of the house in a very few minutes. Such a body of liquid would no doubt extinguish summarily any ordinary fire, and would seem to be all that is required. Whether any other theatre has adopted the same plan we do not know. But we would recommend strongly the adoption of large cisterns, after the manner of that used in the Old Opera, not only in theatres, but in every building devoted to public amusement; in which case a single watchman, by the turn of a single cock, would be enabled to do the work of twenty fire-engines, and in ten times briefer space.

Poor Jullien! The Surrey Music Hall was one of his brightest day dreams. He, who always looked forward to the art enlightenment of the public, saw in the establishment of a music-hall in the somewhat barbaric regions of Walworth, Lambeth, the Boro', and Camberwell, a new field for his enterprise, a new theatre for his ambition, a new arena on which to carry out his boundless speculations for the advancement of music. No missionary with gospel in hand ever went to the Coast of Gold, or remotest Indian isle, to convert misbelievers, with purer intent or more fixed determination than Jullien to the farther side of the Thames, to regenerate the untaught hosts of Surreyland by means of good music. But "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and they who deserve most of fortune too often in the end come off the worst. Jullien gave up heart and soul to the establishment of the new Hall—as, indeed, was his nature, his instinct—and in an evil hour embarked in it all the hard and honourable earnings of many years. The Surrey Music Hall was inaugurated with every prospect of success. Soon, however, matters took an adverse change. Ill management, increase of expenditure, disagreement among the share-

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holders, improvidence of the director, and a brief career of bad luck, brought the speculation to bankruptcy. Jullien lost several thousand pounds, all he had in the world indeed, and, as far as money was concerned, was a ruined man. He bore up manfully, however, against the calamity, and displayed more energy and vigour than ever in stemming the torrent of adversity. It cannot be concealed, nevertheless, that the bankruptcy of the Surrey Music Hall planted the first nail in Jullien's coffin. He not only lost all his worldly estate, but his brightest vision had fled, his dearest hope was gone. And thus the Surrey Music Hall, in its moral ruin, engendered a far deeper calamity than in its physical annihilation. Insurance offices and shareholders may again raise the structure aloft to the skies, and endow it with new beauty and splendour; but what power can restore him who constituted its life and light, and without whom the Hall itself would have had neither locality nor a name!

It is gratifying to know that the building is largely insured, although by no means to the extent of covering the loss. The fears, too, have proved premature that the destruction of the Hall would involve the foregoing of many important concerts already announced, thereby throwing hundreds out of employment. This, we are glad, is provided against. A temporary building, we understand, has been erected, of hoarding, we may suppose, at the end of the supper-room, where the concerts will take place until the hall is rebuilt, and in which some *fêtes* on a prodigal scale will be given for the benefit of the proprietors. The weather, moreover, could not be more favourable; so that, notwithstanding the terrible disaster which has brought destruction on the hall, the musical season at the Surrey Gardens will not suffer total eclipse.

SIGNOR VERDI is the most fortunate of composers. Just when his *prestige* seemed to be on the wane, when his popularity appeared to totter beneath the new impetus given to good music; when the *Trovatore* was beginning to pall upon the public taste, and the *Traviata* was all but banished from the operatic repertory, comes a new work from his pen, which has already excited the greatest curiosity and interest, not merely on account of the value attached to it as a composition, but because the managers of the two Italian theatres have announced it for performance, and the music has been already made familiar to the visitors of Canterbury and Oxford Halls. *Un ballo in Maschera*, Signor Verdi's last opera—and, as some say, his best—was one of the special novelties which figured in Mr. Gye's prospectus this season; and, therefore, if priority of announcement constitute a claim, the Royal Italian Opera has the first right of production. The law of copyright, however, as it seems, does not affect the opera being given at another theatre; and as the director of Covent Garden has not been able, as we learn, to obtain the exclusive power of performance for his theatre, Mr. J. H. Mapleson, manager of the Lyceum Italian Opera, has also advertised the *Ballo in Maschera* for representation, and even takes precedence of Mr. Gye, since the opera is announced in the bills for to-night; whereas the Royal Italian performance does not take place until Thursday. Here, then, we have two *impresarii* of Italian opera openly contesting for the honour of laying Verdi's latest inspiration before the public, and expending all the resources of their establishments on its production. The Covent Garden cast comprises, in the principal parts, Mesdames Penco, Miolan-Carvalho, and Nantier-Didiée; Sigs. Mario, Graziani Tagliafico, and M. Zelger; that of the Lyceum, Mlle. Titiens, Mesdames Gassier and Lemaire, Sigs. Giulini, Delle Sedie, and M. Gassier; two powerful lists of names, and which demonstrates how worthily considered the opera must be in the minds of the directors.

Sig. Verdi is now, in reality, the hero of the opera, and his old influence is about to be renewed. Once more must the star of Mozart and Rossini grow pale in the dazzling glare of young Italy's composer, and a second *Trovatore* furor be created. It might be desired, however, that Sig. Verdi had essayed his talent on any other subject than that which had originated one of the most undoubted *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French school. In selecting *Gustavus the Third; or, the Masked Ball*, already hallowed by the genius of Auber, the Italian composer acted unwisely; since he brought his music into direct competition with that of one who was a far greater master and a more inspired writer than himself, and could hope to obtain little profit from the comparison. Is it possible that Signor Verdi ever entertained the idea of making the world forget Auber's opera through his own? Perhaps he remembered how Rossini's *Barbiere* had entirely obliterated that of Paesiello, and fancied his *Ballo in Maschera* would do the same by Auber's *Masked Ball*. Or can it be possible that Signor Verdi knows nothing of the opera of *Gustave*, and had no "compunctious visitings" when the book was presented to him by some enthusiastic music publisher? This, indeed, would constitute his fairest excuse; since, to fancy he could go calmly and hopefully to work after an attentive hearing of Auber's music, is impossible. Nay, is it not more likely that, after listening to the divinely melodious opening chorus, he would have dashed down the *libretto* in despair, and cried aloud, "This, indeed, is beyond the scope of my inspiration, and I shall not attempt to rival it?"

We do not seek, in these remarks, to disparage or underrate the composer of *Rigoletto*. We shall be delighted to hear a new opera from his pen, satisfied that from it alone we can hope to obtain anything, now-a-days, veritably original. If Sig. Verdi were deposed, it would only be to make room for some one without a tithe of his inspiration, and no part of his dramatic power. Therefore, if we are to have *novelty*, let us seek to procure it from a quarter where we are certain to gain something with which we had no previous acquaintance. The general public, after all, are not such fools; and Sig. Verdi's long-ending popularity proves incontestably not only that he possesses qualities which no other composer possesses, but that to him belongs the still rarer quality of interesting and exciting in an eminent degree. And so we, too, as well as the *profanum vulgus*, will be right glad to hear a new work which has emanated from his fertile pen.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The abandonment of the Leeds Festival has undoubtedly caused much local disappointment; and that the matter is not merely one of provincial interest is, I think, fully proved by the space which has been devoted to the subject in your own valuable journal. Your observation respecting Dr. Bennet's position with reference to the Festival is perfectly correct; and I have no doubt that if that distinguished gentleman had interposed so far as to express

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a decided opinion on the matter in dispute, we should have heard no more of the disagreement between the Committee and Mr. Burton—*not* (as you write in your P. S. to Mr. J. W. Atkinson's excellent letter) "the squabbles between Messrs. Spark and Burton." It seems to me to be scarcely consistent with ordinary notions of fair play to endeavour to make Mr. Spark responsible for the offences of others. What I mean is simply this—there is *no* dispute between Mr. Spark and Mr. Burton respecting the Festival. The difference is *entirely* between Mr. Burton and the Committee; and after Mr. Atkinson's emphatic statement—and he is one of the Hon. Secs. of that Committee—that the question is not one between Mr. Burton and Mr. Spark, I think that the reiterated assertion that it is merely a squabble between Messrs. Spark and Burton should never have been made. Mr. Spark, indeed, offered to make any reasonable concession, *if there was* anything in dispute between himself and others concerned in the matter. But the same malignant and blighting influence which has more or less dried up the vitality of all other musical enterprise in Leeds, appears to have once more cast its baneful glance over a project which all concerned ought to have furthered to the best of their ability. Mr. Spark is a hard-working man; and after many years' diligent and most successful labours at the head of various musical societies in Leeds (including the Madrigal and Motet, the Philharmonic, the People's Concerts, the Musical Union, &c.), his friends are greatly surprised that you should make the question of a Leeds Festival depend on a supposed dispute between Mr. Burton and him, particularly after Mr. Atkinson has satisfactorily shown that the abandonment of the Festival is due to a variety of circumstances, financial, political, and local; and that the dispute between Mr. Burton and the Committee is only *one* of those circumstances.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES J. DE MEURON,

Leeds, June 5th, 1861. *Trinity College, Dublin.*

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—In your able strictures upon the new Organ erected by Mr. Nicholson in the Cathedral and Parish Church of Manchester, there are one or two errors which I think it requisite to correct.

You remark that "the clergy of a cathedral who provide the money are entitled to a large share in the discussion." Now, it so happens that Mr. Nicholson's organ is erected on the portion of the church which belongs to the parish, and that its cost has been entirely defrayed by the parishioners; so that the clergy, who did not contribute at all to its erection, had no right whatever to interfere.

I believe your statement as to the "influences by which the existing arrangement" has been brought about are substantially correct; neither London nor local builders were allowed to compete, the order being unconditionally given to Mr. Nicholson.

The writer of the account of the opening of the organ in the *Manchester Courier* laments that the fine stops of Father Smith's choir organ have not been incorporated in the new instrument. I understand that many of the pipes of this "little gem" are already irretrievably damaged by being trod upon.

Your account of the new organ omits the solo flute in the choir organ; the grand ophicleide described by you as being "on high pressure," is merely on the wind of the pedal organ.

In conclusion, I may say that the organ has occasioned general disappointment, and that your strictures have met with as general approval here. I remain, Sir, Yours, &c.

MUSICUS.

Manchester, June 10th.

MLLE. AGNES BURY, whom it may be recollected was so favourably received at Drury Theatre and at various concerts a few years ago, is now in London. During the last few years Mlle. Bury has obtained great success at the principal theatres and concert-rooms in Berlin, Vienna, and other Teutonic cities. Her beautiful voice, combined with her facilities in singing in the Italian, German and English languages, will make her a great acquisition to the theatre and concert-room.

The VOCAL ASSOCIATION will give their sixth and last Subscription Concert this season, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, June 19th, in which they will be assisted by the following artists:—Mlle. Whitty, Mlle. Koch, Signor Belletti, Signor Belart, Signor J. Garcia, and Herr Dalle Aste. Mr. Aptommas, the Harpist, will also appear, after an absence of seven years. The choir of 200 voices will sing several of their most popular madrigals and part songs, under the direction of M. Benedict.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The Fifth Conversazione of this Society was held at the Gallery, 9 Conduit Street, on Wednesday evening last. After an interesting reading of several poems by the Rev. Hugh Hutton, a selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed by the following artists:—Miss Agnes Bury, Mr. Walbanck, Mr. Alberto Laurence; violin, Herr Ranch; flute, Master Drew Dean; pianoforte, Mrs. Arthur Willmore. Miss. Agnes Bury has not, we believe, been heard in England since her engagement at Drury Lane some four or five years since. She was well received, as was also Mr. Alberto Laurence, whose fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in a cavatina from Verdi's new opera *Un Ballo in Maschero*." The music was under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The latest novelty added to the entertainments of the Sable Melodists, consists in a travestie of the *Bohemian Girl*, called the *Gipsy Girl*, written by Mr. William Brough in his most extravagantly humorous vein. The travestie is singularly ridiculous and highly amusing, and if not the best, is about the most laughable opera burlesque yet produced by the Christy confraternity. Mr. Collins makes up wonderfully for Arline, and displays the most admirable and unusual tact by singing and acting without the least attempt at caricature, whereby the caricature is no end of times greater. This talent is unique, and we remember it in one actor only, Mr. Hammond, whose performance of Othello, in the tavestie of that name, was quite wonderful from its earnestness and absence of all exaggeration. No doubt the burlesque of the *Gipsy Girl* will bring the Christy's Minstrels a new lease of fame.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The indisposition of Mr. F. Robson, and his consequent absence from the Olympic Theatre for five weeks, so seriously affected the amusement of the playgoing world, that the assemblage of a very large audience to witness his reappearance on Monday night was only a natural occurrence. But the enthusiasm with which he was received seemed to take him by surprise, accustomed as he has been for several years to an uninterrupted demonstration of public favour. For several minutes he was not allowed to proceed, but as soon as he began to speak his jokes were caught up, and even anticipated, with that peculiar gusto which always presupposes a long-established sympathy between an artist and his patrons. His acting was as fresh and spontaneous as ever, and there is no reason to suppose that his illness has in the slightest degree affected his native energy and vigour. The piece selected for his reappearance was Mr. J. M. Morton's farce *Ticklish Times*, which is illustrated by the picturesque costume of the Jacobite days, and contains appropriate parts for Mrs. Emden, Mr. G. Cooke, Mr. Walter Gordon, and other membres of the Olympic Company.

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Provincial.

Although late in the day, better late than never. The last concert of the Halifax Philharmonic Society (at Mechanics' Hall) appears in all respects to have been a good one, and (which we can readily believe) to have owed much of its success to the presence of Mr. Frobisher, a gentleman who stands deservedly high with the musical public of the town and neighbourhood, and, indeed, of nearly all the northern counties, and who formerly conducted the Band, till ill health induced him to resign the post to his nephew, Mr. Whitaker, and content himself with the office of leader. The singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Carter and Whitehead (of Halifax). A local paper speaks highly of the performance of Beethoven's first symphony:

"The manner in which Beethoven's symphony in C (No. 1) was played fairly took us by surprise. The strings were heard to great advantage, the effect being owing to the degree in which they had been strengthened for the occasion, and also to the presence of Mr. Frobisher, who led the band, and to whose exquisite tone and finished execution on the violin, the Halifax public have of late been too little accustomed. Mr. Whitaker was the conductor, and he discharged his duty with great efficiency."

At MANCHESTER Mr. John Brougham's new drama, *Playing with Fire*, has had an extraordinary success at the Theatre Royal. The *Manchester Examiner* of Monday thus writes about it:—

"There is nothing much pleasanter in relation with theatrical matters than seeing an actor and an author 'rolled into one,' except it be the gratification of witnessing his undeniable success in both assumptions of character. Such was our pleasure last evening with Mr. Brougham's comedy entitled '*Playing with Fire*,'—brought out on Saturday last, for the first time in this country, after a long and successful run in the United States. It is a comedy in five acts,—not a drama illustrative of character; not one of those incongruities of a past day, made up of false sentiment and coarse satire, but a piece of invention, of ingenuity in the construction, such as we rarely meet with, even in those examples of inventive faculty exhibited by our Parisian friends, from whom modern dramatists are so eager to borrow, and whom critics are so ready to condemn. *Playing with Fire* is a most appropriate title, for every scene goes off with a sparkle and rush of a sky-rocket. Mistake upon mistake, blunder upon blunder, continue to accumulate, until we are carried along in a whirl of inconsistencies, and the curtain comes down at the conclusion of each act amidst a volley of applause and perfect paroxysms of excitement. We remember nothing in the English drama where this sort of 'fire' is kept up through five long acts; and we venture to think that the only drawback in bringing an audience a second time to enjoy the performance will be the infliction of aches and pains arising from the experience of 'Laughter holding both his sides.'"

We learn from the *Liverpool Daily Post* accounts of the opening of the new organ at the Parish Church, Wallasey. "The Messrs. Willis of London," writes our contemporary, "constructors of the grand organ in St. George's Hall, have been largely entrusted of late to provide new instruments for churches in Liverpool and its vicinity. We need not be surprised at this, considering the magnificent specimen in St. George's Hall, which their patrons are able to hear so frequently displayed by Mr. Best. On Sunday last, an excellent instrument, just completed for the parish church of Wallasey, was inaugurated with the most gratifying success. The rector of the parish, the Rev. F. Haggitt, preached a sermon in the morning to a very crowded congregation, which might be accepted as a model for a discourse on such an occasion when an opportunity is fairly offered to expatiate upon the office of public praise, and the manner in which this delightful and edifying portion of the service ought to be conducted. The reverend gentleman selected his text from the 150th Psalm, and dwelt very forcibly on the necessity of providing for the hearty utterance by the congregation of those portions of the service they are enjoined to take part in, ably contrasting the dialogue between the minister and clerk—which obtains in so many churches, and the confused muttering response of the people in others—with the due vocal expression which it was the privilege and duty of all to attain in public worship. The preacher was at least able to cite a triumphant example in his favour, for although the services at Wallasey church are choral in the full acceptation of the term, the entire congregation join heartily in all those parts of the ritual which are intended to be sung. No doubt the style of sacred music has a great influence in promoting such a desirable result; too much praise cannot, therefore, be given to Mr. W. T. Best, who, since the completion of the new parish church, has acted as organist, and retains the direction of the music, to the great advantage and gratification of the parish. The organ, heard for the first time on Sunday last, although not one of the largest class, is a powerful and effective instrument, possessing many stops (as they are termed) of great variety and character; amongst which is to be found a 'Vox Humana,' the strange and beautiful tones of which are so much admired by those who have heard the great organs of France and Germany. The effect of the instrument, under Mr. Best's practised fingers, was in itself worthy a pilgrimage to Wallasey, where, we need make no apology for mentioning, one of the most beautiful views in the country is to be seen from the immediate vicinity of the parish church."

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(*Communicated*).—The scheme of the performances for this triennial event has, we believe, been arranged by the Committee of Management as follows:—On the first morning, Tuesday, the 27th of August, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will inaugurate the meeting. This great oratorio was written for the Festival of 1846, when it was produced under the direction of the lamented composer. On the morning of Wednesday, the 28th of August, it is intended to give Handel's *Samson*, one of the most dramatic and interesting of his sacred works. Thursday morning, the 29th of August, will, as heretofore, be devoted to a performance of the *Messiah*. Beethoven's grandest composition, the *Missa Solennis in D*, has been chosen for the first part of the performance on the morning of Friday, the 30th of August, to which will be added a selection from the stupendous choruses of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The usual Ball to conclude the Festival will be omitted, and there will be four evening Concerts, corresponding with those of the morning. Two of these will consist of oratorios—Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The other two evenings are to be devoted to miscellaneous selections of high-class music. The band and chorus, comprising the *élite* of the profession, will, it is expected, surpass the admitted superiority of the Birmingham Orchestra on previous occasions, while it is understood that the principal singers will consist of the leading favourites now creating so great a sensation in the metropolis. We hope shortly to refer to these engagements: in the meanwhile, we may announce that Costa will again conduct this grand series of musical performances.

From the *Belfast Journal* we learn that the Presbyterian Musical Association which was organised a few months ago, has succeeded in securing the services of an eminent conductor in the person of Herr Waldemar Malmene, of the Royal Musical Institution, Berlin, and the Conservatoire Impériale, Paris. Of the candidates who offered their services, Mr. Malmeme was selected by the committee for special trial, and has been unanimously appointed. Although a German by birth, he has for the last seven years been resident in England, in the vicinity of Norwich, in which city he is well known for his musical acquirements. The Victoria Hall being otherwise engaged, the use of the Wesleyan Chapel and School-room, Donegall Square, was granted to the committee; and Herr Malmene performed the following pieces:—Vocal.—"Arm, arm, ye brave"—Handel; "Why do the nations"—Handel; "Pro peccatis" (*Stabat Mater*)—Rossini;—Pianoforte.—Sonata pathetique—Beethoven; *Oberon Fantasia*—Weber; Fantasia on a German air—Leybach; Nocturne—Herr Malmene;—Organ.—Agnus Dei—Mozart; Flute Concerto—Rink; Hallelujah (*Messiah*)—Handel. The execution of the several pieces elicited universal applause. Herr Malmene has a voice of great natural sweetness and expression, which has been subjected to the highest cultivation. His instrumental performances, especially on the pianoforte, were of the most brilliant description, and attested in the highest degree his musical genius. He is himself a composer, and has published several pieces which have taken a high place in the musical world. Nothwithstanding his great acquirements, he is, we understand, only between twenty and thirty years of age. His appointment to the situation in question cannot but be regarded as a most important acquisition to the society and to the entire community.

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A correspondent from BURY ST. EDMUNDS writes us that on Tuesday last the Athenæum Choral Society gave their fourth and last concert of the season in the Town-hall, to a fashionable audience, including the leading families of the neighbourhood. The principal artists were Miss Annie Cox, Mr. D. Lambert, Mr. C. B. Dyer, M.A.; Mr. A. Nunn, Mr. Last, and Mr. R. Nunn. It is unnecessary to particularise the various pieces in the programme, as they consisted of the oft-noticed favourites of the London concert-rooms during the season. Everything was received with enthusiastic applause; and the audience seemed delighted with the treat thus procured for them by the committee. Miss Cox was well received in Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," and encored in "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer." Mr. Lambert's bass voice was very effective in "The village blacksmith" (Weiss), and the old song, "The Wolf," in which he was deservedly encored. A duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Parry's "A B C," were capitally sung by Miss Annie Cox and Mr. Lambert. The instrumental solos devolved upon Mr. Dyer and Mr. Nunn, who acquitted themselves admirably.

GLASGOW.—A correspondent writes that the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company have occupied the stage of the Theatre Royal during the past fortnight, and have been entertaining the public with a selection of favourite operas—a welcome change, for the musical amateurs in our midst, from the ordinary business of the legitimate or illegitimate drama on these boards; the more especially as, from whatever cause, there has been no opportunity afforded them of cultivating acquaintance with the lyric opera—native or foreign—since this same corps visited the city twelve months ago. The operas represented on this occasion have been *Lurline*, *The Rose of Castile*, *The Black Domino*, *Maritana*, *Bianca*, &c. These works, however, as well as the capabilities of the company by which they have been supported—familiar as they must be to London amateurs—require no detailed description or criticism at our hands. The operatic company have enjoyed a fair measure of patronage here. They were to conclude their brief sojourn last evening (Friday) with *Dinorah*, for the benefit of the engaging and popular little prima donna, Louisa. We observe that they now proceed to our neighbours in the Scottish capital, where they commence their campaign musical on Monday first. Although, however, there was no opportunity during last winter for our revelling in the higher walks of the musical art, there was, it must be confessed, no lack whatever of musical entertainment of a miscellaneous character, some of them "got up" by local *entrepreneurs* and a host of others, chiefly of our amateur nature, by the various volunteer companies of the city. Mars and Apollo stalked lovingly together at these latter concerts of our patriotic youth; and the performance of many of them, which we attended, were, in two words, exceedingly creditable. The past winter, indeed, has been more prolific in general entertainments, public and private, than any former season we can recall to mind. Let us hope that they will have been productive of some good, either by merit or contrast, in cultivating and improving the taste of that portion of our 400,000 of a population which patronises the art of music and its professional votaries. The seventh series of Saturday Evening Concerts was brought to a close a few weeks ago. It proved the most successful in all respects ever experienced by the directors. This fact is all the more worthy of remark, if there be truth in the report we have heard, that similar cheap concerts throughout the kingdom, in England especially, have not been by any means so fortunate. Last week there was an excellent performance of sacred music by the Choral Union within our venerable cathedral, which gave the utmost satisfaction to upwards of 2000 auditors—promoting, no doubt, to some extent, the cause of sacred art, and materially assisting the funds of a noble local charity—the Royal Infirmary—in behalf of which the concert was held. There will now be a lull here, for some time, in matters musical. Very unlike "the great metropolis" at this period of the year, we are just at our dull season, in this regard, so that auditors and critics will now enjoy a brief breathing space.

On Monday last a very interesting ceremony took place at Oxford. Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, on the part of the ladies of Oxford, presented a magnificent set of musical instruments to the "City of Oxford Volunteers," in the beautiful grounds attached to St. John's College. Previous to the presentation, THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION performed a selection of favourite part music under the direction of Mr. Land. Dr. Corfe gave his annual commemorative concert in the Sheldonian Theatre on the same day.

Letters to the Editor.

AMAZONS OR RIFLEMEN.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Tenor Melody," instead of answering my question, corroborates my assertion, for he expressly says; "In this case, the alto part is intended to be sung as actually written," or, in other words, if language has any meaning, that a *woman's* part should be sung by men. I thought this practice had died out with the last of the *castrati*, and most assuredly did not expect it would be revived for the benefit of English Riflemen.

"Tenor Melody" refers me to Burney's *History of Music*, p. 47, vol. 3. The example there given has nothing to do with the matter, because a melody may be written for any class of voice.

Works written for tenor are not the best adapted for the majority of male voices, because baritones are far more plentiful than tenors. Nearly every man can sing a baritone part, but only a certain number a tenor part. The first tenor is the highest part for adult male voices, and, therefore, we cannot, if we would write correctly, have a higher one in any composition intended to be sung solely by men.

If your correspondent will turn to p. 44 of the German edition of Daniel Schubart's *Ideen zu einer Aesthetik der Tonkunst*, he will find the original of the following passage: "God and Nature require that soprano and alto parts should be given to women; tenor and bass parts to men. If we disobey this law, our mother, Nature, revenges herself by producing an inharmonious and repulsive impression."—Yours, C. MANDEL.

Vineller Hall, June 12th.

MOZART'S SONGS.

SIR,—May I request information from any of your musical readers respecting the song composed by W. A. Mozart, "Phillis an das Clavier?"—if it is published with English words, and by whom?—yours, &c., AMATEUR.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Of the second and last performance of *Elijah* this season, a fortnight since, we cannot speak altogether in terms of unreserved praise; many of the choruses were taken too fast, and the double quartet "For he shall give his angels charge" (which seems fated never to be properly heard), little more or less than a scramble. Mlle. Parepa was as effective as ever in the soprano music. To the principal *contralto* part Mad. Sainton-Dolby's finished style was as usual of inestimable value; while in the air "Woe unto them," Mad. Laura Baxter distinguished herself most honourably, aiding also materially in the concerted music. Nothing could possibly excel Mr. Sims Reeves's singing of the tenor music; the trio airs "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," coming in for the largest share of approbation. The Prophet of Herr Formes is too well known a performance to require detailed description now.

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The Lady Emily Walsh.	Lady Edward Thynne.
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The Lady Edith Somerset.	Mrs. Powlett Somerset.

Vocalists: Miss Banks and Madame Laura Baxter; Mr. George Perren and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists: Piano, Miss Arabella Goddard; harp, Herr Charles Oberthür; guitar and concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi; violoncello, Herr Lidel. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger.

Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 7s. 6d. To be obtained at all the principal Music Warehouses; at Herr Lidel's Residence, 42 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, N.W.; and at the Rooms on the Evening of the Concert.

MADAME CATHERINE HAYES has the honour to announce that she will give her first MATINEE MUSICALE on TUESDAY, June 25th, 1861, at 25 Park Lane (by the kind permission of Mrs. Rawson Reid). Mad. Catherine Hayes will be assisted by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Tennant, M. Jules Lefort, Signor Delle Sedie, and Herr Formes; M. Ole Bull, Signor Pezzi, Signor Giulio Regondi, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Accompanists: Signor Campana, F. Berger, and Signor Eduard Vera. Commence at Three o'clock.

Tickets, one guinea each; may be obtained at the principal music warehouses, or of Madame Hayes, 13 Westbourne Park, W.

MISS ANNA WHITTY, from the principal Opera Houses of Italy, is IN TOWN for the Season.

Communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street.

EXETER HALL.

Under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 26TH.

GRAND CONCERT, in aid of the Funds of the National Rifle Association.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby Miss Eleanora Wilkinson, Madame Guerrabella, Mlle. Georgé, Mr. Sims Reeves, the National Choral Society of 700 Voices, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin; the National Volunteer Band of Fifty of the first Instrumentalists in London, under the direction of Mr. Hanson. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing Purcell's celebrated war song, "Come if you dare," with Chorus of 700 Voices, and Band.

Tickets, area and gallery, 2s. 6d.; reserved (numbered), 10s. 6ds.; reserved 5s. To be had at Chappell's, 50 Bond Street; Hammond's (Jullien's), 204 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale and Co., 201 Regent Street; and all the principal Musicsellers; also at the National Choral Society's office, 14 and 15 Exeter Hall, and at Austin's Ticket Office, Piccadilly.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS—Madame Lind Goldschmidt having kindly consented to sing at a Concert for the Benefit of this Society, on Thursday, the 4th of July, the committee will be happy to receive applications for Vouchers on the 25th and 26th of June, at Mr. Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

Vouchers to be exchanged for Tickets, price One Guinea each, on the 28th and 29th of June, at Mr. Mitchell's.

The Concert will take place, by the obliging permission of the Earl of Dudley, at his Lordsip's residence, in Park Lane, on Thursday, the 4th of July, 1861, to begin at half-past 3 o'clock.

Ladies composing the committee—Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Grote, Mrs. Stephenson, and Madame Lind Goldschmidt. Secretary, Mrs. D. Murray.

Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, MONDAY MORNING next, June 24, at Two o'clock. The full Programme is now ready. Doors open at One o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; for which immediate application is solicited.—2 Manchester Square.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has the honour to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, July 1st, 1861, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Catherine Hayes, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Gardoni, Signor Gustave Garcia. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard: harp, Mr. Boleyne Reeves; violoncello, Herr Lidel; guitar and concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor, Signor Randegger.

On this occasion Signor Giulio Regondi will play for the first time a new Concerto MS., composed expressly for him by Molique.

Reserved seats, half a guinea; unreserved tickets, seven shillings each, to be had of the principal musicsellers, and of Signor Giulio Regondi, 27 Berner Street, Oxford Street, W.

MADAME NITA NORRIE (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover) has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Beethoven Rooms, on THURSDAY, the 27th June, on which occasion she will make her first appearance in public, under the immediate and distinguished patronage of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, her Grace the Duchess of Argyll, the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Allesbury, the Right Hon. the Countess of Derby, the Right Hon. the Countess of Dunmore, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Glasgow, the Right Hon. the Viscountess de Vesci, the Right Hon. Lady Emma Talbot, the Right Hon. Lady Skelmersdale, the Right Hon. Lady Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. T. G. Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Wm. Ewart Gladstone, and Mrs. Sotheron Estcourt.

Vocalists: Madame Nita Norrie and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Sainton, Webb, and Paque. Grand Pianoforte, Mr. John Wilson (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, his first appearance). Conductor, Mr. Howard Glover. To commence at three o'clock.

Tickets 15s. and 10s. 6d., and family tickets, to admit four, one guinea and a half, to be obtained of Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer, Beale and Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Campbell's, 53 New Bond Street; Leader and Cock, New Bond Street; and Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

SIGNOR PIATTI begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY MORNING, June 29th, 1861, at Campden House, Kensington (by the kind permission of F. Wolley, Esq.), to commence at Three o'clock.

Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Lablache, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Belart, Signor Solieri, Signor Delle Sedie, Signor F. Lablache, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madame Piatti; violin, M. Sainton; violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductors: Mr. Benedict and Signor Campana.

Single ticket, one guinea; family tickets (to admit four), three guineas. Tickets may be obtained at Signor Piatti's residence, No. 1 Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park; at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at the principal Musicsellers and Libraries.

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MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS begs to announce her REMOVAL to 50 BEDFORD SQUARE, where she now receives her Friends and Pupils.

MISS LASCELLES begs to announce her REMOVAL to 13 Hanover Villas, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, W., where she will be happy to receive her friends and pupils.

MAD. NITA NORRIE and Mr. JOHN WILSON.—All Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed to Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MISS ALICE DODD, Teacher of SINGING, No. 10 Charles Street, Manchester Square.

MR. PITTMAN has REMOVED from 1 NEW ORMOND STREET to 45 LEICESTER SQUARE, where he requests all communications may be addressed.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES has REMOVED to 13 Albert Street, Camden Road, N.W,

GLASGOW.—CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Eighth Season of these Concerts under the auspices of the "Glasgow Abstainers' Union," commence on Saturday, 7th September next.
Applications to be addressed to the Secretary, at the Office, 118 Union Street, Glasgow.
JAMES LAWSON, Secretary.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—All persons interested in the above subject should call as below, and see THOS. CROGER'S new Patent EDUCATIONAL INSTRUMENT, also his self-acting RURAL INSTRUMENT.
Illustrations, with Testimonials and Prices of Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Cornopeans, and Instruments of every description, forwarded post-free. Manufactory, 483 Oxford Street, four doors east of Museum Street.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA, &c.—The admired Airs in Un Ballo in Maschera. Solos and Duets, for the Pianoforte (in two Books each), by J. Rummel. Polka Mazurka, from the same Opera, by Adrien Talexy; Hommage à Garibaldi on the National Air of Italy, by Kuke Souvenance; fourth Nocturne, by J. Gibsone; Te Souvienstu? Romance by Durand de Grau; and "'Twas within a mile," by Brinley Richards.
London: R. Mills and Sons, 140 New Bond Street.

MR. A. LAURENCE, PRIMO BARITONO ASSOLUTO,
FROM THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN THEATRES.
Has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Profession, that (he intends residing PERMANENTLY in London, for the purpose of
GIVING INSTRUCTION IN SINGING
and the higher Branches of VOCAL and DRAMATIC ART.
Mr. Laurence's System is based upon that of the
PUREST SCHOOLS OF ITALY,
in which the first step is to show
HOW TO PRODUCE THE VOICE.
Communications to be addressed to Mr. Laurence, 14 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, W.

BANDMASTER.—The Commanding Officer of the LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE is ready to receive Applications for the Appointment of Bandmaster to the Regimental Band. For particulars of duty apply to the undersigned.
Terms and Testimonials to be addressed to the Band Sub-Committee, as below, on or before Saturday, July 13.
By Order,
A. T. EWENS, Captain and Adjutant.
Head-quarters, 8 Great Winchester Street, E.C.
July 1st. 1861.

ASHDOWN and PARRY (successors to Wessel and Co.), beg to inform the Profession that they forward Parcels on Sale upon receipt of references in town. Returns to be made at Midsummer and Christmas.
Their Catalogues, which contain a great variety of Music calculated for teaching purposes, may be had, post-free, on application.
London: 18 Hanover Square.

COLLARD and COLLARD'S NEW WEST-END ESTABLISHMENT, 16 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, where all communications are to be addressed. Pianofortes of all classes for Sale and Hire.

WALLWORTH'S ART OF SINGING.—Second Edition, just out, full music size, price 7s.
A new and modern method for cultivating the Voice, and for gaining a perfect Vocalization. A practical work, contains 35 pages of Music, with a true method of acquiring the Shake, now for the first time introduced in a Singing Tutor, by T. A. WALLWORTH, Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Published by A. W. Hammond (late Jullien), 214 Regent Street; and may also be had of the Author, at his residence, 81 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W., where Pupils are also received.

EVANS'S
COTTAGE HARMONIUM
At SIX GUINEAS,
Has Five Octaves and Two Foot-boards, is in a French-polished Case, and has a soft, subdued, agreeable quality of tone, designed expressly to suit a Cottage or Small Sitting-room.—BOOSEY and CHING, Manufacturers, 24 Holles Street, Oxford Street, W.

Evans's Ten-Guinea
HARMONIUM
Is in a solid, handsome French-polished Case, and possesses that rich and organ-like quality of tone which particularly distinguishes these Instruments from the French.—BOOSEY and CHING, Manufacturers, 24 Holles Street, Oxford Street, W.

Evans's English
HARMONIUMS,
WITH TWO ROWS OF KEYS,
At 45 *and* 63 *Guineas, without Pedals, and* 47 *and* 130 *Guineas, with Pedals,*
Although particularly adapted for Churches, are equally effective in the Drawing-room. Not only have the leading members of the profession, including Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Balfe, Potter, Henry Smart, Best, &c., but the Clergy and the Press have also testified to the very great superiority of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS. These Testimonials may be seen upon reference to Boosey and Ching's Illustrated Catalogue of Harmoniums.
The whole of EVANS'S INSTRUMENTS possess that organ-like quality of tone which has been hitherto unattained by any other manufacturer, and are made throughout in the strongest and most substantial manner by the best "ENGLISH WORKMEN.' They are neither affected by heat nor damp.

BOOSEY AND CHING,
MANUFACTURERS, 24 HOLLES STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

A MYSTERIUM.—A man in Berlin had the idea to treat the subject of *Tannhäuser* in an oratorio. He calls ita "*Mysterium.*" Some people say it is *by far* not so mysterious as the opera *Tannhäuser*, by Wagner.—*Yankee Leap.*

OLD SINGER AND YOUNG ACTRESS.—The celebrated German author Gutzkow does not expect to see a great deal from the step attributed to Mrs. Johan Wagner, viz., to leave the opera, and to become an actress. He says, Mad. Schroeder Devrient, too, who was celebrated for her "acting," thought of having, in her old days, a safe capital by retiring to the drama; but alas! when she spoke on a trial a few prologues, the voice was broken, the reading monotonous, the impression of the whole that of dullness and fatigue: she had to retire—but not to the drama. There is much more chance for a voiceless prima-donna, if she has a real talent for acting, to play the parts of the comical old women, than to perform Lady Macbeth.—*Dutch Sheet.*

FRENCH CORDON AND ENGLISH HURDY GURDY.—When M. Arago, the great French *savant*, settled in a French country town to pursue some experiments, the inhabitants, feeling honoured at his selection of the place, actually drew a *cordon* round his dwelling, and established a sort of friendly police for the sake of preventing his experiments from being disturbed. The clowns of Marylebone, on the other hand, insensible to the fact that every day of Mr. Babbage's labours redounds to the advantage of society and the honour of England, hound on gangs of street musicians to disturb and annoy him, and yet doubtless prate with all the Cockney emphasis about "these 'ear henlightened days, and the march of hintellect." However, Mr. Mansfield may be assured that society is with him, and he may treat such vestry bosh with the same contempt manifested for it by Sir George Lewis.—*Punch.*

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Reviews.

"*You still may trust in me,*" written and composed by MR. AND MRS. ST. LEGER (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas).

Which is the poet, and which the composer? No matter which. Perhaps both lady and gentleman did a little of both, and, mixing their ingredients together, made a species of musical half-and-half, or, as mounseer has it—"*haf'naf.*" No matter: the ballad is a pretty one; both words and music being sentimental without a tinge of the stereotyped drawing-room twaddle. Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger may go on making half-and-half, or, as mounseer has it,—"*haf'naf;*" we are always ready for a "pull" at their conjointly-concocted beverage.

"*The Regalia;*" "*The Covenanter's Widow's Lament;*" "*Tammy;*" "*The Heiress;*" "*Kitty Reid's House;*" favourite Scotch ballads from "*Lays of Strathearn*"—words by CAROLINE BARONESS NAIRNE; symphonies and accompaniments by the late FINLAY DUN (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Reprints, by no means without interest.

"*Caller Herrin.*" Favourite Scotch ballad from "*Lays of Strathearn*"—by CAROLINE BARONESS NAIRNE (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Another reprint. Who does not know the song of "Caller Herrin?"—who that has eaten herrings from the Frith of Forth? Who does not know Nat. Gow's tune?

"Gow has set you a' a-singin'"—

And will do it again, or we are mistaken. But why set his simple tune to such Brummagem harmony?

"*I'm thine for ever.*" Highland song—words (from the Gaelic) by the late DUNCAN GRANT MACDOUGAL—adaptation by CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Fit associate for the "reprints" alluded to above.

"*New Lancers Quadrille,*" on popular English airs—by JOSEPH LOWE (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Mr. Lowe has melted Mazzinghi's "When a little farm we keep," Bishop's "Chough and crow," Dr. Arne's "When daisies pied," Bishop's "When the wind blows," and Joseph Lowe's "Grand finale and coda," in a crucible, and brought forth a quadrille which cannot be compared, as a work of art, with Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus."

"*Song of Spring.*" Duet for female voices—by MISS E. THOMSON (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Pretty and unaffected; vocal and inoffensive.

"*The Tweedside Quadrilles*"—by WILLIAM HOWARD (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

These quadrilles are inscribed to Mr. William Chambers, of Glenormiston, and comprise, among other airs, "The broom of Cowdenknowes," and among other passages, the subjoined:—

which Boieldieu, in his overture to *La Dame Blanche*, has harmonized in another fashion.

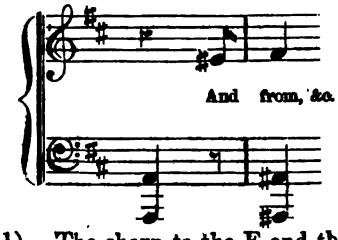
"*Pack clouds away,*" serenade—words by THOMAS HEYWOOD (1607), with an additional verse by a lady—music by FREDERICK W. HANSON (Paterson and Sons—Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Thomas Heywood (1607) will bear quoting. We quote them, together with the "additional verse by a lady," and leave the reader to find out which is which:—

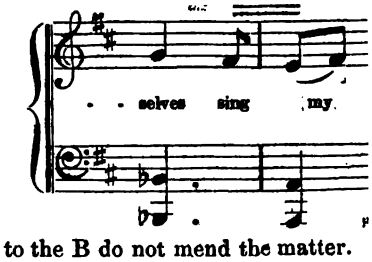
1st verse.	*2nd verse.*
Pack clouds away, And welcome day, With night we banish sorrow; Sweet air, blow soft, Mount, larks, aloft, To give my love good morrow. Wings from the wind To please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow. Bird, prune thy wing, Nightingale, sing, To give my love good morrow! Wake from thy rest, Robin red-breast, Sing, birds, in ev'ry furrow; And from each hill Let music thrill, Give my fair love good morrow. Blackbird and thrush, In every bush, Stare linnet and blythe sparrow; Ye pretty elves Among yourselves, Sing my fair love good morrow.	At length 'tis day, Oh! bid me stay, Each thought of thine to follow*; Let one bright glance My soul entrance To give my love good morrow. Thou sun, shine bright And bid the light Spring from her eyes and borrow; The witching dart That won my heart, To give my love good morrow. Ye breezes fresh, Blow from the west†, And wave the corn so yellow‡; Ye white wind-mills On gentle hills, Give my sweet love good morrow. And may no care Her peace impair, Or frown her clear brow furrow; And every thing That hath no sting Give my own love good morrow.

* "Follow" and "morrow," good rhyme
† "Fresh" and "West," good rhyme.
‡ "Yellow" and "morrow," good rhyme.

We presume that, as the words were written in 1607, Mr. Frederick W. Hanson considers fifths consecutive, in similar direction, as the proper sort of thing. At any rate he indulges in them twice—as for example:—



(page 3, line 1). The sharp to the E and the sharps to the A, do not mend the matter. E is E, F is F, and A is A, sharp, flat, or natural, double-sharp, double flat, or double——— no, there is no double-natural. And again, for example:—



The flats to the B do not mend the matter. B is B, A is A, F is F, and E is E—sharp, flat, or natural, double-sharp, double-flat, or double ——— no, there is no double-natural.

"*The Katoogastotte Quadrilles,*" by G. GASTNER (Ceylon).

"Ceylon" is not the name of the publisher, but the name of the region where the "*Katoogastotte Quadrilles*" are published,—in the *Ceylon Pianista*, at the *Ceylon Examiner* press. No matter: the Quadrilles are lively, brilliant, well varied, sparkling, tuneful, rhythmical, danceable, and thoroughly effective—they are quadrilles, in short, which go

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to prove that the island of Ceylon produces something besides elephants, inasmuch as it has produced a genuine composer of dance-music in the person of G. Gastner, just as it had already produced a genuine composer of vocal music in the person of Gottlieb Cruwell, who, though German by birth is (unfortunately for his friends in all parts of Europe) Cingalese by extradition.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

July 4, 1861.

IN respect that there is little news this week I have little to write about, but in respect that I must make that little furnish forth a letter I have much to say. The great classical revival on which the management of the Imperial Opera is bent — namely, that of Glück's *Alceste*, is actively occupying all hands on board that state galleon. Vast preparations are making for the scenery and the ballet, which are to be on a scale worthy the great work they are destined to adorn, or, rather, to fringe. (I trust your reader will understand that fringe is a border or edging used to finish off the materials of vestments, furniture, &c., and that the word is used here in a figurative sense as to garnish.) It is expected that the work will be produced about April next. Whatever is done here they take their time over, as you may see. Nothing is ever produced here in that hasty, scrambling way which is the habit and custom in England. There is too much respect paid to art ever to risk an imperfect or immature result. Yet such is the energy and concentrated working power of the English, that what they do at one heat, as it were, is often as thoroughly done as what is slowly elaborated here, and always with a great advantage in spiritedness. We English have the genius of doing quickly and well, if not to perfection. The French will scheme and labour and study, touch and retouch, organise and drill, with wonderful patience and persistency, as knowing that without such toil perfection cannot be attained. An Englishman will only devote himself in this way when money-making is the work in hand. He would sicken and grow languid over any other task requiring equally prolonged efforts. But I am not lecturing on menology. A dangerous topic it would seem just now when Yankee Munchausens travel, and learned investigators have only small swallows for facts. Marry, one is in danger of being eaten whole to prove that anthropophagy is sometimes practised in a friendly way, and that not only the funeral baked meats may furnish forth the marriage feast, but the deceased relative himself. But this is not music, nor theatres, nor Paris. I might proceed in the same current, however, till I had come to a certain rude lyre (not rude liar, candid printer) with roots for strings, and then I should be within the question. Roots of chords we know of, but cords of roots is another matter! Perhaps Mr. William Chappell will enlighten us and tell us if the ancient Irish harps were not originally strung with potatoes. As it is stated that in the performance of Glück's *Alceste* it is intended to increase the number of stringed instruments in the orchestra, here will be an opportunity of trying the African substitute for cat-gut. A few fiddles might be fitted up with roots, and perhaps with a long bow they would discourse most excellent music. In the interval (to return to homely fact), before the production of Glück's opera, Mad. Viardot has requested that she might sing in *Le Prophète*, and her wish has been acceded to. M. Gounod's new opera, *La Reine de Saba*, is said to be also in rehearsal, but, as yet, only on the piano, with the principal singers. There is also a grand ballet preparing, the composition of Mad. Ferraris. It is to be called *L'Etoile de Messine*. They have been playing *Robert le Diable* at the opera, M. Belval, on his return from his *congé*, having made his first appearance in Bertram.

There has been a row between the management of the Italian Opera and the gentlemen of the orchestra. I don't exactly know what the point at issue is — the quarrels of musical folk have always been somewhat mysterious, — but it is expected that the discord will be resolved, and that there will be no change in the *personnel* of the orchestra in consequence.

Mlle. Maremon has been re-engaged at the Opéra Comique, to the great contentment of the frequenters. She made her *rentrée* in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. A new part is ready for her in an opera forthcoming, composed by M. Lefébure Wély, to be entitled *Les Recruteurs;* but she will previously appear in Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Au Travers d'un Mur*, lately produced on a benefit night at the Théâtre Lyrique, and commented on by me in a recent letter, in that complimentary vein in which I fawn over all that comes from princes and dukes. Some people say I should admire such twaddle, if I had not been previously informed it was by a prince; but they are mistaken. I should require no such previous information; for I should know only a prince could write such twaddle — and get it played.

I have a delicious morsel for that nautical veteran T. P. Cooke, when you come across him. The melodrama of *Le Monstre et le Magicien* has been revived, after a rest of thirty-five years. You know, of course, that T. P. Cooke played the part of the Monster in *Frankenstein*, and delighted the Parisians with his great pantomimic powers. A French paper, alluding to this revival, says that the piece was originally written to meet the necessities of "*un clown Anglais!* and that it is now resuscitated for a "*mime Américain*." Here is malice. Will not the noble representative of the British tar hitch up his breeches and "shiver his timbers" at the impudence of the Mounseer? But it is undoubted spite at the line subsequently taken by the great pantomimist, who for so many years kept up before the world the ideal of the English sailor and his undoubted capacity to demolish any three Frenchmen.

I broke off my account of the pictures which relate to the musical and dramatic arts in the Salon of 1861, not to weary you with too much of such a *catalogue raisonnée*. I will resume the subject, and go through a few more numbers. Poor Rachel finds more than one record of her ever memorable outward lineaments, in her public and in her private capacity. M. Gerome exhibits a fine memorial of the great tragic actress. He has painted her in the character of the Muse of Tragedy. She is resting against a fluted column, on the pediment of which are engraved the names of her principal parts. Behind her is a tripod; one hand is dreamily closing about the handle of a dagger; her look is sidelong, and gleams with the threat of some terrible deed. Undoubtedly it is a grandly conceived picture, and, to a great extent, worthy the greatness of the subject. Ah, Rachel! within this somewhat darkened memory there is still a stage whereon thou treadest with all thy majesty and power, making horror graceful, terror fascinating, grief a delicious ecstasy. Some day I too will paint the muse of tragedy. "Anche Io son pittore, M. Gérome." There is another most painful record of the poor frail frame that held in, *tant bien que mal*, for a few fleeting years, that fiery spirit. It is called "Rachel après sa mort," and is the identical drawing from the photograph taken of Rachel at Cannes immediately after death. It will be remembered that this drawing was the subject of a lawsuit brought by the Felix family against M. Goupit, the publisher, who had exposed it in his window for sale. They contended that without their permission no one had any right to expose for sale this or any other likeness of Rachel, and the law was declared in their favour. It would be a good thing if this were law in this country. What libels of ourselves and of our friends do we see offered to the public! This likeness of Rachel, however, though painful, is carefully and gracefully executed, and will no doubt fetch a large sum of money in a future age, as would a portrait of Shakspeare, the authenticity of which could be equally well attested. There is a portrait of Pierre Dupont, the poet, musician, and popular minstrel. It is a good resemblance, and has a certain strange inspired look about it which is characteristic of the man. M. Layraud, the young artist to whom it is due, wins great credit by this portrait. I cannot say as much for a preposterous unlikeness of Tamberlik in the character of Poliuto. Mad. Viardot is also painted in character with not much more success. She is represented as Orpheus in Glück's Opera, but the head is rather that of Medusa, and seems more like to turn animated beings to stone, than stones to animated beings.

Among the drawings there are the two portraits of Rossini, published with the edition of *Semiramis* given forth by the publishers of the *Ménéstrel* — Rossini in Naples 1820, and Rossini in Paris 1860 — the first from an original miniature by Mayer of

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Vienna, the other from a photograph by Numa Blanc. There is also an admirable drawing in pastel of Paulin Meunier, in *Le Courier de Lyon*, in the character of the horse dealer, which was played by Mr. Addison. The vigour which is shown in expressing the coarse brutality and slangy swagger assumed by the actor is extraordinary from so feeble a vehicle as pastel. In another letter I will say something of the sculpture room, which contains several artistic celebrities.

You are doubtless aware that Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 at South Kensington addressed letters to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini with a view to obtain three new musical compositions which should represent France, Germany, and Italy, and be associated with a fourth composition standing for England, the representative of which is not yet known.

The commissioners make no demand for the copyright, but merely request the right of performing these compositions on the opening of the Exhibition in a manner befitting the occasion.

With regard to the class of composition required, these are the four pieces proposed:—

1. An anthem about equal in extension to the Coronation Anthem of Handel.
2. A chorale without instrumental accompaniment.
3. A triumphal march.
4. A march for wind instruments.

I believe I am right in stating that the triumphal march was the piece for which Rossini was solicited. The maestro has declined the honour in the following letter addressed to the secretary of the commission:—

"I regret I cannot accept the honour which her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 are good enough to do me.

"Were I still a member of the musical world I should make it a duty and a pleasure to prove on this occasion that I am not forgetful of the noble hospitality of England.

"Permit me to hope, sir, that you will kindly receive, and transmit with all my regrets to your colleagues, the expression of my high consideration. "G. ROSSINI."

[NOTE.—MM. Auber and Meyerbeer have both written to the commissioners signifying their assent to compose a musical work for the opening of the Exhibition of 1862.—ED.]

MUSIC IN HOLLAND.

(*From a correspondent.*)

AMSTERDAM.

A NEW symphony, with chorus, entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, is now creating some sensation in musical circles in this country, and, consequently, an account of it may be interesting to your readers. It was first performed at a concert given some little time since, in Amsterdam, by the local section of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art. The programme on the occasion consisted of the above-mentioned symphony, followed by Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*, neither of which works had ever previously been performed. The composer of the symphony is a Herr W. F. Thooft. It was written in consequence of a prize being offered, by the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, for a work in which the vocal portion should be symphonically combined with the instrumental. One of the conditions imposed on all competitors for the prize was, therefore, that there should be no separate instrumental portions, as in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang;* but that the vocal and instrumental music should, in every instance, go hand in hand. Of course, under such circumstances, an especial book was necessary. Dr. Heye wrote a *libretto*, entitled *Immortality*, but only one person set it to music, and his composition was far below the requisite standard of excellence, so that the prize was not awarded at all. In 1857, another *libretto* was selected. It was entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, the author being Dr. Wap. Two competitors set it to music, and one of these, W. F. Thooft, carried off the prize of 200 florins.

Although the *libretto* is, in many instances, admirably adapted for treatment as a symphony, the composer's task was no easy one; since, as a rule, the poem is worked out dramatically, and the music had, therefore, to be as dramatic as possible, and yet to partake of the nature of the symphony. The principal incident is the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., at Bologna, which was as remarkable from the circumstances under which it took place as from the mighty hero who was crowned. After having brought to a fortunate termination two wars, one against France and the other against Turkey, and having reduced Mexico and Peru to subjection to Spanish rule, Charles received at Bologna the Iron Crown, as King of Italy, and, two days subsequently, the Golden Imperial Crown, from the hands of Pope Clement VII. himself. Charles, at this period, was Emperor of Germany, King of Italy and Spain, Lord of the United Netherlands, and a large portion of America, and exercised a sway which, although of short duration, is perfectly unique in the history of modern times. In the first three parts, Charles is celebrated as Sovereign, Warrior, and Protector of the Church, as well as of the Arts and Sciences. The first part consists of two choruses, namely, a chorus of Maltese knights, and a chorus of Dutch, German, and Italian women. The two choruses alternate with each other, and at last combine at the conclusion of this section of the work. The form is kept in strict conformity to the rules of the symphony. The first principal motive is given to the male, and the second to the female, chorus. The two choruses combine in the *coda*. The orchestra plays a perfectly independent part of its own, and, both in the treatment and carrying out of the principal motive, takes the initiative. By this arrangement, the relation of the chorus to the orchestra is partially a completely novel one, though it does not in the least detract from the due effect of the chorus. Care must, however, be taken that the latter be not too weak. The second part consists of a chorus of Priests, who render their homage to Charles as the defender of the Church. The orchestral introduction is shorter than that in the first part. The instrumentation is remarkable from the fact of the violin parts standing altogether by themselves, and, as far as the chorus and wind instruments are concerned, being treated as a solo. The effect is very good, although such a system should be employed very sparingly. The third part was the most difficult for the musicians. The author of the words presents us with two contrasting elements: Charles as a Warrior, and Charles as a Prince of Peace, the patron of the Arts and Sciences. A fine occasion is thus offered the composer for the symphonic form. The text, however, is very dry and —which is a great fault— too didactic; but the composer has overcome the difficulty, and made the most of the orchestra. The latter pourtrays, in the introduction, the two opposite elements mentioned above. Then comes a bass (solo)—a so-called "speaking part"— which the orchestra illustrates, freely using for the purpose the motives contained in the introduction. The second element, "The Prince of Peace," is represented first by a solo soprano, and afterwards by a quartet, the orchestra acting, so to speak, as accompanyist. In the fourth and last part, the *libretto* takes a strange turn. Nothing more is heard of the hero of the poem. Casting a prophetic glance into the Future, the Author summons up the Genius of History, who announces the transient nature of all human greatness. Thereupon, we hear, in the final chorus, various nations of the earth, who, while rejecting outward unity gained by means of a single monarchy, embracing the whole globe, declare themselves to be children of one and the same eternal God, and exhort each other to inward unity, resulting from brotherly love. This part of the work is not composed in the form of a symphony, nor does the orchestra assert, to so great a degree as in the previous parts, its independent character. After a short choral-like prelude by the orchestra, we have the soprano solo (the Genius of History), with a recitative or *arioso*, followed by the final chorus (the Nations or "Peoples"), the ordinary form of a choral-finale, namely, *Andante maestro, Allegro molto* and *Fugato*, being adopted. The work was warmly applauded both by the public generally and the "professionals" in particular. The performance was under the personal direction of the composer, who had reason to feel deeply indebted to the orchestra for the admirable manner in which it carried out his intentions. The solos were excellently rendered by Mad. Offermans van Hove (soprano), Mad. Collin-Tobisch (alto), and two clever amateurs. The chorus, on the contrary, although entitled to hearty commendations, was too weak.

Spohr's *Fall Babylons* went well under the direction of Herr Richard Hol, a very efficient conductor.

You are, of course, aware that there is in Rotterdam a German Operatic Company, which has, from time to time, paid flying visits to this town, as well as the Hague and Utrecht. The Dutch are great admirers of German classical music, and in fact some of the great dramatic masterpieces of German composers are played more frequently here, in the land of dykes, canals, and "schnapps," than in Germany itself. At what German theatre, for instance, has Beethoven's *Fidelio* been performed sixteen times in one season, Mozart's *Don Juan*, six, his *Figaro's Hochzeit*, ten, and his *Zauberflöte*, six; Weber's *Euryanthe*, nine; and the same composer's *Freischütz*, seven? And yet the above works were performed, respectively, the above number of times in Rotterdam. It is true that the foundation of a German Opera there

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was beset with great difficulties, but they have been successfully overcome.

Up to the spring of 1859, theatrical matters in Rotterdam were in a seemingly hopeless state, and the disunion which prevailed among the principal supporters of the theatre did not tend to improve them. In consequence, however, of the publication of several excellently written articles in the different papers, attention was gradually but surely directed to the subject, and the public became convinced that a complete orchestra and an operatic company were an absolute necessity for the city. In conjunction with Herr de Vries, manager of the theatre here (Amsterdam), certain spirited individuals formed a plan for the purpose of establishing a German operatic, and a Dutch dramatic company for Rotterdam and Utrecht. The plan did not meet with the requisite support, only 20,000 guldens being subscribed to carry it out. Its originators would not, however, allow themselves to be beaten. A fresh committee was appointed, but their efforts would hardly have been crowned with success, had not one of the members hit upon the idea of granting a free admission to each person taking a certain number of shares in the enterprise. By this means, subscriptions were obtained to the amount of 75,000 guldens, which was sufficient to enable the promoters of the scheme to commence active proceedings.

The direction of the opera was confided to a very excellent musician and conductor, Herr Skraup, formerly in Prague. This gentleman has fully justified all the expectations formed of him, and, out of the chaotic medley of artists, vocal and instrumental, unknown to him and to each other, created an admirable working *troupe* and a first-rate orchestra. The season just past was brought to a triumphal close by a new opera, *Meergeuse*, from the pen of the worthy conductor. The work was well sung, well played, and warmly applauded.

If your space allows it, perhaps you will insert the following list of operas played during their first season, by the New German Operatic Company in Holland. I think it is something of which the compatriots of Admiral van Tromp, "those Dutch sons of"—guns, as Master Copp does *not* say, may well be proud:—

	In Rotterdam.	Elsewhere.	Sum Total.
1. *Don Juan*	4	2	6
2. *Martha*	8	2	10
3. *Der Freischütz*	5	2	7
4. *Figaro*	7	3	10
5. *Les Huguenots*	3	0	3
6. *Norma*	1	1	2
7. *Fidelio*	12	4	16
8. *Stradella*	2	0	2
9. *Die Zauberflöte*	4	2	6
10. *Das Nachtlager*	2	0	2
11. *Tannhäuser*	8	0	8
12. *Lucia*	2	1	3
13. *Guillaume Tell*	3	0	3
14. *Euryanthe*	6	3	9
15. *Montecchie Capuletti*	1	1	2
16. *Meergeuse*	2	0	2
	70	21	91

STUTTGARDT — (*From a Correspondent*). After a long period of inactivity, the managers of the Theatre Royal appear to have shaken off their lethargy. Unfortunately, however, they never thought of presenting anything worth hearing or seeing until the public preferred *al fresco* entertainments, in the fresh and fragrant gardens scattered about the city, to the warm and stifling atmosphere of the play-house. The Stuttgardters have been peculiarly unfortunate this season. Not only have they been the victims, as before remarked, of apathy on the part of the managers, but they have suffered greatly in their amusements from unavoidable causes. Illness has been a prominent *trouble-fête*. For instance, the first tenor, Herr Sontheim, was obliged to absent himself from his duties from the 18th of March to the 7th of May. This was no trifling loss, for there was no one to replace him, and, consequently, a whole host of operas was at once erased for the time being from the repertory. It is true that Herr Franz Jäger was put forward as Arturo in the *Puritani*, but the result was by no means an encouraging one. Herr Jäger was several times in the course of the evening very nearly laughed off the stage. The managers did the best they could, however, and selected such operas as *Die Beiden Schützen, Figaro's Hochzeit, St. Johannisnacht, Czaar und Zimmermann, Nachtlager in Granada, Teufels Antheil, Liebestrank, &c.*, in which the tenor can manage to get on pretty well, provided he can act a little. At length Herr Sontheim was sufficiently recovered to appear on the 8th of May, as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and thus put an end to the *canard* which has gone the round of the papers about his having been placed in a lunatic asylum. An equally absurd and unfounded report was circulated to the effect that Herr Pischek had died from the effect of an apoplectic fit. So far from this being the case, Herr Pischek appeared as Figaro in Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, on the 28th of April, and is as well as ever he was. He had merely been for a few days slightly indisposed.—The concert season has just been brought to a close. First and foremost come the Subscription Concerts, which had been heralded with magnificent promises. Among other things, the public was to hear Beethoven's Mass in D, Mozart's *Davide penitente*, and Schumann's *Paradies und Peri*. But these promises were not redeemed, and the sole novelty during the entire season was Hiller's *Loreley*. There was not even an attempt made to produce Beethoven's Mass. Perhaps the reason for this was that the members of the band, who mostly all belong to the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, had not leisure to study a composition of such importance. Mozart's cantata was shelved a few days before the night fixed for the performance, by the indisposition of one of the principal vocalists; and Schumann's work abandoned the very night preceding that of the concert, on account of the illness of Herr Kücken, who, it appears, imagined that he alone could act as conductor, although there were many persons bold enough to assert that either of the two Concert-Meister, under [him, might have supplied his place. Thus the programme, in all its essential characteristics, resembled that of last year. Last year, for instance, we had three symphonies by Beethoven; this year we have had four; that in B flat major, that in A major, the "Pastoral," and the "Eroica;" the last being substituted, at a moment's notice, for Schumann's *Paradies und Peri*. Last year we had two by Haydn, and we have the same number this; they were that in E flat major, and that in D major. Last year, one by Mozart; this year, two; that in C major with Fugue, and that in G minor. Last year, one by Mendelssohn; and the same number this year; the symphony in A minor. Last year and this we had the same—namely, that in C major—by Franz Schubert. Last year we had one by Schumann, and the same number this year; the symphony selected being that in D minor. In conclusion, instead of a symphony by Spohr, we had, this year, Gade's symphony in B flat major, while Spohr was represented only by the *larghetto* of his symphony in C minor. The overtures were by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Spontini, Rietz, Gade, and Wagner. In addition to these, there was Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, as well as several pieces from Weber's *Oberon*, which had not been heard here for a considerable period; and pianoforte sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Moscheles. There have not been many other concerts worthy of note, with the exception of some very good ones got up by a private society called the Bürgermuseum. There were, also, two Quartet Soirées given by members of the band at the Opera-house; and the concerts of the Orchesterverein, under the direction of Herr Faist. Vocal music is actively cultivated by a goodly number of societies, and by none more successfully than by the Liederkranz, a union of male voices. Among the mixed associations may be mentioned the Klassischer Kirchenverein, the object of which is to diffuse a taste for the treasures of German sacred compositions. This society, assisted by the orchestra of the opera, and some of the principal singers, performs an oratorio every year in the large Protestant church. Last, not least, comes the so-called Operakranz, under the direction of W. Speidel, teacher at the School of Music. This society executes such sterling operas as *Euryanthe, Così fan Tutti*, &c., which are rarely, if ever, performed at the Opera-house. Herr Speidel accompanies on the piano.

MAYENCE. — The tenor, Manuel Carrion de Anguiano, has appeared six times very successfully in *Il Trovatore, La Sonnambula, Guillaume Tell* and *Il Barbiere*. — Roger has been here, but his engagement did not prove as lucrative as was expected. — At four grand performances, the Liedertafel and the Ladies' Gesangverein have given successively Beethoven's Mass in C major, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Mozart's *David Penitente*, and Haydn's *Seasons*. — After acting for five years as conductor of the above societies, Herr Marpurg has resigned his post, in order to devote his undivided attention to the Opera.

RUDALSTADT. — *Judas Iscariot*, a biblical drama by Herr F. Röhrig, music by Herr A. Späth, was lately given here with success.

COLOGNE.—The Philharmonic Society of Laibach, founded as long ago as the year 1702, lately elected Herr Ferdinand Hiller an honorary member. This gentleman's oratorio *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems* was recently performed, two days running, at Laibach, and created a great sensation. It was also given a short time since at Regensburg, and is to form one of the first day's attractions at the approaching festival at Middeburg, in Holland. Herr Hiller has composed a cantata for the grand German Sangerfest, which is soon to take place in Nuremberg.

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Letter to the Editor.

MR. C. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The success which has attended Mr. Charles Hallé's "Beethoven Recitals" may be cited as something unprecedented in the annals of the London concert-room. That one instrumentalist, by executing the works of one composer, relieved only by two or three vocal pieces, should have attracted large and fashionable assemblages throughout a long series of concerts, can only be regarded as a most extraordinary fact, of which we can offer no explanation, knowing, as we do, that amateurs continue to purchase for private use the most wretched kind of pianoforte music, and chiefly patronise the worst of operas. It is really curious, if not completely gratifying, to find the incomparable inspirations of the deaf, surly, old Beethoven thus apparently idolised when he is beyond the reach of human praise—to find a very clever gentleman gaining pecuniary rewards exceedingly pleasant and useful, and honour proportionate to the faithfulness of his expression of the mighty "tone-poet's" ideas, with the recollection fresh in our mind of the neglect and poverty which the living Beethoven experienced, and the consequent conviction that were such a master now in existence he would have to submit to a similar fate. The uncompromising artist, who, when his fame was at the highest, lived in two rooms, surrounded by piles of manuscripts mingled with strachino cheese, half-emptied bottles of doubtful wine, and strongly flavoured by badly-kept meerschaums, who found no small difficulty in paying his landlord, and was always writing "*Noten in Nöthen*" (to use his own painfully facetious words), we all know was "honoured" not many years ago by a festival to inaugurate his stony effigy at Bonn (his native place)—a monumental fête in which monarchs took part "and deemed their dignity increased"—now seems to have become the idol of the fashionable world of London. Beethoven is the musical god of the day, and Herr Hallé is his prophet. Well, if this be only fashion it is very good fashion, and deserves all possible encouragement, though the reflection will force itself upon us, that if the patronage thus given—and very properly given to executive talent such as Herr Hallé undoubtedly possesses—were extended to the efforts of creative artists; if fashion would recognise and encourage the eternal spirit of poetry which animated Beethoven, and accord to the living that honour with which it appears now only inclined to "soothe the dull cold ear of death," the art of composition would no longer languish as it does, nor great musical illustrators of the age in which we live be forced to wear out their lives in "hoping against hope."

Herr Hallé's greatest performances at his last "recital" were the magnificent sonatas in A, op. 101, and in B flat 106, the latter of which was played some few years back with such brilliant success by Miss Arabella Goddard.* The eminent German pianist surpassed himself on the present occasion, and a finer expression of these prodigious works, which belong to the most original and imaginative productions of the greatest musical inventor that ever lived, whether he be considered with reference to rhythm, harmony, structural design, or fugal counterpoint, a more masterly exposition of the general meaning and exhaustless beauties of these two sonatas, which are unhappily difficult to execute as they are to understand, could not well be conceived. Herr Hallé's success was a triumph not only for himself as a wonderful executant, but for the highest principles of creative art.—*Post.*

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL (*communicated*).—We have much pleasure in calling the especial attention of our readers to the complete programme of this important celebration, which appears in our advertising columns. We congratulate the Committee of Management on their success in having secured a combination of vocal talent surpassing anything which has hitherto been brought together, and which cannot fail to add to the reputation the Festivals of Birmingham have so honourably sustained for upwards of half a century. Mlle. Titiens and Mlle. Adelina Patti will both take part in the oratorio music, and may, therefore, be regarded as the novelties of the Festival. In addition to these artists, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti are engaged. We are promised the detailed programme in the course of a few days, when we shall again refer to the subject.

THE NOBLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB.—This club, established in 1761 by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen for the performance of glees and catches, has during the long period of its existence encouraged the composition of catches by offering for competition among its professional members gold medals and other prizes, and it is to this we are indebted for some of the best glees, &c. we now possess. The Catch Club has distributed upwards of 200 prizes, and we find in the long list of competitors the names of Dr. Arne, Battishill, Abel, Dr. Hayes, Clarke, Barthelemon, Dr. Cooke, Webbe, Atterbury, Paxton, Hindle, Stevens, Billington, Dr. Callcott, Danby, Horsley, Elliott, Goss, and a host of others. The Club has not of late years been supported as it deserved; but we are glad to find that amongst the recent "revivals," the Catch Club has not been left uncared for, but that owing to the exertions of the Secretary, Mr. Bradbury, the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Wilton, Lord Wrottesley, and other noblemen, it is now in as flourishing a state as in days gone by. The Club has increased so largely during last season, that in this its 100th year, the Committee determined to celebrate the centenary by offering for competition two prizes—the first a silver goblet, to be given to the best glee for male voices, and the second, five guineas, to the glee second in merit. The various compositions were sent into the Club anonymously, and submitted for selection. After a very interesting competition and three hearings, the centenary cup was awarded to the glee, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers," composed by Mr. William Cummings, who has been also successful in obtaining several glee prizes at other clubs; the second prize to the glee, "If music be the food of love," by Mr. G. Benson. It is satisfactory to know that the decisions met with general approval.

VIENNA.—Marriages between artists and members of the aristocracy are becoming rather frequent. A short time since the Duke Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, Colonel in the Austrian service, led to the altar Mlle. Constance Geigar. According to all reports, the young Duchess is a kind of universal genius. She sang, composed, danced, acted, and played the piano. A few years since, Mlle. Louise Neumann became, by marriage, Countess Schönbron, and Mlle. Gossmann, Baroness Prokesch. Very shortly, Mlle. Bossler, the actress, will be the wife of Baron Bruck, a son of the late Minister.

VIOLET CHARMS.*

BY JOHN YOUNG.

(*For Music*).

THE eye which a tender compassion can show,
At tale of cold sorrow with pity o'erflow,
Can draw from the deep-wounded heart ev'ry sting,
And sweet balm of peace in fond sympathy bring:
Which, when old age sits down on this yet placid brow,
Will gaze on me loving and faithful as now,—
This, this, were the glance I would have ever beam,
Around me, while floating Life's changeable stream.

There may live a charm in each bright, glowing flower,
Which courts the sun's lustre, and heeds not the shower;
But give me the blossom that hides in the glade,
Content to bloom on in its emerald shade.
The blossom so tender, e'en the evening's light dew,
Bends its beauteous head, and hides its soft hue;
Gay roses will lavish their sweets on the wind,
The violet's perfume in secret we find.

* These words are copyright.

* Miss Arabella Goddard has played the grand sonata, op. 106, in B flat, four times in London—at the Quartet Association, at her own soirées in Hanover Square, Welbeck Street, and Willis's Rooms, and once in Berlin.—ED. M. W.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ORNATISSIMUS. (B.)—We are glad to hear your disclaimer, and if you had not been in such a hurry to escape we meant to have asked you to be a compotitor. Now mind, call at the office. You say we are never to be found; well, that is true in a sense, but *you* will find us. *Vale!*—ED.

BIRTH.

On the 18th of June (Waterloo day), the wife of W. H. Clemow, Esq. of a son and heir.

ROYAL OPERA, LYCEUM.—Lessee and Director, MR. J. H. MAPLESON.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT and LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, for the Benefit of Mlle. Titiens. THIS EVENING, Saturday, July 6, the Performance will commence with the Second and Third Acts of the New and Successful Opera, UN BALLO IN MASCHERA: Riccardo, Signor Giuglini; Renato, Signor Delle Sedie, Samuele, Signor Gassier; Tomasso, Mr. Patey; Silvano, Signor Casaboni; Oscar, Mad. Gassier, Ulrica, Mad. Lemaire; and Amelia, Mlle. Titiens. To be followed by the First Act of Norma, Pollione, Signor Tito Palmieri; Oroveso, Signor Vialetti; and Norma, Mlle. Titiens. After which (by general desire) the Grand Scena from FIDELIO; Leonora, Mlle. Titiens. To conclude with the Fourth Act of LES HUGUENOTS; Raoul di Nangis, Signor Giuglini: Il Conte di San Bris. Signor Delle Sedie; Marcel, Mr. Patey; De Cosse Signor Soldi Tavannes; Signor Mercuriali, and Valentina Mlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TERMS { *Two lines and under* ... ... 2s. 6d. / *Every additional* 10 *words* ... ... 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

THE third season of the Monday Popular Concerts, just terminated, must have satisfied the most sceptical, who paid the smallest attention to their progress, of the hold they have taken on the public mind, and the immense influence they have exercised in creating a new taste for music which previously had been restricted to certain classes of the community, if not, indeed, to professional *cliques*. The performance of a stringed quartet some few years ago, in a miscellaneous concert, would have deterred many from attending who are now attracted by these compositions. He who is accustomed to drink champagne, turns at first with some disgust from the seemingly unpalatable taste of the finest Rudesheimer. Use, however, begets liking, and after awhile the roughness of one wine is preferred to the sweetness of the other. Thus, in starting the Monday Popular Concerts, the director had not only to get rid of an old flavour, but to create a new one. It was a grand thought, but one surrounded with difficulties, and almost hopeless, to indoctrinate the million into a love for classic music. In the first place, they were to be enticed to listen. Attention once gained, they were to be taught by slow degrees to understand what they heard, and appreciation would surely follow. The public is an impatient animal, and will not be swayed nor coerced. It grows restive under opposition, and can only be allured by coaxing to its own good, No doubt the attraction of the Monday Popular Concerts was owing, at first, to the names of the artists, which the director invariably selected from the highest ranks. But those who came to hear the singers and players could not help carrying away the music with them and institute comparisons with what they had heard in other places. In short, they began to think about the matter, to talk about it, to gain knowledge, to grow conscious of a new taste and appreciation, to dispute, to have convictions. In a wonderfully short space of time good music was in the ascendant at St. James's Hall, the true and the beautiful. This was the direct effect of the Monday Popular Concerts on the general mass, or that portion of the British, or London community, which may be represented by the shilling-place payers.

But the effect was no less powerful on the gentler and wealthier classes. We all remember of what materials that class of entertainments called "The London Wednesday Concerts" was composed. The programmes were occasionally rich and well-varied, but there was no system, no regular plan, and artists, at least the most eminent, were *allowed to select their own pieces.* This was a sin which never could be laid to the charge of the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, and against which, we feel assured, no stand could be made by any power or artifice of management. Artists, singers more particularly, are seldom the best judges of music, and care little for aught save the immediate display of their own talents. They sing or play for the most part without the slightest idea of the composer, and think that all interest is centered in their fingers or their lips. Not so thought the director of the Monday Popular Concerts. He saw that music must be made paramount, and the executants subsidiary. To establish this line of policy, it was necessary to provide the utmost stringency in the regulation of the programmes, from which there could be no departure, and upon which neither vocalist nor instrumentalist would have power to encroach. The selection became in its plan and form as irrefragable as a Lacedemonic statute. Erratic performers, on this or that instrument, were placed in an unusual dilemma, and singers, who doated on native airs, were enforced to try their wings in a brighter and loftier atmosphere. It took some time, as may readily be imagined, to bring about the change which has taken place, for not only were the audience converted, but, in some measure, the artists also. The change, nevertheless, has been effected, and in such a manner as to lead to no fear of a retrogression, or falling backwards.

The Monday Popular Concerts, in short, have opened a new world of enjoyment to the music-loving public of London, and Universal Art stands indebted to them. The best musical performances, by the best artists, at the lowest prices, have created one of the greatest reforms of modern times. A real knowledge of good music has been disseminated among those classes whose tastes it may be assumed were at the lowest ebb, and with a love and knowledge of music must necessarily flow in all those kindly feelings and gentle emotions which tend to refine and enlighten the human mind, to make us better and wiser men. If man be not elevated and purified by sweet and healthy sounds, he must indeed be

"Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

OUR readers may, perhaps, take an interest in following, through its different phases, the ascending progress of the diapason during the last two centuries—a progress which has just been summed up in an ingenious piece of

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workmanship, by M. Emile Pfeiffer, of the firm of Pleyel, Wolf and Co.

Under the form of a vertical instrument, in front of which are nine keys corresponding to nine diapasons, M. Pfeiffer's invention exhibits in four synoptical tables the principal lyric works represented on the French stage from 1680 to 1859.

The first commences with Lully's *Armide*, sung to a diapason giving 810 vibrations, according to the first scientific experiment made by Sauveur, and quoted by M. Lissajous*, in the notice he read before the Société d'Encouragement.

In a similar manner, if we strike all the keys in succession, we perceive, in an ascending progression, eight principal epochs, corresponding to the first representation of *Les Danaïdes* (1784—818 vibrations); *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785—820 vibrations); *Adolphe et Clara* (1799—838 vibrations); *La Vestale* (1807—848 vibrations); *Guillaume Tell* (1829—860 vibrations); *Robert le Diable* (1831—865 vibrations); *Le Préaux Clercs* (1833—868 vibrations); and lastly, *Faust* (1859—898 vibrations).

In the intervals between these epochs we find exhibited the other master-pieces which have added fresh glory to the French Opera, and which were the productions of Rameau, Glück, Piccini, Berton, Lesueur, Méhul, Cherubini, Della-Maria, Nicolo, Boieldieu, Rossini, Carafa, Auber, Hérold, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Verdi, Félicien David, and Gounod, in the chronological order in which they were brought out.

We see that, from 1807 to 1859, the upward progression was greater than before. This necessarily required the reform which the French Commission properly adopted, when they restored the diapason to the elevation at which, within a few vibrations, it stood at the time of the production of *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*.

We believe that M. Pfeiffer intends to send his work to his Excellency M. Lvoff, Master of the Russian Court, and director of the Imperial private bands, an eminent composer and musician, to whom Russia owed the adoption of the normal diapason, even before it was generally introduced into France.

* It is to this learned natural philosopher that the opera, also, will be indebted for the important improvement which has recently been made in the arrangement of the "float."

"M. GOUNOD'S *Faust*," says a correspondent from Munich, "has been wonderfully attractive; for people not only heard new music, but, also, saw what they had never seen before, in the shape of a heap of new scenery, sudden transformations, effects of light and shade, dances," &c. &c. *Note:* — The public at Munich resembles the public everywhere else. For an opera, or even a drama, to succeed—*i. e.* to please the multitude — it must have its novelty enhanced by *mise-en-scène*. If the *mise-en-scène* is attractive in an unusual degree, it is pretty certain that a merely respectable production will achieve a great success. With regard to M. Gounod's *Faust*, we really cannot consider it anything more than respectable. The French musician displays, as no one will deny, a real talent for composition, a sense of character and dramatic propriety rare among his countrymen, and a certain refinement of taste; but he is, for all that, an *eclectic;* using, moreover, and imitating his *chosen* models far too unscrupulously — the much maligned Meyerbeer, of course, in particular. Notwithstanding the encomiums perpetually lavished from certain quarters (even upon M. Gounod's additions to John Sebastian Bach), his compositions have yet to obtain the unanimous acceptance that was prophesied.

THE music-mistress is giving a lesson to the young lady of the house. The mother of the young lady is seated in the room—which opens into the counting-house—to take care that the hard-worked teacher does not waste a minute of the hour. Suddenly she hears the following dialogue :—

Music-Mistress : "F sharp, Miss; F. sharp!"

Young Lady : "But it is F, and not F sharp, in the music."

Music-Mistress : "That is wrong. Take your pencil and make a sharp before the note."

Mama (*speaking to Paterfamilias through the open door in the counting-house*) : "There, my dear, you hear that? But it is just like you. When *you* buy music, you take anything that is offered. The publisher leaves out the sharps and flats. Of course! It is so much extra profit!"

Have any of your readers seen the new (and well-covered) editions of ——— and ——— and ———? If so, let them take their pencils, and mark in the omitted flats and sharps.

Beethoven Recitals.—The eighth and last took place yesterday, in St. James's Hall, and was attended by the most crowded audience of the entire series. Mr. Charles Hallé, who was in splendid play, performed on this occasion the Sonatas, Op. 109 (E major), Op. 110 (A flat major), and Op. 111 (C minor). The audience were throughout attentive and enraptured.

Royal Surrey Gardens.—On Wednesday a number of workmen commenced clearing the ruins from the interior of the music hall, preparatory to the rebuilding of a new theatre, which is to possess all the advantages of the former as regards sound, but, in addition, will have a commodious stage, and be so constructed as to enable performances to be given throughout the winter months. On Monday last a variety of entertainments were given for the benefit of the lessees; and during the week Prince George Galitzin conducted a series of instrumental concerts, the programme including several compositions of his own, which were much admired. On Monday next, July 8, Mr. Charles Green contributes a balloon ascent for the benefit of Messrs. Caldwell and Bishop, the Phœnix Gas Company supplying the inflation gratuitously; after which Prince Galitzin will continue his concerts in addition to the other entertainments

Mr. John Francis Barnett's Concert was given on Tuesday week, at St. James's Hall, and attracted a highly fashionable audience. The selection comprised, among lesser pieces, Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony. Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor, and overtures to *Medea* (Cherubini), and *Prometheus* (Beethoven). Mr. Barnett has made great progress of late years as a pianoforte player, and is now, indeed—though still young—a powerful and brilliant performer, and enjoys a very high reputation. His performance of Mendelssohn's beautiful and captivating concerto, in G minor, created the utmost enthusiasm, and obtained for him an enthusiastic recall. A greater success, indeed, could not be desired. Mr. Barnett also played Liszt's *Illustration du Prophète*, which was applauded by the whole room, and a charming caprice of his own, which pleased universally. M. Ole Bull played his own Siciliana e Tarantella. The vocalists were Mad Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr Weiss. The fine old air of Buononcini, "Per la gloria," was sung admirably by Mr. Weiss, and Purcell's "Come if you dare," splendidly by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Mr. James Lea Summers, the blind pianist, gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday week, in aid of the association for the general welfare of the blind, and was assisted by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, as vocalists, and Mr. Joseph Heine, the blind violinist, as instrumentalist. The concert was given under the most distinguished patronage, and, as a matter of course, attracted a numerous and fashionable attendance.

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The Operas.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The *Ballo in Maschera* was given for the second and third time on Saturday and Monday, and on Tuesday *Guillaume Tell*, for the eighth time, by far the finest performance of the season. So many representations of Rossini's masterpiece argues a decided improvement in the popular taste; and, indeed, but for the sudden appearance of the new comet, Adelina Patti, upon which all operatic gaze is now turned, the representations might have been doubled. The manner in which the opera has been got up, no doubt, has tended to its success, which, now that it is confirmed, cannot fail to do good service to the establishment and enchant the public for years to come.

On Thursday Mlle. Adeline Patti, after having performed Amina and Lucia more times than we can remember, essayed a new character, Violetta in *La Traviata*, her third in this country. A youthful, interesting appearance, and the fresh voice of girlhood, are indispensable qualifications for the representative of Violetta, and such are possessed by Mlle. Patti. Neither fine acting nor singing would in this particular part avail without the natural advantages we have mentioned; and thus the combination of excellencies displayed by Mlle. Patti — who acted on the present occasion as well as she sang, while physically representing the youth and attractiveness of the unfortunate young heroine of the *demi monde*, to perfection — is rarely indeed to be met with. Previous performances had not prepared us for the striking display of histrionic genius with which Mlle. Patti delighted the public on Thursday night. Her last scene was truthful and beautiful. She drew "the trembling tear of speechless praise" from many an eye, and no eulogy we might offer could exceed this spontaneous tribute to the histrionic powers of the young artist. If Mlle. Patti played this scene so admirably it may be readily supposed that where brilliant fluency of vocalisation was required she shone with almost incomparable lustre. To select only one instance, her rendering of the *cabaletta* to the air "Ah! forse lui" was a perfect specimen of *bravura* singing — bright, silvery, "luminous" in tone, whilst exquisitely finished in execution. The young lady will doubtless repeat the character of Violetto, and we shall thus find opportunities for entering more fully into the merits of a performance which may be described in general terms as something quite *hors ligne*. Mlle. Patti was supported by Signor Tiberini as Alfredo, and Signor Graziani as Germont. This evening Mlle. Patti is announced to appear for the first time as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*.

LYCEUM.—Mr. Mapleson has proved himself a manager of more than ordinary activity in, what may be denominated, his "flying operatic season." The production of so many works, including one novelty, we do not remember at the Italian Opera within the same time. To make the best use of the session, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini have had far more than their usual share of work; but they never flinched, and played three, sometimes four, times a week, besides singing at the Crystal Palace on Fridays and sundry other concerts morning and evening. Artists of such eminent talents, with so much power of endurance, and so much willingness to sustain the fortunes of an establishment in which they are engaged, are indeed rare, and Mr. Mapleson has been fortunate in securing the services of the incomparable pair. The season closes to-night with Mlle. Titiens' benefit. Whether the undertaking has or has not proved successful, we cannot say. The theatre opened at a bad period, and in such a hurry that there was scarcely time to make up a good subscription, and consequently the performances had to depend almost entirely for support on the general public. The company, though small, was admirable, efficient, indeed, in every particular in respect of such popular operas as the *Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Martha*, &c., and the dresses and scenery were effective, if not particularly splendid nor always appropriate. That enough, however, had been done for a season which was destined to outlive a few weeks only, everybody will allow. If the Boston moon and its false reflections in the third act of the *Ballo in Maschera* were calculated to excite risibility, we must suppose that the scene painter was hurried and worried, and that the stage manager had his moon fixed in the wrong part of the heavens. The splendour of the dresses in the *Trovatore* we may accept as a set-off against the puerilities in the *Ballo in Maschera*, and the greatest allowance must be made for all shortcomings, the length of the season necessitating single performances taken into account. In short, Mr. Mapleson did wonders, under the circumstances, in giving so many operas so well, and we have no doubt, should the managerial cloak again invest him, that he will do better when time and forethought will have enabled him to shape his course clearer, and to make proper preliminary arrangements for so important an undertaking.

The performances of *Martha* on Thursday week, *Don Giovanni* on Tuesday, and *Norma* on Thursday, do not call for special notice, inasmuch as they were nearly in every respect the same as those of last year at Her Majesty's Theatre. *Martha* indeed involved no change in the four principal personages. The *Huguenots*, however, produced on Saturday, requires a few words from us in the way of detail. Meyerbeer's opera can never be uninteresting to the lovers of dramatic music with such an impersonation of the unfortunate Valentine as that of Mlle. Titiens—undoubtedly the most perfect achievement of the gifted Teutonic songstress. Neither the original Valentine of Mlle. Falcon—the lyric Rachel, whose sudden loss of voice robbed the French Opera of its youngest and brightest ornament—nor the next best embodiment of the character (by universal consent)—that of Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli—has been witnessed on the English stage; and although they have seen and applauded the earnest, impassioned, and elaborate essay of Mad. Viardot, and the far more natural assumption of Mad. Grisi, frequenters of the London Italian Opera can recall nothing so nearly realising the superb conception of Meyerbeer—whose music exalts the erring heroine of M. Scribe to the lofty sphere of the "ideal"—as the Valentine of Mlle. Titiens. She has both the physical and the mental requisites, and in some parts of the opera (the great duet with Marcel, in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs*, for example) brings out effects of which it is probable Meyerbeer himself never dreamed. Such a Valentine would give life and vigour to a less equally balanced performance than that which took place on Saturday night at the Lyceum. Signor Giuglini's Raoul de Nangis, if not marked by the romantic grace and histrionic power with which Mario invests a part in the delineation of which he has always been unrivalled, has vocal beauties of unquestionable distinction; Signor Vialetti's Marcel is stern, hearty, and vigorous, and M. Gassier's St. Bris as fine as any St. Bris since Tamburini undertook the character at the Royal Italian Opera, in order to strengthen the attractions of the "cast" by the aid of his popular name. These, however, like the Valentine of Mlle. Titiens, and the Urban of Mad. Lemaire, are familiar to the public. Not so the Nevers of Signor Delle Sedie, whose excellent qualities as a singer and real dramatic intelligence, though allowed fewer opportunities than usual for effective display, are not the less to be prized on that account; and not so the Marguerite de Valois of Mlle. Agnes Büry, a German soprano, who appeared in London some years ago, both as a concert singer and at Drury Lane Theatre in the German operatic company conducted by Mr. Jarrett. These were the novelties of the cast, the other subordinate personages being intrusted to more or less competent hands. That the band and chorus, over which Signor Arditi presides so zealously, would be likely, in such a work as the *Huguenots*, to efface the remembrance of what (even very recently) has been heard elsewhere; or that the comparatively limited resources of the Lyceum boards would admit of even a distant approach to the scenic effect upon which the French operas of Meyerbeer so largely depend, no one anticipated, and therefore no one was disappointed. On the contrary, the patrons of the establishment, glad to obtain the *Huguenots* at any price, were grateful to the manager for the extraordinary pains he must have bestowed on its preparation. Moreover, a great light cannot be hid under a bushel. If Mlle. Titiens belonged to an Italian "troop" in a barn, the *Huguenots* would be presented, if only for the sake of so magnificent a Valentine; still more as a matter of course in a theatre, where, at a moment's notice, so strong and efficient a company has been brought together. The alterations in *Don Giovanni* were Mad. Gassier for Mad. Borghi-Mamo in Zerlina— hardly an improvement; Mlle. Sedlatzek for Mlle. Vaneri in Donna Elvira—a tolerable substitute; M. Gassier for

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Signor Everardi in Don Giovanni—an acceptable change; and Mr. Patey for Signor Mercuriali in Masetto—a decided amelioration. The general execution of Mozart's opera, however, is therefore by no means so good as the *Trovatore*, *Martha*, or the *Ballo in Maschera*, in spite of Mlle. Titiens' magnificent singing and acting in Donna Anna, Signor Giuglini's exquisite singing in Don Ottavio, and M. Gassier's creditable musical performance of Don Giovanni. In *Norma*, on Thursday night, Signor Giuglini had at last a night's rest, and Signor Tito Palmieri played Pollio. This artist has received on several occasions certificates of competence at the Crystal Palace and at several metropolitan concert-rooms. All we can say for him just now is, that he sings very small after Signor Mongini.

On Thursday *Norma* was given, like *Don Giovanni*, for the only time this season. The loss of Signor Giuglini in any performance at the Lyceum Opera is severely felt; and Mlle. Titiens may be said, without him, to be the sole attraction. Signor Tito Palmieri, who, we believe, made his first appearance as a tenor singer in this country at the Crystal Palace a few months since, and subsequently was heard of at some of the London concerts, sustained the part of Pollio, with considerable effect. Nevertheless the weight of the performance fell on the shoulders of Mlle. Titiens, who, as if put upon her best mettle, sang and acted the part of the High Priestess with more than usual grandeur and magnificence, and created an immense sensation. Norma is certainly one of those characters in which the great Teutonic songstress impresses us the more the oftener she plays it. To-night Mlle. Titiens takes her benefit, with a selection from different operas, which brings the season to a termination.

THE following has been circulated:—

"*Lyceum Theatre, Thursday, July 4th*, 1861.

"A number of artists, including some of the very first of the day, having by the unexpected close of Her Majesty's Theatre been left without a fitting arena for the display of their talents, and no established *Impresario* having shown any inclination to speculate in a second Italian Opera, without which "opposition," as it is termed, the public can never feel certain of getting even *one* Italian Opera of first-class excellence, and the general belief that London is populous enough to support simultaneously two Grand Operatic Theatres, are facts which will, perhaps, suffice to explain my sudden appearance before the public in the capacity of manager of the Royal Italian Opera; and if the shortness of the time allowed me for making very extensive arrangements, and the smallness of the Lyceum Theatre (the only one to be had at the moment), be duly considered, I trust it will be admitted that the best has been done to justify the confidence reposed in me by the nobility and gentry at the commencement of my somewhat hazardous enterprise, to satisfy all the kind patrons who have so liberally supported me throughout a campaign which, although necessarily brief, has been marked by the brilliantly successful production, for the first time in England, of an entirely new work, Signor Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in addition to the performances of the following most popular operas of the day:—*Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Martha*, *Les Huguenots*, *Norma*, and *Don Giovanni*, the sterling merits of the representation of each having been unanimously recognised by the London press.

"My expenses have, of course, been very heavy; but I am happy to say that the patronage I have met with has enabled me to discharge every pecuniary obligation.

"In taking leave, for the present, of my kind patrons, I should state that it is my intention soon to renew my managerial efforts on a wider field; and thus, with hope for the future, no less than gratitude for the past, I most respectfully say, Farewell!

"J. H. MAPLESON."

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—Always on a grand scale, Mr. Benedict's annual entertainment was this year even more varied and interesting than usual. So great were the attractions that the attendance was larger than on any previous occasion we are able to remember at a morning concert, whether within the handsome precincts of St. James's Hall, or elsewhere, where rank and fashion are accustomed to assemble. The feast of harmony prepared by Mr. Benedict was on a truly eclectic scale, and combined specimens of almost all the musical delicacies of the season. The programme, moreover, was so cleverly made out that a constant variety was provided, and to have experienced a moment's "*ennui*" at any period of the afternoon was simply out of the question. Every taste was consulted, and this without a single departure from the high standard of excellence that has always been a *sine qua non* at Mr. Benedict's concerts. The first part of the programme was, without hyperbole, a casket of gems, many of "purest ray serene." To criticise it would be a thankless task, inasmuch as it contained absolutely nothing to find fault with. "Papataci" (*L'Italiana in Algeri*) is a *trio buffo* of which even the composer of *Il Barbiere* need never be otherwise than proud — and this was allotted to Signors Belart, Delle Sedie, and Belletti. The overture, called *The Ruler of the Spirits*, is one of Weber's most imaginative orchestral preludes; and this was set down for a band first-rate both in number and efficiency (Mr. Benedict — the favourite pupil of Weber, as all the world of music is aware — does well to produce the compositions of his illustrious master at every one of his annual concerts). "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*) ranks deservedly among the most graceful of Meyerbeer's songs; and how Mad. Lemaire can sing it need not be told. The "*Andante* with variations," for two pianofortes, is one of those compositions which present Robert Schumann under his most amiable and engaging aspect; and this was entrusted to players no less practised and conscientious than Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Benedict. "A lonely Arab maid" (*Oberon*) is as plaintive as the overture abovementioned is a vigorous inspiration of Weber's genius, and that it loses nothing in the Italian version, when Mad. Alboni is the singer, was proved last year at Her Majesty's Theatre, where, Italian though she be, the Germans themselves apostrophised her as the "pearl of Fatimas." Signor Bottesini, the most wonderful performer on the double-bass that his own prolific country can claim, is also an ingenious composer—an assertion which his duet for violin and violoncello would alone justify; and had it been a question of importance to bring its merits advantageously to light, that could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually than by placing the small fiddle over the left shoulder of M. Wieniawski and the big fiddle between the knees of Signor Piatti. Mr. Benedict's cavatina, "Quand tout d'un coup"—from an opera (*Les Nonnes de Robert*) so obstinately kept in the dark that people begin to regard it as a myth—would, had not its beauties already been acknowledged, have enjoyed the fairest chance of appreciation, with Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington (the "Maid Marian of the period") to impersonate the Page. "Giorno d'orrore" (*Semiramide*), by Mlle Titiens (or, according to the orthography of the police reports—which is possibly correct, "Tietjens") and Mad. Alboni!—why, Rossini himself would have rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Then that eccentric though clever, clever though eccentric, M. Ole Bull!—what more striking contrast than his "fantasia" for violin, "without accompaniments," could have been imagined, whether to the duet that preceded, or to the variations —"Il dolce canto" (Rode's air)—that followed it, and which Mad. Alboni so affably declined to sing again? To conclude, the pianoforte solo, constructed upon Arne's delicious air, "Where the bee sucks," is entitled to a place by the side of the most elegant fantasias of the modern school—a fantasia in which science and melody are agreeably combined; and with this Miss Arabella Goddard, by frequent performance in public, has completely identified herself, as she did on the present occasion. These are the particulars of the first part, a concert in itself—more than enough, indeed to satisfy the musical appetite of any reasonable amateur.

The second part was wholly devoted to Mr. Benedict's "lyrical legend" of *Undine*, which achieved such brilliant success at the Norwich Festival in September last, and won no less favour from a London audience when reproduced in St. James's Hall at the second "Farewell Concert" by Mad. Clara Novello. A third hearing, under favour of a really admirable performance—fully confirmed the good opinions elicited by the first and second. *Undine* is in its way a masterpiece, a fairy legend, treated in the congenial and sympathetic spirit of Weber and of Mendelssohn—a work, in short, that could only have proceeded from the pen of a musician of refined taste and poetical feeling. Undine, the water-nymph; Hildebrand, her earthly lover; Bertalda, Hildebrand's affianced bride; and last, not least, Kuhleborn, Undine's fellow sprite and sturdy champion, are each and all endowed with a marked individuality in Mr. Benedict's music, which, in addition to this dramatic faithfulness, has the no less essential charm of abstract beauty. We need not give a *catalogue raisonné* of the various pieces, that agreeable task having already been twice undertaken; nor, happily, is it requisite, the *cantata* having attained an amount of popularity that renders its most conspicuous features tolerably familiar to the musical public. Enough that Mad. Titiens represented Undine, Mad. Sainton Dolby Bertalda, and Messrs. Weiss and Sims Reeves (the originals at the Norwich Festival) Hildebrand and Kuhleborn. A more efficient cast could not have been devised. All sang their very best. The members of the band, by the evident pains they took with the overture and the richly scored accompaniments, showed how much they esteemed

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and respected the composer; and the chorus, though in many instances hardly as effective as might have been wished, were no less zealous and anxious than the rest. The pieces which created the liveliest sensation and obtained the most applause were the song, with chorus, "Mark the waves that rippling play" (Mad. Titiens); the *scena*, "From worldly cares and toils afar" (Mr. Sims Reeves); and the instrumental march, brilliantly executed by the orchestra. At the conclusion Mr. Benedict received a well-deserved tribute from the whole of the audience, which was heartily responded to by the members of the band and chorus.

There was still a third part to come, consisting of a capital selection, almost exclusively vocal, from the works of various composers, ancient and modern, and including no less than two and twenty pieces. All we can find room for is a strong word of praise for the irreproachable style in which Rossini's "Tantum Ergo," a thoroughly melodious piece of sacred music (composed for the church of San Francesco, at Bologna), was delivered by Signors Gardoni, Belart, and Belletti; and a line to record that Mr. Benedict played an *Andante et Rondeau*, for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, a composition of distinguished merit, the execution of which, as might have been anticipated, was in the highest degree effective. This should (and doubtless will) be heard elsewhere. The other pieces were divided among the singers above enumerated, and — as if these had not been sufficient to form an operatic, much more a concert "troop"—Mlle. Parepa, Signor Giuglini, Herr Formes, Mr. Santley, Mlle. George, &c., as "reserves." The conductors were Signor Arditi, Herr W. Ganz, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Benedict himself.

CONCERT AT DUDLEY HOUSE.—On Thursday afternoon a concert was given, for a charitable purpose, by permission of the Earl of Dudley, at his residence in Park-lane. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.— Duo, Theme and variations, pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. Goldschmidt and Piatti, Mendelssohn; Air "Without the swain's" (Susanna), Mad. Goldschmidt, Handell; Romanza, "M'appari tutt' amor" (Martha), Signor Giuglini, Flotow; Ave Maria of Schubert, transcribed for the violoncello; and Tarantella — violoncello, Signor Piatti, Piatti; Rondo, for voice and violin obbligato, from "Il re Pastore," Mad. Goldschmidt and Herr Deichmann, Mozart.

PART II.— Duet, "Son geloso" (La Sonnambula), Mad. Goldschmidt and Signor Giuglini, Bellini; Romanza (Don Pasquale), and "Bravo, bravo! il mio Belcore" (L'Elisir d'Amore), Signor Belletti, Donizetti; Gavotte and Musette (danses), and Allegro, pianoforte, Mr. Goldschmidt, J. S. Bach; Trio, "Fatal momento" (Robert le Diable), Mad. Goldschmidt, and Signori Belletti and Giuglini, Meyerbeer; Cradle Song, violin, Herr Deichmann, Reber; "John Anderson my Jo," Scotch ballad, and Echo Song, Norwegian Melody, Mad. Goldschmidt.

The concert took place in the ball-room of Dudley House, and the company belonged almost exclusively to the highest classes. Mad. Goldschmidt-Lind was, of course, the "bright particular star." Those who remember this wonderful artist when the magic of her name sufficed to draw crowds, night after night, to Her Majesty's Theatre, and fill "to suffocation," as the phrase goes, any concert-room in the United Kingdom, will doubtless be anxious to know whether her extraordinary powers have deteriorated under the combined influences of time and that easy, comfortable social position which renders professional exertion unnecessary. For their information, we may state at once that Mad. Goldschmidt-Lind, who is an artist by nature no less than education, sings as finely as ever. We can see no difference. The splendid voice and transcendent skill which years ago enchanted the musical world, were again triumphantly displayed on the present occasion; and never in the whole course of her artistic career, did Mad. Lind distinguish herself more honourably. All her efforts were received with enthusiastic applause, such as is rarely heard at fashionable "morning" concerts, and such irresistible demand for repetition followed her magnificent execution of the air from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore." The "M'appari tutto Amor" of Signor Giuglini, and the "Bravo il mio Belcore" of Signor Belletti, also narrowly escaped the same compliment, while the admirable performances of Herr Otto Goldschmidt, who played on this occasion like a consummate master, and of the other artists who took part in the concert, were rewarded with demonstrations of the most flattering kind. The proceeds of this entertainment will, we have every reason to believe, prove highly beneficial to the "Society of Female Artists," in whose behalf it was given.—*Morning Post*.

SIGNOR PIATTI'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place at Campden House, Kensington, on Saturday morning, and, the weather being propitious, attracted a brilliant and fashionable assembly to the magnificent mansion and elegantly laid-out grounds of Mr. F. Wolley. The *artists* with the great violoncellist were Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, and F. Lablache, Signors Gardoni, Belart, Solieri, Delle Sedie and F. Lablache, and Mr. Santley, vocalists; Mad. Piatti (pianoforte), MM. Sainton and Bezeth (violin), and Herr Strauss (viola). Signor Piatti's performances comprised Schumann's Quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, executed by Mad. Piatti, MM. Sainton, Bezeth, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti—a remarkable performance of a remarkable work, in which Herr Strauss's viola playing constituted a distinctive feature; his own *fantasia* on the *Trovatore*; M. Rubinstein's "Deux Morceaux Caracteristiques," for piano and violin, in which Signor Piatti enjoyed the assistance of Madame Piatti; and again, another of his own solo compositions, "Nocturne and Tarantella." How the prince of violoncello players executed his share of these works we need not say. Signor Piatti is not only beyond comparison the most consummate violoncellist of the age, but one of the greatest living performers on any instrument. He is, indeed, the Paganini of his time, and stands alone. This pianist may be approximated in comparison to that pianist, and one fiddler may be said to be as good as another; but nobody ever thinks of comparing any violoncellist to Signor Piatti. Unfortunately, his instrument is not so effective, nor so popular, as the pianoforte or violin; and consequently, however high his reputation may be, the public are not attracted so readily to his performances as to those of players who might be his inferiors on these instruments. Of the programme we need not speak at length. Mad. Piatti, besides playing her pianoforte pieces, proved herself a vocal artist of no mean pretensions, joining Mad. Sainton-Dolby in the duet "Della Mosa," from the *Prophète*. It was gratifying, too, to hear once in the concert-room those talented singers, Signor and Mad. F. Lablache, who by their performances added in no small degree to the attractions. The concert was given under the most distinguished patronage.

MR. E. SILAS, the well-known pianist and composer, gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening. The programme was one of the most novel of the season, and contained five of the compositions, vocal and instrumental, of the concert-giver, out of eleven pieces. There were — trio, in C major, Op. 46, for piano, violin, and violoncello; "Tarantella" and transcription of a Russian song by Glinka — solos for the pianoforte; song, "Oh! would I were yon silver moonbeam;" and song, "The voice of the Fountain." The remainder of the selection was exceedingly interesting, and included the first movement of Bach's Concerto in D minor, for pianoforte, with accompaniment of two violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso; Hummel's "Introduction and Rondo" for two pianos (No. 5 of the posthumous works); and Schubert's Grand Quintet, Op. 114, for pianoforte, violin tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso; the executants being with Mr. Silas, MM. Wieniawski, Pollitzer, Wiener, Webb, Paque, and Reynolds. M. Silas's trio of these pieces seemed to excite the greatest attention, The *Scherzo* was admired for its quaintness and originality, and the *andante* for its grace and melodic flow. The execution of the whole trio by MM. Silas, Wieniawski and Paque was unimpeachable. The room was exceedingly full.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The *conversazioni* held under the auspices of this society have been among the most agreeable *réunions* of the season—thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. H. Ottley, the hon secretary. The last *conversazione* took place in the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall, which, in addition to the usual collection of works by distinguished French artists, was decorated with eight large pictures painted by Mr. W. Bell Scott, illustrative of the history of the English border, the series commencing with the building of the wall of Severus, and ending with the completion of the railway bridge over the Tyne. The concert, however, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert was the feature of the evening. Herr Formes sang Sarastror's aria, "Qui sdegno" and "The wanderer," in which he was unanimously encored, and accompanied himself in another German *Lied* by Hölzel. M. Ole Bull delighted the audience by one of his Paganini solos, and a pianist from America, Mr. J. H. Donewitz, exhibited very considerable powers in two solos by

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Lïzt. Virginia Gabriel's ballad, "The forsaken," sung by Mad. Gilbert, was warmly applauded. The other *artistes* were Mlle. Anna Whitty, Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Palmer, and Miss Fosbroke. The formal business of the evening consisted in Mr. Hurlstone taking the chair, and Mr. H. Ottley, the hon. secretary, reading the report of the award of prizes, which was as follows:—Historical painting: Mr. Marcus Stone, "Claudio and Hero," in the Royal Academy.—Landscape: Mr. M'Callum, "Spring—Burnham Wood." Royal Academy.—Genre: Mr. Calderon, "La Demande en Marriage." Royal Academy.—Water Colours (Two Prizes): Mr. S. Read, "Interior of St. Augustin's, at Antwerp." Old Water-colour Society:—Mr. E. H. Warren, "Rest in the cool and shady Wood." New Water Colour Society.—Sculpture: Mr. G. Halse, "The Tarpeian Rock." Sculpture in bronze. R.A.—Architecture: Mr. A. W. Blomfield. Design for "Mission-house," now erecting in Bedfordbury, Westminster, in the Architectural Exhibition.—In Poetry, no award.—In Music, the special committee will report in time for the first meeting of the ensuing session. The room was elegantly arranged.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR. — At the last concert on Tuesday evening, the 18th, Mr. Leslie's *cantata of Holyrood* was performed, the accompaniments arranged for pianoforte and harmonium instead of the orchestra. Such an imperfect "make-shift," however, in no way deteriorated from the zealous efforts of the singers—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss, to whom the solo parts were allotted, nor from the vigour, precision, and delicacy of the choir, which has attained such a degree of perfection under Mr. Leslie's vigilant superintendence. The second part of the programme was exclusively sacred. One of J. S. Bach's chorales, the "Pater noster" of Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn's sublime setting of the Psalm, "Judge me, O God" (an unsurpassable example of eight-part choral-singing), each excited a marked sensation. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington was no less successful in "Let the bright seraphim" (trumpet Mr. Ward); Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Rossini's "Cujus animam," and Miss Palmer "But the Lord is mindful of His own;" while the melodious quartet from Mr. Leslie's *Immanuel* gave four of the most practised members of the choir — Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. Walker and C. Henry, an opportunity of exhibiting their acquirements. Nothing, we need hardly say, could be more efficient than Mr. Leslie's conducting.

CHORAL FESTIVAL AT WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.—The 801st anniversary of the consecration of Harold's noble abbey church at Waltham was celebrated by a grand choral festival. The church, it will be remembered, was recently restored at great expense. Since the last anniversary the east end has been rebuilt from the design of Mr. W. Burges; and several memorial windows lately presented, as well as three windows at the east end, designed by Mr. E. Jones and executed by Messrs. Powell and Sons, were placed in the church on this occasion. The services were at 12, 4, and 7.30, and the attendance was very large, notwithstanding the threatening state of the weather. Nearly all the leading gentry of the neighbourhood were present, and the inhabitants of the town made the day a holiday. The music was very grand, and the choir were those of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple, including Messrs. H. Buckland, Barnby, Fielding, Lawler, and T. Distin. Mr. Cumming (Temple) conducted, and Mr. J. Chalk presided at the organ. In the morning the service for the Queen's accession was used, the service being Dr. Cooke's in C, the psalms, Beethoven's in C, and Russell's in G; the anthems, "O, where shall wisdom be found?" (Boyce), and "God is gone up" (Croft). In the afternoon the service was Attwood's in D; the anthems, "God is our hope and strength" (Greene), and "Blessed be Thou" (Kent). Mr. Chalk played Mendelssohn's organ sonata, 4, the Coronation Anthem, Bach's pedal fugue in G minor, &c., on the organ. The morning sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. Hessey, D.C.L., head master of Merchant Taylor's School, prebendary of St. Paul's, and preacher at Gray's Inn, who delivered an admirable discourse from Psalm xxiv. 3, 4, 5; and that in the afternoon was preached by the Rev. T. Robinson, D.D., Master of the Temple, and Canon of Rochester, from Isaiah lxiv. 3. The Revs. J. Francis (incumbent), John Harman (of St. James's, Enfield), R. C. Meadows, and R. P. Hart took part in the service. The collections were liberal, and it is to be hoped that ere long the whole work of restoration will be effected.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. — The third season was concluded on Monday night by one of the most brilliant and successful concerts ever given in the St. James's Hall, which was crowded "to suffocation" in every part. The concert being for the director's benefit, the programme was chiefly framed of those pieces which have proved the most attractive and popular. For instance, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," of which, when Miss Arabella Goddard is the executant, the most *blasé* audience seem never to tire, was included in the programme, and produced, of course, its usual effect. Again, the selection from the harpsichord lessons of the prolific Domenico Scarlatti, in which Mr. Charles Hallé has frequently exhibited his dexterity of fingering, was also there; and in Bach's characteristic prelude, sarabande, and gavotte for the violoncello, Signor Piatti again charmed all his hearers. In the vocal music the same principle was adopted; Dussek's resuscitated song, "Name the glad day," was rendered by Miss Banks, who has shown a very commendable predilection for this charming composition of the famous Bohemian pianiste, and whose refined version of it is above reproach. Mr. Santley sang three of his most favourite airs. The unusual circumstance of the first-class pianistes appearing on the same evening was happily turned to account by the performance of Mozart's duet in D major, each movement of which masterly and charming work was interpreted by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé to absolute perfection, the four hands of the executants seeming to obey the directing impulse of a single will. Such a performance, indeed, was calculated to astonish as well as enchant; and in all probability (may we not say "assuredly?") could not be heard in any other part of the world. The two quartets were Haydn's in D, Op. 63—quite as genial and pleasing as any of his compositions for stringed instruments, while much more piquant and brilliant than most of them—and one of the wrongly-styled "posthumous" of Beethoven's, that in E flat, Op. 127, No. 12. To both of these MM. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti did full justice, the distinguished violinist playing more finely, we thought, than he has yet done since his recent arrival, and particularly distinguishing himself in the quaint last movement of the older work. Both he and Miss Arabella Goddard played a Sonata in G major by Dussek with so much animation and brilliancy, and such perfect mastery, as to create a furor. The sonata had never hitherto been publicly performed, indeed; but it proves to be be quite as replete with original and graceful thoughts as that in B flat, which has, in the course of the Monday Popular Concerts, been restored to new life. The introduction of Dussek's compositions is not the least of the obligations we owe to the director; and we can quite understand the gratification he feels in the consideration of the great and almost unanticipated success which has followed his earnest endeavours to place the best chamber music within the reach of all classes of the community. It was in the outset a bold experiment to institute such an undertaking, but, like all thoroughly well-conducted enterprises based upon a recognition of the intelligence of the people, the Monday Popular Concerts have now become an established success.

GIUSEPPE STANZIERI.—This young composer, whose sad and premature decease was lately announced, was born at Naples, where his father was engaged in the manufacture of pianos. Lablache was one of the first to encourage the natural talent manifested by Giuseppe at an early age. Subsequently Giuseppe went to Vienna, where his reputation was increased. He next proceeded to Paris, where the infantine prodigy grew up to be a man, but without casting off the figure and delicate appearance of childhood. Several illnesses, one of which would have been sufficient to carry him off, combined to attack this feeble being. The only circumstance that softened the pain of his last moments was the fact of his dying totally delirious, asking for his coat to go out, and, after he had received the last sacrament, protesting that to do so was the most pleasing thing imaginable, and that, in future, he would confess every Sunday. It was in this state of joyous fever, so to speak, that he unconsciously breathed his last. —*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

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VOL. 39—No. 28 SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN AID OF THE

FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,

ON THE

27TH, 28TH, 29TH, & 30TH OF AUGUST, 1861.

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MADEMOISELLE TITIENS.
MADAME RUDERSDORFF,
MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON,
AND
MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI.
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SOLO, Pianoforte
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.

Wednesday Evening.

THE CREATION ... HAYDN.

Thursday Evening A Miscellaneous Concert,

COMPRISING

OVERTURE (Meerstille) ... MENDELSSOHN.
GRAND CONCERTO, Pianoforte.
OVERTURE (Guillaume Tell) ... ROSSINI.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.
OVERTURE (Masaniello) ... AUBER.

Friday Evening.

JUDAS MACCABEUS ... HANDEL.

Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 28th July (with any other information desired) on application to Mr. Henry Howell, Secretary to the Committee, 34 Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

J. O. MASON, Chairman.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC DINNER, 1861.—The Committee have, in compliance with the resolution carried at the meeting held on the 12th of June, determined to hold the first Annual Dinner at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, July 17th. The Principal of the Royal Academy of Music will take the Chair at half-past five.

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The Entertainments, Illuminations, and Decorations will be upon a scale of more than ordinary attraction.

Admission ticket (in exchange for a Lady Patroness's voucher), half-a-guinea, admitting to all the varied entertainments without any extra charge. Vouchers for tickets will be exchanged on and after Thursday, July 11, at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 33 Old Bond Street. Vouchers not exchanged within two days of each fête will be charged 15s.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—It having been suggested that some Amusements at an early hour might be acceptable to the juvenile members of the families who may be present at the fêtes, it is proposed, with the sanction of the Ladies Patronesses, to arrange an Hour's Entertainment, from half-past 5 until about half-past 6 or 7 o'clock, to include the inflation and Ascent of the Balloon, the starting of 12 small Balloons, of varied colours, as a Race, Mlle. Vandermeersch and her Marvellous Birds, the Educated Dogs and Monkeys, a Visit to the wonderful Alpine Panorama of the Pass of the St. Gothard and Cascade of Real Water from the Devil's Bridge, the Grotto and Fernery, and a Ballet Divertissement in the small Theatre, &c. &c.

Family Tickets, for Children under 12, admitting 4, will be issued at half-price, upon vouchers from the Lady Patronesses, and by application at Mr. Mitchell's Library.

MAD. CORINNE de LUIGI'S (the celebrated pupil of Rossini) first and only appearance this year, after her great and successful excursions in Europe, and lately in Paris, will take place at her GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on the 17th July (Wednesday), at 3 o'clock, at Willis's Rooms.

Mad. de Luigi will sing also "La Separation," composed expressly for her by Rossini.

MOLE BULL will commence his TOURNEE in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the 4th November, 1861. Vocalists: Mlle. Anna Whitty, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Formes (his first appearance in the country for four years); violin, M. Ole Bull; accompanist at the pianoforte, M. Emile Berger.

All communications for Engagements and Arrangements to be addressed to Mr. Tennant, at Mr. Jarrett's Musical Agency Office, 244 Regent Street, London, W.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, having left for the Continent, will be obliged by all Letters respecting Engagements for the Winter Season being addressed to Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Conservatoire Royal, Bruxelles.

MISS LASCELLES begs to announce her REMOVAL to 13 Hanover Villas, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, W., where she will be happy to receive her friends and pupils.

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Applications, stating age, compass of voice, and other particulars as fully as possible, to be sent to the Precentor before August 1st.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN.—During the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Leeds, Performances will be given on the above Grand Orchestral Instrument, by Dr. SPARK, on MONDAY, July 15th, at noon, and in the Evening at 8; TUESDAY, at the Mayor's Conversazione; THURSDAY, in the Oratorios ("Creation," and part of "Israel"); FRIDAY, at the Evening Festival Concert; and on SATURDAY at noon, and in the Evening at 8. Programmes at the Hall.

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"TRUST AND TRIUMPH," a Cantata for Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, composed for the Degrees of Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc., by WM. SPARK, Organist of Leeds Town Hall, and performed in the University Chapel, Dublin, on Wednesday, June 26th, 1861.

Also, preparing for publication, SYMPHONIES FOR THE ORGAN, with Pedal Obbligato, by WM. SPARK:—

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Reviews.

"*'Tis Christmas Time.*" Song. Words by J. ALFRED LANGFORD, Esq.; music by J. ALEXANDER. (ROBERT COCKS and Co.)

A downright merry and appropriate Christmas ditty, quite refreshing under this present July sun,—just, too, as (if astronomers can be credited) we have been enveloped in the misty extremity of the tail of a comet, which may or may not be the comet of Charles V., and which, as Pope Pius IX. does not seem inclined to abdicate, like that famous and imperial bigot, we should rather take to be some other member of the family of wandering meteors. The music set to the healthy words of J. Alfred Langford, Esq. would deserve as much praise for correctness (if not for grace) as the song of Mr. Alfred B. Barrington, but for the following trip—

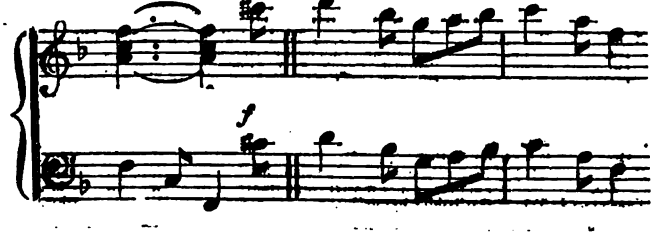
which even the learned Mr. E. Eves will allow to be consecutive octaves, between melody and bass, in a similar direction.

"*Peebles to the Play.*" Cantata. Words by JAMES BALLANTYNE; music composed and adapted by WILLIAM HOWARD. (All Music-sellers.)

There seems to be a good deal of "adapting," but very little of "composing" in this *cantata*. Should not the C's sharp in the subjoined be rather D's flat?—

And will the learned Mr. E. Eves defend the D in the bass of the subjoined?—

And does Mr. Eves like the C's sharp in the subjoined?—



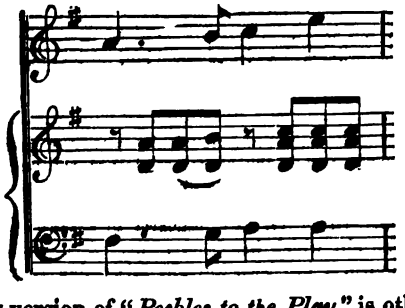
And what can be said of the subjoined, with its bare fifth (*) and rising flat seventh (*)?—

And is not the subjoined (more or less) vague?—

And is not the subjoined (more or less) clumsy?—

Will the learned Mr. Eves, moreover, allow that there are consecutive octaves, &c., between treble and bass where the asterisks occur? And is not the subjoined (more or less) slipshod?—

And is not the subjoined (more or less) to be pitied for its F-sharplessness?—



The new version of "*Peebles to the Play*" is otherwise not to be dispraised, seeing that it is chiefly built upon old melo-

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dies of recognised worth and character,—honest tunes and quaint, like "Greysteil," for example.*

"*Our Hielandmen.*" Words by M. N. BURTON, adapted to a favourite Scottish air by WILLIAM HOWARD. (Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.)

All about "Sir Colin" and his "Hielandmen" at the Alma and before Sebastopol, &c. "Wha?" asks Mr. M. N. Burton,—

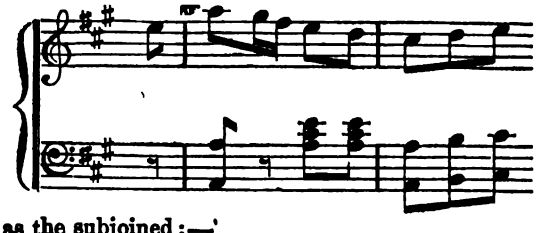
"Wha dares to say our Hielandmen
Are no as brave and true as when," &c.

"Wha," indeed? Assuredly "naebodie." But were not the Irish also, and the Welch also, and even the English also—("Is there no one to say a word for poor Old England?")—at the Alma and before Sebastopol. The "bluid" of all the races was shed in the cause.

"*The Scottish Rifle Volunteers' Quadrilles,*" on popular Scottish melodies, by Mr. KIRKPATRICK, composer of the "*Galloway Quadrilles.*" (Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.)

We do not remember to have seen the "*Galloway Quadrilles,*" but we cannot say we like the "*Scottish Rifle Volunteers' Quadrilles,*" in which the Scottish airs are treated with Hibernian want of ceremony: they are, moreover, written in a more or less (rather more than less) slipshod style, and abound in such instances as the subjoined:—

(Mr. Kirkpatrick is incessantly leaving his chords of the *six-four* thus unprovided for); and as the subjoined:—



and as the subjoined:—

* "Greysteil is the name of a metrical romance of great antiquity in Scotland. It was sung at the courts of James III. and IV. by Blind Harry, and other minstrels (1460—1513). This is seen by payments in the Lord High Treasurer's accounts. One entry is as follows:—'April 10, 1496: Item: To twa fithelaris that sang *Greysteil* to the King, 9*s.*' The air, which has been recovered, is wild and peculiar. Being little known, it has been thought interesting to present, on this occasion, a tune which was a favourite of the old Scottish kings from the time of James I., the illustrious author of '*Peebles to the Play.*'"—*Author.*

(which is but meagre two-part writing); and as the subjoined:—

which is the worst of all.

"*Hope is shining still.*" Song. Words by EDWIN HENRY BARRINGTON; music by ALFRED B. BARRINGTON. (Oetzmann and Co.)

A graceful and highly-finished little song, the evident work of an accomplished musician. The words, too (which we are sorry our crowded space will not allow us to quote), are as graceful and finished as the music.

"*The Rifle Grey.*" New Volunteer Song; words by CAPTAIN C. F. SHAND, of the Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers; adapted by R. ROY PATERSON. (Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.)

More Rifle-music. Vigorous captain-like words (commander's), set to the old tune of "Weel may the keel row," which Mr. William Chappell has, no doubt, somewhere proved to be English.

"*Fantaisie for the Pianoforte on Auber's Opera of 'Le Domino Noir,'*" by RICARDO LINTER. (C. Lonsdale.)

Mr. Linter has taken the "Aragonaise" and the subject of the last *entr'acte* in Auber's enchanting opera, and applied the customary leeches with such success that they come forth from the operation *saignés blancs* (bled white).

"*Barcarola, nell' Opera 'Marino Faliero,' Capriccio per Pianoforte,* by FRANCESCO FERRARIS, Op. 20. (C. Lonsdale.)

"Or che in cielo alta è la notte" is one of the most genuine melodies of Donizetti. Signor Ferraris has stretched it out into a fantasy which, though somewhat trivial and snuff-boxy, is neat, showy, and symmetrically shaped. No one should attempt it, however, unless mistress (we cannot imagine a pianist of the sterner sex engaged on such lady-like music) of the "shake."

"*Forty-four Exercises and Scales for the Pianoforte,*" by CHARLES M'KORKELL. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)

These Exercises are intended "to develop the hands, to illustrate new and peculiar modes of fingering, and to prepare the student for all the legitimate difficulties of the modern style of performance." A very useful work; but Mr. M'Korkell must not forget that our pianists of late have been modernising J. S. Bach, Mozart, Dussek, and Beethoven.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

AUBER	"La Circassienne,"	Favourite airs, by W. H. Callcott, Book 1, 2.	(Pianoforte)
Do.	do.	Petite Fantaisie, by Le Carpentier	(do).
Do.	do.	Fantaisie Capria, by J. Ascher	(do).
Do.	do.	Quadrille by J. Strauss	(do.)
Do.	do.	Polka brillante, by Paul Henrion	(do).
Do.	do.	Valse brillante, by Strauss	(do).
CUNIO	"Macbeth,"	Divertiment	(do).
LINDFELDT	"L'ondée de Roses"	... ...	(do).
Do.	"La belle Marie"	... ...	(do).
MACCIARONE	(G.) "Fantaisie sur l'iuno de Garibaldi"	... ...	(do).
Do.	"Fantaisie sopra motivi Napolitani"	... ...	(do).
TERRELL	(J. T.) "Garibaldi's hymn" ...	... ...	(do).

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Roeckel (E.)	"Rhapsodie bougroise"	(do).
Barnett (John)	"The water nymph"	(Vocal).
Glover (S.)	"We merry, merry fairies"	(do).
Hatton (J. L.)	"Save father on the sea"	(do).
Hime (B.)	"The star of home"	(do).
Summers (J. L.)	"Sweet Summer"	(do).

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Rummel (J.)	"Solitude," Nocturn	(Pianoforte).
——Do.	"Espovidu retour"	(do).
Maus (T.)	"Pilgrims' chorus," from *Tannhäuser*	(do).
Mayer (Carl)	"Triolini," Etude	(do).
Schlossser (A.)	"Serenade"	(do).

METZLER AND CO.

Abbott (W.)	"Stars of the summer night"	(Vocal).
Do.	"Hymn for Christmas-day"	(do).

SCHOTT AND CO.

Deichmann (C.)	"Dieu Nouus"	(do).

SHEPHERD.

Millington (H.)	"Grand March of the Wiltshire Volunteer Rifle Corps"	(Pianoforte).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

July 10, 1861.

It is never so long that we are without a performance of *Guillaume Tell* at the Imperial Opera as we have been since the secession and departure of the Sisters Marchisio. It has been, however, resumed this week, and a certain extra interest accrues to the revival from its introducing Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez for the first time on the great lyrical stage of her country, in the part of Mathilde, although that part has long been her rightful appanage. The duo with Arnold is sung by her with great perfection of execution, as also the air "Sombres Forêts," considered here as the touchstone of all ambitious songstresses. The only novelty at present immediately threatening at this establishment is the ballet I spoke of in my last, *L'Etoile de Messine*. An Italian choregraphist, as French euphemism dubs that humble servant of Thalia, the ballet-master, one Pascal Bozzi, has just alighted on the asphalte *trottoir* of Paris with his kit and pumps, and hastened to the stage door in the Rue de la Grange Batelière, to assume the direction of the forthcoming work. The inventor of this ballet, so far as ballets demand invention, is M. Paul Foucher, who in like manner invented *Paquita*, and the music is by Count Gabrielli, a great friend of "Carlotta" (and therefore of Sir Kay).

At the Opéra Comique M. Jourdan is eking out his last performances, and Mad. Faure-Lefebvre with Mlle. Marimon have, in *Joconde* and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, contributed to the attractions of the bill. The new opera by M. Lefébure-Wély I mentioned as being about to be put into rehearsal, *Les Recruteurs*, will, it is said, introduce to Paris a young tenor, M. Capoul, one of the laureates or prizemen of the Conservatoire. The ambition of this young artist soars high, and at one time there was some thought of bringing him out at the Imperial Opera.

The Théâtre Lyrique is preparing for its winter campaign. The commencement of the forthcoming season, it is said, will bring into the world an opera, in three acts, by M. Semet, and another, of similar calibre, by M. Grisar. But we are promised after this a production which will be an event in the artistic world. This is no other than the much-talked of grand opera by MM. St. Georges and Halévy, entitled *Noé*. It was originally intended for the Imperial Opera, but the authors lacking breath for so lofty an ascent, bivouac, as it were, at the Grands Mulets, where they are likely to meet with a more genial reception than higher up. The work was to have been called *Le Déluge*. The subject is not too ambitious, apparently, for the genius of a Frenchman. The fall of empires, the crash of worlds, cataclysms of all kinds and sizes, are the daily diet of his portentous muse. Happy nation! to be so gifted, or to imagine it. Mad. Pauline Viardot is to have the principal part in *Noé*.

The last two Sundays of the month now just elapsed have been signalised by the annual meetings of the Orphéon at the Cirque Napoléon, under the presidency of the Prefect of the Seine. There are two of these meetings regularly every year, and they usually attract a large concourse of persons, to the number of some three or four thousand. The number of singers is from fourteen to fifteen hundred. The programme is the same for both days, and therefore the first is to be regarded rather in the light of a rehearsal. At any rate the performance of the second day is always infinitely more smooth and perfect. The programme on this occasion may perhaps interest your readers, and so I will give it. The proceedings invariably commence by the ceremony of crowning the bust of Wilhem the founder of the Orphéon societies. This is followed by the hymn *Domine salvum fac imperatorem*, first in unison and then in harmony. The selection commenced with a choral hymn, "Prière à la Madeleine," by M. Jules Cohen. A chorus for four male voices came next, by M. Th. Gouvy, "Le réveil du cœur." Then a full chorus, "La prière à Marie," by M. Gounod. Weber's chorus of "the Black Hunters," and Mendelssohn's chorus of "The singer of the woods," completed the first part. A full chorus, "La fête des fleurs," by Constantio Fesca (16th century), opened the second part, followed by a chorus for male voices by M. Bazin, "Les matelots de l'Adriatique." The next piece was a full chorus by M. E. Savary, "La brigantine," a piece, by the way, which gained the gold medal at the Orphéon competition last year. M. Ambroise Thomas' chorus for four male voices, "France! France!" and the chorus from *La Muette de Portici*, "O Dieu puissant," brought the second part to an end, with the exception of the chorus "Vive l'Empereur," by M. Gounod, which always closes each performance as the *Salvum fac* precedes it.

While I think of it, let me remark that in publishing the letter which Rossini returned in answer to the request of the Commissioners for the opening ceremony, all the English papers have given a wrong translation of one expression in it, and yours among the number, though very unpardonably, for I executed the translation you had and executed it correctly; but your printer, or reader, or whoever it is who is responsible for the depraved lections so frequently given of my correspondence, chose to make me err with the rest of the mistranslators. The phrase I allude to stands in the original thus: "Si j'étais encore de *ce* monde musical," which is an elegant adaptation of the common expression, "I am no longer of this world." Rossini, who has retired from the world of music to enjoy, while living, his posthumous fame, and be a posterity to himself, says, "were I yet of this world of music," speaking as the manes of the departed composer. But you blockheads have passed over this *finesse* and stamped it out with a clodhopping commonplace, "were I still of the musical world;" and the world for once was astonished to see half-a-dozen sentences from the pen of Rossini without a token of the delicate, tricksy spirit which is still alive within him, though he be not of this musical world, having had the sense to remember the Horatian injunction:—*Solve senescentem equum*.

Having no more to add concerning musical doings in Paris, I will just cast a retrospective eye on the theatrical events of the week. M. Augier's comedy of *Les Effrontés*, which I see, by a capital summing-up of its purport and pretensions in the *Times*, has been played by the French company now in London, has been at length withdrawn from the bills. This comedy has had a long run, which it owed to its allusions to a certain financial Prometheus,—now bound to the rock of retribution, and having his liver torn, and his biliary functions otherwise put out of order, by the eagles of Napoleonic justice—rather than to its merits. It has, in fact, been as much abused as it has been run after—a perplexing sort of popularity, but by no means uncommon in this not over clean-feeding world. M. Augier's comedy is succeeded by the revival of *Les Comédiens*, by Casimir Delavigne. Time, no doubt, has blunted the keen edge of the satire in this admirable comedy, but it is still admirable for the elegance of its verses, and the liveliness of the witty sallies with which it abounds. I am sorry to hear that Samson, now the oldest member of the Comédie Française, is about to retire; and yet a great artist should not tarry on the scene of his triumphs after his vigour has deserted him, and the maturity of his talents is turning to what maturity always does turn to. It is an act of courage, no doubt, to wrench oneself away at the right time, and we are so little inclined to give heed to the warnings of our decline, that we cannot always of ourselves decide on the fitting moment; but a great artist ought to have the requisite courage, and if he have a true friend, he will not be at a loss to discover the right moment to exercise it. Farren lingered on the stage till he was pitied, if not ridiculed. Macready retired in time—gracefully so. The Vaudeville has pro-

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duced two novelties, *Ma Sœur Misette*, by MM. Varin and Michel Delaporte, and *Un Mariage de Paris*, a comedy in three acts, by MM. About and De Najac. The latter has had a considerable amount of success, and is said to be amusing. I have not seen it yet, but shall take an early opportunity, and will, if worthy of it, send a short notice. At the Palais Royal, a new piece, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté*, has not been very successful, though its existence will be protracted for some time.

While on theatrical ground, let me record an act of patronage towards the dramatic art exercised by the State here, which might be well imitated in England. The "Association des Artistes Dramatiques" has just received an annual grant of 6000 francs, or 240*l*.

It is announced that M. Ambroise Thomas, who seems to have a spite against the memory of our great bard, is about a grand opera on the subject of *Hamlet*. The book is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré—experienced librettists, no doubt; but one shudders to think what French librettists will do with the melancholy Prince of Denmark. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" One is not much more comfortable at the prospect of a similar task being undertaken by an Englishman for an English composer, although the book-maker be the profound critic and racy poet, John Oxenford, and the composer be the—(I leave you to put the appropriate epithets)—George Alexander Macfarren. I could never reconcile myself to the soliloquies being turned to scenas. But it is a noble theme! only Shakspeare should have done the libretto himself, and Beethoven with Mozart—for the ghost scene and the Ophelia part—the music. Addio for the present.

Letters to the Editor.

MUSIC AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.

SIR,—Last April I addressed you a letter on the above important subject, which I was induced to do by observing in the report of the Sacred Harmonic Society the unwarranted manner in which the committee of that body gave their opinion to the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1862, "that no satisfactory issue would be likely to follow the proposed attempt to recognise music at the forthcoming Exhibition, particularly if it was intended to undertake musical performances concurrently with the Exhibition." Such a statement from any other source than the Sacred Harmonic Society would call for no notice; but when the gentlemen of the Committee appeal to their experience of twenty-five years in musical matters as the grounds of this opinion, it is time for all who have the advance of music at heart, to inquire how music in connection with the Exhibition of 1862 may be made a success?

In the first instance, I think that whatever musical performances take place in conjunction with the approaching Exhibition should be of a national character, and a national musical institution should head the movement, so as to avoid any appearance of personal speculating or clique aggrandisement. The institutions naturally suggesting themselves are the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Society of British Musicians. The former being devoted to instruction, would not, I think, be qualified for the undertaking. The second, combining within itself the highest musical talent of the country, first-rate business capacity, a thorough knowledge of the works of the great masters, the *matériel* for conducting great musical performances, being under Royal Charter, and having enjoyed royal patronage for more than three quarters of a century, all tend to render the Royal Society of British Musicians the proper leaders in this most important national work. This society can call upon all the first musical talent of the nation to assist them to do for music what is being done by the Exhibition for the sister arts, painting and sculpture, and art generally; and where is the musician, instrumental or vocal, who would not gladly come forward and assist in such a cause. While there is a Royal Society, national musical performances should take place, and as no society would be strong enough, in itself, to give important concerts, they can call in extraneous aid, the same as the Sacred Harmonic Society did for the Handel Festival, in this way giving the whole undertaking an international character.

If we admit that the profession and public supported the Royal Society in the undertaking, the question arises, where can they give the concerts? The want of space already felt for the regular requirements, in the Exhibition building, precludes the possibility of erecting a suitable orchestra, to say nothing of accommodating an immense audience—for which a clear space, at least, equal to the transept of the Crystal Palace would be the smallest area required, and as every available foot will, no doubt, be occupied for the display of objects of art and industry, the idea of concerts in the Exhibition building must at once be abandoned; I may also say that all the great performances at Sydenham, although by large numbers, have not produced anything like the effect that was anticipated, owing to the insurmountable acoustical imperfections of the building; and the same defects will, doubtless, be found to exist in the new Exhibition building at Kensington.

I, therefore, return to my original proposition, as stated in my letter you so kindly inserted in your journal of the 27th April—in which I proposed that a separate concert-room should be built, contiguous to the main Exhibition, and of dimensions to accommodate large orchestras and monster audiences. I hear whispers that some such scheme is on foot, and really being attempted, but musical matters are always such secrets, and such strange rumours are constantly afloat, that it is difficult to know what to believe; but as we hear—*vid* Paris—that Her Majesty's Commissioners have addressed letters to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini, inviting them to compose certain works to be performed at the opening of the Exhibition, to represent their respective countries "in a manner befitting the occasion"—perhaps there may be some truth in the report. I see the works are to consist of an anthem, a chorale, and two marches. The idea of M. Auber composing an *anthem* as representing French music is, I think, to say the least, peculiar. Meyerbeer will be sure to compose a good chorale, his "Pater Noster" shows his capabilities in this line. Italy is without a representative at present, Rossini having declined. England's champion will, no doubt, be Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett—though his name is not yet mentioned—a musician and composer of the highest genius in all styles. The performance of these works should, I think, be intrusted to the Royal Society, their band includes every first-class performer of the day, Professor Bennett being the conductor, a proper interpretation of the works would be certain. I would suggest, as a means of carrying out the choral portion of the compositions, that a selection of voices should be made from the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Vocal Association and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.

Now, as a comparatively small portion of the public will be present at the opening of the Exhibition, this important performance of music will only be heard by a select few; the mass of the English public, and the visitors from all parts of the world, might as well be in Kamscatka, for all they will know of one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition. Now, if my views were carried into execution, by the erection of a temporary concert hall, there could be a number of performances of these works, and every visitor who might make a short stay in London would be able to attend one of these concerts, with no other trouble than that of paying for his ticket.

I have no doubt that most of the eminent musical societies of London and the provinces would be glad to avail themselves of such an arena for the display of their harmonious powers. The names of the following societies at once occur to my mind:—The Royal Society of British Musicians, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Jubilee Concert of the Old Philharmonic Society, the Musical Society of London, the New Philharmonic Society, the Vocal Association, Opera Concerts, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, the Yorkshire Choral Union, the Bradford Choral Society, &c. &c., and, looking at the profitable results of the Handel Festival, a portion of the receipts of the proposed concerts might be devoted to defraying the cost of the building, a second portion to the expenses of the performances, and a third might be set apart for musical encouragement or charities. The provincial societies would most likely visit London in a body under ordinary circumstances, and would, no doubt, gladly give a concert or two each during their stay, if a suitable building were available.

In conclusion, I would earnestly call the attention of the musical public to the position the question of "Music at the Exhibition of 1862" has assumed since my letter to you last April, and, as one of them, should like to know what is really being done. Are there to be performances of music, or are there not? If there are, what is the nature of the works to be performed, who is to do them, who is to have the arrangement and management, and where is the building to be erected, &c.? These are questions of vital importance, which demand immediate attention. Whispers, evasive answers, and the like, are all that can be obtained from persons whom, one would suppose, would know all about the matter, but who, I think, know no more than I do, but, for reasons of their own, pretend to be very astute and profound. In the meantime, the first announcement of what we are doing in London comes from Paris. All this makes one feel uneasy, and is not the genuine English mode of conducting public matters, particularly when the object of them is to elevate the public taste by the pro-

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motion of musical art, acknowledged by the greatest moralists to be the most refined of all recreation.

Apologising for the length of this letter, but which, I think, the importance of the subject will warrant, I am, yours obediently,

MUSICUS.

P.S.—I hope that my inquiries will meet with a reply from some of your readers who may be more conversant with the matter than I am. M.

July 11th, 1861.

MOZART'S SONG.

SIR,—I have looked with some interest for a reply to your correspondent's (Amateur) inquiry, "if the German song by Mozart, 'Phillis an das Clavier,' was published in England with English words?" The original composition being in my possession, and the *obbligato* pianoforte part being much admired by professors of eminence to whom I have shown it as an unknown musical gem of the composer of "Il mio tesoro"—I have recently adapted words, "The Song of Felicia,"—and as it will very shortly be published, I trust it may be the means of bringing it to the notice of amateurs, professionals, and the musical public generally.—Yours respectfully,

Manchester, July 9th. R. ANDREWS.

SIR,—"OMEGA" has not yet seen an answer to his enquiry in the MUSICAL WORLD, although certainly more than four weeks have elapsed since his last letter was mentioned. If the Editor is able to give the necessary information, 'Omega' will be glad to have his opinion without *further delay*."

["Omega" must either be halt or dumb, if not indeed deaf, or he would have seen our second reply to his second communication. Let him first digest that (if he be not blind); then, should he have anything to rescind, reimburse, scatter, readumbrate, expunge, or preterspecify, our columns will be open to him this day seven weeks. ED.]

PALMER LISLE NOT PALMER.

SIR,—Observing in the notice of the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" contained in the last number of the MUSICAL WORLD, that my name appears as "Miss Palmer," instead of Miss Palmer Lisle; I beg to point out this error, and should feel obliged if you could kindly notice or correct in your next number.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

1, Hastings-street, July 10, 1861. J. PALMER LISLE.

ROYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.—Two private *fêtes*, on a grand scale, are announced to take place at these gardens on the 18th and 24th of the present month, for which great preparations are said to be in progress, in aid of the funds for the Distressed Spitalfields' Weavers and the Spitalfields' Emigration Committee. A peculiar and most attractive feature at these entertainments is expected to be the presence of a considerable number of the younger branches of the nobility and gentry, for whose special enjoyment a short succession of amusements, of an hour, or an hour-and-a-half's duration, is to be organised, commencing and terminating at an early hour. These will include the inflation and starting of a number of balloons — conjuring — the wonderful birds of Mlle. Vandermeersch — the stereorama — ballet divertissement — and a dance on the platform, &c. Admission to these *fêtes* to be by tickets in exchange for vouchers, to be obtained of the ladies patronesses, of whom an official list is published. It is to be hoped that a considerable benefit will accrue to the charities in whose behalf these entertainments have been set on foot.

GAELIC JACOBITE SONGS.—These, as far as they are known, are more uniformly plaintive and melancholy than their southern compeers. Comparatively little is known of them. Their language renders them a sealed book to three fourths of their countrymen. Learned antiquaries understanding Erse are not many, and even these have not thought it worth their while to collect the scattered fragments of a rude literature which is no longer understand by the classes who purchase and read books. A few of them have been made known to the general public through the translations of the Ettrick Shepherd and others; and where these have not been caricatured and marred by the ill taste of the translator in rendering them into the broken and imperfect jargon of a Highlander's first attempt to speak English, are creditable to the passion of the Celtic music, and to the zeal of the people in behalf of their native princes. But they form a very small portion of the collections that have hitherto been made. It is likely that many hundreds as good, if not better, than those that are thus preserved, have, for these reasons, been irrecoverably lost. If so, the muse of Jacobitism, Highland as she is, must go down to posterity in a Lowland dress.—*Charles Mackay.*

PICTURES OF ITALIAN SCENERY BY PROFESSOR AGRICOLA.—There is a series of pictures by Professor Agricola now on view in a room connected with St. James's Hall, which is well worth a visit. The views embrace a few of the most celebrated and classic scenes in Italy. One represents the famous waterfalls and extremely picturesque cascades at Tivoli, with the tower nestling in the clefts of the rocks, or perched on the crests of the hills. In a second we have the Grotto at the Convent of the Capuchins in the Gulf of Salerno, and the town of Amalfi. A third presents us with a sunset view of the Colosseum at Rome, as seen from the Farnese Gardens, on the ruins of the Golden House of Nero. The artist has grappled still more boldly with the difficulties of sunset in a view of the Bay of Baia, seen from the Pausilippo, with all the little islands in the full blaze of the setting sun. In strong contrast with this is the *Roadstead and Lighthouse of Leghorn*, by moonlight. Another striking picture is the *Ruins of the Baths of the Emperor Tiberius*, on the coast of Capri. "*Evviva Italia!*" is the title of a pleasing little picture of an incident of the Garibaldian occupation of Rome in 1849. There are besides some interesting studies and drawings. The chief merit of these pictures is their accuracy. This is a quality in which English pictures of Italian scenery are too often deficient. The travelling artist usually stocks his portfolio with innumerable hasty sketches, and when he returns home and selects one of these for a picture, he finds he is compelled to draw largely upon his imagination. Some of our best artists are really culpably reckless in this particular, and will, for the sake of "improving the composition," introduce objects quite foreign to the particular scene they pretend to represent as they find it. Professor Agricola's pictures, on the contrary, bear unmistakable evidence of having been painted on the spot. In other respects this artist's works are strikingly English. They have just that amount of minute characterization without sacrifice of breadth at which our landscape painters aim. They also evince an English feeling for colour and the effects of atmosphere, with, however, all the phenomena of the climate represented. In fine, Signor Agricola is certainly a conscientious and deserving artist, and his gallery may be visited with both pleasure and profit.

PARIS.—*From an occasional Correspondent.*—The new Théâtre Lyrique will be completely finished in the month of September, M. Réty will enter on possession in the month of December. The edifice will be inaugurated by a piece in three acts from the pen of Grisar, after which will be produced the grand opera, entitled *Noé*, by MM. E. Halévy and St. Georges.—At the meeting of June 27th, the Corps Législatif passed, by a majority of 179 to 38, the bill for the construction of the new Grand Opera on the site of the old Rue Basse-du-Rempart.—A festival of the Orpheonistes will take place, next September, in the Palais de l'Industrie, under the direction of M. S. Delsporte. More than six thousand singers, representing the "Orphéons" of fifty departments, have signified their intention of taking part in the proceedings. The general committee of patronage of the Orphéons and Choral Societies of France, with M. Larabit, Member of the Senate, as, President, will superintend the artistic portion of the solemnity, for which MM. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas Richard Wagner, and Kücken, have written choruses.

VIENNA.—Prince Constantine Czartoryski has written to the directors of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde that, as the state of his health requires him to leave Vienna for a time, he resigns his position as member and president of the Society. The directors have resolved, however, to keep the office of president open, until the period, which they hope will not be far distant, when the prince's health shall be completely restored, and enable him to resume his duties.

LEIPSIC.—The members of the orchestra at the theatre have presented Signor Orsini, conductor of the Italian Operatic Company, which lately gave a series of performances here, a gilt silver vase, as a testimony of their sincere admiration.

DARMSTADT.—M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* has been produced here with great success.

ZURICH.—The Musical Festival has been indefinitely postponed, on account of the great fire in Glarus.

COLOGNE.—A blind young lady, Mlle. Aveline Büchner, sang the soprano music at a performance of Beethoven's Mass in C major, lately given in the Cathedral. She sings with great correctness and feeling, and produced a very favourable impression.

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SPA.—The concert season commenced on the 1st July. Mad. Clara Schumann was the first celebrity on the list. Among the other artists engaged are Mads. Escudier-Kastner, Marimon, MM. Servais, Sivori, Louis Brassin, Dupuis, Delabarre, &c. A "Drawing-room' opera, by Julius Beer, a nephew of Meyerbeer, will be produced in the course of the season.—The theatre will open on the 15th instant.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

WE are no more wanting in courage than we are wanting in reviewers; and if our reviewers occasionally stumble, our courage never quails. The following polite communication may explain what we are unable to explain without it:—

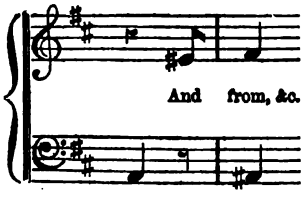
July 8th, 1861.

DEAR EDITOR M. W.—If you have the requisite courage, put the enclosed in your next number. Truly yours,

VERAX.

"*To the Editor and Readers of the* MUSICAL WORLD.

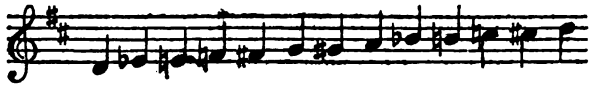
"WANTED TO KNOW *where are the consecutive fifths referred to in the second musical example on page* 419 *of the last number, viz.:*—



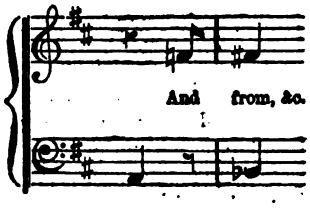
"*It is the opinion of some that the critic does not know a fifth from a sixth.*"

The reviewer who reviewed Mr. F. W. Hanson's song has been dismissed. Poor fellow! it was his first fault; but justice must have weight. He has written an apology—to no purpose; and henceforth, though we love him well, let him be no reviewer of ours. His case is a hard one, and his review may have proceeded from over-zeal. Besides, he mayn't like sixths, especially convertible sixths—sixths that may be converted into fifths. For example, A and E (sharp, flat, or natural) make a fifth; while if the A sharp in the second bar were written (as it might be written—and, for the sake of our ex-reviewer, we wish it *had been* written) B flat, then B flat and F (sharp, flat, or natural) would have made another fifth. We can easily imagine our poor reviewer, confused by the heap of "*new* music for review" that lay before him, seeing the progression in his mind's eye, and hearing it in his mind's ear thus:—

He did not say (poor man!) that there were consecutive *perfect* fifths in the same direction, but consecutive fifths in the same direction; and allowing the metamorphosis of A sharp into B flat, to mend his case (which is hardly asking too much), he would then be able to put forth a tenable plea for mercy. He might even insist, with the late Dr. Alfred Day, that there is no *A sharp* in the key of D, the chromatic scale of which—taking D (tonic), E (supertonic), and A (dominant), as roots that generate, by harmonics, the notes of which it is composed—would be written thus:—



and so defy his calumniators. But, in that case, peradventure, another disciple of the Daylight system might protest that there is also no *E sharp* in the key of D, which would convert our ex-reviewer's first fifth into a sixth:—



Thus, what he had gained by the metamorphosis of A into B he would lose by the metamorphosis of E into F. We fear, alas! that his condition is a hopeless one; and unless he can command sufficient interest to be admitted into the staff of the *Superfine Review*, or to help "One who pays" (Mr. Punch's new and surprisingly erudite contributor) with the musical part of his alarmingly independent criticisms, he must throw aside his pen, and criticise no more. This would be a pity. Mr. F. W. Hanson is not likely to extend a hand of compassion, and submit an additional song or two for his inspection; for that gentleman, in the progression which has led to such disastrous results, was simply bent upon modulating from D major into B minor, and, therefore, had a plain right both to his E sharp and his A sharp. Besides, listen to a graver and less dapper pro*test*ant than the veracious "Verax":—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have often had occasion to think highly of your reviews of music, for they have often made revelations of a theoretical ignorance which is disreputable in this age of musical enlightenment; but when I met with the review of a song by F. W. Hanson, in the present number (July 6), I thought the reviewer was rendering himself liable to be placed in the same list with the peccant concoctors who weekly expose their shortcomings in music manufacturing. The reviewer states that Mr. Hanson indulges in consecutive fifths twice, and gives the extracts. The first contains no fifth at all, but sixths (unless the music *is* misprinted). "The sharps to the E and to the A do not mend the matter," says the reviewer; indeed, *if the sharps were there, there would be no fifths at all!*

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because the motion would be oblique; no question of fifths arising. As it is, the intervals are sixths and not fifths. Again, the intervals in the second extract are covered fifths, and not direct. This is, of course, bad harmony, but they are stated to be consecutive fifths, which they are decidedly not; and the absurdity about B is B, A is A, &c., &c., "does not mend the matter," because from B♭ to F♯ above is decidedly a sixth, making with the fifth next to it an instance of indirect or covered fifths. I consider correctness is strictly necessary in these reviews on account of the influence which adverse notices must have upon the music, and also on account of the number of amateurs whose want of theoretical knowledge these faulty assertions might easily mislead. The first example I have mentioned is, if not a misprint, very foolish, because there are no fifths, but sixths, and the other, although bad harmony, is rightly noticed, the fifths are covered and not direct. — Yours, respectfully, E. EVES.

Mr. E. Eves discusses the matter sombrely, and we believe, if the unfortunate ex-reviewer were his own godson, he would have no mercy on his sins. Nevertheless, the admitted covered fifths, which, though not "direct," we find even uglier than uncovered fifths, should be accepted in some degree as extenuation. At any rate we appeal to the tenderer feelings of Messrs. Hanson, "Verax," and Eves. None of us are infallible—"*nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*"—not even Messrs. "Verax" and Eves (evidently not Mr. Hanson—"covered fifths" to wit); and, as we are not wise at all hours, we ought, in very meekness, to forgive those who are foolish even twenty-four hours a day—more especially an unhappy reviewer, who if he cannot find a post in the *Superfine Review*, must starve (which would be a pity).

THE Baroness Vigier (Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli) has not deserted that art to which she was indebted for so many and such brilliant triumphs. Although the stage lost her in the very midst of her greatest successes, she continues to cherish a passionate attachment for that attractive branch of music (the lyric) of which she was so admirable an exponent. The Baroness Vigier no longer sings in public, however, except in the cause of charity. At Nice, where, conjointly with her Baron, she possesses a nice baronial mansion, and where she resided last winter, the Baroness has sung, on very many occasions, in the *salons* of the *élite* of the official and fashionable world. All who have had the good fortune to hear her agree that they never listened to a more admirable or more captivating voice. There was one piece, more especially, which the Baroness Vigier executed with marvellous art and spirit. This consists of variations composed by herself (Sophie a composer!) on a well-known *Tyrolienne*. The Variations are exceedingly showy, and replete with daring traits (as *original* as *herself*), forming, in short, a thorough course of florid vocal study, illustrative of the *entire system* of this gifted daughter of three mothers (Melpomene, Thalia, and Euterpe), so early snatched away from the admiration of the eager eye-and-ear-devouring public.

Yielding to very urgent and obstinately iterated solicitations, the Baroness Vigier has at last condescended to smile with self-satisfied beneficence on the immediate publication of these, her flighty, eccentric, and most musically unmelancholy variations, which will appear in a moon-shot, or thereabouts, —at any rate by the time that Luna has changed her present aspect (which is the likeness of the appearance of a nail-paring) for something more glabritous and spherical. There is not a mad soprano or contralto (amateur or professional) but will be dying to make speedy and close acquaintance with this original emanation from an original and impetuous brain; and ere long (our ears upon it!) the Variations of Sophie Cruvelli will resound from the piano of every drawing-room, and from the stage of every theatre.

WHEN we see so frequently the highest ladies in the land unreluctantly lending the light of their names, and no doubt their presence, to musical performances, we cannot but believe that the art of singing and playing is considered of the utmost value in aristocratic circles; else it would be strange to see Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, and lesser ladies take an interest in music they never seem to take in any other art. An exhibition of a painting or piece of sculpture is never recommended by a long string of fashionable names. On the other hand, Signor This, or Herr That—foreigners, as a rule, are more extensively patronised by the nobility than natives—seldom announces a concert without an alluring catalogue of the best-bred patrons and patronesses adorning his programme. Are we to suppose that teachers of music and singing are the especial pets of lords and ladies? Mr. Aptommas's Concert was under the immediate favour of two Duchesses, one Most Honorable Marchioness, one Right Honorable Countess, one Right Honorable Viscountess, and several Ladies plain (not by any means plain ladies). Was the programme worthy such high countenance (beginning, as it did, with Weber's *Concert-stück*,—not for the piano with orchestra, but *for the harp without orchestra*)?

A PARAGRAPH which appeared in a recent number of the *Neué Berliner Musik-zeitung*—a *canard de première souche*—relates one of those wonderful stories of Englishmen and English doings so industriously circulated, and so eagerly swallowed by the *gobe-mouches* of the Continent, that we cannot resist translating it for the amusement of our readers:—

"A Monster-Concert of a peculiar character was lately given at the Sydenham Crystal Palace. The entertainment consisted of Haydn's *Creation*, sung by 2000 vocalists. The place of the orchestra was filled by 200 pianos, played by 400 pianists. The effect, we are informed, at first astonished the audience, but eventually became insupportably monotonous. That such a piece of absurdity should be tolerated in England, where oratorio music is held in such high honour, is to us totally incomprehensible."

Has not the correspondent of the paper in question been making merry at the expense of his too easy editor and too credulous compatriots? Who knows? The Prussians believe in anything—except in their own fallibility.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a general meeting of the Philharmonic Society on Monday last, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing season:—Messrs. Anderson, Cusins, Ferrari, Williams, Wilson, Turle, and M'Murdie.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The committee have succeeded in engaging Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Santley, Signor Belletti, and, last not least (though little'st), Mlle. Adelina Patti—an array of vocal talent which has never been surpassed at any previous music meeting; besides Miss Arabella Goddard ("a host in herself"—to adventure an original phrase), for the solo-instrumental department.

MLLE. PATTI AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—If our information is not incorrect, the terms accorded by the committee of the Birmingham Festival for Mlle. Patti's assistance at four concerts are 500 guineas.

GALLANT CRITICISM ON MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S PLAYING.—Practice made perfect.—*Punch*.

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The Operas.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The performance of *Don Giovanni* on Saturday night derived especial interest from the appearance of Mlle. Adelina Patti in the character of Zerlina—the happiest of her efforts, and the greatest of her triumphs. Mlle. Patti is gifted by nature with the requisites for succeeding in this captivating part. In her pretty peasant attire she was all that painter could imagine in the Spanish country girl; her grace and simplicity, and the very sound of her fresh, youthful voice, completing the illusion. Her acting, too, was perfect. She was neither, as most of our Zerlinas are, the fine lady masquerading in homely garb, nor the vulgar hoyden according to Piccolomini's notion of the character, but the rustic a little idealised, such as we could fancy, though we have never seen in actual life. Everything she did was so entirely the result of impulse, so artless and unpremeditated, the minutest details were so consistent and characteristic, as to leave the audience convinced that nothing less than an actress of nature's own making was before them. In previous essays she had shown both natural gifts and artistic acquirements, particularly in her very truthful and charming Amina, but in no instance to such a degree of perfection as in Zerlina, in which part, moreover, she appears to greatest advantage as a singer. Hitherto she has shone chiefly—though by no means exclusively—in pieces demanding great compass of voice, brilliant execution, and variety of florid embellishment. The music of Zerlina neither requires nor admits of such means of effect. The melodies are simple, and made up of few notes; but who would tolerate *fioriture* in "La, ci darem la mano," "Batti, Batti," or "Vedrai carino?" Yet to sing such things as these, according to the design of the composer, is the severest trial to which the vocal artist can be exposed. And through this trial our young *prima donna* passed triumphantly. Her fidelity to Mozart's text—with one single exception, a not very appropriate ornament at the close of "Vedrai carino"—was scrupulous; while she gave an exquisite charm to everything she sang by the sweet and sympathetic quality of her voice, her pure intonation, graceful phrasing, and truth of expression. How could Masetto, poor simple clown, resist the force of such blandishments? As for the audience, they were as much captivated as Masetto, for the house rang with cheers and acclamations. In the music of this part, too, Mlle. Patti showed her skill in the art of delivering the light, rapid, *parlante* recitative of the Italian comic stage—an art in danger of being lost now that this kind of musical dialogue is going out of use, and giving way to ponderous recitative, accompanied by the whole weight of the orchestra, of the modern school. Zerlina's lively prattle was as clear and intelligible as if she were simply talking without musical notes at all. We do not know what has been Mlle. Patti's musical education, but in this and every other respect it has evidently been excellent. She has yet, we understand, to appear in two other parts before the end of the season—Martha and Dinorah. Each of these will doubtless reveal some new quality which she has not yet enjoyed an opportunity of exhibiting.

Of the present performance of *Don Giovanni* at Covent-garden—now that so charming a Zerlina is added to the cast—we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most efficient we remember. If M. Faure is not the very best Don Giovanni we have ever seen, he is very nearly being so; of Grisi we can only say with pain (though we would not wish it otherwise) that we have witnessed for the last time a performance that can never be forgotten; Mad. Csillag has shown, for the first time in this country, what a part Donna Elvira really is in the hands of a great performer; Herr Formes' Leporello is a remarkable achievement, the reading new yet impossible to observe its consistency and effect without being convinced that it is also true; not less remarkable is the dramatic genius shown by Ronconi, in giving to the hitherto insignificant part of Masetto an importance of which it has never been supposed capable. But of all this, and of the *mise en scène*, of the ball, of Mlle. Salvioni of the orchestra, of the chorus, of the conductor, we spoke when *Don Giovanni* was played a short time since, with Mad. Penco as Donna Anna, and Mad. Miolan Carvalho as Zerlina.

On Monday *Don Giovanni* was repeated (with Mad. Tiberini Ortolani as Elvira), thus accomplishing the sixth of Mad. Grisi's "Farewell" appearances. Again was Mlle. Patti in high favour, and again was the house crowded to the roof. The result, too, is felicitous, inasmuch as *vice* Leonora (*Trovatore*) we shall have Donna Anna (Monday next) for the eighth and last "Farewell," which but for the inestimable "benefit" (date not yet announced) would be the veritable "last of the lasts." The seventh "Farewell" came off on Tuesday with the *Huguenots* (Mad. Tiberini Ortolani, as the Queen) the rest as before, except that perhaps Mario was still greater than before.

On Wednesday the *Traviata* was given for the second time, confirming in every respect the high opinion pronounced last week on Mlle. Patti's Violetta. No performance on Thursday. To-night, *Martha*. Martha, Mlle. Patti; Lionel, Signor Mario.

LYCEUM.—The season closed on Saturday with a miscellaneous performance for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens, comprising the introduction and "Casta diva" from *Norma;* the second and third acts of the *Ballo in Maschera;* the grand scena of Leonora from *Fidelio;* and the duet between Raoul and Valentine, from the fourth act of the *Huguenots*. The principal parts in the four operas were sustained with wonderful power and endurance by the heroine of the evening. The great effect of the performance was created in the "Casta Diva," which Mlle. Titiens sang with such combined magnificence and brilliancy as to excite the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. When the fair artist came on to a universal recall, a shower of bouquets rained on the stage from every part of the theatre, and made so capacious an arm-full that even Mlle. Titiens was constrained to leave some behind her. To some, however, the singing of Mlle. Titiens in the scena from *Fidelio* even transcended that in *Norma;* while others preferred the overwhelming passion and devotion in the *Huguenots*. For ourselves we liked all, since all was grand, superb, and magnificently impulsive. Of course Signor Giuglini was the Raoul in the *Huguenots;* but the Pollio in *Norma* was undertaken by a stranger, Signor Tito Palmieri, who exhibited a powerful voice and no lack of energy. The characters in the *Ballo in Maschera* was as before.

Concerts.

HERR LIDEL, the violoncellist, gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evening, the 2nd inst., under the most distinguished patronage, including that of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Waterford, and countesses and ladies in numbers. The dish presented before his aristocratic guests by Herr Lidel was a good dish, vocal and instrumental, and contained sundry tit-bits which were eagerly swallowed by the hungry hearers. The one classical morsel contained in the programme—one is enough at a light feast—was Mendelssohn's grand duo in D, op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello, in which Herr Lidel enjoyed the invaluable collaboration of Miss Arabella Goddard; and, both artists playing their best, the performance was consummate, and was thoroughly appreciated by the aristocrats, who applauded liberally, and would not surcease until pianist and violoncellist both returned to the platform, and exchanged compliments with them. Herr Lidel also played, with Signor Regondi, Bohrer's duo concertante, for concertina and violoncello—finely executed on both sides—and Goltermann's concerto in A minor, for violoncello solus, which found many admirers. Besides the duet of Mendelssohn, with Herr Lidel, Miss Arabella Goddard performed Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," which of course obtained its inevitable encore, when the fair pianist substituted Thalberg's "Last rose of summer." Miss Banks, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Santley, were the singers, and Mr. Francesco Berger conductor.

MADAME DE VAUCHERAN'S CONCERT.—Among the many resident lady pianists with which London abounds, the least meritorious and talented is by no means Mad. de Vaucheran who is also as ambitious as she is clever, which was proved on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of her annual concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, by her selecting Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata for her initiative essay. The violinist the fair pianist made choice of to co-operate with in Beethoven's great work was one Herr Hegar, from the Conservatoire at Leipzig, a player

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cunning at his strings and apt, but not so cunning nor so apt as to absorb all praise, or divert applause from the lady who, we must say, deserved the lion's share, and obtained it, delighting all who were within the sphere of her influence, by the neatness of her mechanism and her genuine feeling. Mad. de Vaucheran also played, with Herr Carl Oberthür, a duet for harp and piano, the composition of Herr Oberthür, with even greater effect than the Kreutzer sonata; not, we take it, because the duet is better or more effective than the sonata, but because the audience were more intimately acquainted with Herr Oberthür than with Beethoven. Herr Hegar did not confine himself to the sonata, but played Signor Alard's fantasia on *Linda di Chamouni* with infinite suppleness of finger, and very correct intonation, altogether a performance calculated to please greatly his aristocratic hearers. The harp solo on "The last rose of summer" by Herr Oberthür, was most admirable, exquisite indeed, and created an unmistakeable sensation. The vocal music was supplied by Mlle. Jenny Baur (or Bauer), Mad. (or Mrs.) Alexander Newton, Miss Alice Dodd, Miss Millar, Messrs. Trelawny, Cobham, Edward Southwell, Fourness Rolfe, and Wallworth, and Signor Gustavo Garcia. Miss Alice Dodd, a young and timid girl, with a very pleasing voice and simple manner, made a decided impression in Dussek's canzonet, "Name the glad day." We shall be glad when we hear the day named for her next appearance in public. Mad. Alexander Newton was encored in "Lo I hear the gentle lark," which she sang with unusual brilliancy, Mr. J. Ward accompanying her on the concertina, *vice* the flute, to perfection. The concert was given under the golden shade, or light, of a Duke, a Duchess, and sundry Right-honourables, which no doubt enhanced the attraction, and helped to swell the number of the visitors. Mr. Alfred Gilbert officiated as conductor.

HERR MAURICE NABICH, the eminent trombone player, whom, if we mistake not, Jullien imported into this country some five years since, gave his third annual concert at the lower room at Willis's, St. James's, on Thursday morning last. The trombone, although an inestimable adjunct to the orchestra, is not an instrument, however well played, that people covet greatly to hear. When Herr Nabich plays, and executes the most difficult passages with unparalleled ease, the hearer is astonished; but when playing an *andante* or slow melody, however perfectly or gracefully done, no feeling of delight is excited, because the quality of tone given out by the trombone is somewhat ponderous, and by no means intended to convey expression, except of the nigger kind. Herr Nabich, nevertheless, has a high reputation, and having provided an attractive programme, with such co-efficients as Miss Medora Collins, Mad. Sedlatzek, Herr de Becker, Mr. George Perren, and Signor Guglielmo (vocalists), Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), Mr. George Collins (violoncello), Mr. Sidney Smith (pianoforte), and Herr Progatzky (double bass), instrumentalists, managed to fill the room. Herr Nabich was not sparing of his play. He performed two pieces of his own composition—solo "Souvenir de Bellini," and variations for trombone, accompanied by stringed instruments; a solo by Bergson, and Schubert's "Adieu," arranged for two voices and violin, by Prince George Galitzin, Mr. Viotti Collins taking the fiddle part, Herr de Becker the first voice, and Herr Nabich playing the second voice on the trombone. Further, Mr. Viotti Collins played a solo on the violin, Mr. Sidney Smith a solo on the pianoforte, Mr. George Collins a solo on the violoncello, and Herr Progatzky a solo on the double bass. The last performance was the least effective. We may dismiss the vocal music without a note or comment, except to say that the singing was creditable, if not striking. Mr. Sidney Smith conducted.

THE HARP MATINÉE OF MR. APTOMMAS was given at Messrs. Collards' Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, Grosvenor Street, on Monday afternoon, under most gracious and noble patronage. The concert, indeed, was worthy of such high countenance. The concert-giver played, for the first time, Weber's *Concert-Stück*, which, though written for the piano, and losing much of its force and effect by its transference from the ivory to the gut, was a brilliant and telling performance; its success being greatly enhanced by the inimitable manner in which Mr. Benedict accompanied the harpist on the pianoforte. This arrangement of Weber's popular work for harp and piano we can recommend to all harpists in search of good music well arranged for the instrument. Mr. Aptommas also played a new *valse de concert*, and a solo on American melodies, of his own composition; and joined Mr. John Thomas, another distinguished harpist, in two duets for the harps, both brilliantly played. The instrumental performances were not restricted to the harp, Messrs. Osborne and Kuhe, pianists of fame both, playing a grand duet for two pianos on the *Etoile du Nord*, composed by Mr. Osborne, in first-rate style. The singers were Miss Messent, Mad. Clara M. Brinkerhoff, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Gustavo Garcia. Mad. Brinkerhoff, we have been informed, was some time since editress of the *New York Musical World*, but, having a good voice, and preferring singing to literature, has followed the vocal profession from choice. We know nothing of the literary talents of the lady, but can bear witness to a voice of good quality, which practice cannot fail to render highly efficient. Mad. Brinkerhoff sang the scena, "O des amans le plus fidèle," from Méhul's *Ariodant*, and a romanza by Signor Alary, both of which would have been sufficiently trying to the most experienced singer; but indicated fine natural capabilities, not yet under the best control, and good expression. Miss Messent sang Donizetti's "Fatal Goffredo"—a pet song of hers, and Mr. Benedict's ballad, "Scenes of my youth," both excellently; and Signor Gardoni a new romance, "I mourn thine absence," with great charm of voice. Mr. Benedict conducted.

MR. DEACON'S CONCERTS.—The third and last of Mr. Deacon's *séances* of classical and instrumental music was given on Thursday week at Collards' Concert-rooms, in Grosvenor Street. Like the previous performances, it was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. It consisted of Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, Mozart's sonata in D, No. 10, for piano and violin, played by Mr. Deacon and M. Sainton; Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26, played by Mr. Deacon; and Spohr's quintet for the piano and stringed instruments. Mr. Deacon is a sound musician and an accomplished pianist; and these *séances*, consisting of music judiciously chosen and admirably performed, were both interesting and instructive to the amateurs who attended them.

THE MATINÉE MUSICALE OF SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI (Monday, July 1) had so many points of excellence to recommend it, that it was no wonder the Hanover-square Rooms were filled in every part. The concertina, although now greatly admired, may not be the most imposing of instruments. That Signor Regondi, however, is the most accomplished living player on the concertina cannot be denied, and hence his name alone is a special cause of attraction. Indeed, there are many who would rather hear a solo on the concertina from Signor Regondi than a solo on the piano or violin from almost any pianist or fiddler; and we shall not quarrel with them. But Signor Regondi does not confine himself to the concertina. One of his most extraordinary and masterly achievements at his last concert was the performance of the overture to *Semiramide* on the *guitar!* Nay, reader, do not smile. At least believe it was achieved, and set it down as no less wonderful and perilous a feat than Blondin's ascent on the tight rope (which is always more or less slack). Rossini himself would have been delighted and surprised to hear his brilliant orchestral prelude "transcribed" for six strings and two hands, and played to such perfection. But all to nothing the most acceptable performance of Signor Regondi was the new concerto for the concertina in D, written expressly for him by Herr Molique—the second he has composed for his gifted *protégé*—with accompaniments of stringed instruments, and "harmonium" to represent "wind." This piece had all the value of a grand concerto for pianoforte or violin—the music being admirably written for the solo instruments (one by no means easy to write for). The accompaniments were ingenious, constantly varied, and always effective, the composition, considered in the mere light of abstract music, a *chef-d'œuvre*, and the execution by Signor Regondi inimitable. Quite a sensation was excited by this extraordinary work and extraordinary performance. Signor Regondi also played to perfection two solos for the guitar, and a solo (on the *Huguenots*) for the concertina, all his own composition, and all more or less interesting. The attractions, however, did not rest solely with the concert-giver. Miss Arabella Goddard played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and was rapturously encored; Mr. Boleyne Reeves performed solos on the harp; Herr Lidel a solo on the violoncello; Signor Gardoni sang "Adelaida" (delightfully); Mad. Catherine Hayes gave Virginia, Gabriel's song, "The Forsaken" (most expressively); Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Gardoni the lovely duet, "O lovely maiden, stay," from Spohr's *Azor and Zelmira*. Moreover, Signor Gustavo Garcia sang the romance, "Pour faire son souvenir," from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Donizetti's *barcarole*, "Una barchetta in Mar." Herr Randegger was the accompanist at the pianoforte.

The *Soirée Musicale* of Herr Wilhelm Ganz (Monday evening, July 8th, at 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square), was, for a non-orchestral entertainment, one of unusual excellence. It opened with Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, in F major, Op. 24, exceedingly well played, as was assured, Herr Ganz and Herr Deichmann being the executants. This classical opening led to a well-varied anti-classical selection, in which the following artists, besides the two already named, took part:—Miss Augusta Thomson, Miss Matilda Bradshaw, Miss Eleanora Wilkinson, Mad. Rieder, Miss Messent, Sig. Gardoni, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Alberto Laurence, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. It will be at once supposed that, where singers prevailed, vocal music was in the

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ascendant. And indeed Herr Ganz modestly appropriated to himself, in addition to the sonata of Beethoven, but four "transcriptions" of his own composition, and a Grand Duo for two pianofortes, also of his own composition, which he played, with Mr. Lindsay Sloper, with remarkable effect. One of the "transcriptions,"—"Santa Lucia,"—was encored. In the vocal music, we find nothing to record, beyond the fact that Miss Matilda Bradshaw, in the aria "In questo semplice," showed a nice quality of voice, and sang well. Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Wilhelm Ganz accompanied.

MISS GRACE ALLEYNE gave a *Matinée* at Messrs. Collards' Rooms, Grosvenor Street, on Thursday, and was assisted by Miss Palmer, Miss Matilda Bradshaw, Alice Dodd, Messrs. George Perren, Alberto Laurence, and C. H. Saunders, as vocalists, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte), Herr Goffrie (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello), as instrumentalists. Miss Alleyne contributed the scena "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischutz*, and a new scena, composed for her by Mr. F. Lanza, entitled "Victory," and sang both with much force and brilliancy. Among the other vocal performances we may specify Miss Alice Dodd's "Name the glad day" (Dussek's charming canzonet), and "The harp that once through Tara's halls;" Miss Palmer's song, "Save my father on the sea;" and Mr. Alberto Laurence's aria, "Eri tu che macchiavi" (from the *Ballo in Maschera*), as worthy of mention. Herr Wilhelm Ganz, M. Goffrie, and M. Paque played solos on their respective instruments with eminent success. The attendance was tolerably large. Conductors—Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. F. Lanza, and M. Emile Berger.

SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—The entertainments have undergone a complete transformation, and the selection now given is entirely new. The performances of Mlle. Johanna Claussen and Mad. Decker-Schenk still constitute the principal attraction. The first-named lady introduces in the new programme a comic song, and being encored nightly gives "The dashing white Sergeant," in English, with immense effect. Now that the Swiss Singers are about to take their leave everybody is more than anxious to hear them. They have given already nearly two hundred concerts in London, and yet their attraction shows no diminution—an unmistakeable proof of their excellence.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—The first season of Mr. Frederick Penna's "Highways and Byways of Song" was brought to a brilliant close on Saturday evening last, when the room was literally crammed with a fashionable audience. Mr. Penna's singing of Loder's ballad, "The three ages of Love," produced the customary sensation, and was enthusiastically redemanded. Between the parts of the entertainment, Mad. Penna performed Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and the attention with which it was listened to proves the advancing taste of the public for works of this class.

BRESLAU.—Herr Ernest Formes is engaged at the Opera.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Neswadba enters on the office of conductor at the Stadt-theater on the 15th August.

STUTTGARDT.—During the present season, there have been seventy-eight performances of opera and ballet at the opera-house. The number of operas and ballets was forty-eight. Six of these were revivals, and three were new. There were forty-seven performances of operas by German, ten of operas by French, and ten of operas by Italian composers.

DIVORCE COURT.

KNAPP *v.* KNAPP AND HORNBLOW.

VERDICT, with decree *nisi*, for the petitioner, a dairyman, of Broad Blunsden, Wilts. It appeared, in evidence, that "the neighbours expressed their opinion of the conduct of Mrs. Knapp by what is called 'rough music,' making a noise, outside the house, with marrowbones and cleavers."—*Times, June 14th*, 1861.

"Come, lovers of music, and feel, with me,
For this ill-starred feminine yokel,
Who *may* have an ear for harmony,
Whether instrumental or vocal.

"Ah, ye, by street organists awfully tried,
Can fancy, whatever your station,
'Rough music' without, and a Hornblow inside,
A distracting combination!"

J. T.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE third concert by the pupils this year was rendered interesting by being made the occasion of presenting prize medals to the students who evinced the greatest progress at the Midsummer examination. This custom of awarding prizes constituted a prominent feature in the discipline of the Academy during the first ten years of its existence; and was to be commended in so far as it encouraged the diligence of the students and distinguished those who merited to be singled from among their fellows. But all good customs may be abused, and so may have been this one, from the too great indulgence exercised by the good-natured judges, which may have induced a too general and too profuse distribution of the prizes. We rejoice, however, at its revival, fully believing that, if carried out with discretion, it must have beneficial results.

The programme comprised two compositions of Academy students—an overture by F. Westlake, and a concerted vocal piece by G. Thomas; and one of a former disciple of the institution—an ode by Mr. W: C. Hay, of Shrewsbury. Mr. Westlake's overture was less happy in its themes than in the clearness of its construction and instrumentation. It is a clever and interesting work, and promises still better things for the future. Mr. Thomas's piece was the introduction to the opera of *Fair Rosamond*. It was more tuneful than the preceding, but more trite, and less well written. It must, however, be mentioned as a creditable production. The ode scarcely reached the standard of music to be selected for academic concerts, but it was not wanting in merit. The instrumental soloists were Miss Bayly, who gave an animated performance of Weber's *Concertstück*, and Miss Jenkins, who played the pianoforte part in Hummel's Military Septet in a finished manner. Most prominent among the vocalists was Miss Henderson, whose singing of Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" was superior to what we have a right to expect from a student, and greatly strengthened the expectations previously formed of this young lady's talent. Next deserving of mention, and in the following order, were Miss Westbroke, Miss Bromley, Miss Armytage, Miss Robinson, Miss Flewitt, Miss Spence, Mr. Wallace Wells, Mr. Rudkin, and Mr. Wheeler. We must commend the execution of a part-song of R. Kreutzer, for female voices, by all the ladies of the institution. This is a class of performance in which the Academy students should especially excel; and while we allow all due credit on the present occasion, we look for a still greater approach to perfection in vocal part music from a choir in which every voice is cultivated, and every singer has some general knowledge of the art.

The prizes were distributed at the close of the concert by Sir George Clerk, the venerable chairman of the committee of management, who has been officially concerned in the Academy ever since its foundation. He was not very felicitous, either in the matter or the manner, of a somewhat lengthy speech with which he preluded the duty he had to fulfil. Its chief purport was to announce that the medals were awarded, less for brilliant display of talent in any one branch of study, than for diligence and assiduity in all the departments in which each student had been engaged during the past twelvemonth.

The speaker lost the desirable opportunity, however, which the occasion afforded, of representing to the public the great and beneficial influence the Academy has had upon the immense progress the art it inculcates has made in England since the institution was established, and how it is thus to be regarded as of true national importance; representing how at this moment nearly all the most responsible and conspicuous positions in the musical profession are filled by former pupils of the Academy; how the principal of the Academy itself is an academician; how the Cambridge musical professor is an academician; how the conductor of the Philharmonic is an academician; how the conductor of the Bach Society and its founder is an academician; how the conductor of the New Philharmonic is an academician; how the chief violoncello and double bass, and violin, and horn, and trumpet, at the Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic, and the provincial festivals, have all been educated in the Academy; how the chief violin, and violin and violoncello of the Philharmonic owe the development of their talent to the same school; how the principal contralto of the day was wholly reared in the Academy; how the manager of the English Opera, the long-established tenor singer, was taught

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within the same walls; how the composer of the most successful opera of the season was nurtured in the same soil; how the most popular writer of pianoforte music in England is a musician of Academy growth; how in this department of composition the successful members of the Academy are too manifold for mention, and those who have obtained European distinction are among the best acknowledged representatives of the creative branch of the art now living; how (besides these honoured names of Professor Bennett, Dr. Wylde, Messrs. Lucas, Howell, Doyle, C. Harper, T. Harper, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Pettit, Harrison, Macfarren, Mudie, Brinley Richards, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, &c.) there stand at present prominently before the public, as singers, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mad. Baxter, and Miss Freeman (the favourite contralto of the East Riding); as pianists, Messrs. Holmes, Walter Macfarren, Cusins, J. F. Barnett, H. Thomas and Miss Kate Loder (no—she has retired with her well won laurels); as violinists, Messrs. E. W. Thomas of Liverpool, Seymour of Manchester, Watson of London, and many others; as harpists, Mr. J. Thomas, better esteemed on the continent than here, and in all classes of the profession many more excellent musicians than we as journalists can be expected to call to mind, but whom the revered chairman of the institution must, in his parental capacity, well remember; he lost the opportunity, too, of representing that as teachers, Messrs. Dorrell, Jewson, C. and R. Barnett of London, and Isaac and Jones of Liverpool, might be accidentally cited from among countless others, in testimony of the undeniable benefit the Academy has conferred on the country, by improving the general state of musical instruction, and carrying a pure and intelligent system of education in this branch of art into every class of the community. Here has been a remarkably long sentence, for the length whereof we would apologise to our readers, but that as the experienced chairman of the institution did not avail himself of the opportunity in his public address of representing its several heads to the audience of the concert, and through them to the world at large, we may conclude he deemed it unimportant to the interest of the establishment that these facts should be promulgated, and it would therefore be disrespectful to Sir George Clerk to extend their enumeration beyond one single sentence. We are of opinion, nevertheless, that now, when the town is rife with misrepresentations respecting—or rather, disrespecting—the chartered musical seminary of the United Kingdom and its doings, it was a serious loss to have cast away the fitting opportunity of placing the true pretensions of the Academy before the consideration of the public; and to have done so we are of opinion would have been infinitely more to the purpose which the respected chairman had in view than some words of eleemosynary appeal he indiscreetly let fall, the bad taste of which was even surpassed by the bad policy. The speaker lost, moreover, the still more important opportunity—which is perhaps as much more to be regretted—of holding up to the students of the Academy, and particularly to the recipients of the prizes, the names of their predecessors in the institution whose artistic exertions have made these names famous—of holding up such names as examples for ceaseless emulation. The Academy which has produced the musicians we have hastily mentioned has a character to support, and it is the duty of the present and future students to be the supporters of this character; they are as scions of an illustrious ancestry, the honour of whose forefathers descends upon them, and this it behoves them to transmit to their successors bright and unsullied as it reaches them, nay, enhanced by the new lustre their individual acts may shed upon it.

The prizes were allotted to Miss Cecilia Westbroke, Miss Mary Anne Walsh, to Mr. Samuel Weekes (an Academy student of the second generation, his father, an esteemed musician at Plymouth, having been educated in the institution), and Mr. Antony Williams (son of the long-established clarionet player). Each one of these was loudly cheered by the other students and by the audience as they successively came down from their places in the orchestra to receive their medals, and we doubt not that their example, even more than the general *éclat* of the occasion, will prove a powerful incentive to the exertions to their fellow-pupils.

The concert was given on Saturday last at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were less crowded than might have been expected on the occasion of so interesting an event.

GREAT ORGAN IN THE CATHEDRAL AT HALBERSTADT.

THE following is the distribution of the various component parts of the instrument as it now stands:—

A. GREAT ORGAN.

1. Principal 16-foot, of pure English pewter, from C to G, of wood, inside the organ.
2. Octave, metal, 8 feet.
3. Octave, metal, 4 feet.
4. Octave, metal, 2 feet.
5. Quint, ⅔ feet.
6. Bourdon, metal, beginning with C.
7. Mixture, sixfold, pewter, 2 feet.
8. Sharp, 4 ranks, 2 feet, pewter.
9. Cornet, 4 ranks, pewter.
10. Goathorn-sloped, metal, 8 feet.
11. Stopped diapason, 8 feet.
12. Nasard, 5⅓ feet.
13. Stopped diapason, 4 feet.
14. Trumpet, 16 feet.
15. Trumpet, 8 feet, the pewter is of 9 pennyweights.

B. SECOND MANUAL.

1. Principal, of English pewter, 8 feet.
2. Octave, metal, 4 feet.
3. Octave, metal, 2 feet.
4. Quint, metal, 2⅔ feet.
5. Mixture, 5 ranks, pewter, 2 feet.
6. Cymbal, 3 ranks, 1 foot.
7. Hollow flute, oak, 8 feet.
8. Viol da Gamba, pewter, 8 feet.
9. Flute, oak, 4 feet.
10. Stopped diapason, metal, 8 feet.
11. Quint, 10-foot metal, from C to A, wood.
12. Great stopped diapason, metal, 16 feet.
13. Hautboy, 8 feet.

C. THIRD (LOWER) MANUAL.

1. Principal, pewter, 8 feet.
2. Octave, metal, 4 feet.
3. Octave, pewter, 2 feet.
4. Mixture, 4 ranks.
5. Cornet, 3 rows.
6. Dulciana, 8 feet.
7. Taper flute, metal, 4 feet.
8. Nasard, 2⅔ feet.
9. Stopped diapason, wood, 8 feet.
10. Bourdon, oak, 16 feet.
11. Vox Angelica, 8 feet.

D. FOURTH (UPPER) MANUAL.

1. Principal, metal, 4 feet.
2. Terpodion, pewter, 8 feet.
3. Harmonica, common Barliston 8 feet.
4. Flauto [illegible], wood, bored, 8 feet.
5. Flauto traverso, wood, bored, 4 feet.
6. Pretty-stopped diapason, wood, 16 feet.
7. Pretty-stopped diapason, wood, 8 feet.
8. Physharmonica, 8 feet.

E. PEDAL.

1. Principal, English pewter, 16 feet.
2. Octave, wood, 8 feet.
3. Octave, metal, 4 feet.
4. Mixture, 4 ranks, pewter, 4 feet.
5. Cornet, 5 ranks, pewter.
6. Violin, wood, 16 feet.
7. Violoncello, 8 feet.
8. Subbass, 16 feet.
9. Subbass (both of wood, the one open, the other stopped), 16 feet.
10. Nasard, metal, 5⅓ feet.
11. Great tierce, 6⅖ feet.
12. Stopped diapason, wood, 8 feet.
13. Great Nasard, oak, 10⅔ feet.
14. Double-stopped bass, wood, 32 feet.
15. Trumpet, 4 feet.
16. Trumpet, 8 feet.
17. Trombone, 16 feet.
18. Contra-trombone, 32 feet.

F. ACCESSORY STOPS, ETC.

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2. Coupler to the upper keyboard.
3. Coupler to the pedal.
4. Valves for the great organ.
5. Valves for the second manual.
6. Valves for the third manual.
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8. Valves for the great pedal wind-chest.
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11. Cymbal.
12. Evacuant.

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'She's like the fair flower in the woodland that blows,
More fair than the lilly, more sweet than the rose;
And vainly the pride of the garden may vie
With the smile on her cheek and the light in her eye,
Oh, Fortune! to me such a joy wouldst thou give,
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FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,

ON THE

27TH, 28TH, 29TH, & 30TH OF AUGUST, 1861.

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Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 20th July (with any other information desired) on application to Mr. Henry Howell, Secretary to the Committee, 34 Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

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Antwerp.—There is to be a brilliant musical festival in this city on the 19th of August. The first part of the programme will comprise Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*. Native art is to be represented by a Christmas song for eight voices by Orlando Lassus. There are to be solos as well, and the whole is to wind up with Handel's magnificent "Hallelujah." At present the chorus consists of 100 female and 200 male members, besides 60 children. The orchestra numbers 450 performers. Mlle. Artôt will sing two solos in the *Walpurgisnacht*, and Herr Joachim will play Beethoven's Violin-concerto.

Munich.—Glück's *Orfeo* is in active rehearsal, and is to be produced almost immediately.

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Reviews.

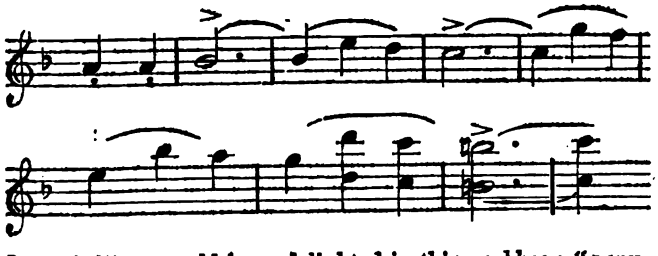
"*La Circassienne*"—opera, by D. F. E. AUBER—(Addison, Hollier and Lucas).

(*Concluded.*)

The themes which, in part or in whole, were quoted from the first book of *Favourite Airs* ("arranged," after his manner, by Mr. W. H. CALLCOTT) in our last number, afford a tolerably good idea of the melodic invention by which this last opera of Auber is distinguished. The second book opens with an air ("Je tremble et je veux") which now and then reminds us of the opening chorus of *Gustave*, besides being in the same key (G major). It is extremely graceful throughout. The next piece—a duet ("Si l'amour fut coupable"), is of a more ordinary character. The third—a prayer ("Pour eux aux cieux")—seems beautiful, in spite of one very queer progression:—

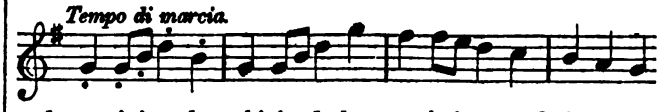
The fourth number—an air ("Reviens mon bien suprême")—beginning thus (we cite only the melody)—

is pretty, sparkling, effective, and thoroughly Auberish (the last in itself a recommendation). Then comes an air with chorus ("Pauvres nouvelles"), embodying a captivating waltz-theme, from which we borrow the second melodic section:—



Poor Jullien would have delighted in this, and have "popularised" it in his hearty and incomparable way. He might, indeed, have written it, for it is quite in the manner of his own best waltzes. An air ("Isabelle la cruelle"), which follows this, is cheerful and brilliant; but the piece that comes after it—a chorus ("L'esclave fidèle"), commencing thus:—

is doubly welcome, as another bit of genuine "Auber." The last piece—a duet with chorus, opening thus:—



and containing the subjoined characteristic second theme:—

is vigorous and spirited from end to end.

So much for the two books of *Favourite Airs*—by the standard of which of course our readers, lacking implicit faith in the "arranger," will not judge Auber's new work, but merely accept them for what they are worth, as easy and convenient adaptations for the school and drawing-room.

Besides the above, we have still more of the *Circassienne* to dispose of. This may be done briefly. M. ASCHER contributes a brilliant, showy "*Fantaisie-caprice*," addressed to *virtuosi* proper, into which some of the most sterling melodies (the waltz, as a matter of course, included) are ingeniously and effectively woven. This is decidedly one of its composer's most successful concert-pieces. J. STRAUSS (whoever that gentleman may be) has "dished up" a set of "*Quadrilles*" from the liveliest tunes to be singled out, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, is destined to be frequently heard in our fashionable (and non-fashionable) drawing-rooms, as accompaniment to that healthy and stimulating practice of Terpsichore's art to which our young ladies (and our young gentlemen) from high to low are so immoderately inclined. The same felicitously named contributor has done further service in the same cause by a "*Valse brillante*," based upon the air, "*A nous les delices des cieux*," with the waltz-theme alluded to in the present number as "trio;" while M. PAUL HENRION has followed his example in a "*Polka brillante*," &c., in which more than one of the best melodies enacts a bustling and lively part. Lastly (we suppose only for the present), M. LE CHARPENTIER treats us to a "*Petite fantaisie*," in which three of the "*motivi*" successively appear in a sufficiently alluring guise. And this "*Petite Fantaisie*" is numbered "Op. 238!" Shade of Czerny!—why dost thou not return, and out of the ghost-music in *The Corsican Brothers* fashion thine Op. 1115?"

"*Sweet Summer*"—duet for soprano and contralto—words and music by JAMES LEA SUMMERS—(Addison Hollier, and Lucas).

A short time since, if memory serves us, we spoke very favourably of some pianoforte pieces by Mr. Summers. The duet before us may be praised even more unreservedly. Not only is the melody sweet and flowing, the "voicing" good, and the accompaniment both correct and elegant; it has, in addition to these desirable qualifications, a strong poetical feeling—which is fully borne out, on the other hand, by the unaffectedly earnest lines to which the music is set.

"*Cecilia Polka*"—by J. STEELE (Smith and Whinkup).

We have an idea that this polka has already been reviewed. Nevertheless we are not sorry, if that be the case, to repeat

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(what we *must* have said at first) that it is a very excellent polka. Why, by the way, does Mr. Steele omit—at the repetition (page 5)—what is really the best passage in the whole, viz., the passage with the florid bass, which so effectively varies the second theme (page 2)?

"*Pilgrim's Chorus from 'Tännhauser'*"—as a duet for the pianoforte—by THEODORE MAUS—(Ashdown and Parry).

We doubt if Herr Richard Wagner—who abominates "hammer-music" (pianoforte music)—would be greatly pleased with the essentially key-boardish variations in arpeggios which Herr Maus (pronounce Mouse) has allotted to the right-hand performer, as accompaniment to the severer and simpler strain of the Musician of the *Zukunft*. We, for our own part, see no harm in it.

"*This is the Birthday of my Love*"—part-song for four voices—by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, organist of Brentwood, Essex (J. H. Jewell).

The words to this really new, and for the most part thoroughly well-written part-song, are so healthy that we mutt quote them:—

"This is the birth-day of my love,
Then banish care and sorrow;
To-day shall mirth and pleasure reign,
Though grief should come to-morrow.

"My Love draws near with airy tread,
And glances shy and sweet:
Sing, little birds, above her head;
Bloom, flowers, beneath her feet.

"The happy earth is once a year
Dreat out in Spring's array;
But when my lady walks abroad,
With me 'tis ever May.
"This is the birthday," &c.

The name of the poet is Sir J. Bland Burgess; the date of the poem, A.D. 1780. We wish there were more of such simple, unstudied verse, for our part-song composers in A.D. 1861.

"*Our Sister May*"—Ballad—Words by G. MONTAGUE DAVIS, Esq., B.A.—Music by W. H. EAYRES (Robert W. Ollivier).

Though the melody is somewhat hacknied in character this song is by no means wanting in true expression. The words, too, are excellent of their kind. Here we have an example of a ballad containing nothing new either from poet or musician, and yet nothing to blame, because nothing that is not graceful and well written.

"*The Star of Home*"—Ballad—Words by CHARLES SWAIN—Music by B. HOME (Home and Addison, Manchester; Home and Son, Liverpool; Addison, Hollier and Lucas, London).

Mutato nomine, and what is said of the joint productions of Messrs. Montague Davis and Eayres will exactly apply to the joint production of Messrs. Swain and Home.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent*).

MADAME VIARDOT has been playing Fides in *Le Prophète*, with M. Gueymard; and her receptions have been in the highest degree warm. Some critics complain, however, that her voice is much the worse for wear, and that her efforts to give it the semblance of undiminished amplitude and power betray her into exaggeration and that sort of fruitless exertion which is popularly known as "great cry and little wool." There has been an artistic "splicing match" at the Grand Opera. The distinguished *danseuse*, Mlle. Zina Richards, has performed the most important step of her career—a lifelong *pas de deux*—with a M. Merante, member of the same establishment.

In the absence of Parisian news I will give you a few scraps of foreign fact and humour. Of course you have your eyes on the approaching music-feast in that charming little nest of mediævalism, the ancient city of Nuremberg. The fine old primitive race who inhabit the town and its environs have opened their hospitable many-gabled houses to the singers about to flock thither, and to whom they offer, with the generosity of a bygone time, free commons and quarters, and free carriage to boot, to the Tonhalle (not townhall), an immense music-hall extemporised for the occasion, and capable of containing 15,000 persons. The timber carcase alone has cost the Nurembergers 17,000 florins, and the total amount spent hitherto on the festival is reckoned at 47,000 florins. The committee had sent a polite invitation to the King of Bavaria to be present on this grand occasion; but that sovereign sent back an equally polite refusal, or rather excuse, pretending that the care of his health summoned him elsewhere, namely to the baths of Scheveninjen. What a plague ails the potentates of Europe, that they are all so anxious about their healths! Are they freshening themselves up against some approaching tustle? Is the battle of Armageddon at hand? Is it—Cumming? But to return to Nuremberg. It was announced in several journals that M. Franz Lachner would have the chief directorship of the festival. But now this is contradicted, and it is said there will be no chief director, but that every composer will direct the execution of his own work.—At Breslau there is an Academy of Music which, having reached the other day its hundredth year, celebrated the event in a very proper manner by performing *Israel in Egypt*, with which people there are not quite so familiar as we are. The impression this great work produced was all the more profound. On the same occasion Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm was executed.—Apropos of Germans and their music, their popular poet, Müller von der Werra, has just founded an organ (*i. e.* journal) to represent the interests of the Lieder-tafeln (vocal associations), after the example of the French *Orphéon*.

There is to be a festival, as you doubtless know, at Antwerp, on the 19th of the current month. Already more than a hundred ladies and two hundred gentlemen have signified their willingness to assist in the chorus; and sixty church choristers (boys) will be joined to them; so that, with the orchestra, the number of performers will reach 450. The violinist, Joachim, will take part in the performances, as also will the vocalist Mlle. Artot.

Since the above was written for the art world of Paris, the Conservatoire Imperial de Musique et de Declamation has been awarding its prizes to the successful competitors in a series of grand ordeals which by annual custom the pupils trained under its auspices undergo. What concerns you chiefly being any artists of promise whom this great educational establishment may have given to the world of music, I will commence with that branch. In singing, therefore, I will state at once that the first prize had among the men two claimants, M. Caron, a pupil of M. Laget, and M. Morère, a pupil of M. Révial; and among the women one only was found worthy of it, namely, Mlle. Marie Ciso, a pupil of M. Révial. The lady named last, to whom also was awarded the prize for Opéra Comique—the trial piece having been *La Part du Diable*—made a very strong impression on the judges. She is, in the first place, pretty, and elegant in her appearance and deportment. As to her vocal qualifications they are accuracy of intonation, gracefulness of expression, and careful finish in every detail. Her voice, however, trembles in the execution of passages, as though from fatigue, and knowing critics say that the "pose" of her voice is not all that might be desired. She is a good actress, and shows great taste in her dress, which goes a long way towards prepossessing an audience. But Mlle. Ciso can hardly be regarded in the light of a mere pupil, being already an artist of some experience. She is, no doubt, destined to take a prominent rank in her profession. Of the two male prize men I have named, the first, M. Caron, is a barytone verging on the tenor. He is well versed in the resources of his art, and sings with animation. His face is good, too, as regards expression. M. Morère

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is a tenor with a pleasant quality of voice, what you may call a pretty voice, sings with taste, and exhibits undoubted marks of talent. Another lady was deemed deserving of the first prize for *opéra comique*, besides the one I have mentioned — Mlle. Balbi. She appeared in a fragment of *Le Caïd*. Her personal appearance is engaging, and her manner graceful — both in the highest degree, which, no less than a sweet voice ("soft and low"), are excellent things in woman. The latter excellence specially distinguished by the poet Mlle. Balbi hath; and, moreover, she *sings true*, with unexceptionable judgment, and her notes are of a pearly quality. As an actress she is also fully up to the mark. The second prize for women in this department had three claimants, Mlle. Reboux, who, in the part of Gertrude in the *Maître de Chapelle*, sang and played delightfully; Mlle. Rolin, who showed herself in *Les Porcherons* a graceful and expressive singer, if not much of an actress; and though last, most emphatically not least, Mlle. Simon, who played in the *Etoile du Nord*, and perfectly astonished her audience by her self-possession. She has good qualities, but betrays too much effort. The first man's prize for opéra comique was won in a canter by M. Capoul, the same who I have told you was engaged to appear at the Salle Favart. He approved himself a charming actor, and has a tenor voice of clear and resonant quality, and with that power of touching the feelings which the French mean when they talk of an *organe sympathique*. Evidently a fine career is open to this gentleman. The second prize man was M. Gerézer, a barytone of agreeable quality, very intelligent, with good expression, but with a good deal of hard work before him if he wishes to make the most of his abilities. So much for what was chiefly interesting in the vocal competition. Come we to the instrumental contest, merely the main results of which will suffice. The first man's prize for pianoforte playing was taken by M. Bernard, a pupil of M. Laurent, and G. M. Lavignac, instructed by M. Marmontel; the second man's prize was awarded to M. Emmanuel, another pupil of the master just named. Mlles. Lechesne and Blanc, pupils of M. Lecouppey, and Mlle. Peschel, pupil of M. Henri Herz, received the first woman's prize, and Mlles. Bessaignet, pupil of Mad. Farranc, and Deshoys, pupil of Mad. Coche, the second. Violoncello: first prize—Rabaud, pupil of M. Franchomme; second—Loys, pupil of ditto. Violin: first prize—Willaume, pupil of M. Massart, Mlle. Castellan, pupil of M. Alard, and Jacob, pupil of M. Massart; second prize—Lelong, pupil of M. Sauzay.

I shall not trouble you with any of the particulars of the competitions for declamation. All the candidates were lamentably mediocre, and there is no promise this year in the land of any future celebrity of the dramatic sort; or, if there be, the *Conservatoire* has not had the rearing of the germ. A son of the celebrated Beauvallet obtained an honourable mention. He is good-looking and lively, but as yet has no pretension to be considered in the light of an actor. The ladies were the best, but it is a superiority worth little enough.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

This week I write to tell you that I have almost nothing to say. There is no subject of importance to engross the musical mind, and my letter will be a thing of shreds and patches — a collection of inconsiderate trifles. The only thing to recommend it will be its shortness.

At this period, critics and correspondents are driven to their wit's ends. Some of them have not far to go, it is true; but still the fact is not a pleasant one, particularly if — Oh, that I should mention such a mercenary consideration! — they are paid by the article, and not regularly engaged. They have really nothing on which to employ their pens. The Muses are now enjoying their annual siesta, and, with the "dead season," the demon of *ennui* glides through the streets and permeates every place of resort. People pack up their traps, and rush off to some watering-place, or pitch their tent in some country spot as far as possible from Berlin, which appears to be an enviable place of residence in the winter months alone. Even to the visitor, Berlin, despite its many attractions, does not at present appear in a very favourable light. The theatres royal are closed, and if a stranger would visit any of the localities worth seeing in the environs, he can do so only by running the chance of being choked, suffocated, and blinded by whirlwinds of dust and sand, which would not disgrace the Great Desert itself.

Among the places of amusement still open, I may mention the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, at which M. Offenbach's operas are being performed. Then, too, there is Kroll's Theatre, where the "star" in the ascendant for the moment is a certain Herr Wack, who possesses a tolerable baritone, and has been favourably received in Auber's *Zampa*. Another of Auber's operas, *Le Serment*, has been revived at the above establishment. It was first introduced to a Berlin audience, years ago, at the old Königstädtisches Theater, but has never been performed since. The mode in which it was given the other evening was very far from perfect.— Herr Gustav Bock, the well-known musical publisher, lately had the Knight's Cross of the Order of Wasa bestowed upon him by the King of Sweden, and his Majesty of Prussia has just granted him the permission to wear it.—While visiting, a short time ago, the cemetery in which Ludwig Rellstab is buried, I saw the monument erected over his grave. It is six feet high, with a granite tablet, on which is the admirable medallion of the deceased, by Hagen, while beneath it is the inscription:—"Lud. Heinrich Rellstab, born the 13th April 1799, died the 28th November 1860."— According to report, the Royal Opera-house will re-open on the 2nd August with Carl M. Weber's *Oberon*. It strikes me, however, from what I have heard from several persons, generally well-informed on such matters, that report is incorrect. —I have now fairly exhausted my budget of news. It is the time of year, and not your Correspondent, who is to blame for the dearth of intelligence. Till next week—or perhaps till a yet more remote period—

Vale.

A LETTER ABOUT CHOPIN.*

My Dear Sir,—I have read with lively interest the letters which M. Barbedette has devoted to Chopin and his works. The striking points in the man and the musician are faithfully reproduced. M. Barbedette admires Chopin, and, what is more, loves him. Being imbued with two such sentiments, he might be expected to perform his task well, and he has done so. His articles are sure to be appreciated by the professors of the piano and the students who habitually read the *Ménéstrel*, in which they find some admirable instruction. It was no easy matter to analyse the music of Chopin, for every one of his works is a complex production in the *composite* style; the plan and outline being far from apparent. I do not mean by this to say that Chopin's works are deficient in inspiration, that his style is strained and laboured, or that his nature was not true and impulsive; but that same nature of his contained so many elements! A sentiment of elegance and delicate refinement amounting to coquetry; ingenuous frankness, full of *abandon*; capricious fits of gaiety and folly; accents of profound grief; an elevated and believing soul; a weakly and voluptuous temperament; a sickly sensibility; a fine and exquisite mind, are all mixed up and confounded in Chopin, forming a unity at once admirable and eccentric. This is a fact which M. Barbedette has clearly perceived, and he has introduced into his analysis a number of reflections very remarkable for their justice.

As you perceive, my dear Editor, I do not take up my pen for the purpose of criticising a criticism. Such a course would be all the less becoming in me, as I myself am a critic, and it would be easy to inflict upon me just retaliation. I wish, with your permission and that of M. Barbedette, merely to point out an omission in the latter's articles; though, after all, it is not an omission, since the fact I desire to submit to your notice is mentioned,—only sufficient stress is not laid upon it. M. Barbedette, when referring to Chopin, has spoken at great length of the love of one's native country. This noble sentiment has inspired him to write two noble and touching pages, which must still be in the minds of all your readers. Let us examine how far this sentiment affected Chopin. "He did not study," says M. Barbedette "to be a national musician. Like all true national poets, he sang, without fixed design and without preconcerted plan, whatever his inspiration dictated most spontaneously; and thus it is that in his songs there springs up, without care and without effort, the most idealised form of national genius." A few lines further on, M. Barbedette adds: "After

* Translated from *Le Ménéstrel*.

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having become a Parisian, Chopin did not cease to keep up his relations with his native land, though absent from it. We follow the trace of this *in the numerous melodies which circulate under his name in Poland*,—melodies which he adapted to certain patriotic songs of his country, and which he sent there as pledges that he still recollected it."

I stop at this last sentence. The portion which I have underlined expresses an undoubted fact; as to the other, I have, I confess, some trouble in comprehending the meaning which Mr. Barbedette attaches to it.

For my part, I know (and I will proceed to tell you how I know it) that Chopin composed a number of songs, and *not melodies adapted to patriotic songs*, but original songs, which have become popular in Poland; it is a singular thing, too, that his country which sings them is ignorant that he was the author, or, at least, was ignorant of it before his death. I know that, during the latter years of his life, Chopin fondly entertained the idea of collecting and publishing his songs, as well as a collection of national airs. This I can certify. Alas! his plan, like so many plans formed by men, men of genius as well as simple mortals, here below, was never realised.

M. Barbedette is well acquainted with his Chopin; he is deeply versed in most of what he said and did; let him allow me to instruct him fully concerning the circumstance I have mentioned above. I was an old acquaintance of Chopin, when he took up his residence, for a lengthened period, in the Square d'Orléans, where I have lived during twenty years. We met very frequently, and not without interchanging kindly words, as well as, sometimes, criticisms and opinions on art and artists. Chopin was too much a man of the world, and possessed too much good taste to offend the feelings of persons who had musical sympathies different from his own. He first of all established the points of contact, and then, with infinite cleverness, seasoned with a slight dash of epigram, maintained a system of reservation on the disputed points. Frequently, when you thought you had him at your mercy, he escaped from you; he glided from your grasp, with incomparable address — nay, I will even say, grace. He was like his own music. It was necessary to know him intimately before you could appreciate him, just as, in order to appreciate all the worth of his music, you had to make it a subject of profound study. It was no easy thing to approach the man, any more than his music. There was something of the sensitive plant in one and in the other. I speak according to my own impressions.

One evening, Chopin and myself met in the *foyer* of the Italian Opera. This was somewhere in 1847 or 1848. He told me there was an empty stall in the orchestra next to his own, and advised me to take it. I did so. *Il Matrimonio* was being performed. I do not know why I had fancied Chopin could not like such music, because, in the first place, it was Italian, and then because it was so easy, so simple, so flowing in style, so limpid, and so natural, that it struck me as diametrically opposed to his. He, on his part, imagined that it could not please *me*. Judge, my dear Editor, what must have been the surprise of both of us when we discovered that we were both enthusiastically fond of it! Our mutual *suspicion* greatly amused us.

"Ah! what a master-piece," said Chopin. "What an adorable composer is this Cimarosa! How he imparts a value to the slightest trifles, to the simplest modulations! What grace! What fertility! What riches! Did you remark the minor phrase in the finale of the first act? It is the only one in the entire act. How full of charm is that phrase in A minor!"

"How pleased I am to hear you speak thus," I observed. "I thought—"

"And what great delight I experienced," he replied, "at finding you feel and admire such a work."

After the performance, we proceeded towards our respective dwellings in the Rue St. Lazare. We walked slowly; he leaned upon my arm, and we spoke without the least restraint. The ice between us was broken. He communicated to me his most inward thoughts concerning the old masters, and certain composers of the day as well.

"How right you are," he remarked, "to undertake the defence of so-and-so! but—"

There was a "*but*;" if it was a criticism, it implied, also, an eulogium.

"Chopin," I said to him, "will you allow me to express a desire, although it may, perhaps, be very indiscreet?"

"What is it?"

"Would you consent to give me your biography? We live in the same house. I would come to your apartments two or three successive mornings. I would take down from your dictation all you choose to tell me concerning your masters, your studies, your compositions, your travels—"

"My travels?" he observed, interrupting me. "I am always travelling. I am only at Paris *en passant*."

He then related the following anecdote in reference to his passport:—Some weeks previous to the Revolution of 1830, he was in Poland, where he had long charmed the Russians and his own countrymen by his double talent as a composer and a *virtuoso*. Suddenly he was seized with a desire to travel. He intended to go through Italy, but, while he was at Vienna, the news of the insurrection of several provinces in the Peninsula caused him to change his route, if not his resolution. He asked for a passport for London. The desire, however, of seeing Paris, and the still greater desire of seeing our musical celebrities there (above all, Cherubini), induced him to visit France; so he had the words "*Passant par Paris*" added on his passport.

"You see, he continued, "that I am here only as a bird of passage. No matter; I shall be delighted to render you acquainted with my biography, and you may be assured of one fact: several persons have made the same request, but I have always refused them."

It was settled that I should go and see him the next day but one. The moment I entered his room, he said,—

"Since you are about to become my historian, I must inform you that people do not know half the works I have composed."

He then went on to tell me of the number of songs and national airs he had written, and which his countrymen sang without being aware these compositions were his. As you may easily fancy, my dear Editor, such an announcement made a deep impression on me, and I carefully entered it among my notes.

At the period of which I am speaking, Chopin did not exactly know his age, for I find in my notes that he was born at Zelazowo-Wala, *about* 1810. "It is impossible for us," I wrote, "to give more exactly the date of his birth. He himself could only fix approximatively the day on which he first saw the light, by a watch sent him, in 1820, by Mad. Catalani, and on which were engraved the words, "*Given by Mad. Catalani to young Frederick Chopin, aged ten years.*"—This, by the way, leads us to suppose that, in his boyhood, he was a little prodigy, a fact, however, of which he did not boast.—To return to Chopin's age. M. Barbedette asserts that he was born on the 1st March, 1810. M. Fétis, in the new edition of his *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, fixes on the 8th March in the same year as the correct date.

However this may be, I wrote Chopin's biography *from his own dictation*. I kept it in my portfolio until after his decease, which took place on the 17th October 1849, M. de Lamennais, who had become the chief editor of a republican paper—*La Tribune*, as far as I can remember—asked me for the manuscript, that he might publish it in his journal. I gave it him. The journal, however, suddenly stopped, and I took the biography to the *Opinion Publique*, in which it appeared, on the 23rd November ensuing, without the author's name. I trust that M. Barbedette will excuse me if the supposition I am about to make is incorrect, but I have reason to believe that my sketch of Chopin met his eye, for independently of the somewhat vague manner in which the popular songs are mentioned, I find in the articles of *Le Ménestrel* certain details, especially that about the passport, of which other biographers have said nothing.

M. Barbedette has judged Chopin correctly. Chopin's nature was most rare and exquisite, but it moved in a restricted sphere. Even in the works of Weber we feel the horizon diminished around us; we experience somewhat of the oppression caused by the sight of lofty mountains, where great and dazzling effects follow deep shadows and fantastic apparitions. Except Beethoven and Rossini, despite the peculiar shades of difference in their genius, there are scarcely any composers who breathe and flourish in the full height of the sun. Chopin leads us into a region full of melancholy and mystery. But we cannot remain there long; we experience a feeling of suffocation; we gasp for air. Persons suffering from some diseases seek out shaded and solitary walks: an extensive view causes them to turn giddy.

J. D'Ortigue.

Frankfort.—The magnets of the Italian Operatic Company at present here—writes the *Theater-Bilden aus dem Frankfurter Theaterleben*—are the two sisters Marchisio, who possess all the qualities requisite to enable them to shine as stars of the first magnitude. We felt convinced of this after seeing them in the *Trovatore* and *Norma*. It seems as though nature had endowed them with voices especially adapted for the modern opera of the Italians, who in nearly all their productions require two singers like the sisters Marchisio, namely, a soprano of great compass and perfectly cultivated, such as that which Mlle. Carlotta possesses, and a real *mezzo-soprano*, like that of Mlle. Barbara. In the *Trovatore*, Mlle. Carlotta sustained the part of Leonora, and Mlle. Barbara that of Azucena. The former represented Leonora exactly as the poet conceived the character. Adhering closely to its poetical features, she displayed deep feeling and noble passion, both enhanced by vigour and geniality, as well as by a happy union of

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the tone and the thought. The dramatic nature of the music and action was manifested in so artistic a manner, that the audience admired the genius of the artist as much when she was singing the tender *bravura* airs, as when she was rendering the tragic scene. Everything she did was marked by the same truth and intensity, not to speak of the vocal excellence. That such a performance, apart from its vocal power, should entrance the public, was inevitable. It was generally acknowledged that Mlle. Carlotta bore a strong resemblance to Sophia Cruvelli, one of the greatest favourites who ever visited Frankfort. The part of Azucena, in the hands of Mlle. Barbara Marchisio, was every way admirable. However great this lady may be as a singer, she struck us as being greater as an actress. Whatever romantic and tragic effects could be lavished on the character, were fully at the command of this fair singer, with her magnificent voice and her magnificent passion. Especially grand were the two pictures Azucena draws of the death she beheld her mother suffer at the blazing stake, and to which she herself is doomed. Her plastic and dramatic power was, in this instance, almost worthy of Rachel herself. Mlle. Barbara represented, too, as far as the part would allow, triumphant maternal love, with such force and feeling, that the audience fancied they had another Ristori before their eyes.

The Norma of Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio was, if possible, more significant, or rather more artistic, than her Leonora. There is something overpowering in the picture of Norma, as pourtrayed by this lady, and its component parts, mighty passion, glowing revenge, and fond, warm love, stand out prominently, while the singing is always suited to the emotion which has to be expressed. In addition to this, the touching voice of the singer, uniting in itself every charm, her uncommon power of moderating its strength, her splendid execution, and the intensity of her *portamento*, were all so harmoniously combined, that the audience stood entranced. In the first and third acts, especially in the last finale, the artist was really inimitable, and also in the "Casta diva" scene, which she rendered with poetic fervour. In the great scene of the second act, on the contrary, she allowed the actress to stand forth with greater prominence than the vocalist, and here we had an opportunity of noting two qualities in which most singers are deficient, namely, harmony and symmetry. She threw an especial charm into the duet with Adalgisa. The irresistible and magic influence she still exercises upon Pollio in the hour of separation, and the power of maternal love in the scene where Norma is about to kill her children—were all worthy the highest praise. It is scarcely necessary to state that the applause was enthusiastic, and all but unprecedented. Mlle. Barbara Marchisio was an Adalgisa *par excellence*, rich in poetic fervour, as a priestess, worthy of Norma, and yet displaying scarcely aught but innocence, mildness, and devotion. Every one was delighted with the sweetness and natural charm of her superb voice, which, however, when the situation requires it, can rise so easily to the highest dramatic power, just as though it were mere child's play. The duets, "Mira Norma," and "Si fin all' ore," sung by the two sisters, were never given with more unity or greater perfection.

The performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was interesting, from the fact that the finest singer took the smallest part—Marcelina; but, thanks to her eminent talent, Mlle. Carlotta did great things with very little. Mlle. Barbara, on the other hand, displayed in the character of Rosina such wealth of vocal power, that we really envied it. Her singing of Rossini's music was a triumph of art. The grand air, "Una voce poco fa," in the first act, was in itself a charming *genre* picture, and the fair artist expressed in it, with brilliant tones, all the humour, with an irony that Rossini could conceive. For the lesson scene at the piano, the grand duet from Rossini's *Mathilda di Shabran* was selected — a sparkling composition, rendered by the sisters with a degree of artistic unity and excellence such as is possessed only by the most gifted Italian *bravura* singers. The two fair vocalists were here enabled to display every grace, every art in the *bravura* style. The whole impersonation of Rosina was admirably kept up by Mlle. Barbara, and we were at a loss whether to admire the vivacity and significance of her acting, or her grand and magnificent vocalisation. When we reflect that Mlle. Barbara is as great in serious as in comic opera, the reader may form an idea of the high position she occupies in the domain of art.

Blondin at the Crystal Palace.—M. Blondin has fairly outdone himself. His last performance took place in the central transept, where a stage had been erected, and a short rope stretched from tressels placed about eight feet from the ground. At three o'clock M. Blondin appeared, first as a galley slave heavily shackled, with his feet in baskets; next he appeared in huge wooden shoes, and then entered upon stilts (being evidently much more embarrassed in these appendages when on *terra firma* than when elevated on his elastic cord). In these different incumbrances he danced, leaped, threw summersaults, and bounded with the most astonishing ease and in the most graceful manner. The stilt performance was very clever, especially the descent and ascent of the steep incline of the rope—a feat both hazardous and exhausting. His exploits with a chair were, perhaps, the most pleasing of all. The ease and certainty with which he maintained himself on it in every variety of position, sometimes the chair being poised on the rope by only a single leg, elicited great applause. But as a violinist and drummer, with his musical performances he outdid everything else. He actually led the band in *Guillaume Tell* with his violin while turning summersaults backwards and forwards, without missing a note, and with as much apparent ease as if he had been at his place in the orchestra. Unfortunately, while playing his antics as well as his music, his bow caught in the rope, and, being unable at the moment to extricate it, he dashed his violin to the ground with a force that broke it into fragments. He then kept up a deafening roar with his drum while continuing his evolutions, and the applause might be said to positively shake the building. Without his pole he then danced a hornpipe and cut Catherine wheels backwards and forwards, without using his hands, and then, bowing to the company, ran off. In a few minutes he appeared on his platform near the roof, and at once began to travel his perilous path. He tied his pole on to the rope, and then suspended himself by one foot. Having put on his sack and blindfolded himself, he proceeded back again, and made several slips, which elicited screams from the fairer portion of his spectators. This closed the performance, which appeared to afford universal satisfaction. The upper series of fountains played for a short time, and the band of the Coldstream Guards, together with that of the company, played during the afternoon. This is said to be the only performance of Blondin on the low rope, but from the evident delight it afforded to all who witnessed it, and as the weather evidently deterred many from being present, we think a repetition of the exhibition would prove acceptable and advantageous

MUSIC AT SOUTHEND.

(*From a stray Correspondent.*)

My Dear World,—No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, in this unaristocratic *quartier*. The fact of it is, I was beginning to get very tired of the gaieties of London, and sighed for green lanes and sea breezes. Hearing that Southend was a very retired place, famous for these *desiderata*, I arrived here on the 27th, and on coming down into the coffee-room on Monday morn, I perceived by a programme that a concert was to take place in the hotel I was staying at. Now, as my bedroom was quite close to the concert-room, I thought the best thing I could do was to go to the concert, particularly as some novelties were announced, and some favourites were to sing. A very charming selection of music it was, and, strange to say, all the pieces were given in the order advertised. The concert was held by Mr. P. Van Noorden, who was the *factotum* of the evening, for he played, he sung, and he conducted, and I must do him the justice to say he did *all* well—indeed, I may say very well. The novelties were Louise Stella, a very pretty girl, with a charmingly fresh *mezzo soprano* voice. She sung three times during the concert, with much taste, feeling, and expression. Her rendering of Benedict's "By the sad sea waves" showed that she was well taught, and she gave the quaint old English ballad, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," in such an effective style that it narrowly escaped being encored. M. Frank Elmore, a young tenor, with a nice voice, was very successful in Cumming's "Love me little, love me long," and Reichardt's "Thou art so near, and yet so far," the latter being encored. Now for the favourites. The first certainly is Mrs. Alexander Newton, who sung Bellini's "Qui la voce," and a pretty song by Van Noorden (which was encored), called "On the hills." I must not omit to mention that the concert concluded with "God save the Queen," and that Mrs. A. Newton sung some novel and brilliant *fioriture*, which astounded the Southend folks. Miss M. Van Noorden's sympathetic *contralto* was heard to great advantage in various concerted pieces, and in a German song, "Von meinen bergen," which was very graceful. Mr. P. Van Noorden, in the "Little fat man" and John Parry's "Matrimony," exhibited the real *vis comica*, the accompaniments being also admirably played. During the concerts, Herr Jona Greebe gave two solos on the violin, displaying the most brilliant execution.

Fanatico.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

THE curious intangible germ of a project for "representing" music at the great art-congress of next year, which was shadowed out in the unsigned and non-official document to which we gave publicity last week, has now grown into enough of substance to bear handling and examination. We can now see, at least, what is intended, and —perhaps rather less plainly—on what agencies the projectors rely for success.

From perfectly official sources we derive the following particulars. On Mr. Benedict, it seems, first descended the idea that music ought to be "represented" next year in some grander and more permanently interesting fashion than as a mere adjunct to such an inaugurative ceremony as we all remember in 1851. The musical attempt then made was, beyond doubt, a disgrace to the country. Bad as it was, however, it was, perhaps, good enough for its place in that day's gala. Had it been as admirable as it was lamentably the reverse, no one would have cared, and certainly not one-tenth part of the assembled multitude could even have heard. This, thinks Mr. Benedict—and thus far thinks rightly—is not worthy treatment of such an art as music. He would have a great musical "congress of all nations," having its special objects and attractions, and altogether independent of any mere pro-sessional parades or ceremonies, whether opening or closing. To carry out this scheme he would seek the assistance of all the professional and amateur skill as embodied in all the important musical societies of the kingdom; furthermore, he would invite the attendance of the most celebrated choral and instrumental associations of France and Germany; and, in order to back these latter invitations with extra, and probably requisite, strength, he would solicit the zealous co-operation of the courts of France and Germany, in the shape of such stimulants as continental governments are supposed to apply to affairs of art. These various *corps* of musicians being assembled, Mr. Benedict proposes to employ them, sometimes collectively in performances of vast calibre, but chiefly separately —that is, allotting to each society so disposed a certain number of concerts. Calculating that these performances will be greatly successful in a money point of view — (and, in order to make them at once more convenient to visitors at the exhibition, and less likely to trench on existing interests, they are to take place between four and seven o'clock in the afternoon) — he winds up his project with the stipulation that all clear profits shall be paid into the hands of trustees, to be by them applied to some large and important object bearing on the progress of art, — be this the foundation of a national opera, a new academy of music, or as then seems best. This proposal Mr. Benedict communicated *in extenso* to some of the royal commissioners, by whom it is understood to have been "very favourably received," but who, nevertheless, did not promise it any active or material furtherance.

Meanwhile, as the idea got wind, it became evident that, for concerts of the proposed magnitude, a suitable building would be necessary; and so comes to Mr. Benedict's assistance Mr. Paraire, an architect very favourably known, it seems, as the constructor of Weston's and the Oxford Music Halls, and the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton. This gentleman having prepared the plans for a vast room capable of accommodating 10,000 auditors and an orchestra of 600 performers, a preliminary meeting was held by way of launching the scheme. At this gathering, however, nothing could be done, we believe, beyond appointing a provisional committee, and resolving that a fresh application should be made to the commissioners on the subject. Circular invitations having been previously issued to the principal musical associations of London, a second meeting was held yesterday at the Architectural Society's rooms, Conduit Street, Mr. Benedict being in the chair, supported by Mr. Paraire, the architect, as secretary and general expositor of the project. The meeting was fairly, but not fully attended, probably because either time was lacking for sufficient notice, or because musicians, as a body, are somewhat tired of grand projects to which such phrases as "the progress of art," and "the advancement of music," are continually tacked, and as continually end in no more than the words which constitute them. Though not large, however, the meeting was sufficiently important, considering the musical interests there represented, to have given all the desired impetus to the scheme, had its metal, when sounded, given back that ring of the true coinage which belongs to a real success. This, however, was not to be. Notwithstanding Mr. Benedict's very able statement of all the musical advantages that ought to, and probably, under sufficient auspices, *would* arise from the scheme he contemplated, and despite all the explanatory statistics of the architect, the general feeling of the assembly certainly appeared to be that of indifference, not to say disfavour,—a result much increased, no doubt, by the unpromising terms of the reply (then read) of the royal commissioners to the formal application addressed to them. Certain routine business, indeed, such as confirming previous minutes, appointing a provisional committee, &c., was transacted, but the general result permits no doubt that if this scheme for an "International Concert Room" is really to bear fruit, it must be supported from first to last on a basis greatly wider than that now contemplated.

A few words, perhaps, will suffice to point out the prominent objections to the existing plan. In the first place, it is intended to hire from the Commissioners a sufficient plot of ground contiguous to the Exhibition building; and on this is to be erected a vast *temporary* room, at a cost of 20,000*l*. To raise this sum it is proposed to seek "guarantees" (subscriptions they should be called) from individuals and musical associations, who are expected to receive, by way of value, tickets of admission in proportion to the amounts subscribed. Musical societies, furthermore, are to be invited to give concerts at their own risk; the pecuniary bait being the tickets available for their subscribers in

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virtue of the aforesaid "guarantee," and the profit extractable from the general public after paying, 1st, all their own musical expenses; 2nd, the ground-rent exacted by the commissioners; 3rd, the rent of the building; and 4th, the tax which, according to the scheme, is "for the advancement of art," to be levied on all receipts. Now, not to mention that some societies — the Philharmonic and the Musical Society of London, for example — are, perhaps, legally disqualified for such speculations, or, certainly, would not undertake them, the chances of loss, arising from vast necessary expenses, the pinchers of public amusements at the time, and the hours specified (when visitors are more likely to hunger for dinner than music), are so infinitely great, we imagine, that no other association would venture to face them. Without the certainty of such performances, then, there will be no "guarantees;" without such guarantees there will be no 20,000*l.*; and without this last, we need scarcely add, there will be no International Concert Room.

Another objection that forcibly presents itself, is the waste of energy that the whole scheme implies. Would it not be a pity to raise and expend 20,000*l.* on a concert-room which, on the most extravagant supposition, could not exist longer than the continuance of the Exhibition itself? Surely something much better than this can be done with time, talent, and money. London is the only large city in the world which does not possess a really fine Music-Hall. Considering that six months sufficed to complete the present Royal Italian Theatre from its foundations, there may yet be time, before the season of the Exhibition, to give to the metropolis a permanent concert-room worthy of its wealth and musical importance. The finest site in London can easily be procured, the opportunity is ripe and tempting, and support from all musical associations of importance is certain. Energy and capital only are needed, and just these two things it is now gravely proposed to waste on as delusive and unbusinesslike a scheme as we ever remember!

If, however, nothing else stood in the way, there yet remains that which, to our thinking, is the gravest of all objections to the scheme, so far as "the progress of art" is concerned. The whole thing has commenced at the wrong end. No matter how suggested to them, the proposition should have emanated from the Royal Commissioners. They — if the thing were fit to be done at all — should have included music in the friendly contest of the world's arts. They should have supplied the building and everything necessary to its purposes, and should have sought from the musical associations of the kingdom the advice and assistance necessary for the occasion. So commenced, the scheme would have had a national importance, and, as certainly, a national success. For the great societies of England to enter on this matter as private speculators, and as beggars to the office of the commissioners for that public recognition which will be almost certainly refused, is merely, for themselves, to accept ruinous losses, and, for the art of music, to invite one more of those snubbings from high places to which it has been already sufficiently exposed.

IN the operatic regions of Paris reigns an almost complete lull, and our becalmed correspondent whistles in vain for a breeze, the results of which, were it even a shipwreck, might give employment to his eager pen. In vain his gaze seeks the furthest verge of the horizon — not a sail, not a menacing cloud. Slowly the twilight deepens into the transparent gloom of a summer night, and all is silent, still, and dim. Of course the clocks then all, in every variety of hoarse and solemn accent, strike twelve — the witching hour of night; and he, in common with all good citizens, prepares to court the embraces of sleep. The fitness of this pretty figure is unpleasantly compromised, by the way, in the fact that Morpheus is of the male gender. Obviously there is a female divinity who bestows her blandishments on the sterner sex, and Morphine is she hight (the name is given both to the narcotic principle of opium and to the sleeping partner of mortality). But where are we?—well nigh lost in the labyrinth of thought, at the centre of which, like another Rosamond, dwells embowered the pleasant mistress with a grim brother! But see that angry flush upon the swart cheek of night. Thus flamed Cleopatra's dark visage when she smote the poor messenger from faithless Antony. What ails the starry queen? Has that shrew Aurora—not the rosy-fingered goddess, but the well-matched wife of that rude old fellow Boreas—blousy usurper of that pretty name—has she been at her old tricks again, leaving the marks of her vile temper on the tingling cheeks of the august daughter of Chaos? Ah, no! Now we see, as the ruddy flashes mount higher and higher, and the glow over her features spreads wider and brighter, it is the wild excitement of pain and horror. She has been startled by the cry of fire, and is all of a flush and tremble, thinking of the terrible night when that scoundrel Erostratus burnt her out of the temple of Diana*—heaven knows how many years ago, but she never sees a fire now but she gets quite red and flurried at the recollection. She lost a deal of property there (the Sun had not started his insurance office) — a beautiful chariot among other things, and a veil all bespangled with stars, and a wreath of splendid poppies. Hark! the shuffling and tramping of many hundred feet, the condensed sounds of many excited voices forming one hollow murmur, with occasionally a shriller cry leaping out of it, the measured banging of the fire-engines—the rhythm growing excitedly quicker and quicker, like oar-strokes in a rowing match. "Où est l'incendie?" cries voice after voice; but the question does not always imply the intention of rushing thither; for attendance at a fire in Paris is a privilege which must be paid for by hard labour. To approach the scene too early is to book oneself for a place in the *chaine* of living beings who pass the water-buckets from hand to hand, by which the engines are supplied from the nearest fountain. The fire-plug and hose are unknown, yet are our neighbours somehow more handy in quenching fires than we—thanks to the well-organised corps of *sapeurs-pompiers*. But we forget to say where the fire took place. It was at the warehouse in the Rue Richer, in which the scenery of the Imperial Opera House is stored — that is, the scenes not immediately in demand for the current pieces. The fire broke out at about half-past twelve; and we may imagine, with such inflammable materials to work its will on, how rapidly it blazed up and how difficult it was to control. It was three hours before it was got under, and three of the adjoining houses had meanwhile become involved in its fury and seriously injured. The account of the damage from this lamentable accident makes up a stern and sad reckoning. A hundred and three scenes perished, vanishing, like veritable dissolving views, into thin air.

* There was a famous statue of Nox in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

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We leave others to supply the quotation, *de rigueur*, about "cloud-capt towers," and proceed at the cue, "not a wrack behind," with an unpoetical report of the losses in question. There was destroyed, besides this chief annihilation of valuable art-work, 1000 mètres of new cloth or canvas, and 5000 mètres of old, together with the carriages used in conveying the scenes backwards and forwards, and the store of timber and carpenters' tools used in constructing the wooden frames. The money value of this whole loss was estimated at from 700,000fr. to 750,000fr. Add to this the value of the structure itself, now scarcely more than a huge heap of blackened embers, the cost of building which was rated at 150,000fr. Among the operas, &c. which will have to be provided with new scenery are *Semiramis*, *Tannhäuser* (?) *la Sylphide*, *la Juive*, *Orfa*, *la Reine de Chypre*, and *la Magicienne*. It was providential that the scenery for the stock of operas now in current use happened to be all in the Rue de Pelletier, so that the ordinary course of business will suffer no interruption. Fortunately, too, the new scenery got ready for *Alceste* escaped, having been only the day before transferred to the stage of the Opera to be adjusted to its fittings. A dancing room adjoining the principal building has alone been saved from destruction. Notwithstanding these deductions, however, the loss is tremendously heavy. How the fire arose is not known, and is never likely to be, for the ruin is too complete to bear any traces of its origin. Must we lay this, together with so many disasters and horrors which have tumbled upon us of late, to the account of the comet? The number of theatrical conflagrations is, however, quite peculiar, and would seem to be the work of some fanatic sect of incendiaries, resolved, under the influence of the old Puritan spirit, to cure this corroding ulcer of society by actual cautery. If there be any purifying power in fire, as the ancients held, most of our theatrical establishments must be immaculate enough by this time. Drury Lane burnt twice; Covent Garden twice; the English Opera-house once; the Olympic once; Astley's three times; the Surrey once. More examples still may be got out of London alone, and on the Continent they swarm.

MUSIC AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Is music to be represented at the Exhibition of 1862 — and if so, by whom, and in what manner? This is a question repeatedly discussed in musical circles; and already we hear of more than one scheme in contemplation. It is proposed, I am informed, to erect a temporary building in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition — application having been made to Her Majesty's Commissioners "for the use of the vacant site at the back of the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens," and plans of the intended work submitted. To provide a building for such purposes under such exceptional conditions would, as a matter of course, entail a very considerable expenditure; and unless some zealous amateur, with means proportionate to his enthusiasm, should consent to incur the risk, it may be asked where is the money to be obtained? The projected Concert-hall is intended (I am told) to accommodate an audience of 12,000 persons, together with an orchestra of 500 singers and players — or, if necessary, more; and the outlay has been estimated at 20,000*l.*, or thereabouts. But granted the 20,000*l.*;—when that is exhausted, what have we got to show for it? Only an empty structure, the rest, including the entire arrangements for the musical performances, remaining still to be accounted for. Here lies the difficulty; for unless our vocal and instrumental artists, whose services are likely to be in unusual request at such a busy period, can be induced to accord them in this instance gratuitously, while at the same time our established societies—who will naturally use redoubled efforts to attract the multitude of strangers (preferring honour to profit)—step forward with heroic self-denial in aid of a gigantic opposition to their own immediate interests, even another 20,000*l.* will form, I imagine, but an item in the additional responsibilities that must accrue.

A Musician.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

In spite of the unpropitious weather, Mr. Manns' benefit concert attracted a large audience to the Crystal Palace. Few directors of musical entertainments deserve more unqualified praise than this gentleman. Placed in a position where many would be content to present to an ever-changing public the *ad captandum* dance tunes which serve to amuse the saunterers through the Palace, Mr. Manns determined to raise the standard of music, and educate the taste of his hearers. In his constant search after novelty, he has furnished a greater variety of music, of every school, than can be heard at any other concert-room in England. Though no disciples of the school of Wagner, we are quite willing to acknowledge our conductor's enterprise in bringing forward works which are not to be heard elsewhere; and if Mr. Manns has a certain sly weakness for the "Music of the Future," he never fails to recognise the masterpieces of the past. The Saturday orchestral concerts have been so admirably organised, the programmes are chosen with such discrimination, and the execution is so uniformly careful and accurate, that they have long been looked upon with peculiar interest. Seldom has so much been achieved with such scanty means—the orchestra being on a comparatively small scale, and the solo performers by no means *hors ligne*. It must be a genuine attraction that induces musical men to journey from London to Sydenham on a foggy afternoon of November, and yet they undertake the expedition week after week. At his benefit concert, Mr. Manns, appealing to a larger public than that to which we have referred, enlisted the services of some of the most distinguished vocalists of the day. It is to be regretted that *one* work of mark—Mozart's *Schauspie direktor*, for instance, with which Mr. Manns graced his benefit last year—was not brought out; yet the multitude of disconnected pieces of which the programme was composed evidently gave satisfaction to the audience, and it is therefore useless to complain. Mlle. Tietjens is decidedly the chief favourite at the Crystal Palace, and it is but just to add that she exerted herself to the utmost to deserve the enthusiastic applause which each of her performances excited. Mlle. Tietjens was encored both in Gounod's adaptation for voice, violin, piano, and harmonium of one of Bach's preludes, and in Arditi's "Il Bacio," but in both cases declined the honour. She was, however, compelled to repeat with Mr. Santley the never-unwelcome "Crudel perchè," and the quick movement of the duet from *I Martiri*, in which the conversion to Christianity received an unexpected dramatic effect from the thunderstorm which formed a sudden accompaniment to the piece. Mlle. Guerrabella was also compelled to return to the platform after her dramatic and skilful performance of "Qui la voce." Mad. Caradori, Signor Giuglini, Signor Palmieri, Mr. Santley, and Signor Delle Sedie were the other vocalists; and M. Ole Bull diverted the audience with some of his extraordinary performances. Among the most interesting features of the concert were two new and graceful songs by Mr. Manns. The first, "O moon of night!" was sung by Signor Palmieri. The second—"If I might but gaze, Zuleika"—admirably rendered by Mr. Santley, is even more deserving of praise, the melody being very elegant and appropriate to the words, and the accompaniments both original and effective.

A new clarionet player—M. Croner, from the Opera at Lisbon—merits a paragraph apart. This gentleman, who introduced an air, with variations, of his own composition, is in every respect an

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admirable performer. His tone is full, sweet, and *musical*, his execution fluent and masterly, his taste irreproachable. He played the theme with genuine expression, and the variations with an ease, *aplomb*, and brilliancy that left nothing to desire. His success was decided, and loud and general applause greeted him as he quitted the orchestra.

Herr Formes sang a *volkslied* by Pastor Gluck, accompanied by himself with fine expression and complete success. The overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Oberon*, and the *Sestel* from Don Giovanni, were among the "bull" pieces.

The "Grisi Farewell" at the Crystal Palace (on Wednesday afternoon) was as successful as could have been desired. The weather was propitious, the attraction unique, the programme appropriate; the artists were one and all zealous to do their best, and the audience just as unanimously disposed to appreciate. The great transept, filled with thousands of well-dressed visitors occupying reserved seats which covered almost the entire area, presented much the same aspect as at the Handel Commemorations. The great orchestra, compressed and enclosed for the occasion, accommodated about 300 performers, vocal and instrumental, selected from among the best our very musical metropolis can furnish. The decorations fully came up to what was anticipated; and everything revealed a sincere desire on the part of those under whose control the arrangements for this not inaptly termed "festival" had been prepared to do honour to its heroine. As this was absolutely Grisi's last appearance before a London audience, it may not be out of place to cite the programme *in extenso*:—

PART I. Overture, "Masaniello," Auber; Duo, "Marinaro in Quardia Sta," Rossini; Aria, "Minacci Pur" (L'Assedie di Corinto), Rossini; Duo, "Un Tenore Core" (Roberto Devereux), Donizetti. Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario:—Aria, "Ah! mon fils," Meyerbeer; Duo, "Non m'Inganno" (Otello), Rossini; Aria, "Oh! mio Fernando" (La Favorita), Donizetti. Mad. Grisi:—Grand Finale (Mosè in Egitto), Rossini.

PART II.—Overture, "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini; Romanza (Il Ballo in Maschera), Verdi; Aria, "Ernani involami," Verdi; Duo, "Ebben a te Ferisci" (Semiramide), Rossini. Mad. Grisi and Mad. Didiée:—Ballad, "Good bye, Sweetheart," Hatton; Duo (L'Elisir d'Amore), Donizetti; Aria, "O luce di quest' anima" Donizetti; Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Roberto), Meyerbeer: Finale, "La Carita," Rossini.—Mesdames Grisi, Rudersdorff, Didiée, and Chorus.

The duet, "Marinaro," &c., was sung by Signor Neri Baraldi and M. Tagliafico; the air from the *Siege of Corinth* by Signor Tiberini; "Ah! mon fils," by Mad. Nantier Didiée; the duet from *Otello* by Signori Tamberlik and Ronconi; the romance from Verdi's new opera (encored) by Signor Graziani; "Ernani involami" by Mad. Penco; the *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamouni* by Mad. Ortolani Tiberini; Mr. Hatton's English ballad (encored) by Signor Mario; the duet from *L'Elisir* by Mad. Penco and Signor Ronconi; and the romance from Meyerbeer's *Robert* by Mad. Rudersdorff. Mr. Costa conducted, and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* was played twice. The pieces set down for Grisi herself—admirable without exception as were the performances we have enumerated—naturally absorbed the largest share of attention, and were listened to with an interest doubtless rendered all the more intense by the conviction that they would never be heard again in the same place from the same lips. That the programme might have comprised more of the "Grisi" element,—or at least have contained one of those solos ("Casta Diva," "Com' è bello," "Bel raggio," or "Di piacer," for example) which the English public are accustomed to associate with a voice that has charmed them oftener and more completely than any other during the last quarter of a century—seemed to be the general impression. Nevertheless, what was vouchsafed went straight to the hearts of the audience as it came straight from the heart of the singer, who was welcomed with acclamations and applauded with enthusiasm. The most genuine excitement was evidently created by the grand duet (with Mad. Didiée) from *Semiramide*—an opera in which the genius of Grisi, both as a singer and actress, shone perhaps most conspicuously, although not one of those most frequently brought forward in the latest stage of her career. The melodious "*andante*" was delivered with the serene and ineffable expression with which we are all acquainted, but now marked with an under-current of tenderness that gave peculiar significance to the opening words—

"Giorno d'orrore,
E di contento—"

which might have been construed, that the deep regret at parting was more than half alleviated by the knowledge of its being fairly divided between the songstress and her hearers, and that thus the "*giorno d'orrore*" was also one to remember with some degree of satisfaction ("di contento"). No sooner was the loud and prolonged applause that followed at the end of the duet hushed into silence than the eloquent tones of Signor Mario, in the English ballad, "Good bye, sweetheart," conveyed, in earnest though homely language, what, on the other hand, the audience might have felt inclined to say, had it been etiquette to speak. After "La Carità," in which the last notes of the universal favourite were heard, hats and handkerchiefs waved, hands applauded and voices cheered tumultuously. It was a hearty leave-taking on both sides—a demonstration of sympathy, in short, befitting the occasion. To add another word would be superfluous. *Finis coronat opus!*

Between 11,000 and 12,000 were present at the concert.

A GLANCE AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Birmingham Journal."*)

IN less than a month from this time, Birmingham will be again in the throes of one of those triennial convulsions which may be regarded as epochs in our history, and thanks to which the old "hardware village" is enabled, notwithstanding much musical remissness in the intervals, to maintain its place at the head of the musical towns of the kingdom. At such a season all other interests give place to those of music, and the noble charity in whose cause it is enlisted. International politics dwindle to the level of Town Council discussions; Government finance gives the *pas* to the pecuniary prospects of the Festival. Louis Napoleon's intentions inspire less apprehension than those of the weather, and even Garibaldi cannot "hold a candle," as the lion of the hour, to Costa or Giuglini. Music becomes the all-absorbing topic, or better still, the fashion; our streets are enlivened with the throng of gaily-clad pilgrims from all parts of the country, eager to offer up homage at the shrine of St. Cecilia—accommodated for the nonce with a local habitation within the stately walls of our Townhall; the echoes of our public places, like Prospero's isle, are "full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not," and even the comparative tranquillity of our drawing-rooms and firesides is disturbed for a time, both before and after the great event, by anticipations and reminiscences "most musical and most melancholy," of the more catching melodies of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. At such a time, the most practical-minded, art-contemning, anti-musical among us, succumb to harmonious influences; sober mercantile men, bitten by the musical tarantella, deliver their parting injunctions at home in a sort of operatic recitative; walk to office to the measure of the "Israelites' March," or the more fanciful one in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and intersperse their more prosaic calculations with snatches from yesterday's oratorio or this evening's concert. Railway carriage and omnibus coteries, abandoning for a time the more familiar themes of trade and harvest, Town Council squabbles, and sectarian splits, become eloquent on the relative merits of the new "Amina" coming in, and the old "Diva" going out, the golden voice of the great Italian tenor, and the dramatic power and execution of the no less popular English Orpheus; the melodious richness of *The Messiah*, the massive grandeur of *Israel in Egypt*, and the dramatic feeling, poetry, and refinement of the *Elijah*; the experience and skill of the orchestral Field Marshal, and the extent and discipline of the choral battalions under his control. Our very shops put on a new attire for the occasion, and besides the general gala appearance of hosiers, silk mercers, and jewellers, the windows of every stationer and bookseller bristle like Hyde Park on a review-day, with ranks of crotchets and quavers, clad in the smartest and brightest of uniforms, and glittering with gold epaulettes and regimental facings. Busy Birmingham, for a wonder, seems ashamed to be industrious, utilitarian pursuits are either proscribed *in toto*, or only furtively connived at in out-of-the-way corners and dusky workshops, where the superficial glance of the Festival visitor will not detect them. After all, there is nothing in our every-day avocations so utterly incompatable with musical pursuits as some sour-minded critics would have us believe. The burr of machinery, the clink of hammer and anvil, the deep groaning of bellows, and the well-timed puff of the throbbing steam engine, are not such very bad accompaniments to the tuneful ymn of industry which floats up through our factory windows far

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above the cloud-capped chimneys and grimy atmosphere of this human hive; and the musical appropriateness of such elements has ere now suggested itself to other composers besides the ingenious contrivers of the anvil chorus in the *Trovatore* and the spinning quartet in *Martha*. Indeed, so far back as the days of Handel, we seem to have heard of a certain "Harmonious Blacksmith," of whom Miss Arabella Goddard can discourse on her digits most eloquently, and whose *locus in quo* we are prepared to maintain against all comers is shown by conclusive internal evidence to have been not many yards wide of our venerable Bull Ring.

We must not linger, however, in the regions of speculation, with such bulky and pressing claims upon our attention as the detailed Festival scheme now before us advances. Its great extent—exceeding in nearly every respect the proportions of former Festival projects—renders a constant recapitulation of its leading features not only permissible, but absolutely necessary, to enable the reader to form anything like an adequate idea of its pretensions. Not only have we a larger executive corps, a more generally brilliant company of principals, and a greater number of performances than has been the rule of former Festivals to keep in view, but the selection of works for performance is of a more ponderous and onerous character for all concerned. The relatively light and lively characteristics of miscellaneous concerts are restricted now to two evenings, the number of the evenings increased to four, and the remaining two devoted to massive oratorio music as taxing to the intelligence and emotional sensibility of the listener as to the physical power of the executants. Under such circumstances we shall need no apology for occasionally treading in old footmarks in our endeavour to present the reader with a tolerably comprehensive though summary *aperçu* of the Festival scheme for 1861.

The first anxiety of musicians and connoisseurs will naturally be directed to the constitution of the band and chorus, on whose efficiency, even more than on that of the principals, so much of the musical success of the undertaking depends. For the excellence of the band, especially since the *bâton* has been in Costa's hands, the Birmingham Festivals are permitted to boast a pre-eminence over every other provincial music meeting in England. The orchestra of 1858, comprising 146 instrumental performers selected with the greatest care from the Metropolis, was one of the very best ever assembled in Birmingham, and in making their arrangements for 1861 the Festival Committee could not have had a better standard in view. The result of their efforts and deliberations will be best conveyed by the following summary of the instrumental resources announced in the scheme just published :—First violins (principals, Sainton and Blagrove), 28; second violins (principal, Willy), 26 ; violas or tenors (principal, Doyle), 18 ; violoncellos (principal, Lucas), 17 ; double basses (principal, Howell), 17 ; flutes (Pratten De Folly, Nicholson, and Tilley), 4; oboes (Barrett and Nicholson), 4; clarionets (Lazarus), 4; bassoons (Hausser), 4; trumpets (Harper), 2; cornets (Barlow), 2; horns (C. Harper), 4; trombones (Hawkes), 3 ; ophicleide (Hughes), 1; serpents, 2; drums, double (Chipp), side, and triangle and bass, 3; harp (Grust), 1; organ (Mr. Stimpson), 1; total, 142. As usual, a large proportion of this goodly army, though serving in the ranks, are competent generals and approved champions in their respective departments, to illustrate which we need only cite the names composing one section of the orchestra, that of first violins, to which the following goodly list belongs:— Sainton, Blagrove, Belgemann, Browne, Burnett, Carrodus, Chipp, E. Clementi, V. Collins, Dando, Day, Deichmann, Goffric, Hall, H. W. Hill, Jacquin, Kreutzer, Love, Madand, Pollitzer, Ries, Seymour, Thirlwall, Sheather, Thomas, Watson, Watson, jun., and Zerbini. The constitution of the other sections, we need only remark, is on a par with that of the first violins, and with Costa directing, no more need be said to establish the unsurpassable excellence of the framework upon which our Festival scheme reposes. The bricks and mortar of the undertaking are represented by a choral body of 334 performers, more than in 1858, distributed as follows:—Sopranos, 83; contraltos, 19; altos, 61; tenors, 83; and basses, 88; representing, with the band before enumerated, a sum total of 476 performers in the orchestra. Among the chorus, obtained principally from local sources, and especially from the ranks of that zealous and useful association, the Festival Choral Society, there are no less than sixty amateur volunteers from the Amateur Harmonic Society—a compact little band whom many of our readers will agree with us in thinking quite as picturesque, and infinitely more serviceable to society than their gallant namesakes of military fame. For the efficiency of the two great sections of the choral body just specified, Mr. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton are respectively responsible, and it may be safely asserted that the interest of that important department of the Festival could not be in better hands. Since the commencement of the year both gentlemen have been assiduously employed in drilling the choral forces under their respective commands, and even now that all the elements of the chorus are coalesced and the rehearsals conducted in common, not the least trying part of the work of preparation has to be gone through. In the list of principals we have the capital and crowning grace of this colossal undertaking—so far at least as execution goes—Mlle. Titiens, Mads. Rudersdorff, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mlle. Adelina Patti, constitute a truly imposing array of *soprani*; and the list of *voci bianchi* is fittingly closed with the names of those admirable *contralti*, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer. As tenors, we have our own Sims Reeves, the golden-throated Giuglini, and the conscientious, equable, and experienced Montem Smith. Mr. Santley and Signor Belletti, with opposite characteristics and voices that have little but excellence in common, sustain, Atlas-like, a world of responsibilities in dividing between them the bass and baritone music of so ponderous a programme; but our long experience of the latter, and the high reputation of both, assure us of their entire competency for the Herculean task they have undertaken. We would gladly linger over the many delightful associations conjured up by the names we have just mentioned, and that of Miss Arabella Goddard, and indulge our sanguine anticipations as to the pleasure which the fair Patti—the only stranger of the party—is destined to afford us, but we must hasten on to other branches of our theme.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE APPOINTMENT OF ORGANISTS TO YOUR CATHEDRALS.

Sir,—May I ask if you, or any of the numerous readers of the Musical World, can inform me whether it is correct that the Musical Professor of the University of Oxford is trying to have all these appointments placed in his own hands? I am told he has already nominated the organist to one (if not two) of our cathedrals. The worthy Professor is certainly not a Mendelssohn, a Sterndale Bennett, or Sir Henry Bishop; he may have composed a few short anthems, but I believe no musical work of any importance. He does not examine the candidates for the musical degree at Oxford, but has requested some other gentleman. I think it ought to be understood by the musical profession whether the dean and chapter of each cathedral intend placing the most important musical appointment in England into the hands of the Musical Professor of Oxford, whose *High Church* views would endanger the true Evangelical music of our Protestant Church.

Yours truly,

July 28th, 1861. Alpha.

MUS. DOC. DEGREE.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent who asks for information respecting the degree of Doctor of Music, I would beg to inform him that it is usual *first* of all in our English universities to obtain the degree of Mus. Bac., and at the expiration of five years he may then go in for the Doctor's. I believe the "*cheapest*" and most convenient way is to go to Dublin, where it is not very difficult to take both degrees at once. This is frequently done by those who have been *plucked* at home, or by timid individuals who have not sufficient *pluck* to *try* at home. With us it is not sufficient to write a long exercise in five or eight real parts, with instrumental accompaniments, but when this work is approved a severe examination of six or eight hours' duration takes place. The latter part has been added within the last few years. The exercise may be performed, and the degree obtained, on the first degree day after the examination.

Yours truly,

July 29th, 1861. Mus. Bac.

COST OF DOCTORS' DEGREES.

Sir,—In reply to the letter of "Open," in your last number, respecting the fees, qualifications, &c. necessary to secure the title of Doctor of Music, I believe I am correct in stating that the fees at Cambridge, Dublin, and Oxford Universities for the accumulated degrees of Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc., amount to about 35*l.*, and that the cost of performing the musical exercise with other expenses, is rarely *under* 45*l.*, so that the sum total may be taken at 80*l.*

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At Dublin University it is necessary, I am informed, to pass an examination in Arts (Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Geography, &c.) before the candidate can matriculate, or, in other words, become an enrolled member of college; but this proceeding is omitted at both Cambridge and Oxford, though at all three of these chief Universities, paper and *viva voce* examinations in the science and history of music are now insisted upon.

A candidate for the degree of Mus. Doc. must write a work (of pretty tolerable length) which may include solos, duets, &c. for various voices, but *must* contain choruses in eight real parts, the whole work being scored for a full band, with a separate organ accompaniment. The work, if approved by the Professor, is usually performed in some suitable hall attached to the University, and in a style chiefly depending on the ambition of the composer, or, more properly speaking, on the length of his purse.

Further information and details upon the whole matter will be found in a Cambridge, Dublin, or Oxford calendar, which can be obtained of any bookseller.

August 1st, 1861. DECISO.

NATURALS, SHARPS, AND DOUBLE-FLATS AGAIN.

DEAR MUS. WORLD,—You have allowed Master Eves and "An Amateur" to have their *last words*, pray now let me have mine.

You justified Mr. Benedict's D♮ in your second extract from the "Wreath," on the ground that D♮ belongs to the chromatic scale of E, and Cx does not. I objected that, if so, Mr. B. ought, according to your own showing, to have written F♮ instead of E♯, in the same chord; and you now attempt to justify that E♯ by saying that it belongs to the key of B! Of course we who have so plagued you in this affair are sadly ignorant as theorists, &c., but we perhaps have a little common sense, in the name of which I beg to ask what can be thought of the theory which, "discuting" on any particular chord in a musical composition, deduces the notation of two of its component notes from *two different keys*? As you have given some symptoms of wishing to shift your ground, and say that the passage is in B (which would account in your way for both the D♮ and the E♯), I must pin you to your own original justification of the D♮ from the scale of E, in which key, moreover, it is quite clear that the whole passage stands.

Truly yours,

July 29th, 1861. VERAX.

["Verax" should wear spectacles; or employ an ear trumpet; or read the controversy originated by the "fifths" of our ex-reviewer—which, turning out "sixths," were the cause of turning out our ex-reviewer, over and over again, from end to end, until he understands it, and owns that he is altogether in the wrong, and that we, as usual, are altogether in the right.—PETIPACE.]

GRISI AND LORD JOHN.

DEAR WORLD,—I could not resist sending you the enclosed *morceau* from the *Halifax Guardian* of Saturday. You would do the state service if you will lay the lash on. The author is a bad fellow.

Yours, &c.

July 30th. AN OLD READER.

RETIREMENT OF LORD. J. RUSSELL.

This week two celebrated characters have retired from very prominent public positions in England. On Tuesday Lord J. Russell made his parting bow to the electors of London, whom he has represented for twenty years; and to the House of Commons, where he was a leader for about the same period. On Wednesday, Giulietta Grisi made her final curtsey before the footlights of the Italian Opera House. Except that the two events occur in the same week, there does not, at first sight, seem to be much analogy between them. The career of an opera singer who, though in the *parlance* of the House she has been "divine," is still by Act of Parliament of the genus "vagabond," is sufficiently apart from that of the gentlemen who make Acts of Parliament. But there are similarities in the personal history of Giulietta and Lord John. Both have persisted in outliving their fame. Both have delayed the period of resignation until retirement has become a welcome relief rather than a painful regret. Never since the greater gods in Parliament and goddesses of song obtained niches in the edifice of history, have there been equals in fame and good fortune to the ex-premier and ex-*prima donna* who have combined to make the last week in July illustrious by their farewells. There have been greater singers than Grisi. There have been more eminent statesmen than Lord John Russell. It would be a burlesque of the epithet, indeed, to apply it in the same sense to Lord John as to Sir Robert Peel. But Lord John has enjoyed more, in his life-time, of the fickle element of popular favour. And he has used that element, as Grisi is said to have done in all her engagements with managers, to keep down, as much as possible, all rivals. Sir Robert Peel felt the full force of this party littleness during his whole lifetime, and it was not till death removed him above its power that his superior greatness was acknowledged.

["An old Reader" is too exacting. We have no "lash" for such ingenious, and we must say pleasant, transgressors. Perhaps "An old Reader" would like seven years more of "Giulietta" on the boards? *We* should less repine at seven years more of "Johnny" in the Commons.—PETIPACE.]

LYCEUM THEATRE.—A dramatic performance and concert were given at this theatre on Wednesday last, for the benefit of the band fund, 1st Middlesex Artillery. The first piece was *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, in which Mr. George Taunton enacted the part of Sir Giles Overreach. His conception of the part was correct, but he lacked a knowledge of stage business and dramatic power. Upon being called for at the end of the piece, he addressed a humorous speech to the audience, with which they seemed highly pleased; but we cannot help expressing our opinion that this elocutionary display was entirely out of place. The rest of the characters were very well sustained. The concert commenced with the duet from *Rigoletto*, "Deh non Parlare," which was pleasingly rendered by Miss Augusta Thomson and Mr. Alberto Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence being vociferously encored, later in the evening, upon singing Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer." The conductor, Herr W. Ganz, played very artistically his own arrangement of "Santa Lucia," and Mr. Thomas Harper's trumpet solo was loudly encored. Miss Thomson also narrowly escaped an encore after singing Arditi's "Il Bacio." The band of the corps performed several pieces during the evening, and the performances concluded with the farce, *Founded on Facts*. The house was well attended, and, unlike most affairs of the kind, the arrangements were complete in every respect.

IVREA, NEAR MILAN.—(*From a very enthusiastic and rare Correspondent.*)—If the word triumph may be applied in affairs of the theatre without fear of ridicule, it never was more *apropos* than in the present case to express the success obtained last evening by the tenor Castellani, upon the occasion of his benefit. Over and above the opera (*Chi dura vince*) we heard a new singer, Mlle. Glenister, in the *cavatina* of Lucia, and a duet from Verdi's *Masniadieri*. This last piece was sung by the young lady and the before-named tenor. Mlle. Glenister was by all the auditors judged to be "*unica*" in her style, and those who have heard Persiani assure us that the young singer is not in the least inferior to that artist, and they maintain that in point of art it would be impossible to do more,—taste, execution, intonation, perfect,—all you find in her; and I confess that I do not remember having heard a singer who so nearly approaches Bosio. Besides her singing she has a certain ingenious expression which alone infuses an irresistible grace into all she does. The demonstrations in favour of Mlle. Glenister were innumerable, and surpassed every limit. When she had finished her work she went to a box, in which she had scarcely appeared when the public commenced anew to applaud her. The opera went off well. Mlle. Lotteri sang with more than common ability, as did also the baritone (Pieri), and the buffo (Turaboschi). The tenor (Castellani) was clamorously applauded, and most deservedly, in all he sang. Besides the opera, Signor Castellani sang the Romanza "spirto gentil," after which he was several times recalled. The duet from *Il Masniadieri* with Mlle. Glenister was also very successful, and the singers were called repeatedly before the curtain. Mlle. Glenister is an English girl, about eighteen years of age.

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Reviews.

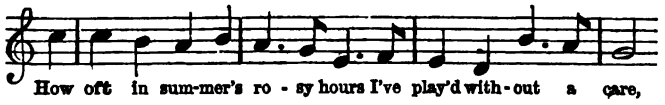
"*L'Amante e l'Eco*"—*parole di* C. A. Clericetti, *melodia di* Maurizio Lardelli (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas).

This graceful romance (composed for Signor Mario) would be all the more welcome, without the pompous and unmeaning flourish of instrumental symphony with which it is prefaced. The "*melodia*" (the name attached to it by the composer, by the way) is essentially Italian, though not over original, as may be seen by the subjoined extract:—

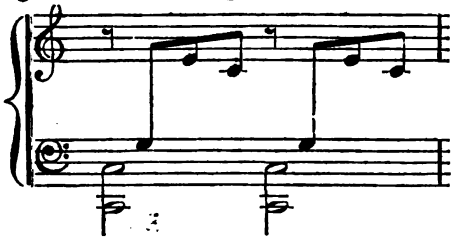
Nevertheless, as we have hinted, it is graceful—to which we may add, eminently *vocal.*

"*The Angel Mother*"—ballad—words by H. St. Leger, music by S. Jannette St. Leger (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

The couple St. Leger have surpassed themselves and each other in this ballad. We know not which may claim the preference, words or music. Suffice it, the words fit the music to a note, and the music fits the words to a syllable. If ever a little domestic quarrel should arise between a happy pair, we recommend this ballad to be sung by "man," and accompanied by "wife"—or *versâ vice*, whichever way the genius lies. We will answer for it, they will kiss, and make it up. There is a strong Balfishness in both melody and accompaniment, which is of itself a recommendation to the crowd of amateur vocalists. Look how the melody begins:—



And then glance at the accompaniment:—



"*The Harp of God*"—by the Rev. Edward Young, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge (James Nisbet and Co.).

This little book consists of "twelve letters on liturgical music, its import, present state, and reformation." If it contains nothing essentially new, it is interesting, marked in an equal degree with unaffected piety and strong common sense, and, for these and other reasons, in short, well worth perusing.

"*A Manual of Psalm Tunes*," harmonised in three parts—edited by John James Scargill, B.A. (J. Alfred Novello).

Mr. Scargill has done his work thoroughly well. Whether a new collection of old psalm-tunes was required may be a matter of doubt; but that such a one as this can do no harm, if it effects little absolute good, is not at all a matter of doubt. There are 146 tunes in all, for the most part soberly and correctly harmonised. As a specimen, however, let us cite Mr. Scargill's "Fazeley:"—

to which exceptions might be taken (by sticklers for pure three-part harmony) at the chords distinguished by asterisks, and perhaps at the last bar but one, where a fourth part unceremoniously rushes in. Mr. Scargill has also dressed up "Freasley," to which exceptions might be taken (as for instance):—

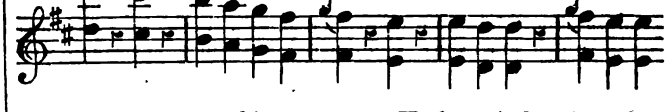
but which we have not space to cite *in extenso.*

"Un Ballo in Maschera"—*fantasie pour piano, par* Harold Thomas (Cramer, Beale, and Co.).—

Mr. Thomas has joined together in this piece the air, "Morro, ma prima in grazia:"—

the mazurka:—

and the chorus (*stretto*) of the first *finale:*—



transposing, to suit his purpose. He has produced a *fantasia* both effective and pleasing. Mr. Thomas's title-page is, as usual, a mixture of languages. At the head we find "*A son ami*, W. H. Acraman (Hastings);" and at the bottom, "By the same composer," followed up with a host of pieces.

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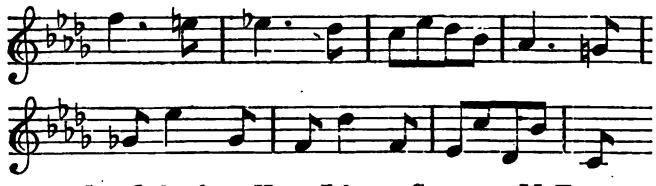
Galop de 'Rigoletto'"—*par* Réné Favarger (Cramer Beale, and Co.).

The galop in the ball scene of *Rigoletto* is one of Signor Verdi's most lively and vigorous dance-pieces. The trio, which may be recalled by a few notes from the melody,—



is worthy of the late Herr Johann Strauss. M. Favarger has "transcribed" it uncommonly well.

'Fantaisie sur 'Rigoletto'"—pour piano, par Réné Favarger (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

In this *fantasia*—which (in consequence, perhaps, of its containing more of M. Favarger, and less of Signor Verdi) is hardly, though not precisely without merit, so successful a performance as the galop—the celebrated quartet of the last scene (as usual) plays a conspicuous part.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Aug. 8.

The terpsichorean outbreak, which was mentioned by me the other day as having taken place at the Grand Opera, in the shape of an entire evening devoted to the more or less graceful shaking of toes, has been renewed. Friday last another dance-feast was held, and the same three ballets repeated *pour tout potage* as the evening's performance, notwithstanding a terrible onslaught made on the Imperial establishment for so extravagant a breach of good taste by the good old knight, Jules Janin, whose strokes are as heavy and lance as keen as ever they were in the days when honours worth regarding and smiles worth basking under were the reward of brave deeds. All unabashed, Mad. Zina Mérante (late Richards), Mad. Ferraris and Mad. Marie Petipa (no connection with "Petipace") reigned in triple sovereignty over the stalls, and the precedent seems now fairly established. A jockey club might well be a constant resource for the management when *prima donnas* pout or tenors are troublesome. M. Faure has returned, and is shortly to make his appearance. It was said he would lead off in *Guillaume Tell*, but the departure of M. Gueymard on his *congé* renders this impossible. The *Trouvère* (*Trovatore*), or *la Favorite*, will, therefore, be the opera, at least most likely, for nothing is fixed yet. One thing seems sure, however, and that is that the prince-composer Poniatowski's masterwork, *Pierre de Medicis*, will have a turn. Every dog has his day; *à fortiori*, princes who condescend to the muse, as King Cophetua stooped to the beggar-maid, may have their night. With all my heart, so my attendance be dispensed with: "I care not greatly for 'prince-ish music' that may be heard." Julien de Medicis will be played by M. Faure.

At the Opéra Comique, Roger still swims gaily down the stream of popular favour—a stream that for him has yet had no shallows nor back currents. With nothing fresher than *Haydée* and the *Dame Blanche*, he fills the theatre nightly; and so thoroughly is he in a vein of triumph, that he may well think twice of his journey to St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the barbaric pomp there awaiting him. The new operas by Messrs. Bazin and Lefebure-Wély, which long since I intimated were in preparation, will naturally not see the light till the popular tenor has thoroughly brushed off the bloom of his re-appearance.

The Théâtre Lyrique is making itself wondrously smart externally. The whole exterior has been ornamented and decorated afresh from the base to the roof. The allegorical piece which adorns the front is not yet quite completed. The subject is the city of Paris represented as a bountiful dame-protectress of the fine arts. Grouped around her are figures representing Music and the most illustrious masters of harmony. It was originally intended that both the native composers who had contributed to the glory of France, and those of foreign origin to whom she had offered shelter and protection on the various lyrical stages of the capital, should be included. This notion had been suggested by M. Hector Berlioz, but has been reserved for separate treatment. It is now the subject of the painting with which the ceiling is adorned. This ceiling, by the way, is talked of as a remarkable specimen of good taste in architectural ornamentation.

The comedians of the Emperor have been waking up the grand old shade of Sophocles. The *Ædipus Tyrannus*, rendered into French verse by M. Jules Lacroix, has been revived, but this time without the music which had been composed for it by M. Edouard Membrée. The assistance of an orchestra is only slightly invoked, to mark the divisions between the chorus and the action of the drama, and to accompany the entrances and exits of the principal personages. The omission of the music has caused regret among the musical part of the public; but the general audiences of the Théâtre Français, being more literary than musical, prefer, no doubt, the strophes of Sophocles interpreted by M. Jules Lacroix to the strains of M. Membrée. The two veterans, MM. Samson and Provost, are at present away, sea-bathing. Mlle. Augustine Brohan—one of the theatrical sheets here says—has also taken leave of the public for an interval. She is a great sufferer with her eyes—a retribution, perhaps, for the sufferings they may have inflicted on others. Her labours as a *sociétaire*, another practice of her art, under, or rather over, the glare of the footlights, have no doubt aggravated her complaint, and she is, it is said, seriously anxious about her sight. The misery and mischief caused by the footlights of the stage should lead to some improved way of lighting the actors. I think I saw somewhere that this had been done in a German theatre. Mlle. Augustine Brohan has been advised to consult an oculist at Prague, who is said to have accomplished wonderful cures. As some compensation for the loss of the sprightly *comedienne*, the director has re-engaged Mlle. Pauline Granger.

There is nothing particularly interesting to record of the rest of the theatrical world. The most conspicuous stage performance, as well as the most noisy, is a military spectacle at the Cirque, the subject of which is the taking of Pekin. There is a good deal of fun in the dialogue of this production, of which one of the authors is M. Dennery, and in it there is a wonderful ballet, executed by four *danseuses*, whose performances are more than wonderful. At the Gaité there has been an amusing absurdity called *Une Ombrelle compromise par un Parapluie:* and I believe that is all that is done of any importance in the dramatic way.

I will wind up with a few unconsidered trifles of foreign news. The directorship of the Imperial Chapel of Russia has been lately vacant; M. Alexis Lvoff having resigned the post on account of his advanced age. It has been filled up by M. Bachmeteff, a councillor of state and a distinguished musical amateur. In consideration of M. Lvoff's long and valuable services, and the part he has had in raising the choir of the Imperial Chapel to its high state of efficiency (acknowledged throughout Europe), the Emperor has allowed him to keep his honorary titles of Senator and Court Master (Hofmeister), together with the emoluments thereunto appended. M. Lvoff's chief services to the Imperial Chapel are as follows:—Firstly, the collecting and harmonising of the *Chants of the Greek Church*—a work of vast extent, forming thirteen volumes. Secondly, the musical instruction of 300 pupils (chapel-masters) for the execution of these ecclesiastical chants. Thirdly, the formation of a capital of nearly 50,000 roubles for the widows and orphans of the choristers. Fourthly, M. Lvoff has enriched the library of the chapel by about one hundred pieces of church music of his own composition. As concerning Russian professors of music, a famous "lion pianist" of that empire (Lion Anton Rubinstein) has fallen among thieves during his sojourn at Lucerne. He has, it would seem, been robbed of 2000 silver roubles and a gold watch. Satisfied with this experience of the hospitality of the hardy Swiss, he, hardy Russ, shook the Alpine snow from his feet, and betook himself to the modest sea-port of Ostend, where he is as likely to be robbed as ever, but where he will not be insulted with boastful talk about the strict honesty and guileless innocence of the inhabitants. Herr Hackländer, a Ger-

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man novelist of celebrity, has been appointed to the stewardship of the theatre at Stuttgard, in place of Baron Gall.

I have heard that one hundred and twenty-six choral societies will attend the great festival of Orphéons, to be held next month. I am now run dry, and till I am fed again with rivulets from the yet sealed springs of futurity—fare thee well.

Aigre Doux.

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*

The idea of getting up a Grand Vocal Festival for all Germany was, at the present day, a very natural result of the wish entertained by every educated person to behold the various members of the German family united in one great whole. Everything that serves to express this feeling, or that can nourish and strengthen the spirit which yearns for a United Fatherland is warmly welcomed and everywhere adopted and promoted most lovingly and zealously.

Viewed in this light, the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg was, from the immense interest it excited, a healthy sign of the times. No one could well expect the Festival to prove any very great event for art, although it called forth a few choral compositions, of more than ordinary merit, for male voices, and this certainly enriched that branch of writing. It was to be foreseen that the artistic would be outbalanced by the national element; but why should Music not consider it an honour to be the interpretress of the noblest sentiments and feelings of love for our Fatherland, and of a yearning after the union and power of the entire German people? That kind of music which gushes directly from the human breast — we allude to vocal music — is that most nearly allied to the soul, whence alone it derives its true expression, and on which it exercises the profoundest reaction. To sum up in a few words the grand result of the Festival, we assert with joy that its principal object, namely, the enthusiastic expression of German nationality by German poetry and German song, was most triumphantly achieved.

That the masses of executants who met on the occasion, the thousands of spectators and listeners who flocked from all parts, the festive movements of the entire population of the town and its environs; and furthermore, material facts, such as the magnificence of Nuremberg itself, the grandeur of the processions, and the fineness of the weather, which was, without exception, most propitious—that all this, we say, should co-operate powerfully in bringing about the satisfactory general result, was natural. Each element in the Festival enhanced the other, and music formed only the central point of a display of national feeling, such as—for the unrestrained intercourse of all classes, and the good-humoured enjoyment of a vast multitude giving themselves up to the present moment, and able to rejoice in their existence for the sake of that existence itself—is to be found only among the members of our own race in South Germany.

For the celebration of a national festival, Nuremberg is in the highest degree appropriate. We were struck with astonishment, as, amid loud expressions of welcome and the flourish of trumpets, we arrived at the railway station on Saturday, the 20th July, while this pearl of German cities unfolded before our eyes its architectural magnificence, which has not its equal in Germany, or, in its peculiar way, in Europe; and which, moreover, on this occasion, was bravely decked out in festive array, carrying us back in imagination to the time when the imperial city of Nuremberg received the German Kaisers, and welcomed them with brilliant state. On the 20th July last, however, Music was the guest for whom the grand old city, the mother of all German art, had put on her gala robes. All the public edifices, as well as all the private houses, the palaces, and the most modest residences, were decorated, from the ground floor to the gable points, with flowers and foliage, displaying a true artistic feeling, the prevalence of which caused the beautiful forms of the various buildings to stand out with more than ordinary prominence. From the house-tops to about a man's height from the pavement, hung thousands of long flags, which, by their broad stripes of black and gold, announced the signification of the Festival, while a large number of other flags with the Bavarian colours waved amongst them, frequently bringing out, in a highly ingenious manner, as at the Rathhaus, for instance, the architectural outlines by an infinity of smaller flags.

And yet no flags or colours were requisite to stamp Nuremberg as a German city, for not only is each world-famous and venerable church, but every house as well, a monument of German architectural art. This applies not to the buildings of former ages alone, for down to the present day the Nuremberg architects, with Heideloff at their head, have continued the taste for the German style, and carried it out in a most admirable manner. The broad streets, nowhere laid out in informal straight lines, offer, in their windings, such picturesque and surprising views, with the vast expanse of sky visible above, since in all the principal thoroughfares there is ample space between the opposite rows of houses, that there is no other city in which the old and beautiful combines so harmoniously with the new and beautiful.

Let our readers picture these streets alive with thousands of human beings who made way for the interminable line of the Vocal Societies, on their road from the Rathhaus to the Music Hall, situate outside the Lauffer Gate, allowing them to pass through their closely packed ranks, in the most admirable order, without pressure or obstruction, but simply greeting, with loud hurrahs, now this, now that Society, from the most distant parts of their Fatherland; let our readers picture to themselves the lofty houses, nearly all four stories high, with their projecting windows and balconies, and fair blooming forms at every casement, while joy reigned on every countenance; while handkerchiefs, flags, and nosegays were waved in welcome; while, through the multitude, the procession of five thousand vigorous, light-hearted men and youths advanced, bearing aloft their magnificent flags, heavy with gold and glowing with painting and embroidery, followed by the proud recipients of the prizes awarded by the various Societies, some with goblets of silver or gold, or ivory or wood delicately carved; others with gigantic old German drinking-horns, medals, and broad scarves, and while, in addition, the military music re-echoed twice as merrily as usual, from the fact of its celebrating *Peace*, and its greatest blessings: *Art, and the love of our Fatherland*,—let our readers picture to themselves all this, and they will gain some idea of the Festival, although they will still fall short of the reality, as displayed to those who were actually present; for thoroughly to appreciate the day's proceedings, a person must himself have witnessed that light-hearted, frank, unrestrained enjoyment, in which our Southern brothers breathe and live.

Passing through the Lauffer Gate, which, with its tower of gigantic circumference, is one of the finest monuments of the fortifications of the Middle Ages, the procession pursued its course to the Maxplatz, where the Music Hall was erected. The Platz is situated about ten minutes' walk outside the city, and, with its unusually fine clumps of old trees, its large lawns, and broad walks, produces somewhat the effect of a London park. A better locality for a National Festival can scarcely be imagined. Around the Music Hall were booths and temporary eating-houses, lighted up in the evening by countless variegated lamps.

The principal ornament of the Platz, the colossal Music Hall, peered forth through the picturesque groups of lofty trees. The front (the broadest side), with a high portico between two towers, built in the finest style of old German architecture, was a fine sight, agreeably surprising, or rather astounding, the visitor by the loftiness and grandeur of its proportions, as well as by the artistic taste with which it had been carried out, particularly when we remember of what material the whole edifice consisted, and the short time in which it was run up. The reader may form an idea of the capacity of this gigantic hall from the following figures:—It is 390 feet long, 180 feet broad, and in the nave 54 feet high, and comprehends, therefore, a space of 70,000 square feet. The internal arrangements and decorations were most sensible and tasty. In this case again, the most pleasing ornaments were the banners of the various Societies, which hung down from the gallery which had been built solely to receive them. From a round stone basin, decked with flowers, in the centre of the Hall, arose a cooling fountain, worked by a steam-engine at the side of the building. This magnificent Hall was planned by the building board of the Festival Committee, under the presidency of Herr Solger, one of the city architects, and carried out by Herr Schellhorn.

It was not till nine o'clock in the evening that the singers were located upon the broad stage, which of itself formed a large hall. The building was completely filled, admission to the gallery boxes opposite the stage and on each side of the structure, being attained by payment, while the pit was occupied by the inhabitants of the city and their families, who had been invited to attend the solemn opening of the Festival. These highly estimable individuals had the most undeniable right to the invitation, since they had hospitably received in their homes somewhere about five thousand singers. From twelve to fifteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, so the reader will be able to gain some notion of the thunders of applause which broke forth, from time to time, under the most varied forms of expression.

The most conspicuous pieces to welcome and greet the visitors were a fine "Festival March," by Vincenz Lachner; the "Singers' Welcome" of the Augsburg Liedertafel (words by Hertle, music by Fray, members of the above Society); and the instrumental introduction to Arndt's "Vaterlandslied," by F. Lux, of Mayence.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

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The plan pursued for the two days, the 21st and 22nd July, was: Rehearsal at seven o'clock a.m., the grand performance at four p.m., and separate performances of various Associations at eight o'clock in the evening.

The prices of admission (12 florins for all the performances and two rehearsals; and from 4 to 8 florins for each day, according to the places) were altogether too high. The consequence was that the boxes opposite the orchestra and on each side of the building were but scantily attended the first day, and downright empty the second.

Passing over the speeches delivered at the first grand performance, we will proceed to notice the first eight of the sixteen new compositions executed by the general chorus under the personal supervision of the composers, of whom the only ones absent were Duke Ernest of Gotha, A. Methfessel, Kücken, and Kalliwoda.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN CASSEL.

(From a Correspondent.)

DURING the first half of the winter season, we had, in addition to other musical performances, four Subscription-Concerts, given by the Elector's Court Orchestra.

At these concerts we heard, in the way of orchestral works, a symphony by Mozart (C minor); one by Spohr (No. 3, C minor); one by Beethoven (No. 4, B flat major); an overture by Mendelssohn; "Schöne Melusine," Schumann; Overture, Scherzo and finale, Gade; "Im Hoch land;" G. Goltermann, Roquette's "Waldmeister's Brautfahrt;" C. Reinecke, "Dame Kobold;" and Schumann's overture to *Manfred*. Of grand vocal compositions, with orchestra, we had, at the fourth concert, Gade's *Comala*, thus cast: Comala, Mad. Rübsamen-Veith; Fingal, Herr Rubsamen; Dersagrena, Mlle. Erharrt; and Melicoma, Mad. Rathmann.

Of our local instrumentalists, only Herren Graff and Wipplinger played anything. They were highly successful in De Beriot's Violin Concerto (No. 9, Herr Graff), and Rode (No. 8, E minor).

Among our visitors, Herr Alfred Jaell and Herr Carl Reinecke, Capellmeister, from Leipsig, distinguished themselves as pianists. The first performed Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, according to his own conception of it, with great success, as was to be expected from such a virtuoso. His solo performances, especially his performance of the *Tannhäuser* March by Luzt, were enthusiastically applauded. Herr Reinecke is less dazzling, but will carry by storm a smaller though more select public. His rendering of Mozart's magnificent Pianoforte Concerto in D major, which is new here, will never be forgotten by lovers of music. Of the solo pieces, Hiller's "Marcia graciosa," which is so peculiarly suited to Reinecke's style, obtained the greatest success. His playing, like the work itself, was distinguished for its clearness, delicacy, and freedom from anything like affectation. At the same concert his overture to *Dame Kobold* was performed with unanimous approbation.

Herr Jean Becker, the admirable violinist, created even a greater sensation than he produced last year. He selected Rubinstein's enormously difficult but unthankful Violin-Concerto, overcoming with playful ease the terrific difficulties it contains. This work is remarkable for several interesting features and highly original matises, but it is too much spun out, and affects the ear too disagreeably by instances of glaring harshness, for us to venture on predicting for it speedy popularity. Herr Becker performed also Tartoni's "Tairfels-Sonata" and Paganini's "I Palpiti" so perfectly in every respect that, at the conclusion of the last piece, the enthusiasm of the public knew no bounds. He was honoured by being called on six times, and a silver laurel wreath was presented to him by the orchestra.

At the same concert Hiller's songs, "Lebenslust," and "Die Lerchen," for soprano and four male voices, pleased the audience so much that the latter song was loudly encored. Dorn's Mädchen an den Mond" also had to be repeated. All these songs were given by Mad. Rübsamen-Veith with a degree of excellence we should like to see enjoyed by the songs of every good composer.

At the fourth concert, Mad. Kapp-Young made her appearance as a vocalist. This lady possesses a well-trained voice of extensive compass, and can also boast of an advantage becoming more uncommon every day, but on that account the more valuable, namely, a thorough musical and general education. She sang the grand air of Vitellia, from *Titus*, and three songs by Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Molique. She appeared successfully, moreover, in opera, and is engaged, from the 1st August, for first dramatic vocal parts, at the Court theatre.

Of the orchestral works, Galtermann's overture, "Waldmeister's Braut-fahrt" was well received, not as being anything extraordinary, but as the work of a thorough musician. Schumann's overture, scherzo and finale, certainly require only to be repeated in order to become established favourites.

We cannot pass over in silence the concert on Good Friday, if only because it is the single concert of sacred music of which Cassel can boast during the entire year. It consisted, on the present occasion, of Spohr's "Vater Unser," and Mozart's *Requiem*, both which were most creditably given by the Gesang-Verein and some of the soloists from the Opera House. Great praise is due to our youthful vocalist, Mlle. Erharrt, for her excellent execution of the soprano part in the two works.

BERLIN.—After a six weeks' vacation, the Royal Opera House opened, on the 2nd instant, with Donizetti's *Favorita*. At Kroll's Theatre, Lortzing's *Undine* has been drawing excellent houses for some time past.—Signor Lorini, who has just arrived from Russia, has again concluded an engagement with the manager of the Victoria Theatre for Italian Opera next winter. Mr. Balfe is also here. According to report, he has come to consult the celebrated oculist, Dr. Gräfe.—A proof of the advantage to be derived from Signor Garcia's "Larynx-Speculum" has just been afforded by the first operation performed with its aid. Dr. Bruns, of Tubingen, by means of a curved knife, six inches long, with two blades, has cut away a polypus growing far down the larynx of a lady related to him. The lady had lost her voice for three years, but it is now quite restored.

BRUNSWICK.—A very interesting performance was lately given, under the direction of Herr Franz Abt, by the Männergesangverein and the Singacademie, in the old Egidien Kirche, which has been fitted up especially for concerts. The most successful pieces were Mendelssohn's eight-part setting of the 43rd Psalm, and Hauptmann's "Salve Regina." The female chorus sang likewise a very pleasing hymn by Blumenstengel, while the male chorus gave Schubert's "Nachtgesang im Walde," and Abt's "Nineta."—The opera re-opened, after the vacation, with Mehul's *Joseph*.

WIESBADEN.—The fortuitous presence of several artistic celebrities rendered the fourth concert given by the managers of the baths a very brilliant one. Mad. Bürde-Ney sang airs from *Oberon* and *Ernani*; and Herr Wachtel, airs from *Die Zauberflöte* and *Ernani*. Herr Didio played *fantasias* for the violoncello; Herr Ferdinand Hiller Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, compositions by Vieuxtemps and Strauss. Altogether the concert was a great success.

HOMBURG.—Mlle. Marimont, of the Grand Opera in Paris, Mad. Rosa Escudier-Kastner, Herr Beck, M. Vieuxtemps, and a host of other artists of repute, have been singing and playing at the concerts here.

SCHWERIN.—Herr Flotow is engaged on a new opera, the words by Herr Dingelstadt.

BADEN-BADEN.—Herr Batta, the violoncellist, has received the Order of the Red Eagle from the hands of the King of Prussia himself.

NUREMBERG.—The principal propositions submitted by Herr Müller von der Warra, the Thuringian song writer, to the Festal Committee, were as follows:—I. The singers of Germany, by their representatives, resolve on founding a Vocal Union of all Germany, the object of which shall be—1. The promotion of German national song, by all possible means, both at home and abroad. 2. The introduction of needful reforms. 3. The foundation of an Arndt-Zelter Fund, for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased song-writers and song composers of acknowledged merit. 4. The promotion of intellectual and social intercourse by means of a paper, already established, and entitled *Die Sängerhalle*. 5. The adoption of a universal decoration for German singers, to be worn in addition to the respective decorations of the various Societies. 6. The building of a Vocal Walhalla in some city, such as Nuremberg, Coburg, or Frankfort-on-the Maine, in the heart of Germany.—II. The representatives of German song, at present stopping in Nuremberg, resolve,—That a German Vocal Festival shall take place every two years, and that the next such Festival shall be held in Frankfort-on-the-Maine or Heidelberg.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—On account of his advanced age, General Alexis Lvoff has tendered his resignation, as Director of the Imperial Chapel, to the Czar, who has accepted it; but at the same time ordered, in consideration of the great services rendered by the general to art, and more especially to Russian art, during the five-and-twenty years he has held office, since it is to his exertions that Russia is indebted for the fact that the Imperial Chapel has been raised to the rank of a first-class art-institution, that he shall enjoy for life the honorary title of "Senator and Mâitre de la Cour," together with the emoluments thereto attached. The Privy Councillor, Bachmétieff, has been appointed the general's successor.

SALZBURG.—Herr Eckert, lately Capellmeister at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, has accepted a similar appointment at the cathedral here.

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Letters to the Editor.

EVERARDI *v.* GASSIER.

Monday.

Sir,—In one of your notices of the Lyceum, some time since, you say, "M. Gassier for Signor Everardi, in *Don Giovanni*—an acceptable change." This must surely be a mistake. Were you able to afford sufficient space, I could give you innumerable extracts from your criticisms of last year, in all of which you affirmed that Signor Everardi was the very best "Don" that had appeared on the stage since the great Tamburini. This, Sir, was perfectly true. Everardi was young, handsome, and, moreover, a gentleman; his voice, too, was superb, as every one acknowledged at the time. M. Gassier is a clever artist, without a doubt, and most useful in such parts as Ferrando, in the *Trovatore*; but I recollect, that when he and Everardi played the Don on alternate nights, you invariably stated that the performance of the latter threw that of the former completely into the shade. I trust, therefore, that in justice to Signor Everardi, you will devote a line (this letter being necessarily too long for insertion) to correction of the error in Saturday's number. In my opinion Signor Everardi was even better in this most difficult of characters than is M. Faure. For Everardi has certainly the finer voice, whilst his acting was not inferior to the Frenchman's.

Being on the subject of opera singers, I cannot refrain from suggesting, that some of the praise lavished on Mad. Carvalho, whose voice is weak and often sharp, would be much better bestowed on Mad. Tiberini, who *never sings out of tune*, and who, as far as regards style and facility of execution, unquestionably reminds one more of the ever-to-be-regretted Mad. Bosio, than any other soprano at present in London.—I am, &c.,

Ernest Jones.

P.S. Rumour asserts that this is Mad. Carvalho's last season at Covent Garden, because Mlle. Patti will take her place. If this be so, I trust Mr. Gye will retain the services of Mad. Tiberini, who, I feel certain, would be equally good as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, or as Oscar in the *Ballo in Maschera*.

Hercules Chambers, Stock Exchange.

[*Chacun à son gout.* Some like sprats, others buzzards, others phenicopters. Our correspondent evidently likes M. Everard and Mad. Tiberini, and evidently does not like Mad. Carvalho. For our own part we like Patti, and do not object to snipes and rhubarb. Can our correspondent inform us whether a son, a daughter, or twins, was, or were, ever born to Roderick Random and Narcissa? Also, which is the nearest road from Shoreditch to Fez, and what is the other name for Hercules?—Petipace.]

HONOUR TO MUSICIANS.

Sir,—Besides being invariably interesting to artists and amateurs, the "gossip" of the Musical World about "Music and Theatres in Paris" very frequently furnishes exclusive information on subjects connected with operatic, dramatic, and concert sayings and doings in that gay capital which, no doubt, leads to its being perused with avidity by numbers of your other constant readers as well as by myself. In your publication of the 20th ult., the article devoted to that species of matters possessed an unusual attraction for me, because it contained some paragraphs relating to honours conferred on distinguished members of the musical profession in Turkey and in France, to which were added some remarks in a peculiarly facetious vein by the writer, in which he recommended that the example set by the new Sultan, Abdul Assiz, and the practice which prevails in France, of conferring titular rank on composers of eminence, as was illustrated by the letter from the son of Hérold, the author of *Zampa*, &c.—might be most usefully followed in this country. The names of some of our native composers, whose reputations are already European, are given in one of the paragraphs to which I now refer, which the writer says, with great justice, are fully deserving of being honoured with knighthood—a rank that has already been doled out very sparingly to other ornaments of the profession whose claims to it were not more satisfactorily established. As I have argued seriously, and at some length, on this very subject, at the commencement of the present session of Parliament, in a pamphlet which I then published, under the title of "A Plea for the Unrepresented," I am happy to find that in a humorous sense my sentiments are reciprocated in the pages of a publication which is known as an influential organ of the musical profession. I beg your acceptance of a copy of my modest *brochure*, and request that you will, at your earliest convenience, give it a perusal. You will find, on doing so, that I have not only advocated the necessity of having honours conferred on distinguished composers, but that I have contended generally in favour of the fine arts, literature, the drama, &c., whose prominent living celebrities I am anxious should share in a portion of those gifts and decorations which have been so lavishly bestowed on men of mark belonging to the military, naval, and legal professions. I have gone even further. I have endeavoured to show the necessity that exists for the incorporation of the members of the professions in question, and that it would be more advantageous to the interests of civilisation, and more conducive to the advancement of social, commercial, educational, and national progress to have the franchise extended to the bodies I have mentioned, in order that their vast and daily increasing importance and interests might be properly advocated in the House of Commons, than to have "college" interests already so strong in the legislature increased by the London and Scottish Universities being represented in Parliament.

Luigi C. Mosca.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ.

(Author of *Aspen Court*, *The Gordian Knot*, and *The Silver Cord*—three romances of life and manners).

Sir,—Who was the old Spanish lady at Paraguay that gave Roderick Random a valuable neck-lack of diamonds and amethysts, set alternately, with which he subsequently invested Narcissa? and what were the transactions at any given time between the said Roderick Random and the said old Spanish lady of Paraguay, who gave him the valuable neck-lack? An immediate answer will oblige.

P.S. Capstaff's *Radices* is a prime authority. If not at hand, you may consult Pottwick, Ryb, and Buttery. Ryb's *Clencher* (not to be confounded with Smollett's *Clinker*) is an epitome of Capstaff's first, third, and fifth *capituli*. Hurt's *Thunder* may be glanced at, although in the twenty-third *capitulum* Hurt upholds (with considerable force) two anti-Capstaffian paradoxes, which, obtaining for a period, had nigh squashed Ryb. In the fifth edition of *Thunder*, however, Hurt handsomely withdrew his paradoxes, and Ryb was reimposed as Capstaff's trustworthiest commentator. Ryb is becoming rare. Hurt calls him, in the appendix to *Thunder*, "Spare-Rib."

HIS EYES.*

By E. Willis Fletcher.

(*For Music.*)

When wandering through the sunny meadows,
Flower gathering side by side,
A feeling oft comes o'er me stealing,
That he will some day call me Bride.
Together when we've read sweet love-tales,
I've felt the blush on my cheek rise;
He's never *told* me that he loves me,
But his heart's betrayer is his eyes.

Those eyes of his, so deep—expressive,
E'er burning with the student's pride;
Oh! how he's talked of nature's beauties,
As gathering flowers side by side!
When sorrowing o'er fair Juliet's sufferings,
To hide his secret hard he tries;
His actions are well studied—acted,
But his heart's unveiled by his eyes.
Those eyes that make the blushes rise—
Those deep and dark, those tell-tale eyes!

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMEGA.—We shall be happy to publish any suggestion from "Omega," provided they are unaccompanied by personalities. We believe, however, the whole scheme has fallen through, and that there is virtually an end of it.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—An article was already in type when our correspondent's letter arrived.

CATCHCATCHCATCHCATCH.—"Not by no means." The paragraph was as follows:—"Existence continues to smoulder on in certain institutions more pertinaciously, we fancy, in this England of ours than in any other country. Useful old libraries where no one studies — museums frequented by no visitors — Gresham lectures delivered to congregations of six listeners, or thereabouts — what melancholy monuments of the beneficence of our forefathers and the uncertain good of endowments and 'mortifications' (as the Scotch call legacies) are these!—The history of extant clubs, lingering on without much trace of the original link or idea, would not be a bad theme for any one having a taste for dowager literature and anecdote. We have been led into this vein of retrospect by observing chronicled in the papers the first meeting for the season of 'The Catch Club.' Time was when this festive gathering had a distinct influence upon English music and English composers. Perhaps, even in these days, a new glee may every now and then be heard there. But when the last new 'Catch?' This farcical music, admitting of quaint humour without vulgarity, and giving scope to ingenuity if not science, is among our most peculiar natural productions; but it seems to have died 'out of *sound*, out of mind,' almost as completely as the old hackney-coach or the old watchman!"

FELIX.—No. 1, Mr. Howard Glover; No. 2, *Ruy Blas*; No. 3, Royal English Opera; No. 4, Mr. Alfred Mellon; No. 5, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison; No. 6, October or November; No. 7, assuredly; No. 8, Aminta; No. 9, Haymarket; No. 10, Mrs. Caulfield; No. 11, Mr. John Oxenford; No. 12, Æquitas est perfecta quædam Ratio, quæ Jus scriptum interpretatur et emendat, nulla scriptura comprehensa, sed solus in vera Ratione consistens.

BIRTH.

On the 13th inst., at 2, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, the wife of Adolph Schloesser, Esq., of a son.

MARRIED.

On the 10th instant, at Kensington Parish Church, Stanley, eldest son of Charles Lucas, Esq., Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, to Susan, second daughter of William Cazaly, Esq., of No. 3 Sheffield Gardens, Kensington.

DEATH.

On the 9th instant, at Nice, Vincent Novello, born in London Sept. 6th, 1781. The father of Madame Clara Novello.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

IT is with unfeigned regret we have this week to chronicle a serious loss to the Vocal Art, in the death of Catherine Hayes. The celebrated Irish songstress expired on Sunday last, at Sydenham, after a very brief illness. Catherine Hayes was only forty years of age, and in the zenith of her fame and full command of her powers. She dies universally lamented. In social life, a more amiable lady never existed. She was a true-hearted Irishwoman, and was ever ready, with her voice or her purse, to assist the distressed. She was idolised by her immediate friends; and her loss will be deeply deplored by all who happened to come within the circle of her acquaintance. As a public character, she was equally respected for the strict decorum of her life, and admired for the powers and versatility of her talents. No singer, in short, ever left a fairer name behind her, or more emphatically merited the name of an "artist."

A brief sketch of the life and career of so popular a personage cannot fail to interest our readers. Catherine Hayes was born in Limerick about the year 1820. Her first instructions in music were derived from an accomplished lady amateur, who having heard her sing when a child, was so charmed with her voice and facility, that she assisted her as far as she was able to a knowledge of the pianoforte and singing. To the Hon. and Right Reverend E. Knox, Bishop of Limerick, however, Catherine Hayes was indebted for her first step towards a public life. The Bishop, having heard her sing by accident, invited her to the See House, and she soon became the star of a series of musical reunions, chiefly given for her instruction by her kind patron. The progress made by the young lady was so extraordinary that the Bishop at once perceived her talents might be turned to the best account — that is, made instrumental to the world's delight—and, having consulted his own friends and those of his *protégée*,—with feelings and opinions very different from those of the Bishop or Bishops who wished to dissuade Jenny Lind from appearing on the stage,—sent her to Dublin, and placed her under the care of Signor Antonio Sapio, the most eminent vocal professor in the Irish metropolis. Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and, so great was the confidence reposed in her by her teacher, made her first appearance in public on the 3rd of May following, in the large room of the Rotunda. Nor was he disappointed. The success of the *débutante*, at first somewhat marred by extreme nervousness, was in the end triumphant, and from that day may be dated the artistic career of Catherine Hayes. Her success, however, did not stimulate her to immediate action. She remained under the tuition of Signor Sapio until August 1842, and in the October of the same year went to Paris, and studied diligently and zealously for some months with Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran, As, nevertheless. she was bent on making the lyric stage her profession, she was advised at once to proceed to Italy, as the only theatre for obtaining dramatic requirements indispensable for success in that calling. She accordingly proceeded to Milan, and placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother of the celebrated barytone. While at Milan, our heroine was introduced to the once celebrated Mad. Grassini, aunt to Grisi, who was so pleased and surprised at her talents, that she wrote to Provini, manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, and procured her an engagement. Her *début* took place on the 10th of May, 1845, in *I Puritani*. The ordeal was a terrible one, as may be imagined; but, after a long struggle to overcome timidity, the singer recovered her powers, and made quite a furor. Her second and third appearances were in *Lucia* and *Mosé in Egitto*. She returned to Milan, and, although she was offered an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, and some of the minor Italian theatres, she declined all proposals, convinced that she was still but a

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novice, and gave her undivided attention to study under the direction of Signor Ronconi. Signor Morelli, director of the La Scala Theatre, however, having heard her at a private *soirée*, tendered her an engagement, which, after some hesitation, she accepted; and, only three months after her *début*, she appeared at the then first lyric theatre in Europe, as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*, a character in which she subsequently achieved perhaps her brightest laurels. The success of her first night at the Scala may be estimated by the fact of her being recalled twelve times in the course of the performance. Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and her graceful and delicate portraiture of the "gentle Desdemona," won for her the designation of "La Parla del Teatro." During the remainder of her stay at Milan, including the autumn season of 1845 and the carnival of 1846, Catherine Hayes won "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and was quite the pet of the Milanese aristocracy. From Milan she proceeded to Vienna, to fulfil an engagement there; and thence went to Venice, where she appeared on the first night of the carnival, 1847, in a new opera, entitled *Albergo di Romano*, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman. We need not follow the artist with any further minuteness in her career on the continent. Her progress through the Italian states for the two subsequent years was marked by the most undeviating success. In 1849 Catherine Hayes came to London, and appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, in *Linda di Chamouni*. The greatest curiosity was manifested about the Hibernian *cantatrice*, who perhaps was never so closely scrutinised, so severely judged. The general verdict, however, was in the highest degree satisfactory, and Catherine Hayes became one of the reigning favourites in an establishment which boasted of such high names as those of Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. In 1851 Catherine Hayes visited the New World, and after enchanting the musical public of the United States, ventured to entrust herself to the rugged courtesies of the semi-barbaric tribes of California, whom she appears to have tamed by her song, and almost to have converted to civilisation. Her tour in these remote regions being incredibly successful, induced her to extend it to the Sandwich Isles, to Australia, and to British India, in all of which places she reaped abundant harvests, and returned to England in 1856, having amassed a handsome fortune. In the November of that year she made her *rentrée* at M. Jullien's Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards made *tournées* in the provinces, awaking the old sensation in England and Scotland, and more than ever exciting the applause of her enthusiastic admirers in "Ould Ireland." In 1857 she married Mr. Bushnell, who had had the direction of her professional affairs throughout her transatlantic trip. The marriage, however, was soon dissolved by death, and Mrs. Bushnell became a widow before she had been twelve months a wife. The remainder of her artistic career up to the time of her decease was occupied in provincial tours and engagements at the metropolitan concerts.

The vocal powers of Catherine Hayes were not of the highest order. Her voice was a true soprano, with more than an average share of the middle voice, which enabled her to sing music beyond the means of ordinary sopranos. The tone was brilliant and telling, rather than clear and sweet, being slightly veiled, or clouded, and not possessing that purity of quality we might point to in many native and foreign *cantatrice*. This voice, however, the artist had disciplined to so high a degree of perfection as to enable her to produce effects out of the power of far more gifted singers. Catherine Hayes was a great mistress of expression, and this, with her innate delicacy and high susceptibilities, threw such a charm round her ballad singing as to render it irresistible. With such means and impulses, it is not difficult to account for the prodigious success she achieved in Ireland when interpreting the national ballads of the country, into which she appeared to throw her whole soul, and which she delivered with so much earnestness and reality as to savour, at least in sober English ears, of exaggeration. No doubt with a more captivating and sweeter organ all this eagerness for display would not have been required—most probably not manifested; and in this, as in everything else connected with her singing, Catherine Hayes exhibited the consummate artist, as she knew exactly how far she was deficient, and in what she could prevail. Her influence over the feelings of the Irish was absolutely magical, and no other singer of our own times had the same power to arouse them to such ecstacy and admiration. She held, indeed, the key to the hearts of her countrymen, and could open and shut them as she listed. As a bravura singer, we are inclined to rate Catherine Hayes higher than as a ballad singer. Indeed, her art appeared to us invariably to predominate over her natural gifts, and while that which was simple seemed to be forced, her ornamental displays were often in the highest degree satisfactory. At all events, in whatever light we may be inclined to view her, it cannot be denied that a real singer has gone from us, and as such the loss of Catherine Hayes is to be seriously lamented.

IF Lesueur, the Frenchman, is talked about and little known, Robert Schumann, the German, is talked about and as little understood. The career of this composer cannot be better described than in his own words; we avail ourselves, therefore, in this dull (though bright and hot) season of a memorial which he addressed, in 1840, to the University of Jena, when soliciting his diploma as an advocate:—

"I was born at Zwickau, on the 8th June, 1810. My father, who was a bookseller, rendered his name familiar to the public by several literary works. I received a most careful and most affectionate education. From my very infancy I was passionately fond of music, and I recollect that, without any previous training, I composed, at the age of eleven, choral and instrumental works. My father, who had resolved to push me forward, had some interviews concerning me with Karl Maria von Weber, at Dresden, but they resulted in nothing. It was thus that I entered college, without, however, ceasing to pursue my musical studies with ardour.

"In 1828 I attended the Leipsic University, in order to follow the course of philosophy there. In 1829 I left for Heidelberg, being more especially attracted by the reputation which Thibaut enjoyed as a theorist. It was at Heidelberg that I began to devote myself exclusively to the study of music, in which I was considerably assisted by my tolerably developed skill as a pianist. In 1830 I went back to Leipsic, and having gone through, under the direction of M. Horn, a course of composition, published my first works. The critics treated me with kindness. Being protected by some little fortune against the adverse circumstances which ordinarily fall to the lot of young artists, I was enabled to confine myself to the study of the highest class of composition. About this time there prevailed in Europe a certain agitation, which extended to the arts. I conceived the idea of founding, in conjunction with a few artists and writers (among whom I may mention my friend, Louis Schunke, snatched from us in his prime), a new musical gazette. It appeared in April 1834, and was successful. In the following year the editorship passed completely into my hands.

"Although my energies were thus divided, my productive activity did not prove too onerous a burden, and in my new position, I had the good fortune to become connected with most contemporary artists and composers. My connection increased from year to year, and enabled me to take under my ægis those youthful aspirants who manifested talent. My paper contributed greatly to the reputation of Chopin, Clara Wieck, D'Henselt, &c.

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"The only notable facts I have to record, in connection with my career, are the flattering marks of distinction bestowed on me by the musical societies of Rotterdam and Stuttgard, as well as the *Euterpe* of Leipsic, all of which named me an honorary member. Up to the present time (1840) I have published twenty-two musical compositions, of which some have been played by Liszt, Clara Wieck, Henselt and others. Some of them bear my pseudonyms of Florestan and Eusebius. Most of the critical notices on instrumental music in the *New Gazette* are mine; they are signed either with my real name or with that of Florestan or Eusebius."

Schumann's musical taste received its principal impulse from Moscheles, with whom, when a very young man, he became acquainted, in 1822, at Carlsbad, whither he had accompanied his father, and where he had frequent opportunities of hearing the celebrated pianist, for whom he entertained a feeling of enthusiastic admiration. Retaining a lively impression of what he heard, Schumann was soon able to perform Moscheles' variations on "Alexander's March." Thus he was, even now, more or less a pianist, although it was not till 1830 that he received his first serious lessons on the piano from Frederick Wieck, in Leipsic. In Schumann's opinion, these lessons were not attended with sufficiently prompt results, and he conceived the unfortunate notion of subjecting his fingers to all sorts of unnatural exercises, for the purpose of rendering them free and supple. He shut himself up for weeks together, and worked on the piano like a madman. In consequence of this stubborn perseverance, he ended by losing the use of the third finger of the right hand, and subsequently of the entire hand. From this time forward he busied himself only with composition.

In 1836 he fell in love with Clara Wieck. The lady's father having refused him her hand, Schumann appealed to the law; and it was not till 1840 that he was enabled to marry. It was in the same year that he wrote his finest collections of *Lieder*, among which Ops. 25, 36, and 40 occupy a prominent position. From the year 1841 Schumann devoted himself more especially to the composition of instrumental works, among which may be specified the Symphony in B flat, Op. 38; three quartets for stringed instruments, Op. 41; the quintet, Op. 44; and the quartet, Op. 47, for piano. From 1843 down to the month of September 1844 (when he left for Dresden), he was attached to the Conservatory at Leipsic. *Paradise and the Peri*, also, Schumann's most ambitious composition, dates from 1843. In January, 1844, he set out upon a professional tour in Russia, with his wife (Clara Wieck). He returned in June, when he gave up the editorship of the *New Leipsic Gazette* to Dr. Brendel. In 1846 he composed his Symphony in C, Op. 61; his trio, Op. 80, belongs to 1847; and in 1848 his opera of *Genoveva* was completed. In 1848, too, Schumann founded the Choral Society at Dresden, although he had previously conducted the Liedertafel since 1847. In the autumn of 1850 he was appointed conductor at Düsseldorf, where he remained till 1853. In the commencement of the spring of 1854 his intellectual powers began to be deranged, in consequence of excessive work; and, on the 4th of March, it was necessary to convey him to a *maison de santé* at Endenich, near Bonn. In the autumn of 1855 some hopes were entertained of his recovery; but he died on the 29th July, 1856, and was buried at Bonn.

The musical world lost in Schumann a man of earnest intention, if not a great musical composer. It was he (whatever may be said to the contrary) who, with Chopin and Liszt, was the first to sow the seeds from which sprang the school of the "Music of the Future." He was equally the creator, the representative, and the propagator of the so-called "romantic school," which has caused art to make an infinity of grimaces and contortions. The future will prove whether those who have entered on the path which Schumann opened have taken the right or the wrong direction.

"ONE WHO PAYS,"

POSSIBLY A CRITIC.

Mr. Gye has been out tenor-fishing during the recess; and, after trying somewhere near the margin of Zurich's fair waters and other spots which are at times frequented by fine fish, he has landed a fine specimen, a Signor Tiberini, who may have sprung, for aught I know, from the banks of the Tiber. Leaving critics to determine whether or no he really be a tenor *pur sang*, and capable of giving out the *ut de poitrine*, I am content to recollect that he has pleased me as a singer, and as an actor has evinced himself well grounded in his art. If he have not the grace and sweetness of Mario and Rubini, the energy of Tamberlik, or sustained notes of Giuglini, he has enough charms of his own to make his voice worth hearing; and as a perfect tenor is rather a rare fish, I think we may congratulate the active Mr. Gye on having made so good a catch.

One who Pays.

[Possible, says Aristotle, is that — the contrary whereof is possible; and the like whereof is possible; and than which some harder thing is possible; and the beginning whereof is possible; and the end whereof is possible; and the usual consequent whereof is possible; and part whereof is possible; and part of the whole that is possible; and the general if a particular; and a particular if the general; and of relatives, of one the other; and the beginning whereof is possible to those whom we may compel or persuade; and whatever we desire. Therefore it is possible that Signor Tiberini may have "charms," and "One who pays" detect them. It is also possible that Poerio "sprang" from the banks of the Po, and Signor Arnoruotafórbici from those of the Arno. But (as Ariosto sings) —

"A le mortal grandezze un certo fine
Ha Dio prescritto."

"One who pays" must not, therefore, be too hard upon his brother critics, who may be as honest, if not as pungent, as himself.

Petipace.

The Boudoir Opera Company, consisting of Miss F. Thirlwell, Mad. Winter, Signor Borrani, and Mr. Melchor Winter, have been giving their operatic selections during the week with success at Whitchurch, Market Drayton, and Eccleshall.

The Female Swiss Singers commence their provincial tour on Monday, August 26th, at the conclusion of their engagement at the Royal Cremorne Gardens. They are engaged to sing at two grand fêtes at the Horticultural Gardens, Barnard Castle, Durham, on Tuesday, 27th instant.

Mrs. Anna Maria Tree, relict of the late Cornelius Tree, and mother of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mrs. Chapman, died on the 25th ult., at No. 5, Randolph Road, Maida Hill, aged ninety-one.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the eminent actress, was one of the passengers in the Persia, which arrived in Liverpool last week. From the present state of theatricals in the United States, we may look for other importations of the dramatic talent from amongst our transatlantic friends.

Honour to Auber.—The distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Conservatoire de Musique of Paris took place on Thursday. Count Walewski presided and announced that the Emperor, to mark his sense of the progress made, had conferred the cross of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour on the illustrious director, M. Auber. The secretary, M. de Beauchêne, was also presented with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

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Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts. — The promenade concerts last summer in Floral-Hall succeeded so well as to justify a renewal of the experiment. This time, however, the glass building, owing to circumstances unnecessary to mention, not being available, a substitute has been found in the interior of the Royal Italian Opera; and it must be confessed that for all musical purposes the change is infinitely for the better. The theatre presents much the same appearance as at the famous and much-regretted concerts with which Jullien used to enliven the dreary winter months. The grand tier of private boxes is now a balcony, as at the performances of English opera, and the pit is boarded over to a level with the stage, so as to form a gigantic promenade, of which the orchestra is a central and most imposing object. The lighting and decorations being in every respect efficient, the whole looks as brilliant and animated as could be desired. If any one can make such entertainment answer in the meridian of summer it is assuredly Mr. Alfred Mellon, who not only knows how to "cater" for the public, but is a recognized and universal favourite. This was shown by the enthusiastic welcome he received on appearing in the orchestra. That so cordial a greeting was not misplaced became speedily manifest. A grander performance of the overture to *Der Freischütz*, with which the concert began, was probably never heard. Every amateur is aware that when Mr. Alfred Mellon holds the conductor's stick the band is pretty sure to be a good one. Accomplished a director as he is — and it would be difficult to find his superior — his talent would be of small avail without the requisite material to work upon. No one is more firmly convinced of this than Mr. Mellon himself; and as these are his own concerts the appointment of the instrumental performers devolves exclusively upon himself. The result is one of the most superb orchestras ever assembled together in London or elsewhere. Weber's magnificent overture (which was followed by a storm of applause, and an "encore" very prudently declined) would alone have demonstrated this. A little later in the evening, nevertheless, the fact was established beyond the possibility of doubt by Mendelssohn's admirable symphony in A major (the so-called "Italian"), the execution of which was, from beginning to end, irreproachable. Movement after movement, played with unerring perfection, and with no less point and vigour than correctness, excited the interest of the hearers to such a degree that they would willingly have listened to the entire symphony again; and indeed, had the popular conductor been one of those who readily accept encores, the irresistible *Saltarello* which brings it to a termination, might have been repeated without the chance of a dissentient voice. Mr. Mellon's audiences, however, are proverbial for good taste, and "nothing if not musical."

The overture and symphony were the "classical" features of the programme, the prevalent character of which was "miscellaneous." For, example, there were two instrumental solos, besides the "*obbligato*" for the cornet à pistons (Mr. Levy), in Jullien's melodious "Prima Donna" Waltz, which every one was heartily delighted to have revived. The first of these solos was a "*Valse Caprice*" (whatever that may precisely signify) on the French horn, by M. Paquis, a very skilful player, who has more than once been heard with satisfaction at the concerts given in the Crystal Palace, under the superintendence of the inexhaustible Herr Manns. The second was a *pot-pourri*, for the oboe, on themes from *La Traviata*, the performer (and composer) being M. Lavigne, one of the most showy, tasteful, and expert executants of the present period. This last was a success, "*hors-ligne*," and very deservedly so. The orchestral "Selection" was a capital one, from *La Favorita*, compiled by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and exhibiting to the highest advantage the solo-playing of Messrs. Pratten (flute), Hughes (ophicleide), H. Hill (violin), G. Collins (violoncello), and Levy (cornet)—all professors of acknowledged and distinguished ability. The dance pieces (in addition to the "Prima Donna") included the spirited *Royal Dramatic College Quadrille* by Mr. Alfred Mellon (followed by "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen"), at the conclusion of the first part, and the *Whirlwind Galop* of Mr. H. W. Goodban, which effectively closed the second.

The vocal music embraced both choral and solo pieces. Two hundred members of the National Choral Society, directed by Mr. G. W. Martin, were stationed in the gallery, and (at the outset, much to the surprise of the audience, unacquainted with the locality which had been assigned to them) gave the "Last Rose of Summer," Mr. Martin's Choral March ("Forward, still Forward!"), and a part-song by Spofforth, in the best possible style. The solo singing was first-rate, the vocalists being Mlle. Parepa and Madame Laura Baxter. With Verdi's "Ernani involami" Mlle. Parepa surpassed any of her previous efforts in clearness, taste and brilliancy, and with the familiar "*Bravura*" (Mad. Bosio's favourite) from Auber's *Serment* created so lively a sensation that a repetition of the last movement was inevitable. Equally fortunate was Mad. Laura Baxter, whose execution of the contralto air of the female goatherd from *Dinorah* ("Fanciulle che il core") was in no way inferior to that of Mad. Nantier Didiée herself (for whom Meyerbeer composed it), and who gave the simple ballad of "Home, sweet Home" with such unaffected and genuine expression that it was unanimously redemanded, the last verse being repeated as a matter of course.

The audience had every reason to be pleased with the entertainment provided for them, and Mr. Mellon with the liberal applause elicited by every piece in the programme, and especially with the marked attention and applause bestowed upon the overture of Weber and the symphony of Mendelssohn, which, to one who has the real interests of music so much at heart, must have been peculiarly gratifying.

Signor Ciabatta's Matinee.—This very spirited and elegant affair came off on Saturday, June 22nd, at the residence of Mrs. Washington Hibbert, Dover Street, Piccadilly, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, with a long list of the *élite* of the aristocracy. With the exception of a pianoforte solo by Signor Andreoli, and a solo on the violoncello by Signor Piatti, the entire programme was devoted to vocal music, which engaged the talents of Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Gardoni, Solieri, Belletti, Burdini, and Ciabatta, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tennant, M. Jules Lefort, and M. Gassier. Signor Ciabatta was somewhat chary of his services on the occasion, supplying one solo only, the air of Renato from the *Ballo in Maschera*, "Eri tu che macchiavi," which he gave with such fine expression and good taste as greatly to please his high-born listeners, whose ears doubtless were thirsty for another draught from the same harmonious source. Besides the aria, Signor Ciabatta joined Signor Solieri in Gabussi's duet, "Prima che l'Alba;" Mads. Gassier and Lemaire, Signor Gardoni, and M. Gassier, in the popular quintet, "E scherzo ed e follia," from the *Ballo in Maschera*, which was encored; Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in Benedict's duet, "I Montanari;" and Signors Solieri and Belletti in the famous trio "Pappataci" from the *Italiana in Algeri*. Mlle. Titiens' grand display was the aria "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*, which after her no living songstress that we know durst encounter with safety. The great Teutonic vocalist also sang a romanza by Mariani, entitled, "Ho piantato una rosa." The rest of the programme was composed of old pieces, which, nevertheless, afforded unqualified delight to the noble assembly who filled the splendid rooms of the fair hostess.

Enfield.—In consequence of many persons being unable to gain admission to the concert held last month in the National School Room, and in order to clear off the small debt still due for the organ bought for the Royal Small Arms Factory, the officers gave another concert in the British School Rooms, on Tuesday last, for which they secured the services of the Royal Artillery Band, and the valuable co-operation of Mr. Tennant, the popular tenor. Mr. Beale, a talented pianist and organist, also assisted. In addition to the above, Mrs. Fraser Baddeley, one of the most accomplished amateur vocalists of the day, kindly consented to sing. Miss Sale, also an amateur, played a solo on the pianoforte, and the Choral Society of the Royal Small Arms Factory executed several *morceaux* in a remarkably promising manner. The chief honours of the evening fell to the share of Mrs. Baddeley, the fair amateur, whose charming manner of giving the ballad of "Coming through the rye," merited the warm applause it received, and who, besides joining Mr. Tennant in a duet from the *Trovatore*, "Se mami ancor," sung, with the chorus, among other pieces, Bishop's always welcome "Chough and crow." Mr. Tennant

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was in excellent voice, and sang Blumenthal's "Evening song" with so much taste and expression that he was forced to repeat it. Various other pieces were given during the evening. Mr. Abel played some airs on an instrument entituled the Zither; Mr. Beale, an effective pianoforte solo; the fine band of the Royal Artillery the overtures to *Semiramide* and *Guillaume Tell*, as well as a galop and polonaise with vocal accompaniment, and the chorus of the Royal Small Arms Factory — the young girls belonging to it being, by the by, most becomingly dressed in white frocks and pink trimmings — gave the "Last rose of summer," arranged by Balfe, and Mendelssohn's "Spring delights," in capital style. Altogether the concert gave great satisfaction, and too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. Baddeley for her earnest endeavours to promote the healthy amusements of the members of the "Royal Small Arms Factory."

Norwich.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Norwich Choral Society gave their second subscription concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on Thursday evening week, when was performed Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*, with Mr. Perry's accompaniments, to a crowded audience. The principal singers were Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Belden, Miss Wells, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Lambert, who were assisted by a full orchestral band and a chorus of three hundred voices. Mr. Harcourt was organist, Mr. Henry Blagrove leader, and Mr. Hill conductor. Miss Wilkinson sang with genuine expression. Mr. Perren sang, "How vain is man!" and "Sound an alarm," so as to leave nothing to be desired. Miss Wells' singing of "So rapid thy course is," and "Father of heaven," was characterised by excellent taste. Mr. Lambert gave, "Arm! arm! ye brave," and "The Lord worketh wonders," most admirably. Of the choruses it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. Than "O, Father, whose almighty power," "Hear us, O Lord," and "Fall'n is the foe," nothing could have been finer. Upon the whole this may be considered one of the best concerts ever given by the Choral Society.

THE GREAT THEATRE AT MOSCOW.

(From *The Russians at Home* — by Sutherland Edwards.)

One morning in the winter of 1853, during a rehearsal, the theatre at Moscow caught fire, and, with the exception of the outer walls, was burnt to the ground. During the year 1854 there was no "Great Theatre;" but in the spring of 1855 the masons and bricklayers set vigorously to work, and the whole theatre, with all its decorations, was completed in a year and four months. It is true that the builders raised our Covent Garden from its ruins in less than half that time, and that the entire Winter Palace in St. Petersburg was erected in a twelvemonth; but to finish the Moscow Theatre, the most finished that exists, in a year and four months (including a winter of nearly six months, during which it is impossible for bricklayers to work), was a very creditable performance.

M. Cavos, the architect of the new theatre, had already been engaged to remedy some fault in the construction of the St. Petersburg Opera House, which caused the singers to be heard to great disadvantage, and which had always existed. This theatre was first erected in Catherine's reign. It was reconstructed, and, having been burned down, reconstructed again by Alexander I. At last the Emperor Nicholas called in M. Cavos, who had been mentioned as the man of the situation. M. Cavos pulled down the interior and rebuilt it, when it was found that not only was the theatre admirable for sonority, but that the stage was wider, and the *salle* more spacious, and altogether handsomer than before.

At Moscow, then, M. Cavos had, to a great extent, to do what he had already done at St. Petersburg, only that at the Moscow theatre the space was greater and the reconstruction more thorough. There, as at the St. Petersburg Theatre, the acoustic problem has been solved most satisfactorily. Not the slightest sound is lost, there is not the least tendency to an echo, and you can hear equally well in all parts of the house.

There are five rows of boxes at the Moscow Opera House, besides an amphiteatre and a gallery, or "paradis," which occupies the whole of the top tier. There are sixteen boxes on the pit tier, thirty on the grand tier, or *bel étage*, and twenty on each of the amphitheatres tiers. Every box in the theatre has a room, or "cabinet," attached to it; those on the *bel étage* have "cabinets," which are so many little drawing-rooms, furnished with sofas, mirrors, and damask hangings. The usual allowance of chairs for each box is six, but there is plenty of room for ten or twelve persons, or even more, according to our Western notions of theatrical comfort. Each person taking a box is as much the proprietor of it for the evening as if it were his ordinary residence. It holds as many as you like to put into it; and, of course, for this very reason it is a proof of very bad taste to fill it.

The Emperor has two boxes at the Moscow Theatre — one for gala nights in the middle of the *bel étage*, very magnificent, and reaching to the tier above; the other a comparatively quiet affair on the right of the stage, but, at the same time, the most richly-decorated proscenium-box ever seen. Adjoining the latter is a lofty and splendidly furnished drawing-room leading to a retiring-room. These apartments, to which there is a special staircase and entrance, are always prepared for the Emperor when he is in Moscow. Opposite the ordinary Imperial box is one set apart for the Ministers of State.

For the general public there are on the ground floor about five hundred stalls. Each stall is a separate arm-chair, in which you can enjoy as much space as you would desire in any drawing-room. There is a passage down the middle of the "stalls" — as in the pit of Her Majesty's, only wider—and there is a passage all round them; so that at any period of the evening you can walk quietly to or from your place without incommoding either yourself or your neighbour.

The price of stalls is regulated by their proximity to the stage, and also by the attractiveness of the performances. When the Italians are playing, the chairs in the front rows let for six roubles (about a pound), the back rows for five and four roubles. A bureau for the sale of tickets, attached to the theatre, is open all day and during the performances, but no money is taken at the doors; nor, on entering the theatre, are you required to give up your ticket, or even, as a rule, to show it. Each ticket entitles the holder to a seat, and in order that there may be abundance of room for some two thousand persons no such thing as "standing room" is recognised. If you do not know the way to your place, there are plenty of attendants to point it out to you; and it is for the place you pay, not for the mere admission. The Russians take their servants with them to the theatre, and in the winter the wide corridors on each tier are full of them. They mount guard at the back of the boxes, perhaps criticising the music or, more probably by far, the audience, and waiting in readiness to call the carriage at the first nod, and to untie the sheet in which are inclosed the furs and goloshes that their masters and mistresses will put on before venturing from the vestibule down the steps of the portico to their covered sledge.

It may be mentioned that behind the stalls there are rows of seats with partitions (like the stalls at Her Majesty's Theatre). They let for about half the price of the stalls—two or three roubles during the performances of the Italians, and three-quarters of a rouble afterwards—and correspond to our pit.

The general appearance of the interior is brilliant and imposing. A great deal of gold is employed in the ornamentation, but it is distributed with taste. The panels of the boxes are white, ribbed with a delicate light blue, and are adorned with a gold scrollwork, the borders being pure white. The two proscenium boxes seem built of gold; but they are very lofty, and have a light and elegant appearance, in spite of the richness of the decoration. All the hangings are of crimson damask silk.

But the most remarkable thing about the interior of this theatre has yet to be mentioned.

In the construction of boxes the architect has had the happy idea of combining the Italian with the French style. The retiring-rooms represented the Italian boxes, the boxes themselves the French ones. The crimson hangings adorn and partly conceal the former, which are thus made to resemble the private boxes at an Italian Opera House; while the latter unite and form one large balcony, like the French *balcon*, or the dress-circle of an English theatre. During the performance the inhabitants of the boxes come forward, and the ladies' toilettes are seen to advantage, as in the French theatres. During the *entr'acte* they retire to their miniature drawing-rooms, or *loges à l'Italienne*, as M. Cavos calls them, and receive their friends in the Italian style.

It is like going out of your real domestic drawing-room into the balcony to see some show, and then returning inside when the show is at an end.

The drop-scene, an admirable painting by Duzi, a Venetian, the colour of which harmonises perfectly with the decorations of the theatre, represents the triumphal entry of Prince Pojarsky and Minin, the cattle-dealer of Nijni Novgorod, into the Kremlin, after the liberation of Moscow from the Poles 1612. Minin and Pojarsky are seen on horseback approaching the Holy Gate, and surrounded by groups of enthusiastic peasants and citizens. The women are dressed in kakosniks and sarafans, like the Russian wet nurses in the present day, and the men in caftans and girdles, the unchanged and apparently unchangeable costume of the Russian peasant. Prince Pojarsky, too, wears the Oriental costume habitual to the boyars until the time of Peter. The picture is very dramatic, and it has the advantage of recalling one of the most popular eras in Russian history.

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The lighting of the theatre is effected by means of one enormous central chandelier, which burns oil, and ninety candelabra, each of which bears seven wax tapers. The candelabra are equally distributed along the five rows of boxes, but on ordinary occasions only those of the *bel étage* are made us of. When, however, the Emperor appears in state the whole theatre is lighted up, and the brilliant effect of the illumination is heightened by the number of diamonds displayed by the ladies of the Court. No one is admitted except by invitation, and all the men have to appear in uniform.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW ORGAN FOR ST. DAVID'S CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DEPTFORD, BUILT BY BATES AND SON.—Three manuals. Compass of each manual from CC to G, 56 notes. Compass of pedal organ, from CCC to E, 29 notes.

GREAT ORGAN.

	Pipes
1. Open diapason, large scale metal, 8 ft.,	56
2. Open diapason, small scale, wood, 8 ft.	56
3. Stopt diapason, 8 ft. tone	56
4. Principal, 4 ft., metal	56
5. Twelfth, 3 ft. „	56
6. Fifteenth, 2 ft. „	56
7. Sesquialtra and cornet, three ranks	168
8. Mixture, two ranks	112
9. Trumpet, 8 ft.	56
	675

SWELL ORGAN.

10. Bourdon, 16 feet tone, wood	56
11. Double open diapason, 16 feet tone, metal	
12. Open diapason, 8 feet, wood and metal	56
13. Stopt diapason bass, 8 feet tone, wood,	56
14. Bell gamba, 8 feet tone, metal,	
15. Principal, 4 ft., metal,	56
16. Fifteenth, 2 ft., metal,	56
17. Twenty-second, 1 ft. metal,	56
18. Sesquialtra and cornet, three ranks, metal,	168
19. Hautboy, 8 ft. tone, metal	44
20. Trumpet, 8 feet, metal	66
21. Clarion, 4 feet, metal	66
	648

CHOIR ORGAN.

	Pipes
22. Dulciana, 8 feet tone, metal (prepared for lower octave)	44
23. Stopt diapason, bass, 8 ft. tone, wood	56
24. Stopt diapason, treble, 8 ft. tone, metal	
25. Hohle flute, 8 ft. tone, wood	44
26. Suabe flute, 4 ft., wood	56
27. Conical gamba, 8 ft. tone, metal	44
28. Cremona, 8 ft. tone, metal	37
	293

PEDAL ORGAN.

29. Large open diapason, 16 ft. wood	29
30. Small open diapason, 16 ft. wood	29
	58

COUPLERS.

31. Great organ and swell organ.
32. Great organ and swell organ, super octave
33. Pedals and great organ.
34. Pedals and swell ditto.
35. Tremulant.
36.

Great organ	672
Swell organ	648
Choir organ	293
Pedal organ	58
	1671 pipes.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN GLASGOW TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

As I saw fair Flora with old Bob Ridley by the sad sea waves in the Strand, *Je pense a toi.* She wore a wreath of roses in the evening dew, but she never told her love so early in the morning—*Le calme du Matin.* He *never* said he loved—*Nel Silenzio.* We met in the days when we went gipsying, and we parted down among the dead men—*Ah! che la morte.*

Aunt Sally and Uncle Tom took an express galop all among the barley to the haunt of the fairies. I saw them on their winding way galop on gaily down in a flowery vale, far o'er hill and dale, 'till they seemed to be well through the wood—*A una fonte afflitto.* However, the mountain stream rolling in foaming billows over the dark blue waters, with its warblings at eve, whispered they are not lost, but gone before—*Alla gioja ed il piacer.* King Pippin said to Alice Gray, "As we have been friends together, now place your hand in mine, dear, and together let us stray, for then you'll remember me, and perhaps we may be happy yet—*Oh! tu m'ami.*" She replied, "I'm Queen of a fairy band; oh, no, we never mention:" but the king, God bless him! interrupting her, while on yonder rock reclining, addressed her as friend of my soul, and pressed for the kiss, dear maid, adding, "Oh, whisper what thou feelest," calling her his rosebud, the fairest of the fair, Queen of hearts. She screamed, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be!—Thou art so near. Twere vain to tell thee all I feel!" and soothingly said, "Hush! ye pretty warbling choir. Take heed, whisper low—somebody's coming;" 'till at length, with one struggle more, "She sweetly o'er my senses stealing," said, "Of what is the old man thinking? Thine is my heart. Nothing more—*Tutto e sciolto.*" The king, seeing her fading away, said, "Come, rest in this bosom. Why are you weeping? Galatea, dry thy tears—*Fra poco a me.*" Alas, those chimes! sounds so joyful at close of day, warn me Time around his dial stealing, and I must be peaceful slumbering; so take this cup of sparkling wine, and *in memoriam* let the toast be dear woman; for assuredly the best of all good company is woman's love. Her last words at parting were, "Cheer up, Sam! Have faith in one another. Fear not, but trust in Providence. *Nil desperandum.* My heart's in the Highlands, so for the sake of these I pray thee let me have a place in thy memory, for I am on by the spur of valour goaded. Mrs. Macdonald and Lucy Neale have lang Syne gone to *Les soupirs*; so farewell, but whenever. Yours,

AD LIBITUM.

P.S.—In Katey's letter they tell me thou'rt the favoured guest,

VOLTI SUBITO.

BRUSSELS.—The first prize of 10,000 francs, offered by the Government for the best cantata, has not been awarded to any one; but half the second of 5,000 francs has been carried off by M. Duport, of Lüttich, and half by M. Vaudervelpen, of Malines. M. Van Hoye, of the latter town, was honourably mentioned.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE emperor of the skies and the emperor of this patch of the earth's surface known by the ancients as Cisalpine Gaul, have had equally their day, and a right glorious overwhelming and sudorific day (*pro diebus*) it has been. Phœbus, Apollo, and Napoleon III. have been distributing their favours in like abundance — the one in the shape of degrees of heat, and the other degrees of rank and honour. As is usual on the festive day of the Napoleons a grand distribution of crosses of honour has taken place, and the world of art has had its full share in the sparkling shower. The practice of acknowledging and glorifying merit other than military or financial, is one so deserving of imitation by ourselves that it will be useful to pass in review the individuals who have been chosen for this honour, and to show that though haply the title of here and there one to such distinction may be disputable, assiduous and zealous devotion to pursuits of an intellectual character is sure to lead here, if not to substantial profit, at least to a clear and prominent place in the sunshine of the world's regard and consideration. First, then, M. Lebrun, the venerable (born in 1785) author of *Marie Stuart* (an adaptation of Schiller's play), already of the Academy, of which he is one of the oldest members and a senator, has been raised to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honour; and M. de Pongerille, also a member and Director of the Academy, has obtained a like promotion. Among those who have been called to the rank of officer, are Messieurs Lionville, Lamé, and Duhamel, all three distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences; M. Gatteaux, a skilful engraver of long renown; M. Jouffroy, a sculptor of celebrity; M. Auguste Maquet, the well-known author and fellow labourer with Alexandre Dumas, who, by the way, has remained a simple knight of the order since 1833; and M. Paulin Lymairac, a political writer, once of the *Patrie*, now editor of *Le Pays*, fond of bespluttering with his pen all who with him climb the hill of fame, and no less happy if he can drop a blot of the same muddy liquid upon the glory of England. Among the knights newly-made of this order who have distinguished themselves in an art, or arts, of some sort, are the following: M. Nadaud, the well-known song-writer and song composer, sometimes called the Béranger of the boudoir, but having little in common with the genius of the great national songster; M. Ravina, whom I need not characterize to you, but who, it is reasonable to suppose, is rather decorated for his skill as an executant than his merit as a composer; M. Offenbach, of whom it is equally unnecessary to speak, and the motive for whose decoration is equally open to speculation; M. Tilmant, the well-known director of the orchestra at the Opéra Comique; M. Valerio, draughtsman, engraver, and lithographer; M. Brune, historical painter; Jobbé Duval, painter likewise; M. Gustave Dové, painter and draughtsman, known in England by his illustrations of the *Juif Errant*; M. Deboy, sculptor; M. Auguste Blanchard, engraver; M. Ruprich Robert, architect; M. Pigny, architect; M. Masset, ex-tenor of the Grand Opéra and Opéra Comique, now professor at the school of St. Denis—no voice, but considerable talent. The men of letters who have been enrolled as Knights of the Legion of Honour are, M. Avenel (Denis Louis Martial), born in 1789, formerly councillor of state to Jerome, when King of Westphalia, since a political writer in the newspapers; M. Emmanuel Gonzales, the author of many romances not exactly shining by their literary merits, and two or three dramatic pieces equally harmless and forgotten; M. Louis Enault, an excellent and charming writer; M. Charles Vergé, a political writer, as most people would require to be told; Henri de Pène, dramatic critic, he who fought the duel with the subaltern officer by whom he had been challenged for some satirical remarks on the class *sous officier*, and marvellously survived after being pinked through the liver, a very fearless critic, as may be supposed, and having been decorated by the Minister of the Interior instead of the Minister of State, is understood to owe his honours as much to his personal character as to his literary ability; M. Ernest Breton, an antiquary well known in the class to which he belongs; M. Eugène Labiche, a comic writer for the stage, remarkable for the originality and breadth of his humour, and who works as laboriously at his vocation as though he were not the fortunate recipient of 2000*l.* per annum; M. Edward Poussier, the author of the piece called *La Famille de Puyméne*, but who can hardly be indebted to that production for his cross of honour; M. Carmondre, a veteran dramatic author, whose proverbs are better known than his acted plays, and whose continued existence many will be surprised to hear; M. Charles Potron, a dramatist, who, had he not written once or twice with Scribe, might have lived unnoticed and unhonoured; M. Leon Guillard, dramatist and keeper of the Archives of the Théâtre Française, where he also performs the duty of reader; M. Charles Reyband, a journalist; M. Pacini, a member of the commission for examining plays; M. Emile Chasler, reviewer; M. Chauvet Charolais, ex-naval officer and recently a journalist; M. Escudier, he of the *Pays*, proprietor and editor of the *France Musicale*, too well known to yourself and your readers to need further notice; M. Maussgint, chief editor of the *Moniteur du Calonclos*, a devoted adherent to the present order of things; M. Merson, editor of *L'Union Bretonne*; M. le Comte Clement de Ris, a distinguished critic of the fine arts and contributor to the *Moniteur*.

Panlen et Circeuses was the order of the day last week, and while tickets for comestible provisions were distributed to the poor, the theatres were thrown gratuitously open to the multitude. It is usual on these occasions to give pieces acknowledged as popular favourites, and often the most hacknied of the repertoire proper to each house. But, at the same time, an eye is had to the moral purpose of the work. At the Grand Opera, *Robert le Diable* was performed; and at the Opéra Comique, *La Dame Blanche* and *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*. At the Vaudeville, the new play by Messieurs About and Najac, *Un Mariage de Paris*, was the chief entertainment; and at the Gymnase, the new drama by M. Victorien Sardon, *Piccolino*. The new military and equestrian spectacle at the Cirque, *La Prise de Pekin*, of course continued its career uninterrupted; and the Porte St. Martin was in like manner under no necessity of changing its bill of fare, which, though containing but one dish of *Pied de Mouton*, has not yet palled on the taste of the Parisians. At all the theatres some piece of music more or less entitled to the appellation of a *cantata*, was performed in honour of the Emperor; but out of the entire crop of these laudatory effusions, not one deserves to be singled out for laudation. Genius, when commanded to produce as per order, will frequently produce something not altogether devoid of inspiration; but as the artists who were set to work on this occasion could lay no claim to one whiff of divine afflatus, the flattest commonplace has resulted from the Imperial behest.

There went lately round from paper to paper an intimation that the Minister of State had issued a circular giving notice that he intended to keep the different theatres of Paris strictly each to a limited style of entertainment, as was once the case. But the *Moniteur* has answered this statement with a paragraph which denies the existence of any such circular. A return to the old system of theatrical monopolies would certainly have been somewhat surprising, when, in all other departments of industry, free trade is the principle of the energetic government under which France now flourishes. One of the theatrical papers here says that M. Montigny, the manager of one of the most popular and prosperous theatres here, has pledged himself to give M. Alexandre Dumas, jun. a bonus of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) for every five-act piece the young author shall bring him. It is said that he is ready to test the fidelity of the generous manager to his word with a bran new drama in five acts, to which he is just giving the last finishing stroke. Is not such a country the paradise of authors?

Some of the papers have published a circumstantial account of the suicide of a young man for love of an actress at the Beaumarchais Theatre, well known under the name of Mlle. Jeanne. The affair has been treated in so jocular a vein, however, that it is impossible it can be anything but a canard, or some joke the humour of which is penetrable only to the initiated, of whom, since the marriage of poor Frogoletta, I am happy to say I am not one.

The tragic actress, Mad. Ristori, is said to have had the offer of an engagement for America, and the terms proposed are 75,000 francs (3000*l.*) per month, but the lady, it is added, has asked 25,000 more, bearing in mind the perils and inconveniences encountered by poor Rachel. The whole is, of course, a barefaced fabrication of the friends of Mad. Ristori, who are always

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endeavouring to measure her with the great departed tragédienne whose memory is as much too crushing for her, as was her actual presence in the flesh. As if the Americans had leisure to think of any other tragedies than that bloody one they are now in the second act of. To add to the transparency of the falsehood, the gentleman said to be charged with this mission is called the secretary of the New York Academy.

A correspondent at St. Petersburg informs me that the programme for the ensuing operatic season, which commences on the 1st of September, is pretty much as follows:—Two new Russian operas, original both as to music and words, will be produced at the Marie Theatre. One, entitled *Natacha*, is by M. Villebois; the other, called *Juditta*, is by M. Sero, a follower of Wagner, and better known hitherto as a critic than as a writer of music. The subscribers to the Italian theatre will have the bloom of a new opera by Signor Verdi, in which the principal part has been written for Signor Tamberlik. Moreover, the musical public of St. Petersburg will hear, for the first time, the celebrated barytone, Signor Graziani; and it is rumoured that the manager, M. de Sabourow, has concluded an engagement with Mlle. Patti, but of this you can better judge the truth than I. According to an Italian paper, the subject of the new opera, which Signor Verdi is engaged on for St. Petersburg, is taken from a Spanish drama by Martinez de la Rosa, entitled *La Fuerza del Destines* — that is, the Power of Fate.

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*

(*Continued from page* 518).

No one who is a musician, and consequently knows the limit of what can be done with such masses when there is only one rehearsal, will think of judging, by the standard of artistically perfect singing, the execution of those pieces in which the entire body of vocalists took part; all who were present will, however, confess that, on the whole, everything which under the circumstances could be expected was done, as regards precision and expression. The striking passages in the patriotic songs especially were sung with great dash and enthusiasm.

The collection of new compositions began with the 23rd Psalm, "Der Herr ist mein Hirte," by Herr Julius Otto, Musical Director in Dresden. This was a work of some pretension, in several movements, and was given by the Orpheus Association, the Liedertafel and the Liederkreis, of Dresden. It was followed by a "Festgesang," words and music by the worthy old master, A. Methfessel, of Brunswick. Its patriotic purport, concluding with the words, "Weit jubelnd erschallt das Lied von der deutschen Einheit" (Far and wide re-echo the joyous strains of the song of German unity), called forth, as did also similar ideas in all the other patriotic songs, a storm of applause and hurrahs, as was proved, for instance, in the immediately succeeding piece, "All-Deutschland," words by Herr Müller von der Werra, music by Herr Franz Abt, of Brunswick. The most important composition was Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," words by Herr W. Müller von Königswinter, in which the semi-choruses were sung by the four vocal associations of Munich combined. All the above four compositions, forming the first part of the concert, obtained a great success, as was evidenced by the tumultuous applause and cheers with which the composers were greeted.

The second part commenced with a work by Franz Lachner, "Sturmes-Mythe," words by Lenau, which was extraordinarily successful, and encored. We agree entirely with the opinion thus expressed by the public at large. Besides the highly significant music itself, Herr Lachner had two great elements of success in his favour. In the first place, the text selected:—

> "Stumm und regungslos, in sich verschlossen,
> Ruht die tiefe See dahin gegossen," &c.,

a beautiful poem, and, indeed, to speak truthfully, the only real poem in the book of words, and, in the second place, the fact of the vocal portion being accompanied by a full orchestra of string and wind instruments, which were a great relief to the ear, after the eternal braying of trumpets and trombones.

Next came G. von Meyern's poem, "An die Deutsche Tricolore," set to the soul-inspiring strains of the Duke Ernest of Coburg-Gotha, a composition received with enthusiasm, the last strophe being encored. The song, "An die Deutschen," words by Herr G. Elstermann, music by Herr Tschirch, Musical-Director in Gera, next came in for its share of approbation, while the whole wound up with "Des Sängers Herz," words by Herr O. Weiss, music by Herr G. Emmerling, Director of the Nuremberg Sing-Verein. Both words and music were creditable, and even successful; but we cannot blink the fact that, side by side with works by Lachner, Hiller, and other composers of repute, this song appears too insignificant for a "German Vocal Festival."

The audience now streamed out into the open air, and took part in the festive proceedings going on there; friends from north, south, east, and west meeting and greeting one another. So great, however, was the crowd, that many persons never once came across, during the whole Festival, friends whom they knew to be present, and whom they were seeking.

About nine o'clock the stage and audience portion of the building were again filled, and the performances of various separate Associations commenced. To describe them all in detail would be too long a task; nay, to a certain extent, it would be an impossibility, since not only were there no books of the words, but actually no programmes, from which the audience might discover what was being sung, and who were the persons singing. The oral announcement made on the occasion of each fresh piece died away in the large hall, and was a mystery to thousands. It is, also, an undeniable fact, that the size of the building prevented the songs from being duly appreciated; the softer passages, and, in a much greater degree, an absolute *piano*, were perfectly inaudible in the dearest places opposite the orchestra.

The second day of the Festival (Monday, July 22nd) was rendered remarkable by the grand procession, which was even more complete and brilliant than that on the preceding Saturday. Those persons who were present on this occasion in Nuremberg, will perhaps never again behold anything so nationally grand as this festive procession of five thousand light-hearted Singers.

Nuremberg may, with perfect right, enter the days of this Festival as happy and glorious ones in her chronicles, and we are delighted to acknowledge that the spirit animating the whole Festival gained fresh strength from the sight of the magnificent city—in which even the very stones inculcate German nationality—and from the lively interest evinced in the proceedings by the worthy inhabitants of both sexes.

But to the singers, also, are praise and thanks due, for they shirked no trouble, or any sacrifice of their personal convenience and ease. The procession, which was opened by the vigorous forms of the "Turners" of the Nuremberg Turner-Verein, took nearly an hour and a *half* in defiling. There were eight or ten bands in its ranks. Before each Association boys bore aloft on long poles, from which fluttered blue and white ribands, shields with the name of the Association, and that of the town whence it came, inscribed in large Gothic letters on them, while, behind these, advanced the members of the Association, with their flags, &c.

Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the Associations present, but we will mention those which were most fully represented, in order that we may give some notion of the far-spread interest the Festival had excited. The towns of Amberg, Ansbach, Apolda, Augsburg, Bamberg, Bayreuth, Coburg, Chemnitz, Constance, Dresden, Eisenach, Erlangen, Elberfeld, Frankfort-on-the-Maine (16 Associations), Fürth (6 Associations), Freiberg in Saxony, Gotha, Hof, Innsbruck, Cassel, Kiel, Landshut, Leipsic, Linz, Magdeburg, Mayence, Mannheim, Meeran, Munich (4 Associations), Nuremberg (11 Associations), Passau, Plauen, Presburg, Regensburg, Rudolstadt, Salzburg, Schwabach, Schweinfurt, Schwerin, Straubing, Stuttgardt, Ulm, Vienna (Männergesang-Verein), Weissenburg, Wiesbaden, Würzburg, Wunsiedel, &c., were strongly represented. Special deputations had been sent from Basle, Bautzen, Berlin, Berne, Brunswick, Bremen, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Cologne, Königsberg, London, Lubeck, Memel, Speyer, Teplitz, Weimar, Zweibrücken, &c. Herr Hennikofen appeared as the representative of the Teutonia Society in Constantinople, and Herr Eisfeld as that of the New York Liederkranz.

The second grand performance in the Music Hall commenced about five o'clock, p.m., and, like the first, comprised eight new compositions.

A hymn, "Singt dem Herrn ein neues Lied," by V. E. Becker, of Wurzburg, opened the proceedings, and was fully entitled, both by its matter and its admirable form, to rank with the best productions of the previous day. It was followed by "Unser Hort," words by Dr. Hölzl, barrister in Straubing (a most popular and liberal-minded gentleman), and music by Herr Julius Grobe, director of the Nuremberg Liederkranz. It occasioned a perfect storm of delight, owing principally to the lines:

> "Hand in Hand,
> Fürst und Volk fürs Vaterland,
> Eine Flagge auf dem Meer,
> Eine Fahne für das Herr,

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

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Einen Führer in der Schlacht,
Achtung, die der Erdball zollt,
Deutschlands Banner: Schwarz-Roth-Gold."

The storm was lulled by a short and pleasing song, entitled "Frühlingsgruss an das Vaterland," by Vincenz Lachner, of Mannheim, a truly lyrical work.—"Der Deutsche Landsturm," also, words by K. Schultes, music by Kücken, of Stuttgardt, was applauded, but not so heartily as the freshness of the composition merited.

The second part commenced with a work of some pretension, by Herr H. Neeb, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, words by F. Stolze, "Frisch auf zum Siegen." It begins with a slow movement, which by a pleasing gradation concludes in a fiery *allegro*, followed, at last, by a solemn *Andante maestoso*, in which the lines:

"Lass deine Adler fliegen
Zum grossen, heil'gen Kampf!
Wenn naht der Feind, dann zieht
Ein einig Deutschland zum Rhein,
Zum Kampf fürs Vaterland!"

and the effective music, produced such an impression, that the applause broke forth before the piece was concluded, and the last movement had to be repeated. Herr Neeb was called on to appear, and was himself so carried away by the general enthusiasm that he waved the German flag repeatedly over his head.

The public—who were numerous in the pit, though less numerous in the boxes—were more excited than on the previous day. Thus, the two songs, "Hör' uns, Allmächtiger, Führer der Schlachten," words by T. Körner, nobly and vigorously set by Herr Möhring, of Neu-Ruppin, and "Ermanne dich, Deutschland," words by Wagner, music by Herr A. Storch, of Vienna, were greeted with tremendous applause and trumpet flourishes; nay, the last of the two compositions was repeated from beginning to end.—After the thunder-clouds of applause had thus noisily discharged themselves, the last chorus, a pious "Danklied," by T. W. Kalliwoda, glided quietly by.

Among the most distinguished performances of separate societies on both evenings were those of the Societies from Coburg, Dresden, Innsbruck, Wurzburg, and Vienna, the Vienna Männergesang-Verein especially, under the direction of their chief, Herr Herbeck, by the artistically excellent manner in which they gave that gentleman's "Waldlied," accompanied by four French horns, admirably played, produced a more than ordinary impression, and were rewarded by long and tumultuous applause, which in this case was rendered to music alone.

Although nothing like a vocal contest for prizes was intended to be held, as the committee, with proper tact, had not combined anything of this kind with a Festival in honour of German unity, a Vocal Association in Berne sent a silver goblet, a gratifying mark of the loving interest taken in the proceedings by those of German lineage in Switzerland, with a request that the Committee would hand it to that Association which they should consider sang best. As, however, no persons were appointed judges of the various performances, the affair gave rise to some little embarrassment when the committees met on Tuesday afternoon. On the proposition of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, however, seconded by Herr Abt, and unanimously adopted by the wholemeeting, the goblet was awarded to the Vienna Männergesang-Vrein.

MUSIC IN MELBOURNE.

No doubt many of our readers will be right well pleased to hear of music and its prosperity in the far-off land of Victoria, which, notwithstanng the facilities of steam, seems almost a life's distance from Old England. We have received a packet of papers from Melbourne, which render a most flourishing account of musical transactions there, and show the progress made in the art to be really considerable. The Musical Union had given at the Exhibition Building, on the 22nd of May, a grand concert in aid of the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the 40th Regt. who fell in New Zealand. The concert took place under the patronage of his Excellency Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., and Lady Barkly, Major-General Pratt, and a host of "militarians." The programme comprised Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio *Judith*, and the overture to *Ruy Blas*. The principal vocalists were Mad. Stuttaford, Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. S. Kaye; Mr. G. R. G. Pringle conducted. The band numbered 52 players, and the chorus 100 singers. Of the performance, the *Argus* of Thursday, May 23rd, writes as follows:—

"The concert given last night by the Musical Union, at the Exhibition Building, in aid of the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the 40th Regiment who have fallen in New Zealand, was in every respect a success. Not only was the building well filled, but the enticing programme offered was well carried out. Major-General and Mrs. Pratt and Lady Barkly were present, and, in response to a call made upon them, a large number of volunteers from the various corps might be seen in various parts of the building. Of the performances we can hardly speak too highly. The band was one of the best that has been heard within the walls of that building, and much of the pleasure derived from the performance was owing to the good conductorship of Mr. Pringle. The solos were not good, as far as the male singers were concerned. Mr. Beaumont's voice appeared to be a little broken down from too much work, and Mr. Kaye's voice was anything but pleasing. Mad. Stuttaford was most agreeable. We were surprised at the fervour she displayed in singing sacred music, after hearing her in opera, and it is to be hoped that the good effect she created last evening will not be thrown away upon her, but that she will adapt herself to a style in which she shines far more than in the florid Italian school, of which she has shown herself to be a pupil. The little that our favourite singer, Mrs. Hancock, did was done well. The entertainment commenced with Mendelssohn's overture of *Ruy Blas*, a fine dramatic descriptive piece, that was most deservedly applauded, after which his *First Walpurgis Night* followed. The piece is short and descriptive, containing many *morceaux* which only could have emanated from the genius of Mendelssohn. The instrumental music in the piece was very excellent, and the chorus worked well togetogether. *Judith*, a work produced by Mr. Henry Leslie, an English amateur, expressly for the Great Festival in Birmingham, in 1858, was a wise choice for the Union to make. The introduction is full of brilliant passages, and Judith's prayer, as sung by Mad. Stuttaford, deservedly received applause. The second part of the prayer is inferior as regards composition—it was too elaborate and showy. Occasionally there was a great preponderance of "brass" in the instrumental part of the music—a fault not owing to the conductorship so much as to the style of the composer. The 'Chorus of Revellers' was, perhaps, one of the best 'bits' of the evening; but altogether the performance reflected great credit upon the members of the Union, and their success must have been to them a pleasing reward for the time they have bestowed in rehearsing, in order to attain their present proficiency."

The "Harmonic Society" of Geelong has not been behind his Melbourne brother, but comes out almost as strong as the "Musical Union" in the performance of *Elijah:* while the reporter in the *Geelong Advertiser*, date Saturday, June 15, is much more critical:—

"Not since the departure of Anna Bishop has such an audience assembled in Geelong as last night responded to the call of the Harmonic Society; and certainly the unusual attractions offered warranted the response. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* constituted the performance, a daring thing for the society to attempt, but the result showed that they did not miscalculate their powers and means, for a more complete performance was never given in Geelong. *Elijah* is one of the great composer's happiest efforts. In flowing melody it equals any work of Handel or Haydn, and in the use of those combined harmonies in which the resources of the modern orchestra, unknown in the days of the earlier composers, are so largely drawn upon, Mendelssohn stands alone. The array of vocal and instrumental talent on the platform last night exceded anything ever witnessed here. Mad. Stuttaford made her first appearance in Geelong, and won triumphs in the various solos and quartetts which fell to her share; the opening 'Hear ye, Israel,' of the second part being perhaps her greatest effort. Three members of Lyster's Opera Company assisted, namely, Mad. Lucy Escott, Miss Georgina Hudson, and Mr. Squires; and in the sacred music of *Elijah* they fully sustained the high reputation gained at the late operatic performances. In the air, 'O rest in the Lord,' Miss Hudson surpassed herself, and nothing would satisfy the audience but a repetition. Mr. Squires also was honoured with an *encore*, a distinction which, we suppose, must be all the more appreciated that it is utterly out of all rule to re-demand any portion of a work such as *Elijah*. Mr. Farquharson was absent from illness, and his place was kindly filled by Mr. Lyster, who probably suffered by comparison with the gentleman whose substitute for the night he was. The remaining principals were Mr. Ewart, Mr. Lissignol, and Master Cooke, while the band was strengthened by Mr. Johnson (of the 40th), Mr. Reed, Mr. King, and Mr. Gover, from Melbourne. Mr. Plumstead presided at the organ. Mr. Gabb (for whose benefit the concert was) led, and Mr. H. B. Moore conducted, a task for which he proved himself on this, as on former occasions, peculiarly fitted. Those of our readers who had not the good fortune of being present last night may think this brief notice of the

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concert a mere piece of indiscriminate praise, but we feel assured that nobody who was present will say so."

We are delighted to hear that Friend Gabb—whom we have not the pleasure of knowing—had a good benefit, but still more delighted to learn that sacred music is beginning to find listeners and admirers at the antipodes.

M. GOUNOD'S "FAUST" IN WIESBADEN.*

YESTERDAY I was present at the second performance of this much-talked-of opera. I had heard it also on the previous Sunday, and, while the impression produced is still fresh in my mind, I hasten to give you an account of it.

Without any pretension on my part that you should place any very great reliance on my prophetic glance into the future, I venture to assert that, in setting this subject to music, Gounod has hit upon a lucky idea, as far as the German public is concerned, principally because the prevailing idea of *Faust* is so popular among us, and always will remain so, as long as there exist struggling beings imbued with the irresistible impulse to overstep the narrow boundaries of this earthly life. From the very fact of the subject being so truly human, and so peculiarly the property of the German people, the music of *Faust* excites a lively interest, while the circumstance of the action of the first part of Göthe's *Faust* constituting the foundation of the operatic text, at least in the principal scenes, increases this interest; as, despite the indignation of the guardians of our poetry, is very natural, so far as the great mass of the public goes. For myself, however, I do not think a Frenchman capable of grasping so mighty a subject in all its profundity. There is so much childish, foreign nonsense in Gounod's *Faust*, that I will not venture to affirm he has succeeded in hitting the nail on the head. One thing is very certain, and that is, that Meyerbeer has constantly shone like a bright constellation before his mind. Gounod has formed himself entirely on Meyerbeer, whom he may, if he be fortunate, in time equal. But his music can boast of truth just a little, as every tone of Meyerbeer can. Gounod is sometimes more economical in the application of his instrumental resources; but he has already involved himself to such an extent with those powerful allies—scenery, transformations, and ballet—that they promise soon to wrest the superiority altogether from the composer. As, however, this opera has already been noticed several times in your paper since its production in Paris, I will confine myself to making merely a few observations.

The introduction to the first act is dignified in character, and prepares us very becomingly for the first scene. Faust's monologue is altogether Meyerbeerish. In corroboration of my assertion I will refer only to the music of "Ein neuer Tag erscheint." The very first chorus, "Ah, schlummernde Mädglein!" is very pleasing; but the following one of the peasants, "Frisch auf ins Feld," is far less fresh and naturally flowing. The duet, No. 2, between Faust and Mephisto, is worked out completely on the model of the well-known scene in *Robert le Diable* between Bertram and Raimbaut at the cross: the only difference is that Gounod's Mephisto does not express himself so like a cavalier as the Duke of Normandy's mysterious father. Faust's "Ein Wunsch mich beseelt," is composed exactly *à la* Abt, Kücken, &c. After Mephisto has caused the apparition of Gretchen, and Faust signed the agreement and drunk Gretchen's health, Faust's transformation, which verges on the grotesque (the scholar's dress is changed into that of a gay young nobleman), takes place before the audience, and, being a piece of genuine harlequinade, can naturally produce only a mountebank-like effect. Herr Caffieri, who, by the way, possesses a wonderful voice, and also exhibits dramatic fire in the conception of his part, should not, as a doctor and one versed in the mysteries of magic, contemplate the experiment so much with the air of one of the uninitiated. The said transformation of costume occasioned at the first performance, when it was not effected so speedily or so well as at the second, an outburst of most ill-timed laughter, which appeared as though it would never end; for it was Sunday, and the audience consequently more boisterous than on other days.

The conclusion of the first act is effective, although not a hand was raised yesterday to applaud, either while it was going on or when it was over. In the Kermess scene of the second act, only the students' chorus is vigorous and fresh; the rest is genuine caricature, while the concluding chorus is founded on one of Flotow's motives. Mephisto's couplets, "Ja, das Gold regiert noch die Welt," are very characteristic, nay, even very good; but they did not obtain the slightest approach to anything like applause. No. 6 is a waltz and chorus, "Leichte Wölkchen sich erheben," which is far from coming up to the similar preceding pieces. On the other hand, the words, "Mein schönes Fräulein, darf ich's wagen, Meinen Arm und Geleit ihr anzutragen," and Gretchen's reply, "Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön, Kann ungeleitet nach Hause geh'n," are set in a really charming manner, and surrounded by a certain poetic halo alone sufficient to weave about Faust and Gretchen the magic bonds in which they get entangled the first moment they behold each other.

The couplets No. 7 in the third act, "Blümlein traut, sprecht für mich," have a strong touch of Taubert's and Schubert's songs in the same style: they are very pleasing, and procured for Herr Schneider (Siebel) the first applause of the evening. At the conclusion, a high and *forte* note on the word "leise" produces a disagreeable effect; but whether the composer is to be blamed for this, only the French text can prove. Faust's cavatina, "Gegrüsst sei mir, o heil'ge Stätte," is a charming composition, exceedingly favourable for the singer, and the first beautiful number of the opera. An *obbligato* violin runs through the cavatina, which Herr Caffieri sang admirably, but without obtaining the slightest applause.

In the ballad "Es war ein König in Thule," Mad. Deetz, who has been engaged only a short time, was most deservedly applauded. She must beware, however, of forcing her otherwise fine voice in the lower notes, if she would not soon expiate her fault in the higher ones. She was repeatedly applauded in the following scene, and also in the waltz-air, which becomes at the end very flat. No. 11 (duet between Faust and Gretchen) is well composed; but Meyerbeer's creations are always present to our mind. The song sung by Gretchen, in scene 13, from her window, on which the moonlight is beaming, sounds exactly as if it had been written by Richard Wagner himself; for this you may boldly take my word!——Mad. Deetz and Herr Caffieri were called on before the curtain.

No. 13, fanfare and chorus (the return of Valentine with a detachment of troops), with an introductory march, are truly original, although the rhythm struck me as being *à la* Verdi. It proceeds in a continued progression of the *forte* as well as of the *tempo*. It is a brilliant number, and occasioned a storm of applause at both performances. It had to be repeated. Mephisto's serenade (No. 14) is a strange composition, and, indeed, the whole part of Mephisto is a continuous burlesque on everything that constitutes music—melody, rhythm, and accent. The church-scene (No. 17) is effective, especially the chorus, "Wenn erscheint der Tag des Herrn," which is treated like a chorale: the concluding chorus, however, degenerates into mere screaming.

In the fifth act the stage-carpenter and scene-painter play a most important part; but I cannot consider their efforts as an enrichment in a musical sense. Every one is completely immersed in what he "sees," and many must have entirely forgotten that they came to hear an opera. But what nonsense I am talking! The majority of the audience at both performances had come simply to behold the wonders in the way of scenery and transformations, of which report had circulated the most fabulous accounts. In the fifth act I could not discover anything in the way of new musical motives.

In conclusion, I cannot help saying much more was expected from the opera from a musical point of view. I left the house deceived and undeceived. The opera is magnificently put on the stage, and will, no doubt, turn out an attraction during the summer.

Wiesbaden, July, 1861. W. WÜLFINGHOFF.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

ENGLISH MUSIC,—I assert emphatically that the English are a musical people, always have been, and always will be, in spite of money-grubbing and the worship of the dollar. But the world is continually assured of the contrary. Although the music-publishers, great and small, from Beale and Chappell down to the cheapest pirates of the trade, deluge the land every day with new songs by English living composers, the cry is dinned into our ears constantly that the English are "not a musical nation." The cry is at least a hundred and fifty years old, and may be found recorded in the pages of the famous "Miscellany" of Pope and Swift, and elsewhere in the newspapers of the days of Queen Anne and George I. It has never ceased from that day to this; and by dint of constant iteration, acquired such currency and authority, that, in 1820, when the great Napoleon discoursed to his faithful Las Cases, in the mournful days of his captivity and exile at St. Helena, on all imaginable subjects—of war, policy, philosophy, and literature—he declared that English music was execrable. "The English have no music," said he; "or, at all events, no national music. They have, in fact, but one good tune." And, to show his qualifications for the office of musical critic, he declared that tune to be "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."—*Robin Goodfellow*.

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Letters to the Editor.

PASTARELLI OR RANSFORD.

Omega is greatly obliged to the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD for answering his inquiry in so straightforward a manner, and would feel further indebted to him if he would kindly and candidly say whether he would advise a lady to put herself under the tuition of Mad. Pastarelli or Miss Ransford, to be brought out in the concert-room; or could he name any other whose terms are reasonable?

[Of Mad. Pastarelli we know nothing. Of Miss Ransford we know she has a charming voice and sings like a mistress. Many teachers we could vehemently recommend, but knowing their terms to be anything but "reasonable" are necessarily reduced to silence.—ED.]

FORKS.

SIR,—Will you have the goodness to inform me, through the medium of your journal, how I can obtain a set of forks constructed on the principles developed in Schiebler's Theory? I have applied to M. Tuhr of Giessen, who is recommended by the author, but have received no reply. Yours, J. COX.

[We shall probably best answer the purpose of our correspondent by giving publicity to his letter.—ED.]

SIR,—Will you through your columns permit me to ask whether a harmonium or a cabinet organ would be the best to have in a small country church, which happens to be very damp? The subscription has been raised for either; but a difference of opinion exists as to which is preferable. The opinion of a good and known judge would decide the question. E. W. L.

[The opinion of a good and known judge is entreated for the above.—ED.]

"POSSIBLE" LETTER FROM A "POSSIBLE" FRIEND IN LONDON (FORMERLY), IN REPLY TO A "POSSIBLE" FRIEND IN GLASGOW.

RESPECTED "FRIEND," — How great is the pleasure thou hast bestowed upon me, my dearest, my dearest! Joan has been galloping to arms, whilst health and blooming youth (fair and ugly, false and true), busy, curious, thirsty, fly (since nature mankind for society framed), to Bacchus, god of mortal pleasure. "Joan's ale is new, boys," says Sue to Prue. "Jack, thou'rt a toper!" "Fie! nay, prithee!—curs'd be the wretch that's . . . .Would you taste the noontide air?" Says Pontius in rage, "No more shall buds on branches spring when Phœbus the tops of the hills boast no more!" Prepare your heart for mirth, Friend Damon;—if thou wilt believe me, there were three *cooks* to our musical club (cheerful virgins), as Cupid roguishly one day go to Joan Glover, and says "Lie still, my dear—half-an-hour past twelve o'clock—let ambition fire thy mind. How great is the pleasure!" continued he; "with early horn I'll range around the shady bowers." Joy to the happy pair!

Come, learn by this, ye bachelors, how merrily we live when U and I together meet young Colin fishing near the mill! I, like the bee, with toil and pain, fill, fill, fill the glass, as Celia near a fountain lay—chairs to mend, blooming Bacchus, ever young. Behold he comes! he comes!! the hero comes!!! Britannia's sons rejoice!!!! Britons, where is your magnanimity!!!!! Fame, let thy trumpet sound!!!!!! Mortals, wisely learn to measure the jolly bowl!!!!!!!

Then old Chiron thus preached to his pupil Achilles: Hark! the bonny Christ-church bells call George again, boy. Fly, care, to the winds, ye gentle gales: 'Twas afternoon one summer's day, as I saw fair Clora walk alone, when Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat. "May we never want a friend," said I: "come, follow me with merry glee. Hark, away, 'tis the merry-toned horn;" when up came a soldier. "Soldier, take off thy wine!" "Long live his—Queen—Geor—Victoria!" said he. "Wilt thou lend me thy mare?" I said. "Come hither, my country squire," said the warrior; "wine does wonders—the morning is charming. 'Twas you, sir.

'I am, in truth, a country youth,
Take her and be faithful still.'"

Major's Corner. V. S. C. F.

P.S.—Mary the sempstress is fresh as a rose, a thousand miles from thee, o'er the sunny sea. You were pretty *Frank* in your epistle, and I *more* so!

VOLTI SUBITO CON FURIA.

COLOGNE.—In honour of the Deutsche Kuntsgenossenschaft, at present assembled here, the Festival Committee got up a concert, on the 14th inst., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. The programme comprised the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, "O weint um sie," for solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller; andante and variations (from Op. 47), by Beethoven (Herren Hiller and Von Königslow); three songs by Mendelssohn, Weber, and Hiller (Mlle. Emma Genast); "Zigeunerleben," by Schumann; and Symphony No. 7, in A major, by Beethoven.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON THE DONAU.—The first German-Austrian vocal festival at Krems and Stein, two towns adjoining each other on the banks of the above river, took place on the 29th and 30th June. There were present twenty-four associations, numbering from ten to a hundred and ninety-five members each; while eleven associations sent deputations consisting of from two to eight persons. The grand total of singers present was 1034. Numerous German flags waved from the windows, and most of the houses were decorated with appropriate inscriptions, such as "Das Haus hat keinen Herrn heut, Den Sängergästen sei es geweih't" ("This house to-day has no master; it is dedicated to our vocal guests"); "Wer und woher? Das gilt uns gleich; Haus und Herz gehören euch!" ("Who are you? whence do you come? That is all the same to us; our heart and house are yours"); "Liedwird That; Früh oder ers spat" ("Sooner or later, songs become deeds"). The South-German vocal associations are distinguished by a pleasing custom, which is, that each association has a matter of its own, mostly in rhyme, and set in four parts, which is the first piece of music it sings on its arrival in, or departure from, any place. The festival was held in the open air. A stage was erected for the singers, surrounded by green foliage, and separated by flower-beds and a fountain from the space allotted to the public, who numbered three thousand. The combined choruses were but moderately good; indeed, it was hardly possible for them to be aught else, with only one rehearsal, although the conductor, Herr Willvonseder, of Krems, did all he could to render them effective. The city best represented was Vienna, by the Männergesang-Verein of 196 members; the Akademischer Verein, of 134; the Sängerbund, of 84; and the Techniker Verein, of 45. Krems was represented by 56, and Linz by 53 (the Frohsinn Association), and 41 (the Sängerbund) vocalists, all of whom met with a hearty welcome from the inhabitants. The proceedings terminated with Arndt's "Vaterlandslied."

A RIVAL TO PICCO.—People are accustomed to say, "that is impossible," whenever they hear of anything which passes their comprehension. "That is impossible," was the cry when certain writers asserted that Paganini played whole concertos on the G string; "that is impossible," was again the cry, when the papers announced that the daring Blondin would cross the Falls of Niagara on the tight-rope, and yet both these impossibilities proved not only possibilities, but actual facts. Will not people once more exclaim, "that is impossible," when they are informed that a certain Herr Nagy Jacob has succeeded, by persevering labour, in attaining such proficiency on the shepherd's-pipe, or "Hirtenflöte," as to play concertos on it, and to excite the admiration both of professionals and the general public? From the little insignificant-looking instrument of elder wood, with six holes without keys, he produces tones extending over nearly four octaves, with a degree of almost incredible power and fulness, while, on the other hand, he manages his instrument with such gentleness as to remind his hearers of the soft chirruping of the lark, or the melodious warbling of the nightingale. In short, there are no mechanical difficulties he does not overcome. "That is impossible," will again be the cry, but the public will shortly have an opportunity of convincing themselves of the truth of the above tatement, as Herr Nagy Jacob is about to make a tour through Germany.—*Russian Paper.*

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English Music.—It was Mad. de Staël who averred that music was "a glorious inutility," and musicians have but too often endeavoured to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call the "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew, or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet. But, in spite of such drawbacks as these, aided by the favour in which Italian music is held in all courtly and aristocratic circles, no one who pays attention to passing events can avoid seeing that the love of music has very greatly extended itself in England of late years; and that next to Germany and Italy, England is fast becoming the most musical country in Europe. To say nothing of her native composers, England must ever take the foremost rank among nations for the encouragement given by her people to the great masters of musical art.—*Robin Goodfellow.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of An Enemy to Oppression, Low Salaries, and the Farming System, is not admissible for two reasons: First, it is somewhat scurrilous; Secondly, it is not true.

Curioso.—Question A.—We cannot say. Question B.—We never heard of an opera entitled *Aminta.*

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* The Musical World *is established at the Magazine of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To Publishers and Composers.—*All Music for Review in* The Musical World *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* The Musical World.

To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The "*Fête Communale,*" which, from the 17th to the 21st day of this present month, made Antwerp the busiest city in Belgium, perhaps in Europe, would have had no particular interest for the readers of the Musical World—to whom Van Dyk and Rubens, Marsys and Ortellius, Stockmans, Van Schoonbek, Teniers, and Van Noort, are little else than more or less illustrious names—but for the concert held in the Theatre Royal on Monday night. Nor, probably, on any other account would your present correspondent have relinquished a few days' invigorating sea-breeze on the sandy shores of Ostend, where you may see ladies and gentlemen, in pantomimic costume, disporting themselves by hundreds in one common bath (which, being of salt-water, I presume, wipes out the "seeming" indelicacy of the proceeding), and so pleased with this un-English mode of recreation that they remain long enough immersed in the briny shallow to pass for a shoal of mermen and mer-women (Neptune forbid there should be mer*maids* among them!) What amateur of the art divine, however, could have resisted the temptation held out by the following hand-bill, found lying on the very-bad-breakfast table of that very bad house of temporary accommodation, the Hotel de Couronne:?—

VILLE D'ANVERS.

Solennités Artistiques & Fêtes du 18, 19, & 20 Août, 1861.

PROGRAMME

DE LA

FÊTE MUSICALE

ORGANISÉE PAR

La Section de Musique du Cercle Artistique

AVEC LE CONCOURS

Des Amateurs et des Artistes de la Ville d'Anvers,

ET DE

Mlle. Artot, Cantatrice.
M. Joachim, Directeur des Concerts de S. M. le Roi de Hanovre.
M. Valsovani, Baryton du Théâtre de la Reine, à Londres.
M. Warnots, Ténor.

Le Lundi 19 Août, 1861.

1.	Symphonie héroïque . . .	Van Beethoven.
2.	Psaume XVIII: Cœli enarrant, chanté par Mlle. Artot, avec chœur. .	Marcello.
3.	Die erste Walpurgisnacht . .	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
4.	Chant de Noël: Angelus ad pastores ait, chœur sans acc. . . .	Roland de Lattre.
5.	Air des Nozze di Figaro: Giunse alfin, chanté par Mlle. Artot . .	Mozart.
6.	Concerto pour le violon, exécuté par J. Joachim	Van Beethoven.
7.	Variations, chantées par Mlle. Artot .	Rode.
8.	Allelnia, chœur de l'oratorio Messias .	Handel.

Cette fête a lieu au Théâtre Royal. Les portes du Théâtre seront ouvertes à 7 heures du soir; on commencera à 8 heures très-précises.—Après le No. 3 il y aura un intervalle de dix minutes.

On peut se procurer le programme détaillé, chez Max-Kornicker, libraire, rue des Tanneurs, 12.

Imp. Ratincks, Frères, Grand Place.

So good-bye to the invigorating sea-breeze and the sleek-looking merwomen (who might easily be mistaken for seals—so closely do their party-coloured semi-coverings adhere to their soft bodies!)—Good-bye to the dreariest of hostelries in the straightest and whitest of towns! Good-bye, *enfin,* to relaxation, and once more "to the mill." After a tedious and dusty ride of some eight hours, by a circuitous route, in which, through not taking advantage of the new railroad from Ghent, we diverged nearly forty miles from the way, travelling zigzag, rather than direct, to the city of Petrus Paulus—which you enter as though by storm, at the end of an indefinite series of entrenchments (don't you wish you may get it, Maître Napoleon?)—was in safety reached. Within the walls, 100,000 Antwerpians, young and old, were taking the sun—a pitiless, pavement-baking (but that Antwerp has no pavement) sun, with not a breath of air to modify its scorching. This to them was a matter of indifference; it was "fête"—and during "fête" no one remains at home. The hotel selected by our small party (of two) was precisely that against which we had been warned, as dear at any time, and at such a time impracticable to all but millionaires—the Hotel St. Antoine which we ("we" means I), though not over-burdened with "fives," much less weighed down with millions—have always noted as one of the most comfortable in Belgium. Moreover, the worthy host, Herr Schmidt-Spaenhoven (not to be confounded with Beethoven), has a sly "leaning" towards Englishmen; and though there was the King of Bavaria (Maximilian the Little), with a hungry and troublesome *suite* besides, the Duc de Brabant (whom Jesuits affect), and even the corre-

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spondent of the *Kölnische-Zeitung*, to entertain, lost neither his patience nor his urbanity, but provided excellent accommodation for his newly-arrived English guests (the last of some twenty Britons, in the same hotel, attracted equally to the fêtes), who never had cause to complain of one instant's neglect during the "hurly-burly" of an anxious and brain-perplexing week. If M. Edouard Rigele and his companion-secretary of the "*Commission Centrale*" (whose name we disdain to perpetuate in the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, content to paste one butterfly on the leaf of sempiternal humiliation) had exhibited a tenth part of the affability and business habits of Herr Schmidt-Spaenhoven (who some years since obtained his passport to immortality from William Russell of the *Times*—a passport to which we here formally affix our "visé"); or, better still, if Herr Schmidt-Spaenhoven had been himself appointed secretary-in-chief to the "*Commission*," then would the "*Commission*" have been literally a "*commission centrale*," instead of which it actually proved little more efficient than a *commission de commissionaires*—one knowing nothing and recognising nothing that another would expound and settle down as "law." At the next "fête," when Antwerp shakes its fists at Brussels, and throws Ghent overboard, we strongly recommend that a deputation be despatched over the seas, to Mr. Bowley, general manager of the Crystal Palace, who will teach the Antwerpian burgesses how to "organise" a vast undertaking, and, in short, how to manage generally.

Antwerp, August 21st.

To continue writing amidst the surrounding hubbub, yesterday and the day before yesterday, would have tried the nerves even of a "special correspondent;" and as I am merely a *dilettante*-reporter, a correspondent by the way, I gave up the tax, as alike impossible and superfluous. (For "I," read "we," and *vice versâ*.) About the general proceedings of the "*Fête Communale*" I cannot tell you much, the truth being that though we witnessed a good deal it was merely tantamount to a rapid glance, or glances, at the shifting objects in a kaleidoscope. To see everything, moreover, was out of the question. You will naturally have sent your own Ruskin, Ottley, Chorley, or Tom Taylor, to write you elaborate and veridical accounts of the exposition of Fine Arts in the street of Venus, and the ancient pictures in the Museum hard by. Of these—however much admiring, understanding next to nothing—I cannot presume to speak, even were I less averse from poaching on the estate of other critics. They are, nevertheless, the most unanswerable arguments which the city of the Cloven Hand (*Antwerpen*) can bring in support of the position of quasi-defiance it just now maintains against the capital of Belgium. Backed by King and court, the nabobs of Brussels are anxious to change the venue of art-congress from the venerable Flemish port to their own more populous and half-Frenchified purlieus. The "*Fête Communale*," to which the world is summoned to send emissaries, as representatives of art, was got up by the inhabitants of Antwerp as a species of challenge to all Belgium. "See what we can do to entertain the foreigner, and vindicate our rights, as the oldest and first art-emporium of the kingdom!" exclaims Burgomaster Loos, with his co-burgesses. And straightway a series of fêtes, to last over three days, are instituted, which exceed the September fêtes in full-grown proportions, as much as an Antwerp cabbage exceeds a Brussels sprout. Out of doors, day and night, an uninterrupted succession of amusements — including processions concerts, regattas and other aquatic sports on the Scheldt; civic shows and ceremonies; *jeux* (*du palet*, *de boule*, and *de guilles*); shooting matches, not only with carabine, but with *arc* (*au berceau*, and *à la perche*), and *arbalète* (*grande*, *petite*, and *à galet*); military music; part-singing in chorus; distributions of prizes for all sorts and shades of excellence; illuminations, fireworks, and *et cetera*. In-doors, receptions, congresses, debates, banquets, toasts (with champagne), and what not? Among other celebrations ("*solennités*") was a banquet in the Théâtre des Variétés (completely "gutted" for the occasion), to which 1200 guests were invited, and at which Burgomaster Loos presided, giving toasts. The decorations of the *salle* were magnificent; and vast as was the host of diners, everybody dined at ease. That they also fared liberally and well, may be gathered from the *carte du menu*:—

MENU.

Potage, pâte d'Italie.	Ortolans.
Turbot, sauce aux câpres.	Homards, sauce tartare.
Roastbeef à la paysanne.	Pudding, fromage, fruits.
Poulardes au curry.	Dessert.
Jambon et haricots verts.	Vins, St.-Julien, 1848.
Pâté Breton.	Rauzan Margeaux, 1848.

Champagne (Moët et Chandon).

The Soyer and Donald of the occasion were MM. Allard and Lambo: may their prosperity be equivalent to their achievements! This banquet was veritably a great work, and its "execution"—by the waiters and consumers, who respectively waited and consumed *prestissimo*, with a vigour and precision worthy the occasion—was beyond praise. *Entre autres*, 1200 ortolans (*grives?*)—fattened, larded, and *couchés* on a delicate bed of toast—were helped and disposed of in the space of a minute. The only *convives* who exceeded their allotted portion (and this was accomplished by means of an expedient familiar to musicians under the name of "diminution"—two ortolans (*grives?*) disappearing in the same time as one) turned out, on inquiry, to be Burgomaster Booltverbist (of Ypres) and Echevin Zwallow (of Tirlemont). M. Huglmanns, Huglemann, or Hugelman, a French orator, missed his ortolan (*grive?*) while preparing a speech which, for common-sense and eloquence, if not for vivacity, has been frequently surpassed. The ortolan (*grive?*) of M. Huglemanns was despatched, *à l'improviste*, by a German painter, hight Schnell, whose large canvass, "*Wurst und Pumpernickel*," had obtained the honour of an invitation. After "The King," Burgomaster Loos proposed the toast—"*Aux étrangers!—à nos hôtes*"—to which the aforesaid M. Hugelman, Huglemann, or Huglmanns responded teratologically. In allusion to England (which he generously placed next to France), M. Huglemann, Huglmanns, or Hugelman ("Uglyman"—suggested, at the Hôtel "Rydek," an English snob who had not been invited) said that its "*raison d'être*" was not "its vessels and armies of to-day," but *son* Milton, *son* Bayron, *et son* Dick" (query Dickens?)—which I took reason to doubt, seeing that French ships were just now multiplying faster than French poets; whereat M. Hugl(el-le)man(mann-mamns) "*de rire*." But enough of the banquet, and of the speeches, at which the representatives of England "cut" a comparatively mediocre figure—being outdone even by the "*urchs*," "*ists*," and "*isches*" of the Teutons, who, with at least a hundred "colour-poets," and half as many "tone-poets," at the feast, were thirsty, ravenous, tongue-fluent, and obstreperous, "Hoch"-ing and drinking—not "Hoch"-eimer, but Champagn-"eimer"—in equal measures and with equal *genialismus* (G pronounced not as in gin but as in begin). M. Geeraerts, President-director, by the way, super-

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intended "*les apprêts*" with infinite care, and a zeal that showed his heart was in the ortolans — or *vice versâ*, as *Tite Live* and *Quinte Curce* might have written, had they been commissioned to historiograph this banquet in Latin.

What do you care about the dancing in the saloon of the Royal Society of *L'Echo de l'Escaut* (we Londoners have no Royal society called The Echo of the Thames or Serpentine)? What though it was ornamented *à merveille*, and the garden illuminated to boot? What though bouquets, and *patisseries*, and fruits were there in profusion, let who would appropriate them? What though at eleven o'clock M. Charles Rougier, the Minister (Hon. President of the "*Echo*"), unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied, or rather piloted, by Burgomaster Kerchove-Delimon (of Ghent), and was formally received by M. Possoz, of the musical department, with whom, as with MM. Thys, Dumarteau (of-the-hammer), and others, he conversed familiarly? What though the cries of "Vive Rougier!" rent the air? About as much, I believe, as your correspondent, by the way. Pass, therefore, to the "*fête de nuit*," offered to the civic guards of the Kingdom by the administration of the Théâtre des Variétés (more dancing); and thence, without "stoppage," to another "*fête*," offered to the members of the *Congrès Artistique* by the Société Royale d'Harmonie — a veritable *Fête Champêtre*, held in the gardens of the Society, which rivalled Mr. E. T. Smith's "Cremorne" in dazzling splendour and variety of glittering emblem — oil for gas, however, and the odour all the less grateful for being the more convincing (a "convincing odour" is new?). Music took a large part in this "fête," and we (I) only wish it could be reported as a musical exhibition at all suitable to the Festival; but that is unfortunately not the case. A more insipid, spiritless, commonplace achievement than the "*cantate de circonstance*" (words by M. Dumarteau), for which M. Alphonse Lemaire, director of the Society's orchestra, composed the music, has rarely been listened to; and all the vehement ejaculation of M. Tillez, in the solos, could not make it pass for genuine. This, too, was preceded by a festival overture, the composition of M. Henri Simon, in no respect a bit superior. Has modern Flanders nothing better than this to show in the musical department?—or are MM. Lemaire and Simon Antwerpian composers *par excellence*, and therefore entitled to be exposed on each and every such occasion? The rest of the programme was as trifling and uninteresting as possible — even Wagner's trumpery march from *Tannhäuser* assuming a certain degree of importance in the midst of such a heap of harmonious nonentities.

The gardens were literally "crammed," and the ear-stunning vociferations of the Flemings over their beer in the "*Restauratione*" at intervals not only drowned the music, but even the voices of their Teutonic visitors — which was really quite extraordinary, and will be scarcely credited by those who have attended Bradenburgian, Hanoverian, Brunswickian, or Westphalian merry-makings. The illuminations, however, and, above all, the fireworks, made up for all. To save post, I must stop here. The rest next week.

H. H.

THE following letter, received by this day's post, is entitled to consideration, apart from those communications from correspondents to which we are in the habit of devoting special columns hebdomadally. The writer is evidently anxious to establish a case of error and a grievance. He is, however, in all probability, impelled to do so by causes ulterior to any violent attachment to the Art or abstract desire for the dissemination of musical knowledge. As he signs himself "Provinciencis," we must needs conclude he is no true metropolitan, but rather a dweller in the inland, haply some cathedral town, or city, with a music-hall. We might have made shrewder guesses at his whereabouts, but that the post-mark has been in part defaced, and all that remains legible is "— ton-on-Thames." Were it of sufficient moment, and had we our instrument at hand, we might have ascertained to a T, or some other letter, by the aid of the microscope, the exact habitat of our correspondent. His card has been enclosed, or we should not have acknowledged the communication, but the address is wanting. It will, however, answer our purpose better to publish the epistle in full, and reply to it in the best way we can. We consequently print it *verbatim et seriatim*:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

"SIR,—I pray you to exert your powerful and universal influence to expose a system pursued at the provincial festivals, by which the very existence of these earnest and admirable feasts of reason are, in my opinion, and that of many others, seriously threatened. No man than myself has a greater love and admiration for these two giants of the choir, Handel and Mendelssohn; no man can draw deeper delight from hearing those mighty master-pieces of sacred song — the *Messiah* and *Elijah*; no man could hear them oftener with the same ecstacy of enjoyment—the same unwearying sense of pleasure. But, Sir, in the organization of musical festivals, the general public must be consulted and their tastes conciliated. In all probability I should never have noticed the subject of my own accord, nor do I think the idea would ever have occurred to me; but when I hear grumblings from every side, I am compelled to ask myself, is there really any matter for complaint?

"I have attended nearly all the festivals in England for the last twelve or fourteen years, and the staple commodity of each programme at each festival has been, without variation, the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. These two oratorios, indeed, constituted the 'Festival;' the rest was superogatory — mere lace or fringe-work to the garment. Now, the people around me want to know, is this thing to last to the end of the chapter? Are the *Messiah* and *Elijah* to stand as the special performances, say, for the next twenty years? Are audiences to be forced to listen to the same oratorios so often that they must tire of them? Has Handel written but one great work for the sacred choir? Is *St. Paul* to be laid aside for ever for his more popular brother? Is there no living talent worth a trial? Has the love of novelty expired? Have managers no ingenuity — committees no resources? These, Sir, are some of the many questions asked by those with whom I come in contact, all tending to show that the time has arrived when a change in the programmes of musical festivals is imperatively called for — that is, if monetary considerations are to have their weight in such undertakings. Festivals are likely to increase from the impetus given to music of late years; and if they all resolve themselves into performances of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, I tremble for the cause of music in the provinces. There must be a limitation to all delights, and no one will deny that even the pleasure derived from hearing Handel and Mendelssohn's master-pieces would pall upon the sense from too frequent repetition. The period, then, as it seems to me, has arrived when the attention of directors of provincial festivals should be called to a fresher and more liberal provision of their fare, and when the public should no longer be treated as beasts who are always fed on the same viands.

"I trust, Sir, you will advocate this cause with your usual power and freedom from prejudices, and that you will make plain to all concerned in the interests of these grand monster meetings in the provinces, that their vitality depends on an infusion of new blood, and that no one thing in this world can go on in giving pleasure *ad infinitum*.

Yours,

"PROVINCIENSIS."

But for a certain air of earnestness, and some little display

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of reasoning, the above letter might appear intended as a capital joke. The argument of "Provinciensis," in fact, has not a leg to stand on. Nevertheless, as we believe there are a few individuals who, from want of thought, entertain the same opinions, it may be worth while to expose the sophistry of our correspondent, and to show the utter groundlessness of his remarks. It is true that for many years the oratorios of *The Messiah* and *Elijah* have constituted the special features of every Festival given in the provinces of England, and, we may add, Ireland and Scotland. No great Music Meeting in Cathedral or non-Cathedral town has taken place in which they were not the very head and front of the programme. In short they grew into stereotyped performances of the Festivals, and were accepted as such. "No *Messiah*, no Festival—no *Elijah*, no Festival," might have resolved itself into an axiom as self-evident as a rule in mathematics. True, also, this unvarying adherence to two works throughout such a length of time, and in so many various places, might, without reflection, be attributed to prejudice or helplessness on the part of the managers. A moment's consideration will demonstrate that the directors of the Festivals were on every occasion compelled, whether they would or not, to make the oratorios in question their chief selections. That *The Messiah* is the most popular musical composition ever given to the world everybody knows. That *Elijah*, as a sacred work, stands second to *The Messiah* only in the estimation of the public, may be taken for granted. It does not seem at all strange, therefore, that these wonderful master-pieces should be performed more frequently than other sacred compositions. The people love to hear them, can listen to them more than once, and each hearing only serves to increase their delight and veneration. Such works, indeed, fasten themselves on the mind with greater tenacity the oftener they are heard, and are welcomed on their return with all the pleasure of an old acquaintance who comes to see us after an absence. So it is with *Don Giovanni* at the Italian Theatre. No amount of representations can make that glorious opera "used up;" its vitality is insured by a combination of power and beauty hardly to be looked for in any other work.

But let us grapple still closer with "Provinciensis," and annihilate with a word his proposition that the too frequent repetitions of *The Messiah* and *Elijah* will endanger the prosperity of the Festivals. Perhaps the *too frequent repetition* might. This, however, does not take place, and is not likely to take place. The great provincial music gatherings are held once only in three years, and consequently no danger need be apprehended that audiences will grow tired of what they hear so seldom. Above all, facts are stubborn things. It is proved every year at every Festival that *The Messiah* commands the largest attendance during the four days' performances, and, next to the *Messiah*, *Elijah*. The two oratorios together bring to the Charities larger receipts than the rest of the entertainments of the week, sacred and secular. What has "Provinciensis" to reply to this? Would he have the stewards ignore money when organizing the Festivals? Would he have popular feeling sacrificed to gratify a few tired-out amateurs? Perhaps he himself has written an oratorio, and is biding his time until the *Messiah* and *Elijah* have grown stale. If he depend upon that juncture for the bringing out of his work, it will be all the better for Posterity. Plenty of time, we have no doubt, will be given him for correction and improvement.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is pleasing to see that a little more energy has been manifested by the Committee since the retirement of Lord Westmoreland. We, for our part, however, fail to recognise the "national" character of the Tenterden Street institution, and have little hope of the national taste receiving that fostering care so essential to vigorous manhood and hale old age, till the "collective wisdom" shall see fit to extend a portion of that support to music of which the remaining fine arts are considered worthy. Why music—confessedly the most elevating of all arts—should be ignored, it is not for us to determine; but we do hope the day is not far distant when England will lift up its head amongst the nations, as proudly conscious of her musical prowess as of others—utilitarian, it is true, but far less noble and exalted.—*Brighton Gazette.*

MR. SULLIVAN, who carried off the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, has returned from Leipzig, where he had been sent to complete his musical education, under the contrapuntist Hauptmann.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE first specialty of the present series of concerts took place on Monday evening, when a very large audience was attracted by the announcement of a "Mendelssohn night." The first portion of the programme was entirely devoted to the compositions of this great master, the unwaning popularity of whose works in this country attests alike their permanent value and the soundness of English taste. The concert commenced with the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—that marvellous inspiration in which the boy composer (for he was but sixteen when he wrote it) evinced a poetical fancy and romantic imagination worthy of the text which he has illustrated. In nothing have Mendelssohn's facility and geniality (the most invariable accompaniments of high genius) been more remarkably displayed than in his exquisite music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Recurring, after the lapse of many years, to the work of his boyhood, he amplified his early ideas, and composed the incidental pieces which, with the overture, have now taken rank as the most important illustrations which musical art has ever contributed to the works of our great poet. The performance of Monday night was in every way worthy of the occasion. The orchestra, numerically strong and individually excellent, played the overture with a mingled delicacy and fire which left nothing to be desired. The other pieces selected from this work were the *Scherzo*, the *Intermezzo*, the *Notturno*, and the *Wedding March*, which latter was, as it usually is, enthusiastically encored.

The greatest instrumental feature in the selection was M. Sainton's masterly and beautiful performance of the concerto, the only one ever written by Mendelssohn for the violin, and certainly one of the very greatest works of the master. The mechanical difficulties of this wondrous inspiration are so great that violinists capable of vanquishing them are very seldom met with, but rarer still is it to find a performer who thoroughly understands the poetical significance of the work, and can express it genially and consistently even to the smallest details. Such a consummate artist, however, M. Sainton proved himself to be on this occasion; for not only was his playing pure, brilliant, equal in tone, and perfectly *carré*, even in the most rapid and trying passages, but his emotional expression of the music, whether it demanded fervent passion, dignity, pathos or lightness, was all the author himself could have desired. M. Sainton's rendering of this concerto was, in short, a great artistic achievement, and, as such, was duly recognised by the audience, who applauded the eminent French violinist most enthusiastically at the termination of each movement.

Mad. Laura Baxter sang the fine air from "St. Paul" (which suits her noble voice exactly) with appropriate breadth of manner and genuine musical feeling; and the duet from "Son and Stranger" was likewise done ample justice to by the same lady and the accomplished Mlle. Parepa.

The remainder of the Mendelssohn selection consisted of the glowing overture to Ruy Blas—a work which for passionate intensity may pair with Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*. Of the orchestra we have already spoken in terms of high praise, and Mr.

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Mellon's conducting is equally worthy of commendation. He evidently has the score in his mind as well as before his eye. The rest of the concert, consisting of a miscellaneous selection, calls for no special notice.

The success of this first "Mendelssohn night" was unmistakeable, for the spacious "promenade" was densely crowded, and the audience seemed to appreciate completely the profound poetical beauties of the compositions. Never was the important and now generally admitted fact, that there exists in London a great public taste for high musical art, more strikingly exemplified, and we trust that the brilliant result of Monday's performance may induce Mr. Alfred Mellon (whose warmest sympathies, we know, are with the Classic Muse) to venture still further in his honourable endeavours to popularise the orchestral works of the great masters.

Those who paid their shilling (and they were very many hundreds) for the sake of the Mendelssohn part of the concert only, made an excellent investment of their money — indeed nowhere out of London could such music, so well performed, be heard for so small an outlay.

Provincial.

PLYMOUTH. — (*From a Correspondent.*) The opening of the Plymouth Theatre on Monday last brings forcibly to one's mind the old and somewhat hacknied proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," for when it closed some two months ago, the public having a keen perception of the required alterations, hardly believed Mr. Newcombe's promise that it should re-open in August or September; but they evidently did not anticipate the exertions of their untiring and liberal manager, whose outlay on this occasion may be counted by thousands, but whose unflagging zeal can only be fully appreciated by those who are personally acquainted with him. Much as was expected from him, the public, in general were hardly prepared for the view that met their eyes on Monday, for every vestige of the old familiar, but slightly shabby house, had entirely disappeared, and a new one, second to none in the United Kingdom for beauty and comfort had taken its place. At the rise of the curtain the National Anthem was sung by the whole of the company, whose united voices echoing through the house were for one moment drowned by the applause which followed Miss Kate Ranoe's solo. The anthem over, Mr. Newcombe's name was vociferated from every part of the house, in obedience to which he appeared before the curtain, but being totally unprepared with a speech for the occasion, begged to be allowed to wait until after the first piece, when he would address a few words to his patrons.

Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night* ("as revised by the late J. P. Kemble,") and interspersed with vocal music, commenced the season of 1861, the principal parts being taken by Mr. J. O'Sullivan, Miss Kate Ranoe, and Miss Addison. The gentleman, as Duke Orsino, had little to do, but did that little well. Miss Addison was amusing, but hardly gave the idea of Shakspeare's deeply-loving though unloved Viola. This being her first appearance in Plymouth, however, she was, we think, a little anxious, and so scarcely did justice to the ability she possesses. Miss Kate Ranoe's Olivia was well conceived, and played throughout in a quiet, ladylike manner, showing how much may be done with a part, essentially devoid of all clap-trap; the Duke Orsino's messages of love were quietly declared, while her growing love for Cesario, his messenger, became gradually apparent. Both Mr. O'Sullivan and Miss Kate Ranoe (the Mills na Coppaleen and Colleen Bawn of last season) were warmly greeted on their first appearance. Nothing, however, throughout the evening elicited such a universal and unmistakably earnest round of applause as Miss Ranoe's song of "Crabbed age," which, though by no means the most beautiful melody in the piece, was so artistically rendered that it at once turned the scale in the minds of those who wavered in their opinion of the expediency of introducing music into the comedy, and added one tie more to those which had already bound the Plymouth public to this very clever young lady. The remainder of the characters were well sustained, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Newcombe was again called for, when he made a most appropriate and touching speech, in which he showed the difficulties he had experienced in his career of manager, and how, though obstacles appeared at every turn, and success seemed impossible, yet, by an upright course and unflinching determination, he had at last brought the long wished-for goal within view. A farce entitled *The Captain's not a-miss* concluded the evening's entertainment.

STAFFORD. — The Boudoir Opera Company finished their second tour at Stafford, with selections from the *Bohemian Girl* and *Lucrezia Borgia* on the 14th inst., under the patronage of the officers and members of the Stafford Volunteer Rifles, when they had a full house. The splendid band of the corps played several popular selections during the evening, and every one seemed highly delighted. They gave a grand concert the previous evening at Stone under the patronage of Captain Fitzherbert and the officers and members of the Stone Rifle Company: the room was crammed, and the encores numerous. We believe it is the intention of this Company (owing to numerous requests) to go over the same ground again ere long.

A LITERARY LION. — We have had amongst us, for some time a literary lion. He has now gone away, so that we may, without danger of his being overwhelmed with "deputations" and such like obtrusive company, give due publicity to the fact. It was Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, a gentlemen well-known in literary circles in America, and not altogether unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is from his pen that a series of charming sketches of musical life in England have emanated. They appeared originally in *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston), under the pseudonyme, "Diarist," and have frequently been copied into our periodical press. The great work upon which he has been engaged "half a life-time" is drawing towards a close, and we look forward to the only *complete* "Biography of Beethoven" with feelings of unmixed, pleasurable anticipation. Mr. Thayer came to England (from Vienna) to pick up information bearing upon the comprehensive subject, and we have reason to believe that he is perfectly satisfied with the result. Our veteran, Mr. Neate, is in possession of several interesting autographs, which were liberally placed at Mr. Thayer's disposal. We wish him every success in his great and glorious undertaking.—*Brighton Gazette.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. — As Aristophanes claimed, in the *Frogs*, to have the purpose of ridiculing the bad tragedies of the time, so Gay professed, in his *Beggar's Opera*, to declare war against the Italian Opera, which, at that time, was asserting its sway over the public taste, to the serious damage of the legitimate drama. Witnessing the *Beggar's Opera*, as it is performed in our day, we can readily understand its great popularity on its first production. Its songs are enough to account for that. But it is certainly not easy to understand how it came to be regarded as a telling and pungent burlesque upon Italian opera. It does not turn the laugh against opera, in the shape it now assumes. When Macheath sings song after song to Polly, with a few unmeaning words of prose "dialogue" between, we have no suspicion that he is ridiculing the absurd formula of the Italian opera. The actor does nothing to indicate anything of the kind. He is solely intent on singing his songs well, and we are solely intent on hearing them sung. Instead of being a burlesque upon opera, it is an opera itself, recommended only in that it possesses the one enjoyable element of an opera—good music. This is only another proof that the burlesque writer can never trust to his satire and his "purpose," to make his piece "go" with the public. Aristophanes introduced the gross jokes, which he condemned, to rescue his satire from dulness; and Gay adopted sprightly airs for the same purpose. Walker, who first played Macheath, was a better actor than he was a singer; and it is probable that, to this circumstance, the *Beggar's Opera* owes its great reputation as a burlesque. Walker imitated the manner of the Italian actors to perfection, and caused roars of laughter by gestures and by mimicry of operatic action, which are now altogether lost sight of. Had Quin, for whom the part was originally intended, played Macheath, the burlesque of the piece would, probably, never have been brought out; and the *Beggar's Opera* would have been originally what i is now—simply a pleasing burletta.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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THE OLD VOLUNTEER AND THE MYSTIC BASSOON.

It chanced on the evening of yesterday, the 11th of March, being the year of grace 1861, that an old Volunteer met with an incident of so novel a character, that a relation of its principal features may not prove altogether uninteresting. The day had been unusually stormy and rough, even for rough and stormy March. Aurora had indulged in an extra hour or two in bed previous to placing her rosy fingers on the lock of the golden doors of the east, and the steeds of Phœbus, when they did spring from the deep, were immediately confronted by Æolus, whose countenance was more than usually morose, and voice more than commonly hoarse and threatening. Furiously did he rave and scream as he hurled his chilly missiles at the chariot of the god of day, nor ceased till he had compelled him to put up for the night at an hotel at the West-end. In short it was a day which proved beyond cavil that the hour had not yet arrived in which a certain worthy Editor might be able to place his finger upon his nose, as he bids God speed to old Winter.

About an hour after Phœbus had taken up his night's quarters, the old man sat, as has been for many years his wont to do, in his little private room, neatly and unostentatiously furnished. Indeed he was surrounded by all the comforts of life a man of his years could desire. Everything appeared to be in its usual state of efficiency and willingness to adapt itself to all his requirements, if we except his pet canary, which usually favoured him with a canticle before retiring for the night. This he had omitted on the occasion in question; and whether it was the primary cause which threw the old gentleman into a state of melancholy so foreign to his nature, we know not. But this we do know — he *was* in melancholy mood. Reclining on a couch drawn near the cheerful fire, with massive silver-mounted pipe in mouth and hand, he even forgot to inhale the fumes of the fragrant weed, and puffed imaginary clouds long after the fire had unwittingly died out from the handsome China bowl. But, hark! and the old volunteer started from his deep reverie! Had he not heard a voice which sounded like that of some friend in days long long gone bye? He looked wistfully over the room, as though half expecting his eyes must meet some visitant from another sphere. Not so, however. But again the long unaccustomed voice startled the old man's ear, and if it did not mislead him (and this could hardly be possible—for has he not been celebrated for the goodness of his *ear* ever since memory and himself first became acquainted?), it came from out a venerable mahogany case, diurnally dusted by no hands but his own—for Molly, the housemaid, knows it would be more than her place is worth to put sacrilegious hands thereupon.

In the reign of terror expected by old ladies of both sexes, which promised to receive inauguration with the advent of the first Napoleon to these islands, our hero had come forward as a volunteer in defence of home and hearth. His principal weapon was a bassoon—the identical bassoon which had rested in peace in the case above-named since the day its proud owner had heard, on undoubted authority, that the "Little Corporal" had surrendered to the captain of the *Bellerophon*. A great and glorious day was that in the martial eye of our hero; second only to *one*, and that one it was which had rendered his bassoon sacred for ever. The Duke of York and staff were coming to inspect a large body of regulars and volunteers, and a field day was to be held upon the heath. On the route thither, it being a very hot day in June, our friend, with the other members of the volunteer band, had made a call to wet their parching whistles at the Baited Bull Inn, where, having imbibed a liberal quantity of mine host's good cheer, it was resolved that the band should wait till the arrival of the Duke, on whose appearance they should instantly commence playing the march bearing his royal highness's title. But the best laid schemes of men and mice, &c., we all know to be too true, and on this occasion, long ere his royal highness appeared in sight, every member of the—volunteer band, with the single exception of our hero, was, to use his own expressive terms, "dead drunk." But he—all honour be to him—determined his royal highness should be greeted with his favourite march, solo bassoon without accompaniment. And so he was. His royal highness heard it—alighted from his horse—went in to the Baited Bull—praised the performer's performance and the quality of the bassoon—ordered a pint of ale, drank it and rode off, leaving our hero in a state of rapture, and his comrades wrapt in a state of beer. And on recovery, and hearing the events detailed, they held solemn conference with the host, and it was unanimously resolved that henceforth the Baited Bull Inn should be ever known as the Duke of York Hotel.

Here let me pause to ask, Is not our friend to be held in honour for his reverence of *that* bassoon?—undoubtedly he is. He has long learnt to think upon (for he seldom ventures to *look* upon) that bassoon as something of a mystic bassoon. For after the event above recorded he somehow could never get it to aid him properly in the performance of any tune save the Duke of York's March. It mattered not what music he essayed to render thereon, but so sure as he tamely progressed with just seven bars thereof, the bassoon gained the mastery, and was rattling away at the march aforesaid might and main, till the poor half-distracted performer literally sank down from sheer exhaustion.

On the occasion in question, it can be no cause for wonder that the remembrances of these peculiarities of the bassoon crowded thickly into the brain of our hero—indeed the voice before alluded to as half recognised, as that of an old friend, was the voice of the mystic bassoon—the martial notes of the composition so oft-named and to be named here. With mingled feelings of awe and reverence he arose, and drawing from his capacious breeches pocket a bunch of keys, after many failures he applied the right one to the case, and the mystic bassoon saw again the light—not of day, but of short-six. He stood contemplating the bassoon with feelings almost indescribable, and the silence was only broken by occasional gusts of wind revelling amid the trees, which, in their turn, sported with the window panes of the old man's room, and a more frequent hickup (or hiccough) from the otherwise silent looker-on himself. Suddenly something — perhaps a dream — had awakened the favourite canary, and it gave an uncanary scream. The old gentleman tottered towards his little pet to inquire into the cause of its disquietude, but ere he had satisfied himself on this point, he was truly alarmed and terrified by the sound of the Duke of York's March, as played upon the mystic bassoon in the palmy days of his volunteerhood. Facing about as he had never before done since he last donned his regimentals, what was his horror to behold the bassoon, not disjointed and peacefully resting in its case, but — what a case! — standing whole and erect as a bassoon is able to stand, and going it at a rate known only to the late frequenters of poor genial Jullien's promenade concerts! How long this solo lasted it is impossible for him to say, being too greatly alarmed to note Time's march, owing to the mystic notes of the march by the bassoon at the time. He only knows that it did eventually cease, and then, after drawing a deep sigh, it spoke out thus: — "Master, don't be alarmed: I was so glad to get out once more from my prison for a breath of air, which I had no sooner got than I could no longer contain myself, and my long pent-up feelings urged me once more to give you our dear old march, which brought us both so much credit. But, good gracious! how old and used-up you do look! What has befallen you, old chap?" "Hickup," said he in reply. "Here am I," went on the mystic bassoon, "as well and as hearty as I was on the very day H.R.H. complimented me on the strength and beauty of my voice—whilst you;—well, I declare!—ha! ha!! ha!!! why, you'll be food for worms now long before I shall." "Hickup." And the mystic bassoon went on moralising and making odious comparisons between itself and its master; then suddenly throwing a summersault in the air, it again alighted on the floor, and struck up afresh the self-same air in tones most defiant and boisterous; at which moment almost every table, chair, and other available appurtenance of the room, commenced marching three deep round the same, and the old man was fain to take refuge upon his couch, lest his gouty toes should suffer inconvenient proximity to the legs of the articles in motion; but no sooner had he availed himself of a place thereon, than it directly began rising end after end like a rocking-horse; which so decidedly upset his powers of endurance, that Molly, hearing his cries for assistance, hastened in, and eventually got him upstairs and put him to bed. Yet even here he was not entirely free from the mystic power of his bassoon, which kept on dinning into his ears the Duke of York's March, till Morpheus kindly took the old gentleman in hand and lulled him to repose.

Now when the old volunteer rose very, very late next day, with the notes of his favourite march still chiming gently in his ear, he slipped secretly down to his sitting-room ere he had half dressed himself, and with his face partially lathered and shaved, to see what the mystic bassoon might be after then, and on observing it quietly resting in its case, and hearing no sound save the matins (as he wrongly supposed them to be) of his canary, which had introduced a bar or two as a "counterblast" to too much "tobacco,"* he mentally resolved that let Boreas blow cold and loud as he might—let him hurl sleet, snow, hail, or whatever he could, at the chariot of Phœbus, henceforth, never would he stay within again all day long drinking whiskey punch with his holocaust of "shag," so help his mystic bassoon!

W.

* Lest this sentence should be deemed a "dark saying of the wise," I would explain that the poor bird's pipes had been put out of tune through inhaling too plentifully the odours of the "fragrant weed on the previous day

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Melbourne.—The return of the Lyster troupe to the Theatre Royal will be signalised by the production of an original serio-comic opera, entitled "The Gentleman in Black," by Mr. Marsh, of this city. Competent judges speak highly of the music. The principal airs are said to possess a fresh and sparkling character, while the overture indicates not only the inventive powers of the composer's mind, but his knowledge of instrumentation, and his capacity to turn the resources of the orchestra to the best advantage. The opera is to be produced with every regard to scenic effect; and as the period at which the story is laid is that of the first French revolution, and the destruction of the Bastille constitutes the finale, there is ample scope for illustration and effect. We are glad to learn that Mr. Kyte contemplates making some extensive and necessary improvements in the Theatre Royal, including the addition of an elegant refreshment-room for the exclusive use of ladies attending the dress circle. This is proposed to be erected on the west side of the theatre, and will resemble a conservatory, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and a fountain. A new method of illuminating the dress circle is to be introduced, and the present uncomfortable seats are to be replaced by others of a more commodious character.—*Argus*, June 7.

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BOULOGNE.

August. 28, 1861.

If there be any smoke-dried Londoner still undecided where to pass his midsummer holiday, let him make up his mind to come to Boulogne. Nowhere else will he get such a thorough change; no other sea-side town offers more attractions in the way of amusement and relaxation. I am an authority on the subject, for there's not a watering-place on the coast of England of which I cannot speak from personal experience. I have tried Brighton, and have vainly endeavoured to combine enjoyment with submission to the fashionable regulations to which its visitors are supposed to submit. I have been to Ramsgate and Margate, have lounged upon their jetties, and spent my money at their libraries, have been made uncomfortable by the gorgeous, hot-looking velvets of the nosey matrons, and have been jostled rudely by the breast-pinney brethren, who, at this time of year, forsake Jewry to invade the Isle of Thanet and claim it as their own. I have sauntered along the beach at Hastings and calculated the result of a jump from Lover's Seat. Lowestoff and Llandudno are equally well-known to me, while the boasted charms of Scarborough have proved themselves far too fatiguing for my fastidious taste.

To appreciate Boulogne thoroughly I advise a short sojourn *en route* at Folkestone, that most mysterious of all places where, as far as I have ever been able to make out, civilisation is limited to half a dozen houses and a hotel, the rest of the town being apparently in the same condition, and the natives in the same wild state as they might have been when Cæsar visited them. Dine at the Pavilion Hotel *table d'hôte* because it is the worst dinner you can possibly meet with—badly cooked—badly served. If you have time, sleep at the hotel in the dismal room which will be allotted to you—bathe in the morning. Dinner, bed, and bath have their uses. Under other circumstances I should say, avoid them, as you would any cause of misery and unhappiness; but in this instance they will be beneficial and give a spice to your enjoyment of the *petits plaisirs de la vie* provided for you on this side of the water.

Musical people seem to be very generally of my opinion as to the attractions of Boulogne. Prima donnas, tenors, basses, contraltos, pianists, and composers are to be met with everywhere. At the *tables d'hôte*, the promenade, the library, wherever you go, some well-known face will surely meet you, and the only unpleasant feeling likely to interfere with your amusement is the possibility of the labours of the London season being renewed at Boulogne by the innumerable concert-givers and beneficiaires here congregated together. They are, however, devoted to the *dolce far niente*, and apparently have forgotten for the moment all about their programmes and advertisements. Their chief enjoyment is bathing. Now bathing, as carried on in France generally, and at Boulogne particularly, is a very much more respectable and sociable amusement than it is in many sea-side towns on the English coast. At Margate I remember last year being scandalised by the conduct of the bathers, and those who watched them from the shore. There were no regulations as to costume. Men and women were to be seen within a few yards of each other, destitute of any covering whatever; while young ladies who were fortunate enough to inhabit the houses facing the sea, brought their opera glasses into requisition to get a better view of the disgraceful exhibition which daily presented itself to their eager gaze.

Such an outrage on decency as that which is, I dare say, still in practice at Margate and elsewhere in England at the sea-side, would be punished severely in France. At Boulogne the bathers of both sexes are compelled to dress, the fact of being in the water not being considered any excuse for violating the rules of propriety. This year there are certainly some drawbacks to the bathing, but not of a very serious nature. The management of the baths has, I am told, fallen into the hands of the municipal authorities, who have appointed very incompetent persons to carry out the arrangements. Great is the confusion of a morning on the shore among the applicants for tickets, towels, dresses and machines. The *père de famille* with his numerous progeny anxious for a dip gets very impatient. He remonstrates gently at first, but soon begins a crescendo of fire and fury, which attains an alarming height until he is thrust, family and all, into a machine, and carried off into the water, where his anger soon gets cooled. *Après tout* he has only had to wait some short time longer than usual, and the crowd of visitors is sufficient apology for his being forced to do so. In the water you can enjoy a pleasant swim with your fair friend whom you may have met at a *table d'hôte*. That's she in the blue-striped bloomer costume. She swims well, and will very probably beat you if you try a race with her. Take care of the priest who is floundering about in that tremendously long gown, if you happen to strike out too far you may do him serious bodily injury. He looks more like an air mattrass than a human being as he floats on the top of the water.

It is twelve o'clock and everybody's bathing — all the prima donnas, tenors, basses, and contraltos in Boulogne. "Com' è dolce' sta mattina," says Donna Anna, as, she greets you from among the breakers. "Venez nous joindre," screams Fidelio, who is hand in hand with Weber's Concert Stück, dancing and splashing about like an amphibious Bayadère. "Gott im Himmel" exclaims an old German, as he puts his toe in the water. "N'allez pas si loin," shout the officers of the Humane Society to some venturesome swimmer out so far that his head is only a small black speck on the blue expanse. The boat, which is always in attendance, rows after him, and he is made to turn in shore. So it goes on. Girls laughing, children screaming, men shouting, until everybody has had a *demi heure à l'eau*, and gone home to lunch. A drive to the Vallée, or a sail on the Liane, helps to pass away the afternoon very pleasantly, and to get up an appetite for the *table d'hôte* at six o'clock. And what a feast for Lucullus is that *table d'hôte* (no matter at what hotel—the Imperial being the best, *par excellence*) compared to the pyglossian meal at Folkestone. No means are neglected to make the repast as enjoyable as possible. The decorations of the table are elegant and artistic. Flowers and fruits in pretty china dishes, massive gold and silver candelabras have a brilliant effect upon the snow-white spotless cloth spread for a hundred or more visitors, and extending the whole length of the spacious *salle à manger*. The dinner is unexceptionable, well cooked, and capitally served. There are objections to every *table d'hôte*, or rather to dining on any occasion in public. Your opposite neighbour may be a man of vulgar habits and offend your gentility by using his fork as a toothpick, or eating peas with a knife. He may be an insufferable coxcomb, and annoy you by his noisy overbearing conduct — but at the risk of such contingencies you stand a chance of sitting next to an agreeable companion, or of a pair of bright sparkling eyes to look at over the way, either of which is a very pleasant adjunct to a dinner, and raises your spirits accordingly. At Boulogne I have had experience of every sort of neighbour, and am happy to say the more agreeable have hitherto exceeded the objectionable, both in number and effect. Dinner over, there is plenty of amusement, whether at the *Etablissement*, where you can dance or play at cards; at the *Tintilleries*, where you can dance only, but as violently as you like (and that's a consideration with some people); at the Theatre, where you can hear comedies, and now and then an opera, very respectably performed; at the fair, where you can see real Dulcamaras, male and female, retail their medicines to the too confiding populace. It's really worth while listening to the eloquent impudence of these charlatans, who seem to make a very good living by their trade. Last week I heard one hold forth to the crowd from the roof of her carriage, a very decent-looking vehicle, upon the rumble of which were two drummers who preluded every sentence of Mad. Dulcamara by a deafening *rappel*. She sold the medicines of her father, a physician, according to her story, too well off to do so himself. He had made a colossal fortune — she continued to dispense his drugs from purely philanthropic motives. They were perfectly harmless, and to prove it she swallowed a box full, having, she said, a slight attack of indigestion. How the drums beat as the pills went down one by one! It was quite alarming.

Besides the amusements I have mentioned, concerts are occasionally given by the Société Philharmonique, for which artists of the first rank and reputation are engaged. One took place last week, and excited great interest on account of the celebrated Sisters Marchisio being announced to sing.

Here is the programme *in extenso*:—

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SALLE DES CONCERTS, RUE SIBLEQUIN.

SOCIÉTÉ PHILHARMONIQUE DE BOULOGNE.

Mardi, 20 *Août* 1861,

CONCERT AU PROFIT DES PAUVRES.

Chant:

Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio, Soprano,

Mlle. Barbara Marchisio, Contralto,

Premières Chanteuses de l'Opéra.

Piano: M. Gennaro Perrelli,

Violoncelle: M. Ph. Lamoury, Premier violoncelliste solo des concerts de Paris.

PROGRAMME:—Première Partie.

1. Ouverture de la *Muette de Portici*	Auber.
2. Grand duo de *Semiramis* (redemandé) chanté par les sœurs Marchisio	Rossini.
3. Andante religioso et Rondo militaire, exécutés par M. Ph. Lamoury	Servais.
4. Cavatine du *Barbier de Séville*, chantée par Mlle. Barbara Marchisio	Rossini.
5. Fantaisie sur la *Fille du Régiment*, composée et exécuté par M.	G. Perrelli.
6. *La Zingare*, duo chanté par les sœurs Marchisio .	Gabussi.

Deuxième Partie.

1. Ouverture de *Lestocq*	Auber.
2. Fantaisie sur le *Barbier de Séville*, exécutée par M. Ph. Lamoury	Servais.
3. Romance de *Guillaume Tell*: "Sombre Forêt," chantée par Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio	Rossini.
4. 1er Adagio de Concert sur la *Somnambule*, composé et exécuté par M.	G. Perrelli.
5. *Le Carnaval de Venise*, exécuté par M. Ph. Lamoury	Servais.
6. Duo de *Norma*, chanté par les sœurs Marchisio .	Bellini.

M. Al. Guilmant tiendra le piano, qui sort des ateliers d'Érard.

The Salle des Concerts is not a very first-rate music room. Narrow, long, and low, when crammed, as it was on this occasion, it becomes most insufferably hot. To enjoy music one ought to be completely at ease, cool, and comfortable. The architect, in whatever age he lived, was evidently not of this opinion, and from what I have seen of concert rooms, architects generally seem to differ from me. That, however, by the way. The band of the Philharmonique consists of amateurs, and is therefore exempt from criticism—a fortunate circumstance for all the amateur bands I have ever heard. The Boulogne Sterndale Bennett (judging from his back), is a good-natured musician. He took things very quietly (judging from his back), and allowed no mishap to disturb his equanimity. His shoulders are broad and his head small, so that, as far as one can tell (judging from his back), he is physically qualified for the position he fills. True, he might have got red in the face when the amateur trumpet came in too soon, or have shaken his fist privately at the violoncello, and made signs indicative of wrath at the bassoon, but if he did, it was so well managed, that judging from all he deigned to show the public, viz. his back, there is not a more easy-going conductor in the world than he is. The concert having been inaugurated by the overture to *Masaniello*, the amateurs and their conductor left the platform, and the Sisters Marchisio appeared. The great attraction of the evening, they were greeted with loud and prolonged applause. It says a great deal for the energy and enterprise of the directors of the Société, that they bring such artists to sing at their concerts, it being well known that the "sisters" demand and receive as extravagant terms as any other vocalists of the present day.

They fully justified their engagement, by attracting an audience which filled the Salle des Concerts to overflowing. The opinion of the continental press of the talent of the two young ladies is already familiar to the readers of the Musical World. Wherever they have appeared, the enthusiasm of the public has been excited by the perfection of their duet singing. It is difficult to imagine anything more sympathetic and harmonious than the blending of their voices, while the extraordinary vocal facility they have acquired, enables them to execute the most surprising *fioriture* and cadenzas with unerring certainty and effect. The *Semiramide* duet they sang as arranged for them expressly by Rossini himself. It met with immense success. M. Lamoury is a violoncellist of very great talent, and had he contented himself with playing twice, would have left a most agreeable impression. But three violoncello solos are too many in one evening. The listener became satiated and fatigued long before M. Lamoury had brought his cello gymnastics to a termination.

M. Gennaro Perrelli plays the piano with a touch as light as air, and astonished everybody by his performance of some variations for the left hand alone. As far as mechanical skill is concerned, M. Perrelli was completely successful; but, for my own part, I would rather listen to the young lady playing a simple melody from the *Mariage aux Lanternes* in the next room, than all the arpeggios and difficulties ever overcome by patience at the sacrifice of sentiment. But then I am not a musician, and M. Perrelli might say I know nothing about it. The concert was finished brilliantly by the *Norma* duet, after which the fresh air afforded a most agreeable change to the stifling atmosphere of the crowded room. Since the Société Philharmonique there has been nothing remarkable to disturb the daily routine of bathing, lunching, driving, and dining. Should anything further happen it shall be duly recorded by the

Antheater.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Birmingham, Aug. 26th.

I arrived here this evening, and immediately wended my way to the hostelry I always "use," as Jeames would say, for there I am certain of being well treated. In my opinion, a great deal more depends upon a critic's securing comfortable quarters and generous diet than people usually imagine. Napoleon declared that the stomach ruled mankind, and Theodore Hook has described—too truly, I am afraid—how the judges' after-dinner verdicts at the Old Bailey were influenced by the quality of the marrow-puddings and the flavour of the sheriffs' fine crusted old port. I always make it a rule, therefore—for the sake of art, mind you, and not my own—to look after my creature-comforts, as much as possible, on occasions like the present, and, to tell the truth, I generally succeed pretty well.

Of course, the approaching Festival is the great theme of conversation, and excites a vast amount of enthusiasm among all classes. From the current reports, there is every reason to believe that, this year, it will prove a grand success, both artistically and pecuniarly. For the first fact we have a guarantee in the names of the artists engaged; and, for the second, in the anxiety displayed to obtain places. However, we shall see, or, to adopt a foreign phrase never before employed—*Nous verrons.*

Aug. 27th.

I have just had the pleasure of listening to one of the finest performances of *Elijah* it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Nothing could have gone off better. The principal singers, the chorus, the orchestra, and, though last not least, the conductor, Mr. Costa, are entitled to the highest praise. Before proceeding further in matters musical, I may, perhaps, mention parenthetically, in terms of sincere commendation, the efforts made by the proper authorities to secure the comfort of their visitors. A great deal has been said, and justly, of the precautions adopted by the managers of public fêtes in Paris and other foreign cities, but, after having seen the order and regularity that prevailed in Birmingham to-day, it would have been impossible for any one to repeat the parrot-cry, "They do these things much better in France." Barriers had been erected along the principal thoroughfares leading to the magnificent Town Hall, so that, although the crowd was very great, the visitors were not incommoded by it in the slightest degree. In fact, everything, including the weather itself, was all that could be desired.

Since the last Festival, the interior of the Town Hall has been redecorated, in a style which would gladden the heart of Mr. Owen Jones himself. The means of illumination, too, have been improved by some classical gas-candelabra, a present from the Messrs. Elkington. Altogether, the building, when filled, this

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morning, by its audience of well-dressed women and men, all in holiday attire, and in the best possible spirits, presented a *coup-d'œil* which will not easily be forgotten by those present.

The appearance of Mr. Costa in the orchestra was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause, the best proof how deeply the celebrated conductor's efforts are appreciated by the good people of Birmingham, as well as by the members of the chorus and orchestra, who were quite as demonstrative as the general public.

The proceedings commenced with the National Anthem, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the first verse, while the second was arranged as a quartet, sung by the above lady, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, the whole audience standing up in obedience to the time-honoured custom. Then came the real business of the day, the oratorio itself. As I have previously remarked, it was magnificently given. *Elijah* is identified with Birmingham, and no festival here would be considered complete without it. The local amateurs composing the chorus know the work by heart; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, they have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's advice and guidance for a week or so, we can easily understand that their performance must be immeasurably superior to that of the various associations at the grand musical gatherings in Germany, where the vocalists, to the number of one or two thousand, as at Nuremburg lately, have only one rehearsal. I do not mention this with a view to depreciate the efforts of the natives of Fatherland, but merely to chronicle the fact that England, unmusical as foreigners will persist in calling her, frequently sets an example, even in music, which might with advantage be followed by those who are eternally asserting they are our superiors in all that relates to the divine art of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, of Handel and Mozart. Were I to notice in detail all the fine effects in the singing of the chorus, I should greatly exceed the space allotted to me in the columns of the Musical World. I never heard finer choral vocalism. Thus, not only were what used to be considered the grander choruses, the *chevaux de bataille* of the choristers, exquisitely given, but those choruses to which less attention was formerly paid, such as "Blessed are the men," "The watching over Israel," and "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," were rendered with a delicacy, an amount of feeling, and a degree of precision which imparted to them an importance they never before possessed in the minds of the general public—however much musicians may have been impressed with their consummate loveliness — and prove that, high as *Elijah* has hitherto stood in popular estimation, its fame has not yet attained its culminating point, but will go on steadily increasing from year to year, as fresh beauties, hitherto unsuspected, like the existence of gold in Australia only a short time since, continue to be evolved. Man's intelligence requires to be matured up to the appreciation of great works. Shakspeare had long slumbered with the dead ere his sublime productions met with anything like the respect due to their transcendant merits; and such, I am inclined to believe, is the case with the creations of Mendelssohn. Before concluding my notice of this portion of the performance, I may mention that, at a signal from the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the president on the occasion, the final chorus of the first part, "Thanks be to God," was repeated.

I now come to the solo singers. The soprano music was confided to Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The former lady has evidently made great strides in the rendering of oratorio music since her first essay in the *Creation*. The music in *Elijah* is evidently better suited to her powers than that of Haydn's masterpiece, and the experience she has gained is of great use to her. "Nobody is missed" was a favourite axiom of Talleyrand, the astute, and, though we cannot help regretting that we shall no more listen to the sweet, pure tones of Clara Novello, or the fascinating strains of Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, Mlle. Titiens' singing to-day went far to prove the truth of the observation which emanated from the cynical heart of the wily ex-priest and whilome diplomatist. Her execution of the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb piece of artistic vocalisation and expressive declamation—calm, lofty, and unaffected. Her pronunciation of the English words, moreover, was extremely satisfactory, and proves how assiduously she must have laboured to approach perfection — which I am almost tempted to assert she has attained — in every imaginable respect. In the double quartet, "For he shall give," in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," and in the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy" — in the last especially — her natural aptitude for oratorio was placed beyond a doubt. The music of *Elijah* is not exactly adapted to Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. Nevertheless, she is far too accomplished a vocalist ever to disappoint altogether the expectations of her audience, and belie her well-earned reputation in other branches of the art. But her style is rather too light for the severe and measured tread of oratorio. I intend these observations generally, for she was very fine in the concerted pieces, as well as in the duet between the Widow and the Prophet. The contralto music was divided between Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, who fully sustained their previous reputation. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was especially good in the air "O rest in the Lord," which was repeated at the request of the noble President, for the audience have no ostensible part in the matter, being requested to refrain from all manifestations of applause at the morning performances, although they are allowed to be as demonstrative as they choose in the evening. The opinion of the Musical World with regard to encores is, by this time, pretty well known to all its readers. But if the system of overtaxing the powers of artists is bad, or if it is out of place for the general public to call for the repetition of a particular piece, why should the said system still be pursued by the President himself, who, above all others, I should say, is bound to set a good example and preserve order and decorum? Such an arrangement savours too much of a partiality for cringing towards those in high places. It may suit the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, but is far from appropriate in a great centre of intelligence and political liberty like Birmingham. In the words of Hamlet, I beg to say, "Reform it altogether." But *revenons à nos moutons*. Miss Palmer was excellent throughout, distinguishing herself more particularly in the air, "Woe unto them," which she rendered with touching expression and artistic finish. Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and never sang with more spirit than on this occasion. His rendering of the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," was superb. The same may be said of the accompanied recitative, "Man of God," in Part II., and, "Then shall the righteous." Mr. Santley was heard to great advantage in all the music allotted to him. His rendering of the song, "Lord God of Abraham," and, "Is not His word like fire?" created a deep impression M Montem Smith effectively discharged his duties as second tenor and the subordinate parts in the double quartet were well sustained by Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Mason, Briggs and Smythson. The final quartet, "O! come every one," sung by Mlle. Titiens, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley, was a great treat. It narrowly escaped repetition, for the President gave the signal for an encore. But Mr. Costa, somewhat like Nelson, perhaps, on a certain occasion, did not see it, and thus the artists' lungs were spared. The final chorus, "And then shall your light," formed, by the manner in which it was delivered, a worthy conclusion to this magnificent performance. I should be guilty of an act of most culpable omission were I not again to state that the playing of the band was simply magnificent. It could not have been surpassed, and but seldom equalled.

Among the notabilities—the *sommités*, as the French style them —were the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, president; the Mayor of Birmingham and party, Lord Calthorpe, the Hon. Miss Calthorpe, the Hon. Augustus Calthorpe, Colonel the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe and party, Mrs. Dugdale, Mr. W. S. Dugdale, jun., the Rev. W. Astley, Lady Willoughby de Broke and party, Lady Mordaunt and party, Lord Wrottesley and party, Viscount Lifford and the Hon. Miss Hewitt, Sir Francis Scott, Lady Scott, and party; Sir W. Hartopp, Lady Hartopp, and party; the Hon. and Rev. W. Lyttelton and party, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd and party, the Hon. and Rev. John Bridgeman and Miss Moncrieff, the Rev. Mr. Biddulph and party, the Rev. Herbert Peel and party, the Baroness Windsor and party, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Clive, Lady Sandys and party, Mr. T. H. Foley, M.P., and party, Mr. W. Scholefield, M.P., and party, Sir T. Winnington, M.P., and party, Mr. John Hardy, M.P., Mrs. Hardy and party, Sir Francis Shuckburgh and party, Sir John Trollope, M.P., and party, Mr. Howard Galton and party, Lord Raglan and party, the

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Rev. W. Graham, the Hon. Colonel Legge and party, Lord Somerville and party.

The general audience numbered more than 1500 persons, and the total receipts, including donations and collections, amounted to 1809*l.* 17s. 10d., a welcome addition to the funds of that admirable institution, the General Hospital.

Aug. 28th.

Really, the duties of critic on a London musical paper are by no means light. At the close of the London season, the gentleman who "does" the theatres, may pack up his portmanteau or carpet-bag, and proceed in search of that relaxation he so much needs after his weary labours. He may visit Paris or Baden Baden; drop in to see a friend at Berlin or Vienna; pay a visit to the Tyrol, scale Mont Blanc, or pass a pleasant fortnight in exploring and admiring the beauties of the Rhine. If he be more homely in his tastes, he may roam through the lake districts, lounge on the esplanade at Brighton, or eat shrimps and wear buff slippers at Margate. He is not sent about the country to record the provincial achievements of dramatic stars. Were Robson and M. Fechter to appear in the same piece at the Theatre Royal, anywhere out of the sound of Bow Bells, Londoners would be perfectly contented to put up with the accounts furnished by the local gentlemen of the press. But the poor musical critic is differently situated from his dramatic *confrère*. For him there is no rest, and *nolens volens*, after laying down his pen as soon as Belgravia envelops its parlour blinds in old newspapers and Pall Mall is deserted, he must be off into the provinces to record the musical doings there. His task is certainly rendered agreeable when he can hear such a performance as the one I have just noticed, but, alas for his patience and his nerves, when he is doomed to sit out a "miscellaneous concert," such as that given last evening! The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (*Siege of Corinth*), Rossini; Duo—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Belletti, "Signorina, in tanta fretta" (*Don Pasquale*), Donizetti; Song—Miss Palmer, "Save, Father, on the sea," Hatton; Trio—Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Ti prego, O Madre pia," Curschmann; Aria—Signor Giuglini, "Spirito gentil" (*Favorita*), Donizetti; Glee—Mad. L. Sherrington, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti, "Blow, gentle gales," Bishop; Aria—Mlle. Adelina Patti, "Ah! fors e lui" (*Traviata*), Verdi; Duo—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "La ci darem la Mano" (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart; Song—Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "The days that are no more" (Poetry by Tennyson), Blumenthal; Scena—Mlle. Titiens, "Softly sighs," Weber; Concerto Pianoforte—Miss A. Goddard, in G Minor, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Ballad—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Fresh as a Rose," Balfe; Trio—Mad. L. Sherrington, Mad. Rudersdorff, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "Night's lingering shades" (*Azor e Zemira*), Spohr; Aria—Signor Belletti, "Sorgete" (*Maometto Secondo*), Rossini; Air—Mad. Rudersdorff, "Isabelle la oruelle" (*La Circassienne*), Auber; Duo—Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, "Da quel di" (*Linda di Chamouni*), Donizetti; Aria—Mlle. Adelina Patti, "Ah, non credea mirarti" (*Sonnambula*), Bellini; Duo—Signor Giuglini and Signor Belletti, "Claudio ritorna" (*Elisa e Claudio*), Mercadante; Scena—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, "The Shadow Song" (*Dinorah*), Meyerbeer; Duo—Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley, "Crudel Perche" (*Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart; Finale, Tutti—"Vadasi via di qua," Martini.

Now, there is not a number in the above with which every musical Londoner is not on terms of the most intimate acquaintance, and therefore you may judge of the effect the entire selection exercised upon your Correspondent, who had not only to listen to, but to report on it. However, "Needs must when the devil drives," and therefore I will at once proceed to give you a faithful account of the proceedings. In the first place, the two overtures were great hits. Need I say they were both splendidly given by the band? Miss Palmer produced a highly favourable impression in Hatton's ballad, "Save, Father, on the sea." Of the other two ballads, "The days that are no more," sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and "Fresh as a rose," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, the latter appeared to suit the audience more especially, as great efforts were made to prevail on Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat it, but that gentleman was true to his principle of not accepting encores, and declined acquiescing in the general wish. The same was not the case with Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini it the duet, "Da quel di," from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. By the way, we have every reason to be thankful for the appearance of Signor Giuglini at the Festival. He was travelling from Brighton on Sunday by the train which ran into the excursionists, and might have shared the deplorable fate of so many others. As it is, he has escaped with merely a bruised hand. He accepted an encore also in "Spirito gentil," from the same composer's *Favorita*. Of the duets, in addition to the one already noticed, that from *Don Pasquale*, "Signorina, in tanta fretta," sung by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Belletti, produced no marked sensation, but appeared caviare to the Birminghamites. Mozart's "La ci darem la Mano," sung by the same lady and Mr. Santley, went, on the contrary, in splendid style; but Mercadante's "Claudio ritorna," from *Elisa e Claudio*, was not more successful than "Signorina, in tanta fretta," although given by Signori Giuglini and Belletti. Mozart's "Crudel, perché," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, however, excited the liveliest marks of approbation. The trio by Curschmann and that by Spohr met with a hearty welcome. The freshest piece in the programme was "Isabelle la cruelle," from the veteran Auber's last opera, *La Circassienne*. This was confided to Mad. Rudersdorff, who acquitted herself as she invariably does. But why should I go on, noticing the programme piece by piece, and repeating opinions which must long ago have become familiar to every reader of the MUSICAL WORLD? Let me proceed to the more remarkable events of the evening. The first, according to its place in the programme, was the *début* of Mlle. Adelina Patti before a Birmingham audience. It may be boldly asserted, without fear of contradiction, that every person among the vast assembly collected each night within the Town Hall awaited with anxious expectation the appearance of our recent musical importation from America, an importation in the eyes of sundry enthusiastic musicians worth all the cotton ever sent from New Orleans, though even artists would feel terribly at a loss, if suddenly deprived of the ordinary and highly necessary articles manufactured from the material in question. Of course, when I used the expression "every person," a line or two above, I alluded to the Warwickshire lads and lasses *pur sang*, and not to those of "the nobility, gentry, and others," who although born, perhaps, in the country, visit it only when fashion declares it *mauvais ton* to be seen in town. The great majority of the audience—taking that word in the acceptation I intend—wished, in the first place, to hear Mlle. Adelina, in order that they might not be behind the age, for they follow the taste of London with regard to a fair artist, as much as in the weighty matter of a new shape for bonnets, or a novelty in mantles; and they wished, in the second place, to hear her in order to rid themselves of the airs of superiority assumed by the small minority who had already done so. The latter looked forward to the appearance of the young lady with an inward chuckle, and a complacent smile, as much as to say, "Wait a moment; it is all right. We have told you she is magnificent, and you will soon see whether we were not right." In fact, if I may judge from some half dozen who chose the fascinating *doncella* as their theme of discourse with me, they made her success rather a personal matter. At length, the wished-for moment arrived, and Mlle. Adelina stood on the platform. In a moment, aye, in less, a thousand glances were levelled at her. It struck me that the first impression was one of incredulity, and those who had reported such marvels of the youthful *prima donna*, fell at least cent. per cent. in the estimation of their fellow provincials, as far as the article of veracity was concerned. But this state of things did not continue long, and ere Mlle. Patti had concluded the *cabaletta* of her first air, she had worked her audience up to a state of enthusiasm. Her success was no longer—if it had ever been—a matter of doubt, and her fame received the Brummagen stamp, this time, by the way, impressed upon a first-rate article. Her triumph in the air from *La Sonnambula* was even more brilliant, and the "Ah! non giunge" excited a tempest of applause, which could not be allayed until she had accepted an encore, which she had refused to do in her first air. The other great event of the evening was the performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard. I regret to say that, after leaving Boulogne to be present here last evening, this gifted lady had been attacked by such severe indis-

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position as to render it a matter of doubt whether she would be able to play. Her absence would have deprived the lovers of really fine music of a most intellectual treat. Not a sign of her indisposition was apparent in her performance. On the contrary, as if to show what she *could* do, she fairly excelled herself. Her reading and rendering of the *adagio* was masterly, delicate, and expressive, in the extreme, while under her magic touch the *andante* was invested with a charm, a beauty, it is impossible to describe. The applause she received was tremendous, and caused one to regret that one or two more such samples of genuine classical music had not been included in the programme. Why, for instance, among the many hackneyed pieces set down, could there not have been a grand orchestral symphony? Echo answers, Why? Let us hope that those gentlemen who have the management of the next Festival may be induced to give this subject their serious consideration, and treat their audiences to something more in accordance with the spirit of the present day, and with the rapid strides made by classical music of a high order during the last twenty years. I must now conclude, but before doing so, I will add that the concert, as a whole, undoubtedly delighted the audience, and sent them home in great good-humour.

[For an account of the performance of *Samson*, given on Wednesday morning, we refer our readers to an article in our leading columns from the pen of our correspondent.—H. H., Ed.]

Aug. 29th.

Very grave doubts had been entertained and freely expressed, before the commencement of the Festival, whether the Committee had acted judiciously when, in lieu of the usual miscellaneous concerts, they came to the determination of giving an oratorio in the evening, an oratorio having already furnished the bill of fare for the morning. The opponents of the course adopted maintained that two oratorios in the same day would not only pall upon the public, but also prove rather severe work for the singers. *Toujours perdrix*, they said, is a thing to be avoided, however fine and succulent each individual bird may be. The supporters of the committee asserted, on the other hand, that the objections urged against the plan were obviously futile, because there was a different audience in the evening to that in the morning. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a question which has been asked ere now, and, as a rule, Time alone can answer it. This has been the case in the present instance. Time has now demonstrated that the plan was not a wise one. As compared with the miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening, there was a falling off at the performance of *The Creation* last evening in the receipts, which amounted only to 642*l.* 10s., a fact all the more to be regretted since Art on occasions like the present is intended to assist the cause of Charity. But I will leave financial matters and proceed to notice the more striking points in the performance, for anything like a detailed criticism would be superfluous, considering how well the public is acquainted both with the work itself and with the rendering of it by most of the principal performers. The following was the "cast" of the *Creation* yesterday evening:—

Part. I.—Introduction, "Representation of Chaos;" Recitative, Signor Belletti, "In the beginning;" Chorus, "And the Spirit of God;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "And God saw the light;" Air, Mr. Montem Smith, "Now vanish;" Chorus, "A new created world;" Recitative, Signor Belletti, "And God made the firmament;" Air and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, "The marvellous work;" Recitative and Air, Signor Belletti, "Rolling in foaming billows;" Recitative and Air, Mlle. Titiens, "With verdure clad;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "And the heavenly host;" Chorus, "Awake the harp;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "In splendour bright;" Chorus, Trio, and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Montem Smith and Signor Belletti, "The heavens are telling."

Part II.—Recitative and Air, Mlle. Titiens, "On mighty wings;" Recitative and Arioso, "And God created great whales;" Terzetto, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "Most beautiful appear;" Trio and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "The Lord is great;" Recitative and Air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone;" Recitative and Air, Mr. Sims Reeves "In native worth;" Recitative, "And God saw everything;" Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work;" Trio, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti, "On Thee each living soul awaits;" Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work."

Part III.—Introduction and Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "In rosy mantle appears;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "By Thee with bliss;" Chorus, "For ever blest be his power;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "O star the fairest;" Chorus, "Proclaim in your extended course;" Recitative, Mr. Santley, "Our duty we have now performed;" Recitative, Mad. L. Sherrington, "O Thou for whom I am;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "Graceful consort;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "O happy pair;" Chorus, Solo parts by Mad. L. Sherrington, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "Praise the Lord, ye voices all."

Mlle. Titiens fully sustained her recently earned reputation as a singer of sacred music of the first class. Her rendering of "The marvellous work," and of the airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," excited but one sentiment among the audience—that of profound and well-merited approbation, and more than confirmed the decision lately pronounced upon this lady in the same work at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington gave universal satisfaction in the music of Eve, while Mr. Santley did as much in that allotted to Adam. The bass music in the first and second parts was sung by Signor Belletti with his usual excellence. The tenor music in the first part was confided to Mr. Montem Smith; the remainder being reserved for Mr. Sims Reeves, who produced as great a sensation as ever in the recitative and air, "In native worth." The choruses were admirably given; and, to sum up, the whole performance passed off most satisfactorily, despite the chilling absence of anything like applause.

It is as difficult to say anything new about the *Messiah*, which was the oratorio selected for this morning, as it is about the *Creation*. The parts were thus distributed:—

Part. Overture; Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "Comfort ye;" Air, "Every valley;" Chorus, "And the glory of the Lord;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Santley, "Thus saith the Lord;" Air, Madame Sainton-Dolby, "But who may abide?" Chorus, "And He shall purify;" Recitative, Miss Palmer, "Behold! a virgin;" Air and chorus, "O Thou that tellest;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Santley, "For behold! darkness;" Air, "The people that walked;" Chorus, "For unto us a child;" Pastoral Symphony; Recitative, Mad. L. Sherrington, "There were shepherds;" Recitative (accompanied), "And lo! the angel;" Recitative, "And the angel said;" Recitative (accompanied), "And suddenly;" Chorus, "Glory to God;" Air, Mad L. Sherrington, "Rejoice greatly;" Recitative, Miss Palmer, "Then shall the eyes;" Air, "He shall feed his flock;" second part, Mad. L. Sherrington, "Come unto Him;" chorus, "His yoke is easy."

Part II.—Chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God;" Air, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "He was despised;" Chorus, "Surely he hath borne;" Chorus, "All we, like sheep;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "All they that see Him;" Chorus, "He trusted in God; Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "Thy rebuke;" Air, "Behold and see;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "He was cut off;" Air, "But Thou didst not leave;" Chorus, "Lift up your heads;" Full Chorus, "He is the King of Glory;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Unto which of the angels;" Chorus, "Let all the angels;" Air, Mad. Rudersdorff, "How beautiful;" Chorus, "Their sound is gone out;" Air, Signor Belletti, "Why do the nations;" Chorus, "Let us break;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "He that dwelleth;" Air, "Thou shalt break them;" Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah."

Part III.—Air, Mlle. Titiens, "I know that my Redeemer;" Quartet, Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "Since by man came death;" Chorus, "By man came also;" Quartet, Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "For as in Adam all die;" Chorus, "Even so in Christ;" Recitative (accompanied), Signor Belletti, "Behold! I tell you;" Air, "The trumpet shall sound" (Trumpet Obbligato, Mr. Harper);" Grand Chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb." Amen.

The performance was magnificent. Again did the great German *prima donna*, Mlle. Titiens, electrify her audience. Her rendering of the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was sublime. The other more noticeable points was the singing of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in "Rejoice greatly;" of Mad. Sainton-Dolby in "He was despised;" and of Mr. Sims Reeves in the whole of the music which fell to his share. The chorusses went admirably, the "Hallelujah" being encored by the President.

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The receipts amounted to the large sum of 2,653*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, thus proving that the attraction of *The Messiah* is as great as it ever was, except in the solitary instance of the Festival here in 1855, when it drew 2,370 persons to the Town Hall.

Among those present were the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot (president) and party, the Mayor of Birmingham and party, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the Hon. Colonel Legge and party, the Earl of Powis and party, the Countess of Bradford, Miss Moncrieff and party, Viscount Lifford, the Hon. Miss Hewitt and party, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke and party, Mrs. Monckton, Sir John Trollope, Bart., M.P., Lady Trollope and party, Lord Wrottesley and party, Lord Lyttelton and party, the Hon. Georgiana Leigh, Colonel the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, the Misses Calthorpe and party, Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart., and party, Lady Mordaunt and party, the Rev. Mr. Biddulph and party, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., Lady Charlotte Chetwynd and party, Sir William Hartopp, Bart., Lady Hartopp and party, Sir Francis Scott, Bart., Lady Scott and party, Admiral Parker and party, C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Newdegate, Miss Boucherett and party, J. Hodgetts Foley, Esq., M.P., and party, Henry Whitmore, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Whitmore and party, the Rev. Herbert Peel and Mrs. Peel, Mrs. Dugdale and party, the Rev. Mr. Astley, Edward Bolton King, Esq., and party, J. H. Galton, Esq., and party, Samuel Pole Shaw, Esq., and party, A. G. Manley, Esq., and party, the Baroness Windsor and party, Mr. Lygon, M.P., and party, the Dowager Lady Ward and party, the Rev. C. Holbech and party, Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart, and party, Sir R. Alleyne, Bart., and party, Lady Louisa Whitmore, John Hardy, Esq., M.P., and party, Lord Raglan, Lady Raglan, and party, the Hon. and Rev. H. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot, Samson Hanbury, Esq., Mrs. Hanbury and party, the Rev. William Greenstreet and party, the Hon. L. Butler and Miss Butler, Mrs. Biddulph and party, the Hon. Miss Rushout.

The concert this evening will doubtless prove a great hit, seeing that Miss Arabella Goddard is to play Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, and that both Mlle. Titiens and Mlle. Patti are announced to appear. To-morrow we are to have Beethoven's Mass in D, with Handel's *Israel*, and Hummel's Motett *Alma Virgo*, in which Mlle. Patti will sing. The Festival will be brought to a conclusion by *Judas Maccabæus*, and on Saturday there will be a performance of *La Sonnambula* at the theatre, with Mlle. Patti, Signori Ronconi and Tiberini in the principal parts.

NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* The Musical World *is established at the Magazine of* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To Concert Givers.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* The Musical World.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Birmingham, August 29th.

Sir,—The performance of Handel's *Samson* at the Birmingham Festival on Thursday last was, on the whole, one of the most satisfactory that has taken place since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor, and, indeed, since our great music-meeting has assumed the high position it now occupies. Of the oratorio itself—now happily becoming more and more familiar to the musical public, and gradually vindicating the high opinion entertained by its composer, who (perpetually, it would seem, overlooking the still more magnificent *Israel*) hesitated whether to accord his preference to *Samson* or the *Messiah*—we need say very little. That *Samson* is the most essentially dramatic of those compositions, the subjects of which Handel was enabled to gather from Sacred Writ, will be generally admitted; nor can the fact of two such vast and elaborate works as this oratorio and its immediate precursor, the great musical epic of Christianity, having been commenced and terminated within the incredibly short interval of ten weeks (from August 22nd, when the *Messiah* was begun, to October 12th, when *Samson* was finished) be too often dwelt upon, with wonder at the genius that conceived and the art that accomplished such a herculean labour.

The additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Costa, the claims of which to favourable consideration have been more than once discussed, would appear now to be indispensable at every grand performance of *Samson;* and certainly the splendid band of instrumentalists under that gentleman's vigorous control take pains that no effect contemplated by their much-respected chief shall be lost or slurred over. So that, while strict Handelians may indulge in a notion that, here and there, a little too much has been added by the ready and skilful hand of a modern Italian musician to the original granite structure of an old Teutonic giant, few can feel otherwise than gratified at the perfect manner in which the interpolations, such as they are, are allowed to assert their intrinsic value. The choruses on Thursday were worthy all praise, and the immense benefit derived from the weekly practices of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society and the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, again received unanimous acknowledgment. Not to enter into minute details, the whole of that stupendous scene, at the end of Part II., in which the rival apostrophes of Israelites and Philistines are exhibited, now alternately, now combined in one colossal burst of harmony—in which are set forth the antagonistic protestations of Micah, friend of Samson, and of Harapha the giant; in which the solemn choral invocation of the Hebrew, "Hear Jacob's God!" meets a derisive comment in the riotous epithalamium of the idolaters, "To song and dance we give the day;" and lastly, in which a triumphant climax is attained with "Fixed in his everlasting seat" (a masterpiece of choral effect, unsurpassed even by Handel)—all this revealed the utmost possible efficiency: and the impression produced on the enormous crowd assembled in the Town Hall was indescribable. But the great choral displays in the first and second parts of the oratorio, from "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound" (the celebration, by the priests of Dagon, of the festival in honour of their idol), to "Then round about the starry throne" (the prophecy of celestial glory, with which the Israelites stimulate the religious zeal of Samson) in the one, and from "To dust His glory they would tread," to the "Fixed in His everlasting seat" in the other—have obtained frequent and enthusiastic acknowledgment. Less generally appreciated, considering their excellence, have hitherto been the picturesque choruses in Part III., "With thunder armed, great God arise," ending with a musical embodiment of the act of prayer in the highest degree impressive; "The Holy One of Israel be thy guide," spirited enough to arouse the dormant energies of

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the most crestfallen hero; "Great Dagon has subdued our foe," and "Hear us, our God, O hear our cry," the first expressing the joy of the Philistines at their supposed victory, the last their despair at the unexpected catastrophe, which has involved their enemy and prisoner, Samson, with themselves, in one common ruin—both masterpieces; "Weep, Israel, weep!" the lamentation of the Israelites for their lost champion—in pathos not to be excelled; "Glorious hero," following the "Dead March" (rival to the more noted one in *Saul*)—with which chorus the oratorio originally terminated; and "Let their celestial concerts all unite"—a happy after-thought, as a morning contemporary reasonably infers, by means whereof the composer averted an anti-climax, and brought his great work to a conclusion with becoming pomp and majesty. These—excepting "Weep, Israel, weep!" which was occasionally out of tune, and "Glorious hero," in certain parts unsteady—were so finely executed by the chorus in the present instance that their merits were just as sensibly felt as those of any of the more renowned choral pieces preceding them. In short, this performance of *Samson* may be fairly set down as one of the most honourable achievements of the Birmingham Festival—an achievement, indeed, to which the Directors are entitled to look back with pride.

The solo music was, for the most part, equally successful. Miss Banks, apparently not at all disconcerted by the unaccustomed largeness of the arena in "Let the bright seraphim" (deriving, it should be stated, no small advantage from the way in which the famous trumpet part was given by Mr. Harper), elicited the sympathy of the audience to such an extent that the President of the Festival (the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot) deemed it expedient to "command" her to repeat the air, although it directly ushers in the final chorus. The same favour was shown to Mr. Santley in "How willing my paternal love," the last song of Manoah (Samson's father), in accordance with a no less unanimous—though, of course, speechless and handless—manifestation of approval; and rarely has approbation been extorted by a more legitimate and truly artistic display. The other bass was Signor Belletti, who, in the music of the giant Harapha, maintained his ground against every rival, and never sang "Honour and arms," his part in the duet with Samson, "Go, baffled slave!" or the declamatory recitatives, with greater animation. To Mad. Sainton-Dolby was allotted the part of Micah, which is as much as to say that the air "Return, O God of Hosts!" was rendered with a classical purity of style that left no room for criticism. Indeed, the expression infused into the last was on a par with that which gained such warm approval for Signor Belletti; but, as this air and the succeeding chorus form but one piece, there was no opportunity for the audience to be equally "demonstrative." The other contralto—Miss Palmer (the part of Micah was cut into halves)—won golden opinions in "The Holy One of Israel." Mad. Rudersdorff undertook the remainder of the soprano music.

The part of Samson is one of the grandest ever imagined by Handel, and at the same time one of the most arduous to the singer, whose physical force and intellectual capacity are alike severely tasked. The elder Braham could at once understand what Handel intended, and render the great composer's meaning plain to every intelligent hearer; but, since Braham, one singer alone has been found with the requisite gifts of voice, intelligence, and executive skill to give the music of Samson with proportionate effect,—that one, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Mr. Sims Reeves, who alike in the sombre and desolate pathos of "Total eclipse," the religious and at the same time passionate fervour of "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" and the fierce impetuosity (so variously set forth in florid divisions) of "Go, baffled coward, go!" rises to the height of the situation, depicts every shade of sentiment and emotion, and thus thoroughly realises the design of the composer. How finely Mr. Reeves delivers recitatives we need not insist. Of these in *Samson* there are enough and to spare; but, when so simply and unaffectedly declaimed, their prolixity is in a great degree lost sight of. Again; in the long and not very invigorating dialogues with Harapha and Delilah, the same rare talent almost closes the lips of the well-intended councillor about to utter a recommendation to unsparing *curtailment*. Even the comparatively unthankful air, "Thus when the sun in 's wat'ry bed," which prepares the final "exit" of Samson (Part III.), was made impressive by the peculiar significance given to the last lines—

> "The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,
> All troop to their infernal gaol,
> Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral case,"—

which materially enhanced the interest of the song, and brought the situation it is meant to illustrate more vividly before the mind. The setting of the sun, as an image of the hero's approaching departure for another sphere, had clearly in this instance suggested nothing to the composer too subtle or profound for the comprehension of the singer. The reading of the entire passage was in the highest sense poetical.

A word of well-merited praise for Mr. Stimpson who presided with ability at the organ (which, by the way, is now and then overtaxed in the additions to the score of *Samson*), must end this notice of a really admirable performance. That *Samson* will become popular in Birmingham is more than probable. H. H.

A GREAT deal of curiosity and anxiety is being manifested about the prospects of English Opera in the forthcoming season. "Will Her Majesty's Theatre open with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c. &c.?"—"are new operas being prepared for that establishment?"—"will Mr. E. T. Smith be manager?"—"what will Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison do at Covent Garden?"—"when will the theatre open?"—"what new artists have been secured to assist the co-directors?"—"what composers are busy with what operas?"—are some of the numerous questions being asked on every side, and only a few of which we can at present gratify those interested in the matter by answering. Nothing definite has as yet been arranged about Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mr. E. T. Smith is so deeply absorbed in his new Cremorne speculation—which, thanks to the glorious weather, no less than his own indomitable energy and boundless liberality, has, up to the present moment, turned out, we are right well pleased to chronicle, a most thriving speculation—as to have absolutely no time to give to any other managerial enterprise. That, however, the great theatre in the Haymarket will again open under the banners of English opera we feel confident. The success of last season would fully justify any zealous *entrepreneur*—even less zealous than Mr. Smith—in trying his hand at the direction. Some mistakes, indeed, were made last year in the administration—inevitable under the circumstances; but these might be easily avoided, and, considering what *Robin Hood* and the *Water Witch* achieved for the management, we fancy that there might be far less promising

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speculations than English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. But, as we have said, nothing has been determined, and the prospects of our national music, as far as the establishment in the Haymarket is concerned, are now mere matter for surmise.

Something more definite is known about the future of the "National Opera," under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Harrison, at Covent Garden. The season will commence the second week in October, and the first novelty produced will be Mr. Howard Glover's opera of *Ruy Blas*, which was announced last season, but was postponed owing to circumstances over which the managers had no possible control. Mr. Balfe, too, is hard at work, in Dresden, on an opera, the text of which has been supplied by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, which it is intended to bring out as soon as *Ruy Blas* has outrun the periodicity of its success. An opera from the pen of Signor Schira has also, we hear, been accepted, as well as one by Mr. Benedict, the latter founded on Mr. Boucicault's drama, the *Colleen Bawn*—a somewhat intractable subject to treat for musical purposes, we should presuppose, considering the story, the country, and the personages engaged therein. Of Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* and *Lambert Simnel*—of Mr. Henry Smart's *Aminta* (if that be the name of his recently finished work)—of Mr. Macfarren's new opera (or of the revival of *Charles the Second*, promised last year)—of Mr. John Barnett's new or old opera—of Mr. Bristow's American opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, oft promised, never performed, all of which have been spoken of, more or less, we know nothing positively or comparatively. We have been informed, indeed, that Mr. Harrison has a desk full of librettos, which he has purchased; and we know from experience that he is one of the best living friends to poets who borrow other people's stories and versify them. Were Mr. Harrison, by the way, as shrewd a judge of music as he is of rhymes, it is just possible it might prove more advantageous to the National Emprize over which he part presides. Nevertheless, we prefer managers who understand versifying to managers who attempt it; and consequently can bestow unqualified praise on Mr. Harrison, who last year cried content with his single Gallic adaptation, and has since, as far as we know, not modulated from the manager to the minstrel, and taken the poet's work out of the poet's hands.

About the company we know very little beyond the re-engagement of Mr. Santley and Mr. Honey, the absence of both of whom last season was greatly missed. A letter on the subject from a gentleman who signs himself "Vox Populi," and sends his card, appears in another part of our columns. We cannot agree with the writer that native artists of repute are plentiful, but, on the contrary, think them scarce. Where, for instance, are the directors to find a "prime tenor," Mr. Sims Reeves being retained at another house? Where a "prime lady," Mlle. Parepa and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington being equally secured? We fancy there is a better chance for obtaining the ladies than the gentlemen, and can see no pretensive tenor who can take the field alongside of Mr. Harrison. We shall offer no further remarks on the subject at present—which we should not have touched upon but for the letter of our correspondent—reserving what we have to say until such time as the programme for the season appears. Pending which, we may be allowed to express our conviction that in the approaching campaign Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Harrison will exhibit their utter abnegation of all petty jealousies in the matter of engagements, and that they will endeavour to procure for their theatre the best available talent which the country can yield; by which means only can a true "National Opera" expect to flourish.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

The second "special," or "classical" night was given on Friday, last week, when Handel was represented in the first part, the selection being made from *The Messiah*, consisting of the principal vocal solos from that grand sacred masterpiece sung by Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss. Mlle. Parepa sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "Rejoice greatly," with eminent success, the latter creating an immense effect. The fair artist improves nightly, and is gaining in style, which perhaps was her only drawback. The brilliancy of her voice, and great natural facility, are thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Mellon's audiences, who, for the most part, are composed of real amateurs, allured to the theatre to hear good music and nothing else. The season of the dog-days is not exactly the time for the London Gents to disport themselves in music-halls. They flock rather to Margate, Ramsgate, Herne Bay, Broadstairs, and all the chief ports, wallowing on the sands, like sea-cows ashore, or play the mimic sailor, dressed, as Thackeray has it, in telescopes and pea-jackets. But thanks to the love for real music, Mr. Mellon is enabled to dispense with the earless attendance of that vacuous section of the community, and fill the theatre without their smirk persons. But this by the sea. Following the example of Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter produced a decided impression in that most pathetic and heart-rending of all airs, "He was despised and rejected of men," which exhibited her beautiful voice and devotional feeling to the utmost advantage. As, however, we are nothing if not critical, we must confess we should have preferred the air with less emphasis on the closing notes. Mad. Laura Baxter's voice is too fine not to suffer from any the least straining. The song "He shall feed his flock," given, according to custom, in the different keys, by the two ladies, was an irreproachable performance. Mr. George Perren sang the recitative and air "Comfort ye my people," and "Every valley shall be exalted," with becoming expression and dignity, but hardly with that power and largeness of style the music demands. Mr. Weiss was exceedingly forcible in the grand bravura air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and in the air, "The trumpet shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper), was still more successful. The band especially distinguished itself in the overture and the pastoral symphony.

Variety has particularly characterised the programmes during the past week. A young pianist, Miss Julia Woolf, of whose antecedents we know nothing, has appeared on more than one occasion, executing some popular fantasia with more than average success; new pieces of music have been introduced, new solos played, and Mlle. Parepa, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss have supplied a ceaseless round of favourite airs, ballads, &c. Saturday was a volunteer night, which, of course, was tumultuously attended by the grey-coats and the green-coats, but unfortunately, not being enrolled corps-wise, we did not feel bound to attend, and cannot state particulars. The performance, however, we hear, went off like a Whitworth rifle. Next week a Mozart night is promised—Thursday is fixed. Monday or Tuesday will be devoted to an "English, Irish, and Scotch" *pasticcio*. In short, everything is being done which could be done to amuse the London loiterers who are debarred by imperious necessity from flying to the continent or migrating to the sea shore. Let those compelled to stay in town be thankful to Mr. Alfred Mellon for his harmonious spiriting.

Homeward Bound.—Amongst the recent arrivals from Australia with Mr. J. V. Brooke and Mr. Richard Young, we have to record that of Mrs. Hancock, many years leading vocalist in that colony.

Surrey Theatre.—A new operetta, by Dr. Bennett Gilbert, entitled *A Night in Fairy-land*, will be produced at this theatre on Saturday next, with the following solo vocalists—Miss Camilla Chipp, Miss Thirlwall, M. De Solla, and Mr. Wallworth. A full band and chorus are engaged, and a *corps de ballet*.

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CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER.*

The author of the present work is peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a sketch of Zelter's life, not only from the fact of his being a grandson of the composer, but also because he had at his command the necessary documents—which he tells us are numerous, and by no means exhausted—and, moreover, was acquainted with all the family traditions. He says, in his preface, that it was only a few years ago that he discovered the materials of his biography in the loft of a country mansion in Pomerania. Although in the interval of nearly thirty years since the decease of Zelter, the number of those who knew, loved, and honoured him, may have considerably decreased, the author still hopes his book will find readers; some, he believes, will derive from its perusal the enjoyment arising from participation in the scenes pourtrayed, while others will view it as a romance or a historical picture.

The book is divided into two parts. The larger half is taken up by the autobiography from the pen of Zelter himself, and extends to his thirtieth year. He was born on the 11th December, 1758, in Berlin. This disproves, as the author remarks, the assertion made by another writer in this journal, that Zelter first saw the light at Petzov, a place where tiles are manufactured, near Potsdam.

Speaking of the autobiography, the author of the book observes:—"Apart from the *naïveté* of its style, the frank good humour of its narrative, and the natural charm of its humour, this portion of the work is a mirror, which may boldly be held up to the youth of the present day. The other half is an attempt further to work up the biography from documents, interspersed with letters. As the first part exhibited the gradual course pursued by the subject of it, the latter should show the consequences of that course, and what was done by the hero when he had arrived at the maturity of his powers. In this latter portion will be seen what reparation Posterity has to make to the memory of Zelter, whom it has too soon forgotten; what he did for his art generally; what efforts he made for the Singacademie, as its founder, its support, and its teacher; how he wrung from the Government patronage and support for a regular course of musical instruction; and how he created the institution of the Liedertafel, besides doing many other things."

The author winds up by saying that he hopes he has succeeded in exhibiting to us Zelter in all his antique strength and worth, so that he may live again in the memory of his contemporaries and be recognised by Posterity as a man who deserves to be honoured, imitated, and remembered.

Such are the sentiments of the author. As may be supposed, the great value of the book lies in the peculiar account of the youth and progress of its hero. In applying this term to Zelter, we guard him from that secondary signification of which it is easily susceptible, and, indeed, necessarily so. It is certainly something heroic, and indicative of a strong mind, for a man, when writing his own life, to speak frequently, and, in most instances, with sharpness, nay, with depreciation of himself. The judgment he pronounces on his own acts imparts to the opinions he utters concerning others, and of which we have many instances, the most lively appearance of truth. This first half of his troubled life is characterised, in an exciting, and frequently a pathetic manner, by the struggle in him between manual labour (for, like his father, he was brought up as a mason), and art (for, from natural inclination, he was a musician). This struggle between the Real and the Ideal is, indeed, the trial which the majority of those who yearn after the highest objects have to go through. But Zelter wrote the sketch of his life at a period when he had nearly brought this struggle to a close. It was a very eventful period for him, for he had just lost his second wife, and beheld his native land in the most abject state of degradation, while he himself was without means, and full of anxious care as to how he should provide for his eleven children, passed the long nights without sleep, though he strove to turn them to account. His warmest wish, namely that of visiting Italy, was never destined to be fulfilled, though he was frequently on the point of carrying it out. His relation to his father had a great deal to do with this. Zelter studied art in silence, and without his father's knowledge, while he followed his trade openly and uninterruptedly by his father's side, so that the old man knew less about his son's taste than any one else. One day, when a piece of music by a certain Zelter (it was the *cantata on the Death of Frederick the Great*) was performed, he was astonished at there being anybody besides himself of that name in Berlin, and a third person had to inform him that the composer was his own son. Both in trade and art Zelter obtained the highest proficiency by the most marvellous exertion, seconded greatly by his corporal strength. About the same time that he finished his apprenticeship as a mason, and was received as a master, in his five-and-twentieth year, a grand composition of his was selected to inaugurate a new organ in the Georgen Kirche. This composition is discussed at considerable length in the book, and the opinions of celebrated contemporaries on it are quoted. A very interesting opinion is that of Kirnberger, the well-known theorist; Marpurg, his rival, is also mentioned. Of all the other persons (and they are not a few) who were connected with Zelter, the most prominent one is Carl Fasch. What is related concerning him is too valuable for us to pass it over in total silence. Besides, the commencement and destiny, the rise and glory of the Singacademie which he founded, are so closely interwoven with the history of these two men, that, considering the very general interest the subject excites in the artistic world, we cannot refrain from quoting the most important facts.

"From the year 1789, there gradually arose the society which afterwards accidentally obtained the name of the Singacademie, and owed its existence to my noble master, and fatherly friend, Fasch. The works Fasch has left behind him show us a man who, all his life, devoted particular attention to harmony, and exerted himself to apply it to what was serious, elevated and sterling in art. His outward characteristic had become, firstly, from his residence at a small court, and subsequently from his employment in the service of more exalted Royal personages, a reserved behaviour, neither attractive nor repelling. Precarious health and the economy it necessitated had combined to prevent his gaining or promising much. His education and earliest connections were of such a kind, that, possessing as he did a cheerful mind, easily instructed, he necessarily became an admirable musician, but his over-great modesty had accustomed him to place himself beneath other artists, such as Bach, Quanz, and others of less account. Thus, he commenced the first practice with the other members of the Singacademie, as though they were his pupils, trying over his compositions with them, compositions which he offered as mere attempts, however convinced he might secretly be of their excellence. When a good thing is thus begun, and carried out with calm perseverance, it cannot fail to succeed. Such was the commencement of the Singacademie, which dates from a period which was not glutted with music, as the present is."

But smoothly as this reads, that the progress of this now world-celebrated Society speedily ran the risk of being brought to a premature close, because the members did not set about their work seriously, not because they neither were nor wished to be professional singers, but rather, in a far greater degree, because they had no place of meeting such as they were fairly justified in expecting, is a fact we gather as we read further. The Singacademie, so called principally because it soon moved from private houses to the Academy of Arts, though, unfortunately, into a wretched room which could not be warmed, was brought to so low an ebb, that, on many a Tuesday, which even then was the day of meeting, it was impossible to cast a piece of music. The Society was within an ace of being dissolved. "But the girls," says Zelter, "were the most courageous. One day the cold was insupportable, and the majority of the members were for going home. One of the girls, putting her muff upon the floor, knelt down upon it, and wrapped her feet in her long gown. Several others followed her example, and, at last, the whole company, in this touching position, sang a choral, while Fasch burst out into tears. The picture of this evening is still present to my eyes; the scene was so touching, that I trust I shall always preserve it in my memory."

* *Carl Friedrich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rintel. Berlin, Janke.* [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*]

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Like the above, all the other anecdotes concerning the progress of the Singacademie are of general interest, and especially valuable to all those who have been or may be members. The fate of the institution is so closely bound up with that of its founders, that we might substitute the one for the other. An intimate connection soon sprang up between Fasch and Zelter, so that the latter, as the former's pupil, as early as 1792, when the rules for the management of the Academy were settled, was appointed Fasch's assistant. Whether Fasch was or was not then aware his pupil was by trade a mason (though we believe he was not), is an undecided question. At Fasch's decease, in 1800, Zelter succeeded to all his duties. During the last eight years the number of the singers had increased from 30 to 148. "One fact which proved detrimental to the Singacademie," we read in another part of the book, "was that we had begun by attempting too much. Six-part and eight-part pieces could rarely be executed (this applies to the Mass by Fasch, and his eight-part 'Miserere mei,' Psalm li.) and it cost no slight effort to pass from such compositions, with breadth, greatness of taste, style, and expression, to small, light pieces, with which we ought to have commenced!"

(To be continued.)

Letter to the Editor.

OUR NATIONAL OPERA.

Sir,—At the end of the musical intelligence in one of last week's papers, it is stated that the performance of English operas at Covent Garden will commence in October; and a suggestion is made for the consideration of the management, in reference to the attendance of the guard of soldiers during the season.

About the soldiers a great many of the readers of your journal, like myself, care little. They would rather direct attention to the inside of the theatre, acknowledging the accommodation provided for visitors to be excellent, the conductor, band, and chorus to be altogether worthy of an institution which the managers have repeatedly declared is to be the National Opera of our great country.

They would allow that a great deal has been done that had not before, nor has since the establishment of the Royal English Opera, been accomplished. But they remember the colours under which the management sails, and they declare that a first-rate band and chorus is not all they look for, and that there should have been found in the National English Opera Company last season more than two English artists of great repute and position.

There should be more than one first-rate prima donna and primo tenore, one first-rate barytone at least, rather than three or four beginners, and so on in other departments.

They would ask, is there to be a fresh set of *débutantes* this season?

Let the management look round them; there are English artists who have recently proved themselves of vast value in the lyric theatre. A little additional liberality in these matters would most probably secure an adequate return; and the support which has been given hitherto, as much in favour of the cause as on account of the actual attractiveness of the performances, will be secured to the speculation, in consideration of its supplying such enjoyment as has not always been found.

All honour, however, to the managers who have been the means of rescuing English opera from oblivion, and to the two artists whose talents and exertions have contributed so greatly to the now enduring success of the same.

Vox Populi.

Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt.—The public of Liverpool will not have forgotten the impression created by Mad. Goldschmidt's appearance at the Philharmonic concerts now two or three years since, and we are particularly gratified in being able to announce that the amiable and gifted lady will again appear under the same auspices some time in October next. During the past London season Mr. and Mad. Goldschmidt gave a grand morning concert at Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane, in behalf of the Female Artistes Society, at which the wonderful abilities of Mad. Goldschmidt appeared to be as great as ever. We believe, we may announce that a performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio of Elijah is now preparing in London, in behalf of a local charity, at which Mad. Goldschmidt has generously offered her services, and will sing Mendelssohn's grandest composition, the interpretation of which has been considered by many as Mad. Goldschmidt's finest achievement. We hear that the Philharmonic Society of this town have arranged for a performance of Haydn's Creation, in which Mad. Goldschmidt is to sing the soprano part, and our own great tenor Sims Reeves will sing the tenor part for the first time with the great artist. Signor Belletti is to complete the *ensemble* by singing the bass, a combination that has not hitherto been witnessed. The oratorio is to be succeeded the following evening by a Miscellaneous Concert, at which, in addition to the transcendant attraction of Mad. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti as vocalists, the eminent violinist Herr Joachim or Signor Piatti, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, will combine their distinguished talents. It must give general satisfaction to learn that Mr. and Mad. Goldschmidt, with their family of three young children—two boys and a girl—have become quite domiciled in this country, indeed, that Mr. Goldschmidt has become a naturalized subject of England; and it is very pleasing to find them quitting their retirement at Wimbledon, if only for a season, and resuming a position from which it has been so much regretted they should seem disposed to retire. Few public characters have diffused more real intellectual enjoyment by her professional abilities, or dispensed greater happiness and benefits by her unostentatious generosity, than Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, *née* Jenny Lind.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Hitchin.—A concert was given at the Town Hall on Tuesday last, under the conductorship of Mr. Combe assisted by Miss Emily Miller (who sang, among other popular pieces, "The skipper and his boy"), Messrs Vincent and Clarkson as vocalists, and an excellent quartet of stringed instrument players, viz., Messrs. Silberburg, Ball, Leng and Boatmight, whose performances of Beethoven's quartets in G major, and A flat major, and Haydn's in B minor, and D major, were greatly admired. A prominent feature in the concert was a solo on the violin, composed and capitally played by Mr. Silberburg, consisting of an air with brilliant variations. A solo on the clarionet was also contributed by Mr. J. Rawlings, as well as a couple of solos on the pianoforte by Mr. E. J. Crow, so that the audience had plenty at all events for their money. The programme concluded with the National Anthem.

MANAGERS AND MUSIC HALLS.

(From "All the Year Round.")

"When they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful."

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan's admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury Music Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights, which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music-hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this

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dispute; and London audiences, comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans's supper-room in Covent Garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behaviour of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted, tastefully decorated with mural painting, and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural complexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand: the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supremest comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers, is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purpose, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights; both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalist as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress-coat, as if he had worn the most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned!—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgment without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of state and control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but the thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, *with* smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances *without* smoking or drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and justice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far as this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

(To be continued.)

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"*Le Dévouement*"—*morceau pour piano*—JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, Op. 58 (Cramer, Beale and Co.).

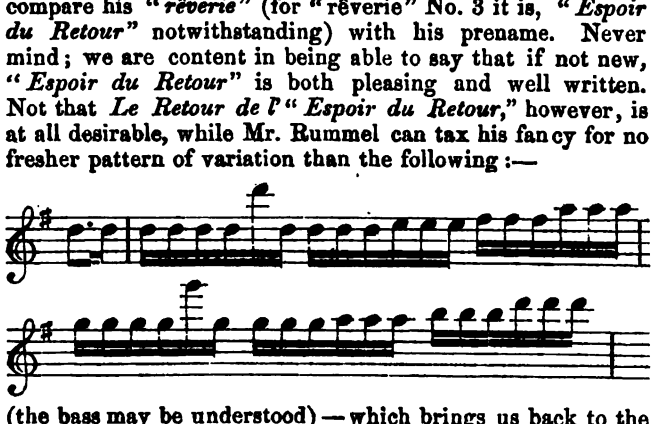
Another "*rêverie*" (*tant soit peu*) *du Cœur*," but in all respects superior to the foregoing. Mr. Blumenthal is worth half a dozen Polydores, and "Jacques" is a plain, honest, straightforward prename. Our only objection to Mr. Blumenthal's "*Dévouement*" is the *dévouement* it exhibits for such passages as the subjoined :—

And the subjoined :—

—of which there are, we must say, with deference to "Jacques," by far too many.

"*Espoir du Retour*"—*nocturne pour piano*—J. RUMMEL (Ashdown and Parry).

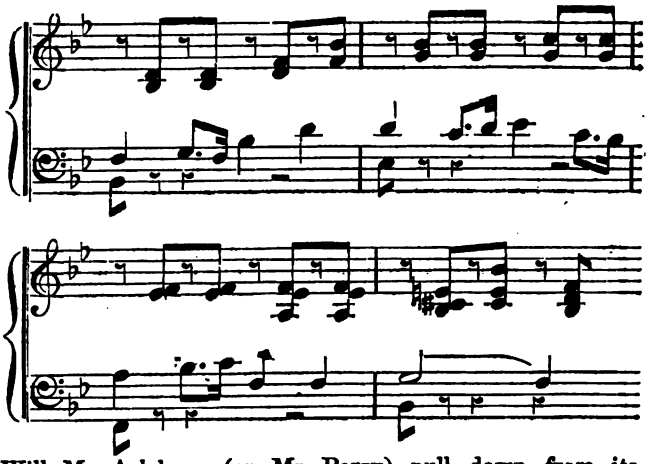
"J." *tout court*. Mr. Rummel will not give us a chance to compare his "*rêverie*" (for "rêverie" No. 3 it is, "*Espoir du Retour*" notwithstanding) with his prename. Never mind; we are content in being able to say that if not new, "*Espoir du Retour*" is both pleasing and well written. Not that *Le Retour de l'* "*Espoir du Retour*," however, is at all desirable, while Mr. Rummel can tax his fancy for no fresher pattern of variation than the following :—



(the bass may be understood)—which brings us back to the earlier days of Mr. Henri Herz and his attenuated shadow, Mr. Chaulieu.

"*Serenade*"—for the pianoforte—ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER (Ashdown and Parry).

Mr. Schloesser ("Adolphe" may pair with "Polydore") commences his "*Rêverie*" (for "rêverie" No. 4 it is, "*Serenade*" notwithstanding) thus time-honouredly :—



Will Mr. Ashdown (or Mr. Parry) pull down from its resting-place, underneath the "Institute," that parcel of Henselt ("Adolphe" also), and refer to a certain "*rêverie*," or love-song (or something of the sort), in the self-same key as this "*serenade*" of Mr. Schloesser? If they consent, they will probably detect a shade or so of resemblance between the two. Nevertheless, there are good points in Mr. Schloesser's piece, for which we would only suggest the expunction from the above quotation, of bar 4—as common place—and the substitution of one of less hacknied character. Moreover, at page 6, line 3, bar 3, there are two B's natural, which (or we are much mistaken) should be C's.

"*Solitude*"—*nocturne pour piano*—J. RUMMEL (Ashdown and Parry).

A trifle, but a trifle so neatly put together, as to relieve criticism of its duties. That it contains any new point it would be violating truth to say; nevertheless it is something to be correct, while at the same time unobtrusive and graceful.

"*The Water Nymph*"—ballad—with German and English words—by JOHN BARNETT (Addison, Hollier and Co.)

"*Save Father on the Sea*"—words by A. MATTHISON, set to music for Miss Palmer, by J. L. HATTON (Addison, Hollier and Co.).

"*We merry, merry Fairies*"—duet for soprano and mezzo, soprano—words by J. E. CARPENTER, music by STEPHEN GLOVER (Addison, Hollier and Co).

"*Stars of the Summer Night*"—words by LONGFELLOW, music by WILLIAM ABBOT (Metzler and Co.).

Mr. John Barnett too seldom comes before the public now. On that account alone, both professional singers and amateurs will welcome his "*Water Nymph*" (a ballad, be it understood, according to the German signification of the term—like Schubert's "*Erl King*" and many others) with avidity.

"*L'Andalousie*"—*danse Espagnole, pour piano*—JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, Op. 59 (Cramer, Beale, and Co.).

A la bonheur! (we are all among the "Mossous," and so per force must put in a word now and then of their language).

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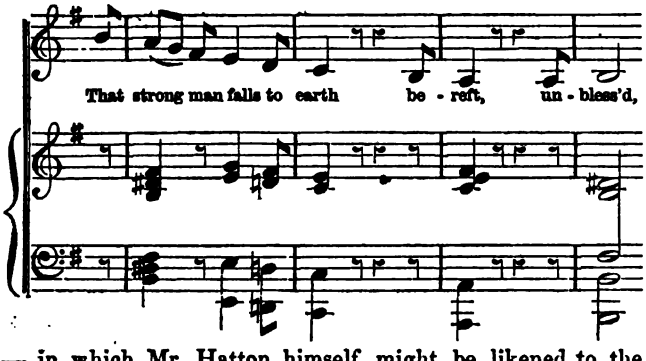
A la bonheur! Here at last we have something *fresh*. This little unpretending piece is worth a dozen "*Rêveries*" —whether "*du cœur*" or *du cerveau*. Both principal theme and episode are good—tuneful, frank, and pretty, without a vestige of affectation. Here and there we find a progression to which objection might be taken, but the whole is so engaging that we shall not stop to cite them. In short, "*L'Andalousie*" may be unreservedly commended as a perfect thing in its way.

"*Save, Father, on the Sea*," if not one of its composer's best, and containing, moreover, such (for him) careless points as the following:—



— in which Mr. Hatton himself might be likened to the "Strong man" ("*Dormitat Homerus*") — is still Mr. Hatton's, and, therefore, if not extraordinary, not ordinary.

We have some idea that Mr. Stephen Glover's duet has already been reviewed; but if not, it offers no point for comment.

Professor Longfellow has this time fallen into ruthless hands. Mr. Abbott should tighten the reins and hold in his Pegasus. Here is an example of his way of traversing the realms of harmony:—

This will never do, Mr. Abbott.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

September 5th.

PARIS—the heart of the world, in its own esteem—has been growing rapidly more and more languid as its liveliest blood has ebbed away to renew itself in the sea, or re-convert itself with foreign victual, and scarcely now gives one perceptible pulse of life. So I must trust to my intelligence from the provinces and from foreign parts to furnish me with the material for a letter, which will not consequently be very long. Just one little scrap of metropolitan news shall take precedence, and justify the standing title of this correspondence. The Variétés has put forth a bill which is new from the first piece to the last. It consists of a sort of burlesque piece in three acts, called *Les Danses Nationales*, and two one-act pieces, *Un Dîner de Famille*, and *Brouillés depuis Wagram*. The two last, one in the comic, and the other in the sentimental line, are both tolerably good for the time of year, and are capitally acted. While the dull season favours the appearance of second and third-rate dramatic productions, it also affords a field for the novice, and allows him to try his "prentice hand" on provincial audiences. In this way a certain M. Laroche has been permitted to exhibit himself in the great part of Tartuffe, for which he seems to have no other vocation than "vaulting ambition," which seems decidedly to have "overleapt itself." A critic disposes of him thus:—"He has sharp-pointed elbows, and is afflicted with the deplorable mania of sticking them at right angles flat against his sides. M. Laroche has nothing of the lover about him, and I am sure he will be very much surprised when I tell him he has not even the figure for the part. He will perhaps succeed in tragedy, for his delivery is good, but deficient in warmth; it is true, however, and this is one of the anomalies of nature and of art, that warmth is only acquired by time and experience."

The musical papers here inform their readers that Rossini has presented a portrait of himself to M. Alfred Musard, inscribed in the composer's hand as thus: "Souvenir de Reconnaissance à mon interprète Musard—G. Rossini." This will give you an idea to what the dearth of news has reduced the editors, and you will feel a corresponding compassion for me, and show a proportionate indulgence to my efforts.

Trusting to an Italian paper I informed you not long since that the new opera which Verdi is writing for the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg was founded on a subject by Martinez de la Rura. This journal has since corrected the announcement, and states that the libretto, which is entitled *Don Alvara ò la fuerza del Destino*, is drawn from a drama by Angelo de Saavedra, a distinguished Spanish writer of the last century.

Ostend is being favoured with quite a flight of eminent artists, among whom may be enumerated Herr Joachim, Mlle. Trebelli, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Herr Formes, M. Servais, &c. There is also a first-rate flute-player there, whose name is within a letter identical with that of the hero of Italian regeneration,—he is called M. Gariboldi. They say he is an admirable executant, and composes prettily, and I do not see why he should not be justly entitled to both eulogies, although he has had such a narrow escape of having his name immortalised "without his stir."

Naples is not an abrupt transition after mentioning its deliverer, and I may therefore here inform you that a new opera has just been produced there with success. It is entitled *Virginia*, and the composer is Signor Petrella. For want of an equally convenient link, I must jump, *ex abrupto*, to the opera at Vienna, whose manager, Signor Salvi, is said to be about to lower the diapason of the orchestra at that theatre to the nominal diapason of Paris, a change for which the singers, if no one else, are likely to be thankful. It is also said that he means to exchange the wooden desks in the orchestra for iron ones, and the substitution is expected to increase the propagation of sound—a somewhat doubtful result. I am really at a loss what further to communicate, for my notes are so meagre they are scarcely capable of being fatted up by any acts of style into presentable facts. Tours is to have a new theatre, the town council having voted 28,000*l.* for that purpose, and M. Marian, an architect of that city who stands high in his profession, will be entrusted with the work.—If the activity and vigour of the emperor of the French is imitated by the new Sultan of Turkey, he does not seem to follow the same illustrious model in his patronage of the arts, for according to a recent account the magnificent theatre which had been erected recently at Constantinople has been turned into a manufactory for rifled cannon.

VIENNA.—Herr Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Kinder der Haide*, with Mlle. Ellinger as Johanna, is to be produced in the course of the present month. According to report, Herr Richard Wagner will shortly visit this capital, for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of his new work, *Tristan und Isolde*.—Herr Salvi, the director of the Imperial Opera House, has resolved on adopting the new French "pitch" or diapason, and is now making all the necessary arrangements to that end. Among other measures adopted by him has been the substitution of iron stools, music-desks, &c., for the wooden ones hitherto employed in the orchestra. He has taken this step with a view to give greater resonancy for the various instruments.

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CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER.*

(*Concluded from page* 556.)

To be the successor of a man like Fasch, was, indeed, a distinction for Zelter, who was one day an artist and a mason the next. But he had richly deserved it by his persevering application, and had gone through innumerable privations before he attained it. The way in which he managed to educate himself is, on the one hand, too original, and, on the other, too honourable, for us to pass over in total silence the relation between him and his master. In reference to this we read as follows:—"As the building" (he is speaking of the house in which he was employed in the Schlesinger Strasse, preparatory to being admitted a master-mason, and which, if we are not mistaken, is, at present, in the possession of Herr de Cuvry) "was situate above half a mile from my home, I hired a lodging outside the town-gates, in order to save the long walk. But what was the use of this? After work, I used to go of an evening to Jeannette, who resided during the summer with her parents, in a little country-house at the other side of the city, and, for four or five months, when Fasch was on duty at Potsdam, I was in the habit of walking there and taking my lesson every Friday. I always returned the same day. Fasch, who knew nothing of my occupation, fancied I had business to transact in Potsdam, because I never denied that such was the case whenever the subject was broached. He used to be glad to see me, because I got on, and because he had more spare time in Potsdam than in Berlin. As I continued my visits, however, regularly all through the summer, he used often to remark, 'He must confess I paid something for his lessons, considering the time they cost me, as well as the amount I expended for refreshments and coach-hire, or that my business in Potsdam must be very profitable.' He did not know that I did the distance, there and back, in one day, and in the evening was at my work on the house. I did not, however, find this fatiguing. At something after three o'clock in the morning, I set out from the farm-house where I lived, and, between eight and nine, I was in Fasch's room in Potsdam. My lesson lasted till eleven. I then walked about the grounds of Sans-Souci, or among the hills. I had ordered my dinner for a little before twelve o'clock, at a good inn, outside the Berliner Thor, and, after dinner, I proceeded leisurely back to Berlin, enjoying myself till late in the evening at Jenny's. Neither my father, mother, nor any one else knew a word about the whole matter. The real advantage of my walking home consisted, however, in the agreeable solitude, for, as a rule, I worked out my compositions as I went along, so that I afterwards wrote them down all the more readily. On two or three occasions I hired a vehicle, but the coachman kept me waiting, and I could not get on along the sandy road. I arrived, also, late at Potsdam, where, during the reign of King Freidrich, there was no end to the examination a person had to undergo. 'Whence did I come?' 'How long did I intend to stay?' 'What was my business?' were some of the numerous questions I had to answer. By my own plan I avoided all these inconveniences, as well as the heavy coach-hire, until at last Fasch suspected how matters stood, and refused to accept any further remuneration for his lessons."

Zelter was indefatigable in his endeavours to obtain the patronage of Government for music generally—for which it had previously done nothing—and, of course, for the Singacademie especially, which then belonged exclusively to himself. As long back as the 14th January, 1804, he succeeded in prevailing on the King, attended by the entire Court, to pay a visit to the Singacademie.

By setting to music the poems of Schiller and Göthe, he attracted the attention of these great men, and soon became personally acquainted with them. Göthe was induced to observe that he could hardly have believed music capable of such magnificent strains as those of Zelter. We may mention, by the way, that on the 15th May, of the same year, Schiller, also, attended a meeting of the Singacademie, to hear his ode: "An die Freude," and, likewise, that a funereal performance was got up by the society at his decease. The autobiography does not contain a word about Beethoven, who also visited the academy, and—according to a statement made by the present director—after hearing Fasch's *Mass for sixteen voices*, extemporised upon several of its motives, on an old grand piano which stood in the ground-floor. The name of Beethoven, as, likewise, the names of his great contemporaries, such as Weber, Radziwil, &c., are not once mentioned.

More than by his songs, however, Zelter succeeded in obtaining the respect of his contemporaries by what was undoubtedly the most important of all his compositions, namely the *Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Christi*, words by Rammler, produced, for the first time, at Easter, 1807, and subsequently performed seven successive years. It was also revived at the Jubilee of the society, in 1857, by the present director. Zelter, meanwhile, had to contend with many difficulties thrown in his way by the Royal Capellmeisters. This was the reason of his journey to Königsberg in 1809.

The foundation of the Liedertafel took place at the same period. Concerning this event, so important in its results, we read:—"When we consider the present wide extension of societies of this kind, of all of which Zelter's Leidertafel must be regarded as the parent and model, and when we are compelled to recognise in it an element instructing and elevating the human mind, we cannot avoid assigning a very high position to the importance and bearings of the idea and plan which created such an institution. But there was, moreover, a patriotic signification involved, for the foundation of the Liedertafel was intended to celebrate the return of the king to Berlin."

Intimately connected, also, with his journey to Königsberg, where the Court resided, was Zelter's firm resolve to give up manual labour altogether. He was materially influenced thereto, as may easily be imagined, by the fact that, under the ministry of Wilhelm von Humboldt, he had been appointed Professor of Music at a fixed salary. Gratitude had a great deal to do with the journey, but its great object was to interest the King still more for the art. From the numerous letters written concerning his journey, we obtain a lively insight into the state of things at this period, including that at the Court, as well as the sayings and doings of the princes of the blood, especially of the Crown-Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm IV.

Zelter was now recognised as a musician, and honoured and loved as a man. He was in the full enjoyment of all his powers, and endowed with a warm love for all that is beautiful and elevated. "He was bold and sharp, but never unkind in his criticism, while he was always natural and child-like in disposition. Neither now nor subsequently do we remark in him any signs of that vanity or arrogance, frequently assumed by artists who have been distinguished by their intercourse with persons of high rank by birth or office. The relation existing between him, as a son, in all the maturity of manhood, and his grey-haired old mother, stands out in truly antique purity and beauty. His strength and depth of feeling, as well as his amiability of heart, always beamed forth so triumphantly from behind many asperities of outward behaviour, and—as his contemporaries sometimes designated it—'Zelterian rudeness,' that even sharp words wounded only for the moment, and the bonds of friendship were never weakened, but were characteristic of Zelter to the time of his death, and have caused all those who were nearly connected with him to remember him with affection."

During the last twenty years of his existence, says the author, we perceive Zelter as composer, teacher, musical director, critic, author, and ministerial referee, occupying a position such as, probably, never fell to the lot of any other musician. The heavy ordeal to which he was subjected, when, in the year 1812, his stepson, for whose sake he had, up to that time, continued his trade, shot himself, brought him into fraternal connection, so to speak, with Göthe, who displayed the warmest sympathy with him, and subsequently, as we all know, addressed him as "Thou."* The voluminous correspondence between the two proves that from this epoch Zelter, "from being simply a man of action, grew up

* *Carl Friedrich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rintel. Berlin, Janke.* [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*]

* For the information of those among our readers who do not understand German, we may state that the second person singular is used only in addressing those who are on a most intimate footing with, or greatly inferior in rank to, the speaker.—ED. M. W.

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to be a thinker." The letters to Göthe, from 1814, may, observes the author, be regarded as a continuous series of criticisms, constituting a history of the state and progress of art in Berlin. They are completed by Zelter's unpublished but far more voluminous correspondence with other persons celebrated in every branch of art and science.

After an active career in all the various capacities above-named, Zelter lived to enjoy the great pleasure, when he had held his office for twenty-five years, of seeing the members of that admirable institution, the Singacademie, in a position to lay, on the 30th June, 1825, the foundation-stone of a building of their own—a building which reflects great credit upon the architect, Herr Ottmer.

In this building the first performance took place on the 2nd January, 1827; and the *Tod Jesu* was given there on the 13th April. On the ground floor was Zelter's residence, which he occupied up to his decease. This happened on the 15th May, 1832. As the number of members had increased from 374 to 436, it became necessary to divide the Academy into two bodies, the "Greater" and the "Less Academy." The Ripien-Schule, which met at twelve o'clock every Friday, had already been founded years previously. Many of Zelter's pupils, as well as other artists, of all kinds, sang there. Among these, the most amiable and most celebrated were the never-to-be-forgotten brother and sister, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn.

The writer of the present article also belongs to those whose earliest reminiscences extend back to this period. As a student, I attended regularly the chorus-classes of the Academie, where Zelter used generally to be in the best possible humour, the first among his equals. Although his own songs occupied a more prominent position than anything else, and he evidently derived great pleasure from hearing them—for instance, at the present moment that I am writing this, I can still hear his "Gallias Cæsar subegit," to which he was particularly partial, and can still see the majestic old gentleman in his blue coat, with his velvet cap upon his grey locks, as he marched up and down the room to the triple time of the song—he was still indefatigable in exhorting the members to exertion, requesting some to write poetry, and others to furnish music, all for the common good. No one was allowed to take offence at his outbursts, which were frequently rather rough and unceremonious. Every one laughed and said nothing. I recollect meeting on those occasions Julius (afterwards editor of the *Zeitungshalle*), Reissiger, jun. (now conductor in Christiana), and Krause (now a singer at the Royal Opera). I myself also received at these lessons the first encouragement bestowed upon me; for having tried my hand at Horace's ode, "Musis Amicus," Zelter observed, "Come, there is some stuff in it" ("Na, es klingt doch"). Professor Grell, the present director of the Singacademie, was then charged with the task of accompanying the choruses on the piano. The members were indebted to him for many fine contributions. Among them I may mention a "Te Deum" for two choruses, with an orchestral accompaniment, in which the wind instruments greatly preponderated. I have never heard of this work since. To this gentleman, as Zelter's faithful pupil, is the book dedicated. In the appendix there is an index of Zelter's works, published and unpublished, as well as the simple and classical speech which Herr Schleiermacher pronounced over his grave.

FLOD. GEYER.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Saturday, Aug. 31st.

THE miscellaneous concert on the evening of Thursday, the 29th inst., went off very well, and gave pretty general satisfaction. The programme, though far from perfect, was an improvement on that of Tuesday evening. Here it is:—

PART I.—Overture, *Masaniello* (Auber); Trio, "Soave sia il vento" (Mozart); Air, "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" (Adam); Duo, "Ch' l'antipatica vostra figura" (Ricci); Song, "Twilight is darkening" (Kücken); Concerto, Pianoforte, in E flat (Beethoven); Aria, "Fumsn gl' incensi" (Donizetti); Ballata, "Tu m'ami," *La Zingara* (Balfe); Grand finale, *Loreley* (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Aria, "Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore" (Donizetti); Duo, "Dearest maiden" (Spohr); Aria, "Mille volte sul campo d'onor" (Donizetti); Quintetto, "E scherzo ed è follia," *Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); Song, "Within a mile of Edinbro'" (Hook); Duo, "Se la vita ancor t' è cara," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Romance, "Ah! now I feel," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Duo, "Pronta io son," *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti); Sestetto, "Sola, sola, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart).

The overture to *Masaniello* was given with immense spirit by the orchestra. The manner in which it was both played and received would, I am sure, have delighted its composer, had he been present to hear it. The audience were in ecstasies, and encored it with such enthusiastic perseverance, that Mr. Costa consented to repeat it. Mlle. Patti made another stride in the affections of the Birmingham public by her rendering of the air "Fuman gl' incensi," from *Lucia*. The air was vociferously applauded and encored, but the fair artist contented herself with repeating only the "cabaletta," though she was more yielding with regard to Hook's song, in Part II., and gave the whole of it a second time. The audience were equally lavish of their plaudits in the case of Mr. Sims Reeves, but that gentleman's resolution is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. His admirers, that is to say, every one present, wished to hear it twice over, but Mr. Sims Reeves contented himself by bowing his thanks and retiring. The finale from *Loreley* was magnificently sung by Mlle. Titiens and the chorus. In fact, slightly altering the well-known quotation, we safely assert of this lady that, throughout this Festival, "Nihil cecinit quod non ornavit." Indeed, I am almost tempted to say that she added fresh beauties to what is in itself the very acme of beauty. Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, and Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Signor Belletti, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley, were also entitled to high praise for the artistic excellence which distinguished all they did. Miss Arabella Goddard, in Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, added another laurel to the wreath she has so long and valiantly gained as the queen of pianists. Nothing could be more exquisitely grand and noble than her rendering of this work of the great master. Under her hands the piano seemed no longer to be a mere lifeless instrument. It appeared as though endued with consciousness and soul, so sweetly, yet so grandly, did strain after strain ripple from it, entrancing, as though by some magic spell, all who listened.

The receipts of the evening's performance were as follows:—President and Vice-president's seats, at 15*s*., 26*l*. 5*s*.; secured seats, at 15*s*., 716*l*. 5*s*.; unsecured seats, at 8*s*., 316*l*.; total, 1088*l*. 10*s*. The receipts at this (Friday) morning's performance were: President and Vice-president's seats, at 21*s*., 191*l*. 2*s*.; secured seats, at 21*s*., 779*l*. 2*s*.; unsecured seats, at 10*s*. 6*d*., 246*l*. 15*s*.; passes, 1*l*. 1*s*.; donations and collections, 254*l*. 12*s*. 8*d*.; total, 1472*l*. 12*s*. 8*d*.

The concert yesterday morning (Friday) was a great success, the greatest, perhaps, achieved during the whole week. The hypercritical might object that the programme was too long, and that Hummel's Motetto suffered by being placed between two such works as the Mass in D and *Israel in Egypt*. But censure itself should be silent on an occasion like the present. How shall I describe the grandeur, the sublimity which characterised the performance of Beethoven's great work. Language—at least the language at my command—is too weak. The performance was indeed worthy of the composition, and the singers of Birmingham have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of their warmest admirers. They have deserved the sincerest thanks of every lover of genuine, classical music of the highest class. Never, I will venture to assert, was such a performance ever heard in this country or in any other. You may think, perhaps, I am a little too enthusiastic, but, I assure you, my enthusiasm is based on good and sufficient grounds. All the praise I can bestow is entirely free from the slightest tinge of exaggeration or adulation. The Birmingham singers have proved themselves the model singers of England—perhaps of the world. They owe a deep debt of gratitude to their local conductors, Messrs. A. J. Sutton and W. C. Stockley, for the manner in which they have been drilled and enabled to do such credit to themselves, and the conductor of all conductors, Mr. Costa. I can imagine what must have been that gentleman's feelings at having such a body of singers at his command, and I trust that the glowing reports he will doubtless take back with him will stimulate the members of our London choral societies to equal the efforts of their provincial brethren.

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The solo music was entrusted to Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Santley, and right worthy did they prove themselves of the confidence reposed in them. The orchestra, too, never played more magnificently, while M. Sainton more than sustained his previously great reputation by the manner in which he performed the *obbligato* violin accompaniment in the lovely "Benedictus." I must repeat that I never listened to such a performance as that of yesterday morning.

In Hummel's motet, *Alma Virgo*, Mlle. Patti enjoyed the (questionable?) honour of an encore from the noble president. After the motet came a grand selection from *Israel in Egypt*, again affording the Birmingham singers an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and the opportunity, on my honour, was not lost. The choruses in the oratorio were quite as superbly sung as those in the Mass. What can I say more? Mr. Sims Reeves especially distinguished himself in "The enemy said I will pursue." Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley accepted an encore in the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," and Mlle. Titiens did the same in the air "Thou didst blow with thy wind." High praise is due also to Miss Palmer for the way in which she delivered the air, "Their land brought forth frogs."

The receipts amounted to £1,472 12s. 8d.

Last night the festival was brought to a close by Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The attendance was not very large, although larger than that on the evening the *Creation* was given, while those who were present exhibited a much greater amount of enthusiasm than that manifested on any previous occasion, and proved most convincingly that the spirit of Revolution is not confined merely to the Hungarian Diet, which is offering a dignified resistance, shortly to break out, perhaps, into overt acts, against the encroachments of the Austrian Emperor, or to the new-born kingdom of Italy, which has lately kicked out the despots by whom, when divided, and therefore more easily kept in subjection—*vide*, *passim*, the maxim of the Hapsburgs: "Divide et impera"—it was so long and so ruthlessly oppressed, but has absolutely found a home in the hearts of a Birmingham audience. The multitude assembled in the hall yesterday morning had been considerably "riled," as Sam Slick has it, by the conduct of the noble president. It was unmistakeably evident that they wished to encore several pieces — among others, "He gave them hailstones" and "The enemy said I will pursue"—but the president was immovable, he would not yield to the general desire, and, consequently, the pieces in question remained unencored—it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. It is the last drop which causes the bowl—be the latter more or less wreathed—to overflow. The conduct of the president gave anything but universal satisfaction. The public, yesterday evening, appeared to have arrived at a unanimous though tacit resolve to do something—and they did it. One of the "requests," carrying with it, I need scarcely observe, the force of a Russian ukase, on ordinary occasions, and issued by the committee, runs thus:—

"It is the earnest request of the committee that the company attending the performances of sa red music will not manifest their approbation by any audible expressio of applause; and that parties will remain uncovered during the whol. of the performances in the hall."

Now this "request" had created great dissatisfaction not only for the spirit which dictated it (as I observed in my first letter on the Festival), but, also, among certain sticklers for literary elegance, for the style in which it is written. I am not aware who planned it — whether the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, or any one of the distinguished visitors whose names I have, in obedience to custom, given in the regular Court-Circularish official lists —but I would seize this opportunity of hinting to the unknown author that the word "party" has not yet been allowed to pass muster by critics as a substitute for the word "person." Its use in this acceptation has hitherto been confined mostly to members of that class of society which interpolates an *e*, by no means mute, in "umbrella," calls "chimney," "chimbley," and delights in designating "mushrooms," "musheroons." I would, furthermore, observe that it is the practice of our best writers not to distract the attention of their readers by the introduction of too great a number of nominal subjects. Pronouns, I have somewhere read, were expressly invented for the purpose of enabling an author to refer to a person, or to persons, previously named, without employing over and over again the noun used in the first instance, or supplying its place by another noun. If, therefore, I am not mistaken on this head, the example set by the author of the above "request" in introducing the word "parties" is an example not especially worthy of imitation by the student desirous of achieving purity of style. The grammatical subject of the dependent proposition ushered in by the conjunction "that" after the word "committee" is "the company." Now, if I understand the author aright, the subsequent subject "parties" represents the self-same "company;" *argal*, the pronoun "they" might have been here advantageously substituted. Why, again, are we treated to the epithet "audible?" Is it not superfluous, as likewise the concluding flourish: "in the hall," unless, indeed, there were, connected with the Festival, performances going on elsewhere? Such may have been the case, but if it was, I did not know it, or I should, as in duty bound, have forwarded you a report of those performances.

But to return to the proceedings yesterday evening. The audience were evidently indignant at having been so long treated as gentlemen inhabiting for the time Millbank Penitentiary or the Model Prison at Clerkenwell, and, as a consequence of their sojourn therein, subjected to the silent system. Little by little did they give indications of what was to come, until, at the conclusion of the grand, soul-inspiring song: "Sound an alarm," sung with superb energy, and, need I say, irreproachable good taste, by Mr. Sims Reeves, they broke forth into a storm — torrent — tornado — hurricane — tempest — or stampedo of applause, which, were I a penny-a-liner, I should say, "shook the building to its very foundations." But I am not a penny-a-liner, and, therefore, shall *not* say so. I do not like poaching on other men's manors. Consider, therefore, the words between turned commas as unwritten and unprinted, and supply, mentally, others calculated to convey my meaning. So hearty and genuine was the applause that even the inflexible tenor himself relented, notwithstanding the fact that, in obedience to his custom, he had bowed his thanks and resumed his seat. He repeated the air with, if possible, greater spirit than before. Having thus asserted their independence on the broadest basis, and gallantly thrown off the presidental yoke — I am bound to state, however, that the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot was absent — the audience, as joyous and demonstrative, not to say uproarious, as school-boys at breaking-up, or Her Majesty's Faithful Commons when following their Speaker to the bar of the House of Lords, paid the same compliment to Mlle. Patti in the air: "From mighty Kings," and Mlle. Patti responded to the call. The other solo singers all merit more than ordinary commendation, for they infused more than ordinary spirit into their singing. They appeared, and, no doubt, were, excited by the enthusiasm exhibited by the audience. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington delivered the air: "Wise men flattering" with exquisite taste and feeling; Mad. Rudersdorff was admirable in "Pious orgies;" while Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer afforded universal satisfaction in the contralto music, which they shared between them. Mr. Santley and Mr. Montem Smith must not be passed over in silence. They never sang better than on this occasion. The chorus maintained its high character. The two numbers which produced, perhaps, the greatest impression were: "We never will bow down," and, "See the conquering hero comes." Each individual singer appeared as fresh and unfatigued as on the very first day of the Festival. The performance of the orchestra was irreproachable.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, the National Anthem was given, —Mad. Rudersdorff and Mlle. Patti taking the solos. Then followed a whirlwind of applause, from orchestra, soloists, chorus, and audience, for Mr. Costa, who fully deserved it, considering the unremitting attention he has devoted to everything connected with his department — no limited one, you will admit. It is a source of regret for all lovers of good music, that no orchestral symphony was included in the programme of the miscellaneous concerts. Such an omission is the more to be deplored, with such a conductor as Mr. Costa to wield the *bâton*, and such an orchestra as that at his command to play a work of this class. With this drawback, the Festival of 1861, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense, may be pronounced the most successful ever given in Birmingham.

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The following table exhibits the receipts for each day; while the subscriptions promised, but not received, will bring the grand total up to above 11,000*l.*, being 500*l.*, or upwards, more than the total of the Festival receipts in 1858.

1861.	Persons present.	Receipts. £	s.	d.
August 27, Tuesday, first day . .	2,883 .	2,702	7	10
„ 28, Wednesday, second day .	2,271 .	1,945	10	5
Total 1st and 2nd days . .		4,647	18	3
„ 29, Thursday, third day . .	4,154 .	3,742	6	6
Total 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days . .		8,390	4	9
„ 30, Friday, fourth day . .	2,553 .	2,117	17	8
Total 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th days .		10,508	2	5
Tickets, 5*l.* 5*s.* each		152	5	0
Schemes		310	0	0
Total		10,970	7	5

With this gratifying evidence of what music can do in the sacred cause of charity, I take my leave, for the present, of the Birmingham Festival of 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—"Hy en had nog maer dat ongelukkig woord uitgesproken, of perdoof! Monseigneur sloeg de marionnet met haren kop tegen de coulissen en, gelyk de procureur van Pier Jan Klasse, schoot met cenen keer van onder den grond."

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The civic processions, congresses, banquets, toasts, addresses, replies, illuminations, blunders, "*tirs*," and fireworks with which the Antwerp artistic *fête* was rife, almost drove out of my head the only thing which caused me to write about the matter at all—or at any rate, to the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD. I mean, of course, the concert, at which Joseph Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto, to hear which (though furnished with an official "passe-partout") I was forced to disburse ten francs, and to rehearse which (although engaged to play at the concert) Joachim himself had to pay three francs and a half—the price of a public admission to this indispensable preliminary. When I obtained from the prince of fiddlers himself a knowledge of this fact, it somewhat consoled your correspondent: not to know "H. H." was a venial sin; not to know Joachim was quite another matter. But to the concert. The programme you received, and perhaps (for I have not seen a copy of THE MUSICAL WORLD in my travels, except one at Chaudfontaine, but that was *The New York Musical World*, with which your MUSICAL WORLD has nothing in common) printed. I nevertheless herewith transmit you another sketch, together with the remarks on the performance which I find in my note-book.

"The concert, or 'Fête Musicale,' held in the Theatre Royal last evening, was interesting, and, for the most part, classical. How little it had to do with Belgian art, however, may be seen by the subjoined programme:—

Symphonie Héroïque, Beethoven; Psaume XVIII., cœli enarrant, chanté par Mlle. Artot, avec chœur, Marcello; Die erste Walpurgisnacht, Mendelssohn; Chant de Noël, Angelus ad Pastores ait, chœur sans accompagnement, Roland de Lattre; Air des Noxze di Figaro: Giunse al fin il momento, chanté par Mlle. Artot, Mozart; Concerto pour violon, exéc. par Joachim, Beethoven; Variations, chantées par Mlle. Artot, Rode; Alleluia, chœur de l'oratorio Messias, Handel,

"Roland de Lattre, or, as he is more universally known, Orlando Lessus, stood for ancient, and Mlle. Artot, the well-known mezzo-soprano, for modern music; both very fairly representing their periods, the first as a composer, the last as an executant. The *Angelus* of the old Fleming—who flourished in the 16th century, and was one of the greatest masters of the school to which he belonged—is a capital specimen of his style,—a style having a good deal in common with Palestrina and his followers. That Mlle. Artot—who sang in her usual manner, with extraordinary vigour, if not refinement, among other things exaggerating the peculiarities of her mistress, Mad. Viardot Garcia—should not have introduced a single piece by a Belgian composer, old or new, created general surprise. Nevertheless, everything she did was applauded to the skies, and after repeating the last variation of Rode's air, she left the orchestra loaded with bouquets. The chorus and orchestra numbered in all 424 performers, considerably more than 100 being instrumentalists. The chorus was admirable, the freshness of the women's voices (sopranos especially) being remarkable. Of course they gave the *Angelus* of their famous old Roland as well as it was possible; but what distinguished them still more honourably, from the greater difficulty of the task, was the precision, delicacy, and clearness with which they executed the whole of the choral music in Mendelssohn's justly renowned *Walpurgis Night;* and this in a great measure redeemed the comparative tameness of the band, which, in spite of its numerical strength, sounded weak and hesitating, especially in the department of 'strings.' To those who have heard our English fiddles and basses this discrepancy must have been unfavourably apparent, more especially in the *Eroica* symphony, which was taken in almost every instance too slowly, and though there was abundance of piano, and no want of what is termed 'light and shade,' seemed (strange anomaly for such a magnificent inspiration) absolutely spiritless. Thus the *Walpurgis Night* carried away the honours from Beethoven's great work, the harbinger of a new epoch in art. Even Mendelssohn's music suffered from the prevalent slowness of *'temp'* to which M. François Callaerts, the conductor, with lethargic obstinacy submitted each successive movement, and still more from the very bad singing of M. Valsovani (baritone-bass), and M. Warnotz (tenor), in their respective and important solos. The contralto part of the old woman was assigned to Mlle. Artot, who gave her air 'Könnt ihr so werwegen handeln,' not much more than half as quick as the composer has indicated. The triumph of the concert was Herr Joachim's superb execution of the violin concerto of Beethoven, which, notwithstanding the occasional un-

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steadiness of the accompaniments, was one of the greatest musical treats imaginable. How Herr Joachim plays this wonderful composition need not be told to English readers; but it may be added that he never played it with greater dignity, refinement, and esprit. At the end he was complimented by a regular ovation. The orchestra joined the audience in cheering and applauding, the ladies of the chorus threw bouquets on him from all sides, and one of them crowned him with a wreath of laurel. Handel's sublime 'Hallelujah' acted merely as a voluntary to play the people out; and, though rendered with uncommon force and steadiness, would have been voted decidedly 'slow' by our London amateurs, accustomed to the impetuous enthusiasm of Mr. Costa.

"The concert took place in the pit of the theatre, on an orchestra elevated so as to command the stage, the whole of which to the furthermost walls of the building (where we had the good fortune to be placed, in what was facetiously denominated a 'reserved seat,' for the small consideration of 10 francs) was thrown open to accommodate one section of the audience, who were thus separated from the boxes and galleries by the vocal and instrumental performers. The theatre was literally crammed, the King of Bavaria and suite, and other notable persons occupying private boxes."

Joachim's playing was never, perhaps, grander. At least it never made a deeper impression upon me. I sat next to an intelligent German from Vienna, who remembered Joachim's first concert at Vienna, in the spring of the present year, and who gave me a long account of his impressions over a cup of coffee at the Hotel St. Antoine, after the concert was over. "After our curiosity," he said, "had for a number of years been in vain kept on the stretch to make the acquaintance of the most celebrated *virtuoso*, or, as we prefer naming him, artist, of the present day, we at length had the pleasure of doing so at a concert given by him, with the assistance of the band of the Imperial Opera, in the rooms of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. What high expectations the public had formed of Joachim's performance were manifested by the very numerous attendance and the hearty cheers which greeted our celebrated visitor on his appearance. The expectations of the public were not disappointed, although the general opinion was that they would not be fully realised until the subsequent concerts, to which we looked forward with the greatest interest. The pieces selected by Joachim were Beethoven's concerto—the concerto of all concertos—an adagio by Spohr, and a sonata by Tartini.

"Even then,"—pursued my German friend—"I could signalise as the prominent qualities of Joachim's play, grandeur of style, and a manly-serious, *objectively-characteristic* (!) conception, free from anything like coquetry; vigorous and truly imposing fulness of tone, and an indisputable mastery over technical difficulties, is, as far as we are at present capable of judging, indisputable. Whether he possessed passion also, a quality by no means the last that should belong to an astist, was something of which I required more convincing proof, the programme affording him but little scope for developing this particular side of his artistic individuality. His most brilliant effort was, then his truly grandiose execution of Tartini's Sonata, a highly interesting work, for the revival of which we all felt grateful. The burlesque parts especially were played with the most unctuous humour and electrified the audience, who, up to that time, had not been, properly speaking, carried away by his performance, although they had listened to it in a spirit of respectful satisfaction. Joachim, in fact, appeared to be suffering from nervousness during Beethoven's concerto; and, however admirable his execution, so far as correctness and dexterity went, it did not astonish the audience or throw into the shade the well-remembered efforts of other artists—such as Hellmesberger (!) for instance. The cadenza, in the first movement, which was carried out with rather too much breadth, did not please, though the extraordinary mastery of polyphonic playing was of course admired. The performance of Spohr's *adagio* was, on the other hand, inimitably beautiful, and gave evidence of true and genuine feeling combined with the most noble simplicity; in fact, we all particularly noticed Joachim's highly cultivated taste, and the delicate tact with which, as a rule, he succeeded in adapting his play to the spirit of masters so fundamentally different as Beethoven, Spohr, and Tartini.

"To conclude, I was unable to pronounce a final opinion of Joachim's talent after a single hearing. That he should have disdained, and would as surely continue to disdain, to exhibit it in pieces of 'virtuosity,' in compositions expressly written for the purpose of mechanical display, despite the ease with which the limited repertory at the command of a violinist might tend to seduce him into such practices, I did not consider a merit in Herr Joachim, but looked upon his patience in this respect as necessarily founded on his genuine artistic nature, to say nothing of the satiety of the public, no less than their improved musical education, preventing them from feeling the least desire for such incentives to excitement."

"And what is your opinion now?"—I asked, after this long-winded periphrasis.

"Oh!" he replied, "I have heard Joachim many times since, and am now thoroughly convinced that he is the greatest living executive artist—the greatest, in short, since Paganini."

I regretted to hear such a commonplace from one who had talked so speciously. "The greatest since Paganini;" "the greatest since Malibran;" "the greatest since Braham"—these are common exclamations, and proceed as often from those who are not old enough perhaps ever to have heard, much less to appreciate at their proper value, either Paganini, Malibran, or Braham. For my part, although in the latter of these two predicaments undoubtedly, I persist in believing Joachim greater than Paganini, Jenny Lind than Malibran, and Sims Reeves than Braham. And so I left my chance friend humming the old song:—

"Je suis le docteur Dommerle
Ri, ri, ri, ri, ri, trie de ri de ri.
Et puis je suis Wallon aussi:
Si, si, si, si, si, si, si, si.
Je représente les Fla-hutes,
Tchin na na poûn na na poûn (*ter*)
Siéger à l'Chamb, voilà mon but.
Tchin na na poûn, na na poûn (*bis*)."

To which, as he slowly passed on through the Place Verte, I heard him respond:—

"J'achète des taup's au prix courant,
Ran, ran, ran deri deri deran, deri deran.
C'est pour les mettre dans mes champs
Chan, chan, chanderi deri deran.
Des taup's, j'en ai bien peu trouvé,
Tchin na na poûn na na poûn, poûn.
Mais parmi vous j'en trouverai,
Tchin na na poûn, na na poûn, na na poûn."

—which proved that he knew the song, at least, although

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he was apparently unaware that I had hummed the first verse "*àpropos de bottes.*" Dommerie van Dommerik is one thing, Beethoven von Joachim another.

H. H.

Antwerp, Hotel de St. Antoine, Aug. 27th.

APPLAUSE is the very breath in the nostrils of artists. Applause instantaneous and genuine is that by which actors and singers live and flourish. It is their hope and expectation, their ambition, their first and last object, the goal of all their desires. Deprive the singer or actor of his cheers and his clappings, you refrigerate his enthusiasm, repress his chief stimulant to exertion and sap the foundation of his energy. A voiceless audience is death to an artist. In the silence of congregations he feels his own condemnation, believing when they are mute he must be impotent. And what impulse it must give to a follower in any art to know that his efforts are truly appreciated; above all to the actor, or orator, who looks for immediate approbation *when he himself is present!* This is the reason why those who make the stage their profession are more sensitive than any other class of the community. They live in an atmosphere of popular excitement, and their only means of being assured that they are successful is by loud expression on the part of those whom they endeavour to please. If there is no expression, it is because they have failed to gratify. The conviction is inevitable.

The anomaly of the power of calling for an encore being vested in the President of the Birmingham Musical Festival has been very properly commented on by the correspondents of the London press. The absurdity was not likely to escape gentlemen at once so observing and captious to everything that wore the semblance of a grievance or an error. But this is no more than what we ourselves have directed attention to, on more than one occasion, in the pages of the MUSICAL WORLD. The right given to the President of commanding the repetition of any piece in a musical performance is a "mockery and a delusion." By what impulse is he governed? By his own feelings. It would be the height of vanity and impertinence to consult his own opinions only — allowing him to have any — in an assembly of thousands of amateurs. Perhaps he is swayed by the muttered expressions of delight from the aristocratic lispers who surround his star-ship like satellites in the President's gallery? This would be little better, and would resolve the Festival into a private concert on a grand scale. One thing is certain: the President of the Birmingham Festival has no means of ascertaining the popular feeling, since all manifestations of approval are interdicted, and consequently he must be moved in his decisions from within himself. That it would be the more gracious act, and one which would defy reprehension, to omit encores altogether, need not be pointed out. Mark the contradiction! Encores in oratorios are forbidden on the ground that they are derogatory to a performance of sacred music; and yet the President has the right, and exercises it, of commanding encores — that is, has the right to do that which is emphatically pronounced to be wrong. Is this Brummagem logic? Now all this absurdity might be done away with if the prohibition against outward expression were withdrawn. What real objection, we should like to know, can be offered to a popular demonstration in the Birmingham Hall during the representation of an oratorio? It is no cathedral, nor sacred edifice, the *genius loci* of which might indeed with reason plead for extra decorum and forbearance; but a good, stout, profane structure, devoted to all sorts of purposes, like St. James's or Exeter Hall. And as for claiming the observance of exact silence, and expecting straight-laced and rigorous attention to the performance of an oratorio, that that was never contemplated by Handel is demonstrated by the fact, that most of his oratorios were brought out at the public theatres. The *Messiah*, for instance, was first given in London at Covent Garden Theatre; *Israel in Egypt* was produced at the same non-ecclesiastical *locale*, as was also *Judas Maccabæus*; which proves that oratorio was not regarded in a mere sacred light, but looked upon as an historical representation illustrated by music. Had applause been permitted during the performance of oratorios at the Birmingham Festival much disagreeable observation would have been spared; the most deserving performances — or at least those most desired by the majority of the audiences — would, as they should be, have been repeated; while the President would have escaped becoming the object of many remarks which it is always distressing to hear levelled against high persons in most responsible places. That the noble lord who presided over the Birmingham Festival performed the duties of his office to the best of his abilities, and with perfect freedom from all prejudice and party feeling, we have not the least doubt; but, until the anomaly involved in the prohibition of encores and the authority given to one person to subvert the prohibition be done away with, future Presidents must expect to be questioned and criticised, and Directors of future Festivals be rated for want of foresight and discrimination. Let encores by all means be disallowed; but, for the sake of artists and art, let free utterance be given to feelings of admiration and delight. The dead composer is as much interested in manifestations of applause as the living singer or player.

THE following announcement has appeared in the columns of a morning contemporary:—

"INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—Her Majesty's Commissioners have received a communication from M. Meyerbeer, stating that, in compliance with their request, he will compose a march for the opening ceremony."

The news is not exactly new, as our Paris correspondent had already informed the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD that M. Meyerbeer had acceded to the request of the Commissioners. Our correspondent further stated that M. Auber had consented to compose a piece for the inauguration of the Exhibition of 1862. To these we may now add, that Signor Verdi has consented to supply an Italian composition, and Professor Sterndale Bennett an English one, for the great inaugural ceremony. Germany, France, Italy, and England, thus represented by the most renowned living composers (Rossini is dead to art unfortunately) of the several countries, the musical performance involved in the inauguration cannot fail to create the liveliest interest and curiosity, as no doubt each musician will try his very best for the occasion. Surely after this the grumblers about music being neglected at the forthcoming International Exhibition will be silent. And this, in our opinion, is the only feasible way in which music can be turned to account under the circumstances, and rendered at once agreeable and useful.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has engaged Signor Delle Sedie, the baritone, for the ensuing season.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—We are able to state upon trustworthy authority that Drury Lane Theatre will open for a short season, about the middle of this month, with English opera, under the direction of Dr. James Pech.

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MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Mellon does well to keep up Jullien's plan of occasionally devoting one portion of a concert exclusively to classical music. It is not bad policy to omit a set of quadrilles now and then, for the sake of inserting a symphony into the programme — to appeal from the large public who are captivated by a dance tune to the still larger public who have learnt to reserve their admiration for the worthiest objects. Paradox though it may seem to be, it is nevertheless strictly true that the best classical concerts are now more thoroughly popular than those which profess to be destined for "the people." "Music for the million" must be music of the highest class. What now pleases the vulgar most was written for the delectation of princes, and a cynic might reverse the terms of the proposition with some show of reason. All this is so well known that we need not insist on it; and we are somewhat surprised at Mr. Mellon's not having declared still more decidedly than he has done for the progress of the art of which he is evidently so enthusiastic a devotee. We feel convinced that he would consult his own interest in no less a degree than the advancement of music if he appealed habitually instead of occasionally to the taste which, whether it be from fashion or conviction, is now paramount in the English nation. It is true that he has given several "classical nights" since the commencement of his concerts, but these might well have been increased in number, and we have never been able to understand the principle on which, in Jullien's time as well as now, they have been limited. It has invariably happened that the concerts on these special occasions have been much more fully attended than usual, and yet conductors seem loth to follow out the plan which this circumstance seems naturally to suggest. If classical music always "draws" best, surely it is reasonable to conclude that it must be a profitable investment. Fear seems to be entertained lest the avidity with which people flock to hear a symphony by Beethoven or Mendelssohn should be lessened by its constant repetition, but very little experience would suffice to show that such fear is groundless. No mental phenomenon is more evident than that, in the study of a masterpiece in any art, the "appetite grows by what it feeds on."

On Thursday night a selection of vocal and instrumental music by one of the great masters attracted, as rarely fails to be the case, a crowded audience. The master was Mozart, to whose compositions the whole of the first part was devoted. The singers were Mlle. Parepa and Herr Formes; and the band was the admirable one to which Mr. Alfred Mellon has accustomed his patrons, now restored to its original strength by the return of many of its most efficient members, whose services during the previous week had been in request at the Birmingham Festival. That the programme was well chosen, judiciously varied, and highly interesting the subjoined will show:—

Symphony in G minor; air, "In diesen heiligen hallen;" concerto, pianoforte, in C major; scene, "Gli angui d'inferno;" air, "Non piu andrai;" overture (*Figaro*)—Mozart.

The symphony in G minor would alone have repaid so musical an audience as that which was assembled on the present occasion in honour of Mozart. This truly wonderful work is the second of three—the other two being the symphony in E flat, and the great symphony in C, distinguished from its less ambitious predecessor by the traditional title of *Jupiter*—which were designed and completed within the short interval of six weeks. Notwithstanding the unparalleled finale of the *Jupiter*—one of the most prodigious examples of contrapuntal science, combined with rich invention, which the art can boast—musicians are pretty nearly unanimous in according the first place among the orchestral compositions of Mozart to the symphony in G minor. Nothing that came from the pen of the author of *Don Giovanni* and *Die Zauberflöte*—not even those masterpieces themselves—is more deeply imbued with the spirit of the man and the marked individuality of the artist; and on this account, if on no other, it must always be a special favourite with the lovers of Mozart's music. Those amateurs who were fortunate enough to be at the Royal Italian Opera yesterday evening must have been more than satisfied with the execution of the symphony, which was, indeed, the prominent feature of the concert. Every part was given well—the *andante*, minuet, and finale to perfection; and so delighted were the audience with the minuet—probably the finest movement of its kind—that they absolutely clamoured for a repetition; but Mr. Mellon would on no account consent—somewhat inconsistently, we thought, inasmuch as he subsequently acceded to more than one "encore," the demand for which was certainly less general and spontaneous. The pianoforte concerto—the earliest and least ambitious, if not the least engaging in the key of C—used to be frequently heard at the concerts of the late M. Jullien, and invariably received with enthusiasm. It was played with remarkable spirit and correctness by Miss Julia Woolf (King's Scholar, if we are not mistaken, at the Royal Academy of Music), who had the good taste to prefer Mozart's own text—the "cadenzas" in the "allegro" and "finale" allowed for—to the embellished versions of Cramer, Hummel, &c., which are for the most part resorted to by modern pianists. The applause that followed each movement was a tribute honourably earned.

The vocal pieces afforded the utmost pleasure. Mlle. Parepa sang the very arduous and trying air of Astriaffamente with extraordinary vigour, taking the high notes, which are its exceptional characteristics, with the utmost ease and certainty, and concluding her task amid applause so loud and prolonged so persistently that she was compelled to repeat the quick movement. If ever the revival of *Il Flauto Magico* should be entertained, Mlle. Parepa being at hand, there need at least be no difficulty about the part of the "Queen of Night." Herr Formes created a "furore" in the solemn invocation of Sarastro ("In diesen heiligen hallen"), into the spirit of which he enters thoroughly, and which is alike suited to his voice and style. He, too, by the unanimous desire of the audience, was obliged to return to the orchestra and repeat the last verse. With the immortal song of Figaro ("Non piu andrai") Herr Formes was not less successful. The engagement of this popular singer is likely to prove attractive; and the more of Mozart's dramatic songs set down for him the better. The animated prelude to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the most genuine and irresistible comic overture extant, brought the Mozart selection to an end with the utmost "éclat." Better played it could not have been. Mr. Mellon directed the entire performance with consummate address, and, not for the first time by many, showed his intimate acquaintance with the classic school of the greatest of "absolute musicians."

The "New York Quadrille," produced on Monday night, has been the novelty of the week, and is altogether a lively and spirited affair, the airs being happily chosen and well put together. The popular negro melodies upon which the quadrille is founded are nightly recognised with unmistakeable symptoms of approval, and the whole performance cheered vehemently. A new waltz, too, called "The Warblers of the Forest," in which the imitation of birds is wonderfully well managed, may also be mentioned as a good thing of its kind.

To-night the "Volunteer Night" will be repeated, and in addition to Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. George Perren, and Herr Formes among the vocalists, Mad. Florence Lancia, of whose antecedents our readers need not be told, makes her first appearance, and sings the grand scena from Signor Verdi's *Attila*.

DUBLIN.—The Misses Leishman gave an interesting matinée in their elegant rooms on Thursday last, when the following programme was gone through:—Part I.—Duo Brillante, harp and piano, on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" (C. Oberthür); Solo, piano, andante and rondo capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Solo, harp, "Serenade" (Parish Alvars); Duo, harp and piano, "Alpenhorn" (Oberthür); Solo, piano, (a) "May-breeze," (b) "St. Patrick's Day" (Th. Mauss). Part II.—Solo, harp, concerto in E major (Parish Alvars); Allegro brillante, andante, rondo (the orchestral accompaniments have been adapted for the piano by the author); Solo, piano, nocturne; Le Corsair, galop brillante (Th. Mauss); Solo, harp, "Thou art so near, and yet so far;" La Cascade (Oberthür); Duo, harp and piano, "Erin go bragh" (Oberthür). The audience, a highly fashionable one, were highly delighted with what they heard, and gave frequent vent to their approbation. The arrangement made by the Misses Leishman for the comfort of their aristocratic visitors was satisfactory.

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From the "Morning Post.")

WE really cannot help paying a special compliment to Miss Arabella Goddard for her wonderfully fine execution of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, not a new work certainly, but still by no means so frequently heard as the vocal pieces we have mentioned. It was also the only solo instrumental piece in the concert, and we may add that the custom which our provincial festival committees appear to have adopted latterly, of excluding such works from their programmes, is not at all worthy of encouragement. The unmistakeable effect produced by Miss Arabella Goddard on this occasion will, we trust, serve to correct the error to which we have alluded. Miss Arabella Goddard never before, to our thinking, played the G minor concerto with such impassioned energy and poetical feeling. The audience listened with the deepest attention throughout, and applauded the fair pianist on every possible occasion with the warmest enthusiasm.

(From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard.")

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S appearance in the orchestra relieved the committee of great anxiety, for on her way here from Boulogne the distinguished pianist was attacked with such severe indisposition that she could not attend the rehearsal, and it was at one time doubtful whether she would be able to appear at all. It cannot be pretended that such an elaborate concerto as the G minor could, so far as the orchestra was concerned, go as well as if the conductor had been in the position of coming to an under standing with the soloist. But the performance was in the *ensemble* a veritable *tour de force*. It was really wonderful that the orchestral entries should have been so exact. For the fair pianist herself nothing apologetical is at all necessary. No signs of weakness were shown in her passage playing. She took Mendelssohn's rattling octaves and prolonged trills with her ordinary ease and precision, and her adagio was distinguished as usual by its refined, delicate, and intense expressiveness. It was altogether a noble reading of a noble work, replete with brilliancy, brimful of intelligence, and with all its masculine vigour of execution, betraying the woman *artist's* grace and tenderness.

From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard."

THE instrumentalists had a third opportunity of gaining distinction, and they did not fail to avail themselves of the chance. The E flat concerto of Beethoven is of a proportion approaching to the symphony, although the pianoforte part is of such prominency and magnitude. No executant but of the first rank must approach this colossal conception; the gloomy grandeur of the opening movement, the mysterious melody pervading the adagio, and the irresistible impulse of the rapid rondo, require something more than digital dexterity. The intellect must predominate, the heart and soul must ooze out of the instrument, to keep pace with the orchestral loftiness and dignity. The concerto is without a triviality, the theme is always elevated, the treatment never small. The elaboration is intricate, but always eloquent. Beethoven's pianoforte concertos are like the Greek dramas, in which the human passions are strong, and the pianoforte is the chorus which tells the tale and points the moral. The task, therefore, for the pianist is onerous, and Miss Arabella Goddard evidently felt the responsibility. Her reading was based on a rigid adherence to the text—a most praiseworthy starting-point, and finger work with her is child's play. Her rush of octaves, and there are not a few in this concerto, was marked with high finish, and what she can do in *pianissimo* passages is equivalent to the declaration that the most perfect phrasing from the human voice is rivalled by her on the pianoforte. Such a performance, in which the pianoforte principal and the instrumental adjuncts were quite *hors ligne*, ought to have created a classic *furore;* but here, albeit the concerto was listened to with profound attention, there was no exhibition of excitement at the end. Is it that such high-class works are really beyond the comprehension of mixed audiences? Are the epics of music to be sealed books, except to educated ears? The committee, at all events, are entitled to all praise, for their moral courage in affording the Birmingham festival visitors the opportunity of hearing such noble productions.

(From the "Birmingham Journal.")

The great feature of the concert was the performance by Miss Arabella Goddard and the orchestra of Beethoven's lengthy and elaborate piano-forte Concerto in E flat, commonly known as the Emperor. Mere verbal description would fail to convey an adequate idea of this superb work, which occupied more than half-an-hour in performance, and revealed at every turn such wonders of melody and harmony, such breadth of design, and such elaboration of treatment, such happiness in the *motivi*, and such variety and fecundity in the instrumentation, that even the magnificence of the execution assumed but a secondary position in the mind of the auditor. The first and longest movement is in the nature of a martial *allegro*, introduced by a few striking chords for the orchestra, and chiefly remarkable for the lavish employment of the wind instruments, and the fine effect of the pizzicato accompaniments to octave passages for the piano-forte. The following movement, a solemn *adagio*, is introduced by the stringed instruments, to which some of the finest phrases are assigned, though a melodious passage for the wind instruments, with a chaste and original counterpoint on two notes for the piano-forte, excited much admiration. This movement is connected with the concluding *rondo* by a series of masterly cadenzas, and the martial character of the earlier part reappears in a more brilliant and striking form than before. We have never witnessed a finer pianoforte performance than that of Miss Goddard on that occasion. The care and brilliancy of her execution are in no particular more manifest than in the silvery *pianissimo* runs which abound in the pianoforte part; and notwithstanding the great length and novelty of the performance, the audience heard it through with 'bated breath and watchful eagerness, applauding the conclusion as warmly as if some popular ballad were in question.

MRS. BOWERS, an American tragedienne of celebrity in the principal northern cities, has arrived in London, and has been engaged by Mr. Phelps to appear at Sadler's Wells. Mrs. Bowers was formerly manageress of the Academy of Music, and has frequently travelled with Miss Charlotte Cushman as an assistant "star."

LEEDS.—*(From our own Correspondent.)*—The parish church organ, by Snetzler, has recently undergone several alterations and a thorough repair, and the instrument may now be regarded as a very fine church organ, although the swell (which it is the intention of the churchwardens at some future time to reconstruct) is very incomplete. The work has been executed by Mr. Holt, of Leeds, under the supervision of Walker Joy, Esq., a clever amateur and one of the churchwardens. The following is a specification of the organ as it now stands:—

Great Organ.—Compass G G to F.—1. Double open diapason (metal) 16 feet; 2. Large open diapason (metal) 8; 3. German open diapason (metal) 8; 4. Small open diapason (metal) 8; 5. Stopped diapason (wood and metal) 8; 6. Wald flute (wood) 4; 7. Octave (metal) 4; 8. Octave quint (metal) 3; 9. Super octave (metal) 2; 10. Dulciana mixture 3 ranks; 11. Sharp mixture 3; 12. Full mixture 3; 13. Trumpet 8 feet; 14. Trombone 8; 15. Clarion 4.

Pedal Organ.—Compass C C C to F.—1. Sub-bass (wood) 32 feet; 2. Open diapason (wood) 16; 3. Bourdon (wood) 16; 4. Flute bass (wood) 8; 5. Octave (metal) 8; 6. Mixture 4 ranks; 7. Contra-trombone (wood) 32 feet; 8. Trombone (wood) 16; 9. Clarion (metal) 8.

Swell Organ.—Compass Tenor C to F.—1. Open diapason (metal) 8 feet; 2. Stopped diapason (metal) 8; 3. Gamba (metal) 8; 4. Octave (metal) 4; 5. Trumpet (metal) 8; 6. Oboe (metal) 8.

Choir Organ.—Compass C C to F.—1. Double dulciana (metal) 16 feet; 2. Open diapason (metal) 8; 3. Dulciana (metal) 8; 4. Claribel (wood) 8; 5. Gedact (metal and wood) 8; 6. Octave (metal) 4; 7. Gedact flute (metal) 4; 8. Cor-Anglais (metal) 16; 9. Clarinet (metal) 8.

Couplers.—Swell to great; great to pedal. Swell to choir; choir to pedal. Four composition pedals to great; two ditto to pedal. Ventil to pedal; ventil to manual.

The patent hydraulic engine and additional feeders, the gift of Mr. Walker Joy, have also been applied, and the apparatus is employed for the double purpose of supplying wind to the instrument and for pumping out the waste water for the use of the schools in connection with the church.

The experiment was tried last Saturday evening by Dr. Spark

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of devoting an entire programme to the works of one composer' and the result was, on the whole, successful. The name of Mendelssohn drew a large audience, including several professional gentlemen and amateurs. The programme included organ pieces, vocal extracts, orchestral music, and two of the celebrated *Lieder ohne Worte* (songs without words), and considerable interest was manifested in these latter highly popular compositions. Their effect on the organ was in one respect admirable—the song itself coming out with due prominence, and varying in the gradations of tone even more successfully than can be obtained on the piano, for which instrument these *Lieder* were specially written. But whilst this was an advantage, the organ failed to impart the same superiority to the accompaniments. On Saturday we are promised a Mozart night, and a treat may be anticipated by the lover of pure melody.

Dr. Spark having resigned the office of conductor to that old establishment the Leeds Madrigal Society, after ten years' gratuitous service, a special meeting of the members was held on Wednesday evening to appoint his successor. There were about seventy members present, J. W. Atkinson, Esq., vice-president, occupying the chair. A unanimous vote of thanks was first passed to Dr. Spark for his long and valuable labours in the cause of choral music in Leeds. The members expressed their deep regret at his resignation, which, however, Dr. Sparks finds necessary, as a great portion of his time is now required for his duties as organist of the Town Hall. After a short discussion, the committee's report, recommending John Bowling, Esq., as musical director of the society, was unanimously adopted. On being introduced to the members, Mr. Bowling was received with loud cheers, and in accepting the office he expressed his pleasure at the honour which had been conferred upon him, remarking that he accepted the post because he felt it would be an injury to the cause of choral music in Leeds if such a society (numbering, as he was informed, about 130 members), should be allowed to languish. He promised his best efforts to promote the society's welfare, and begged every member to aid those efforts by constant attendance at the rehearsals.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—The difference between M. Calzado and the band has had a pacific termination. All the artists of the orchestra remain in their places for the approaching season. The company is already formed, and includes, among the *prime donne soprani*, Mads. Penco and Volpini, and Mlle. Marie Battu; *prime donne contralti*, Mads. Alboni and Trebelli; *prime donne comprimari*, Mad. Tagliafico and Mlle. Vestri; *primi tenori*, Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Belart and Brini; *tenore comprimario*, Signor Cappello; *primi baritoni*, Signors Badiali, Beneventano, and Delle Sedie; *primi bassi*, Signors Tagliafico and Capponi; *primo buffo*, Signor Zucchini; director of the orchestra, Signor Bonnetti; *direttore del canto e maestro al cembalo*, Signor Uranio Fontana; chorus-master, Signor Chiaromonte. Tamberlik will not sing until the spring, and will appear in March and April. Signor Beneventano—well remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre—replaces Signor Graziani, who goes to St. Petersburg. The success of Sig. Delle Sedie in London has secured him an engagement at the Italiens. Of Mad. Volpini report speaks highly. She will share the *soprano* repertory with Mad. Penco. Signor Brini, who in reality is Herr Braun, a German, is said to have a charming tenor voice. Verdi's *Macbeth* will be one of the earliest novelties of the season. *Tancredi* will be produced for Mlle. Trebelli and Mlle. Battu; *Anna Bolena* revived for Mads. Penco and Alboni; Pergolese's *Serva Padrona* for Mlle. Battu and Signor Zucchini; and Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*, in which nearly the whole strength of the company will be engaged.

BERLIN.—The great heat lately has proved anything but conducive to the benefit of in-door amusements. The Opera House has been almost deserted by its regular frequenters, many of whom are absent, by the way, at the various watering-places; and has had to depend chiefly on provincial visitors, whom no heat, I believe, would induce to réfrain from "doing" all the lions of the capital. The principal attractions at the above establishment for some past have been Cherubini's *Deux Journées* and the ballet *Flick und Flock;* the principal parts in the opera being sustained by Mad. Harriers-Wippern, Mlle. Münster, Herren Krause, Pfister, and Wolf. At the Friedrich-Wilhelm Städtisches Theatre the bills have been monopolised by *Orpheus*, *Genoveva*, and *Fortunio's Lied*. The King has accepted the dedication of a symphony composed for the approaching coronation by Herr R. Wüerst; and the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has presented Herr Ferdinand Sieber, teacher of singing, with the large grand-ducal gold medal for Arts and Sciences. Mlle. Marie Taglioni is at present stopping at her estate in Silesia. She has so far recovered from the effects of her late accident that she will be enabled to resume her professional duties in the course of this month. The popular ballets of *Satanella* and *Morgano* will be revived for her.

MARIENBURG.—A project has been set on foot to get up a grand festival for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the Prussian navy. A committee has already been appointed, and has decided on giving a musical and theatrical performance, together with a series of *tableaux vivants*. At present, the 13th October has been fixed on as the day on which the festival will take place.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—At the command of the present Sultan, the magnificent theatre erected by his late brother has been converted into a manufactory for rifled cannon.

STOCKHOLM.—Herr Ignaz Lachner, who is now appointed conductor at the Stadttheater in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, after having acted as conductor in the Theatre Royal of this city for the space of three years, wielded the *bâton* here for the last time in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*. After the performance, Herr A. Randel, the composer, presented him, on the part of the band, with a large silver goblet, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Herr Ignaz Lachner, Conductor and Knight of various orders, by his friends, the members of the Royal Orchestra, Stockholm, the 22nd June, 1861." Herr Strandberg then presented him, in the name of the members of the Operatic Company, with a brilliant ring, on which was inscribed in Swedish, "Minne af Stockholms Scens lyriska Artister" (A memento from the lyrical Artists of the Theatre, Stockholm).

SWEET LAVENDER.

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"Sweet Lavender!" that cry along the street
Doth waft my spirit to a far off scene—
A streamlet, sheltered from the noonday heat,
Where, over head, the woven branches meet,
And dancing sunbeams fling their ling'ring rays between.

And *I* am by that streamlet's mossy side,
And one, still unforgot, is at my feet,
And whisper'd flatteries, I could not chide,
Are mingling with the streamlet's murmuring tide,
Making the summer air so musically sweet.

"Sweet Lavender!" thy perfume doth recall
A thousand memories by sadness shrouded,
Gleams from the sunny past around me fall,
When, like some gay enchanting festival,
Life seemed so fair, the future so unclouded.

Once more I listen, with a feigned surprise,
To that low voice, which near my heart still lingers;
Once more I shun the light from those dear eyes,
And, whilst I strive my feelings to disguise,
Crush thy sweet buds between my trembling fingers.

"Sweet Lavender!" to me thy blossoms speak
A language eloquent of youth's sweet madness;
I gaze till tears are raining down my cheek,
As in thy fragrant beauty I would seek
Lost pleasures to restore, with many a vanish'd gladness.

Alas! those hours can never come again,
When storms passed over me like summer showers;
And though I weep o'er buried hopes in vain,
The memory of their light will still remain,
Like the undying fragrance from thy flowers,
"Sweet Lavender!"

JESSICA RANKIN.

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TROPPAU.—The Silesian vocal festival, which will come off on the 25th inst., promises to turn out an event of some importance. Already have thirty-six associations, with 1300 singers, signified their intention to take part in it, and it is expected that the number of singers will ultimately reach 2000. Prince Lichnowsky has invited all the associations to pay him a visit in his park at Grätz, on the 26th inst.

WIESBADEN.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been performed six times to crowded houses.

DARMSTADT.—The opera-house will probably be re-opened on the 8th inst., with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. This will be followed shortly afterwards by *La Dame Blanche*, the new tenor, Herr Horn, appearing as George Brown.

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MLLE. WHITTY will appear at the THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, on September 17th, in "PURITANI;" on the 18th, in "NORMA;" on the 19th, in the "BARBIERE;" with Titiens, Giuglini, Swift, Lemaire, Delle Sedie and Ciampi.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS.

BENNETT (E.)	"There be none of beauty's daughters" -	(Vocal).

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

GILBERT (Bennett)	"Let me be near to thee" - - - -	(Vocal).
ABT (François)	"Tyrolienne" - - - - -	(Pianoforte).
DELASSUSIE (A.)	"Le Barbier de Seville" - - - -	(do).
Do.	"I. Puritani" - - - - -	(do).
MACFARREN (Mrs. G. A.)	"The Child's first Music Lesson" - -	(do).
WEISSER (A.)	"Perles d'or" - - - - - -	(do).

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ASCHER (J.)	"Alice! where art thou" - - - -	(Vocal).
BARTHOLOMEW (Mrs. M.)	"Last rose of summer" - - - -	(Pianoforte).

EWER AND CO.

O'LEARY (Arthur)	"Five marches" - - - - - -	(do).
GABRIEL (Virginia)	"Long ago" - - - - - -	(do).
KRUGER (W.)	"Marche des Bohemiens Russes" - -	(do).
Do.	"Chœur des Pélerins" (Tannhauser) -	(do).
Do.	"Marche" do. -	(do).
Do.	"Bacchanale" - - - - - -	(do).
Do.	"Rigoletto" - - - - - -	(do).

METHVEN AND CO. (DUNDEE).

NAGEL (H.)	"The marksman's gallop" - - -	(do).

R. W. OLLIVIER.

BENEDER (F.)	"Un Ballo in Maschera" - - - -	(do).
Do.	"Caledonia" - - - - - -	(do).
Do.	"Santa Lucia" - - - - - -	(do).

SCHOTT AND CO.

STEPHENS (C. E.)	"Mathilde" - - - - - - -	(do).
Do.	"Schnsucht" - - - - - -	(do).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Sept. 12.

THE torpor of the dull season which rendered the efforts of your correspondent to supply you with a presentable budget of news as desperate as they were abortive has suddenly, and as though a magician's wand had done it, given place to liveliness and activity. The vestivating period of the Parisians is usually ended about the middle of this month, and the crowds which had straggled away in divers directions, or hidden themselves to simulate absence, begin to flock back and show themselves again in their habitual haunts, and Paris becomes once more Paris, and not a huge quartering place for provincial folk and foreigners. The theatres, in expectation of the coming revival, are accordingly all under arms, and the usual stars of each establishment once more twinkling in their appointed places. At the Grand Opera the revival of *Herculaneum* gave M. and Mad. Gueymard, M. Obin, and Mlle. Livry, and the habitués of that house with whom they are in such high favour, an opportunity of mutually greeting each other on their respective returns from their respective country trips. I should not have left out the name of Mad. Tedesco from this group of favourites. On the following Wednesday the *Prophète* was revived, the cast including Mad. Viardot, MM. Gueymard, Belval, Coulon, and Kœnig; both evenings were equally brilliant and spirited. It is announced that the management of the Imperial Opera has signed a fresh engagement with M. Cazaux for another five years. The excellence of this artist renders this in every way a prudent step. An edict has just gone forth from the Minister of State, which, by implication, exhibits the weakness of great artists for prominently parading their names in the public bills on the smallest pretexts. It decrees that henceforth no singer shall have their last performances previous to a congé announced more than three times before their departure, and that the same rule be observed in the announcement of any singer's return. If the singer's leave of absence has only been for less than three months, this number of announcements is reduced to two. It is a curious and not altogether unedifying spectacle to see a government step in to check the self-swelling tendencies of the vainest profession in the world.

At the Opéra Comique, the *Cid* has been produced for the *début* of Mlle. Balbi in the part of Virginie. This lady's reception was in the highest degree complimentary, and deservedly so, for she is a very charming singer, and only requires, what she seems in a fair way of acquiring—a little more vigour—to take a most distinguished place in the profession she has adopted. Mlle. Balbi started, as did Mad. Ugalde and Mad. Carvalho, as a concert singer. Her next essay will be in the part of Perrine in *Maître Claude*. The revival of *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, which has been so long announced, is still hindered by the continued indisposition of Mad. Faure Lefèbvre. The manager of the Opéra Comique has just accepted a new opera in three acts, the book of which is by MM. Leuven and Cormon, and the music by M. Jules Cohen. It is entitled *José Maria*. Mlle. Cordier is about to take her leave of this establishment, having resolved to devote herself to Italian opera, for which line she has already obtained an engagement at Berlin. Mlle. Prort also ceases to be a member of the company.

The Théâtre Lyrique re-opened for the season with *Les Dragons de Villars*, Mlle. Girard appearing in the part of Rose Friquet, originally played by Mlle. Borghese, who until now had had no worthy successor in this difficult part. Mlle. Girard is not certainly equal to Mlle. Borghese, but she is far superior to any who have since attempted the part. On the following day M. Ernest Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, was revived, M. Montjauze playing the part of Seline; and lastly, on the day after that, *Le Bijou perdu* was revived—one of Adolphe Adam's best works—and Mad. Marie Cabel was the heroine of the evening. The house was crowded, and the reception of the brilliant songstress was of the most enthusiastic description. A sort of electric communication seemed established between the artist and her audience, by which each in turn influenced the other. Thus, then, the three great lyric establishments of Paris are once more at the flood in the tide of their fortunes. Soon to these I shall have to add the Théâtre Italien, the programme of which is already put forth. Before I detail its principal feature, let me premise the important fact, that the unfortunate "row" between the manager, M. Calzado, and the orchestra of this establishment has been at last quelled, by the intervention of the Minister of State, who has managed to adjust differences which threatened to deprive the frequenter of the Italian Opera of the service of a host of eminent executants. The following is a list of the principal artists engaged: — *Prime donne soprani*, Mlle. Marie Battu, Mad. Rosina Penco, Mad. Volpini. *Prime donne contralti* Mad. Alboni, Mlle. Trebelli. *Prime donne comprimarie*, Mad Tagliafico, Mlle Vestri. *Primi tenori*, Mario, Tamberlik, Belart, Brini. *Tenore comprimario*, Cappello. *Primi baritoni*, Badiali, Beneventano, Delle Sedie. *Primi bassi*, Tagliafico, Capponi. *Primo buffo*, Zucchini. *Seconde Partie*, Castelli, Mad. Grimaldi, &c. *Direttore d'orchestra*, M. Bonetti. *Direttore di canto e maestro al cembolo*, M. Fontana. *Maestro di chori*, M. Chiaramonte. The notes and observations to be made on this list of artists are that it constitutes one of the best Italian Opera companies the Parisians have been favoured with for many years; that Signor Tamberlik will not sing throughout the entire season as he will be in St. Petersburg, but will return in time to be available for the two last months, March and April, and that the tenor calling himself Signor Brini is no other than the Viennese artist, Herr Graun, whom M. Calzado has engaged for a period of five years. As to the works which are promised to be performed, the principal of them are as follow: — Of Rossini, *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, *Il Barbiere*, *Cenerentola*, *Otello*. Of Bellini, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *La Sonnambula*, *Capuletti e Montecchi*. Of Donizetti, *Polieuto*, *l'Elisir d'Amor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Anna Bolena*. Of Mercadante, *Il Giuramento*, *Eleonora*. Of Luigi Ricci, *Chiara di Rosenberg*. Of Verdi, *Un ballo in Maschera*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and another work as yet unknown in Paris. Of Flotow, *Marta*. Of Pergolese, *La Serva Padrona*. Of Cimarosa, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Of Mozart, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Cosi fan tutti*. While on the subject of the Italian opera in Paris, let me mention that a new regulation has been issued by the authorities, reserving the stalls, or *fauteuils d'orchestre*, as they are here called, entirely for the use of gentlemen. I cannot understand the wisdom or philosophy of such a law. Why banish the ladies from, as many think, the pleasantest part of the house? Is it not grossly selfish of the Jockey Club to desire this exclusive possession? The ladies had better get an edict to *chasser* the males from the boxes, where they certainly impair the *coup d'œil* presented by the ladies' toilets. The house would not look like a quaker's meeting.

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The opening of the Odéon for the winter season is the noteworthiest event in theatricals since my last, more especially as it was signalised by the production of two new pieces, and the *débuts* of three artists. The new pieces are respectively called *L'Institutrice* and *Le Decameron*. The first is by M. Paul Foucher, and is on a very hackneyed theme, which is treated, moreover, in a very conventional way. The principal character was played by a young lady who made her first appearance on the stage, Mlle. Rousseil, fresh from the Conservatoire, where she had carried off one of the first prizes. She is very pretty, has a most expressive countenance, and an elegant figure; her aptitude for the stage is of the most marked character, and she will most certainly find her way to the Théâtre Français. A critic advised her not to follow that well-beaten road to glory, but to devote herself to the *drame*, and win an independent position of her own, like Mad. Dorval and Frederic Lemaitre. The counsel seems a good one, and certainly the public would gain by it, for we are much in want of a good actress in that line. *Le Decameron* is a little one act piece in rhyme, very graceful, but too delicately tinted, and not sufficiently vigorous for the stage. M. Henri Blaze is well known as the author of a very good translation of Göthe's *Faust*. He is a son of Castil Blaze.

A new drama has been produced at the Gaité to succeed the at length worn out *Fille des Chiffoniers*. Its title is *Christophe Colomb*, and the authors are MM. Mestepés and Barré. It is a decided hit, and promises to have as long a career as its predecessor, to which it is decidedly superior in interest. The Gymnase is preparing a new comedy by M. Alexandre Dumas, junior, to be entitled *les Brins de Paille*. The Vaudeville, which had closed its doors while it devoted all its energies to the rehearsals of a new comedy, *la Frileuse*, has produced that work, and it has proved a complete success. It is highly spoken of by all who have seen it, of whom I am not yet one. When I have been I will tell you my opinion.

Have you heard of a fresh infant prodigy?—a son of the late Italian composer Ricci, aged eight, who has just been presiding in the church of St. Justus, at Trieste, over the performance of a grand mass of his own composing!

One of the papers here states that M. Marschner, the well-known composer, who had been staying for the last eight months in Paris, has been taken seriously ill on his return to Hanover.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Wednesday, September 11th.

THE Festival commenced yesterday morning by a full choral service, supported by the members of the three choirs. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Musgrave, the Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral, who took for his text the words of St. Luke, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed,"—chap. xv. verse 3—and very appropriate words they are, considering that, as most persons know, the proceeds of the Festival are devoted to the relief of necessitous widows and orphans of clergymen in the three dioceses of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester. At the conclusion of the sermon the sum of £55 8s. 5d. was collected—a good beginning.

The oratorio selected for the first morning performance was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which produced its usual effect upon the auditory. The great German master's sublime music struck me as more than ordinarily impressive, as strain after strain burst upon the ear, and then gradually died away with a religious grandeur, so to speak, partly its own, and partly the result of association, for there can not be a doubt that the venerable building in which the performance took place, exercised a deep influence upon the mind. Mr. Weiss took the part of the Prophet Elijah, and fully justified the high popularity he has long enjoyed among the musical amateurs of Hereford. His declamation was exceedingly fine, and his deep bass voice admirably adapted to the music. The soprano music was divided between Miss Louisa Pyne and Mad. Weiss, who both acquitted themselves like true artists. High as is the position Miss Louisa Pyne has attained in what, for the sake of distinction, we must term profane music, her singing yesterday was sufficient to convince the most sceptical, if, indeed, there is any one at all sceptical on the subject, that, if she chooses to devote her attention to it, she will achieve an equally high position in oratorio. Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Susan Pyne took the contralto music, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Montem Smith the tenor. Most of these celebrated artists have been so often, and some so recently noticed in the same oratorio, that the mere mention of their appearance must suffice on the present occasion. The choruses were, on the whole, well rendered, and afforded general satisfaction, though to one who, like myself, had listened such a short time previously, to the wonderful choral triumph at Birmingham, they sounded, at intervals, rather weak and thin. But then the number of voices at the command of the Hereford conductor is only about a hundred and thirty. The band, reinforced by several of our first London artists, was entitled to high praise, which is due, also, to Mr. G. Townshend Smith, who discharged his duties as conductor most efficiently. Yet it would be useless to deny that, in some instances, his *tempo* certainly did not please me. Mr. Arnott played the organ accompaniments in a most masterly manner.

The first concert came off yesterday evening in the Shire Hall, which was crammed. The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber); Scena, "Haste nor lose the fav'ring hour," *Der Freischütz*, Mr. Weiss (Weber); Scena, "Sad as my soul," *Lurline*, Miss Louisa Pyne (Wallace); Song, "Adelaide," Mr. Sims Reeves (Beethoven); Fantasia, Flute—On English airs, Mr. R. Sydney Pratten (Pratten); Scena, "Ocean," *Oberon*, Mlle. Tietjens (Weber); Quartet, "Tho' the world," *Lurline*, the Misses Pyne, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Weiss (Wallace); Recit. et Romance, "Parmi les pleurs," *Les Huguenots*, Madame Sainton-Dolby (Meyerbeer); Aria, "Ah si ben mio," *Il Trovatore*, Signor Giuglini (Verdi); Soli e Coro, "La Carita," Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and Miss Susan Pyne (Rossini).

PART II.—Symphony-Pastorale (Beethoven); Ballad, "When the elves at dawn do pass," *Amber Witch*, Madame Weiss (Wallace); New Ballad, "Fresh as a rose," Mr. Sims Reeves (Balfe); Aria, "Com'e bello," *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mlle. Tietjens (Donizetti); Harp obbligato, Mr. Trust; Quartetto, "Ecco quel fiero istante," Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn (Costa); Harp obbligato, Mr. Trust. Irish Melody, "The meeting of the waters," Miss Louisa Pyne; Aria, "M' appari," *Marta*, Signor Giuglini (Flotow); Serenade, "Sleep, dearest, sleep," Madame Sainton-Dolby (Randegger); Ballad, "Jamie," Madame Sainton-Dolby (Claribel); Duet, "Al suon dell' Arpo Angeliche," *I Martiri*, Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini (Donizetti); Harp obbligato, Mr. Trust; Chorus, with solos, "Merry boys, away," Madame Weiss, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn (Sir H. R. Bishop).

The great feature which distinguishes the above programme from the programmes of most concerts of this kind was the Pastoral Symphony, which, I hear, we owe to the resolution of Mr. G. Townshend Smith, who had made up his mind that, among the *olla podrida* of the evening's entertainment, there should be, at least, one specimen of grand orchestral music, and all true lovers of what is really sublime in the noble art, ought to feel highly gratified to him. As I remarked last week, it was a great pity the managers of the Birmingham Festival did not see fit to pursue the same course. Not only, however, did Mr. G. Townshend Smith show his taste by introducing the symphony, but he conducted it admirably, and was well seconded by the members of his band, while the audience gave unmistakable evidence that they appreciated the treat thus afforded them. So much for the assertion, so often repeated by unthinking or ignorant people, that classical music is out of place in a miscellaneous concert. And now to come to the lighter dishes at this musical feast. The *scena* from *Der Freischütz* was given with fine effect by Mr. Weiss. Miss Louisa Pyne's pure and splendid voice and magnificent vocalisation were heard to great advantage in "Sad is my soul," and to still greater, perhaps, in the Irish melody, "The meeting of the waters." "Adelaida" was given by Mr. Sims Reeves, as only Mr. Sims Reeves can give it, that is to say, with an expression and a charm which entrance the listener, and prevent him from ever tiring, however often he may hear this beautiful composition. An almost equally vivid impression was produced by this accomplished artist in Balfe's new ballad, "Fresh as a rose," which pleased the audience so much that they attempted to procure an encore. But they counted without their tenor, who respectfully but firmly refused to comply with their wishes. The only other occasion on which they were guilty of the same offence during the evening

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was at the conclusion of "Ah, si ben mio," when Signor Giuglini, who had sung with delicious freshness and true feeling, pursued the same course as his distinguished English *confrère*. This is the only plan for putting down the encore nuisance. We are far from desiring that an audience should be cold and apathetic, as, by the way, the audience last night were to a greater or less degree. Let them applaud by all means, for applause spurs an artist on to fresh exertions, and the absence of it freezes his enthusiasm. But when they have applauded to their heart's content, let them stop. Do not let them encore a singer, for if they do they ought, to be consistent, to encore a favourite actor when he does anything unusually good. Fancy their encoring Macready in the murder scene of *Macbeth*, or the tent scene in *King Lear*, or insisting that M. Fechter should repeat the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. I have no doubt that a British audience would scout the idea as preposterous, and boldly assert that no person would ever think of such a thing. But with all due deference I beg to state the contrary. I myself was present at the Théâtre Français, when the audience — supposed to be the best educated and most intelligent audience in Paris — actually encored Beauvallet in a long tirade in one of Corneille's plays (I think it was *Polyeucte*), and, what is more, Beauvallet gratified their wish — and, perhaps, his own vanity at the same time. But, apart from all other considerations, it strikes me that the system of encores is a mean plan for obtaining more for the money than the money's worth. Whenever I see a person encoring with might and main, I always think of certain individuals who have a knack, when they stop at a fruiterer's to lay out sixpence in oranges, of eating about twopennyworth of nuts or gooseberries, or any other "such small deer," as may happen to be within their reach, while the fruiterer is putting into a bag the fruit they really pay for. Let but every singer resolutely discountenance encores, and they will soon be quietly entombed among the things of the past. But to resume. Signor Giuglini was as successful in his second song, "M'appari," as he was in his first. Mlle. Titiens made a great hit in the *scena* from *Oberon*, which *scena*, by the way, she gave in the German translation, though why she did so I cannot say, considering that it may, as a rule, safely be asserted an English audience is rather better acquainted with English than with German; that *Oberon* was originally written by Mr. Planché, in the language that well-known author generally employs for the English stage — although he sometimes indulges in a playful outburst of French in the case of "drawing-room entertainments;" — and that the eminent German *prima donna* pronounces the language in question with remarkable correctness and distinctness. Perhaps Mlle. Titiens was already acquainted with the German words, but surely that was no reason why she should not learn the English ones, if only to observe the distinction between the translation and the original, just as, reversing the order of things — as Mrs. Bouncer was accustomed to do with regard to the head and foot of the bed, when she made it in the afternoon for Mr. Box, after making it in the morning for Mr. Cox — English students of German turn from

"To be or not to be, that is the question,"

as written by Shakspeare, to Schlegel's version, which runs thus: —

"Sein oder nicht sein, das ist jetzt die Frage;"

or from

"When shall we three meet again:
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

to Schiller's rendering: —

"Wann kommen wir drei uns wieder entgegen?
In Donner, in Blitzen, oder in Regen?"

As, however, all my speculations as to Mlle. Titiens' motives for choosing on this occasion to sing in her native idiom, would probably lead to nothing, except, perchance, to a sharp letter from the editor of the MUSICAL WORLD, requesting me to confine myself in future more to essentials, I will at once proceed to inform my readers that Mlle. Titiens made another hit in the cavatina, "Com' è bello," which she *did* sing in the original, although *Lucrezia Borgia* is a highly popular opera in Fatherland, and has been done into very choice Ger— ; but I forget—the subject is tabooed. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was grand in "Parmi les fleurs," and charming in the serenade and ballad. The concerted pieces were all excellently sung. Mr. Pratten gave great satisfaction by his fantasia on the flute; and, indeed, the Hereford audience would be hard to please had this not been the case; and Mr. Trust played the harp accompaniments, especially the accompaniment in the quartet, with wonderful delicacy and exquisite feeling, one, of course, presupposing the other.

At half-past eleven this morning the performance of Spöhr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, commenced in the cathedral. The various parts were distributed as follows: —

PART 1. — Overture; Chorus, "Praise his awful name;" Air (Mad. Weiss), "Mighty he cometh to judgment;" Air (Mr. Weiss), "Fear thee not, O man;" Chorus, "Praise his awful name;" Air (Mr. Weiss), "I know thy works;" Chorus, "Praise his awful name;" Solo (Mr. Weiss), "Come up hither;" Recit. and Solo (Mr. Montem Smith, and Chorus), "Holy, holy;" Recit. (Mad. Weiss), "Behold the lamb;" Solo (Mr. Montem Smith), "Weep no more;" Recit. and Air (Mad. Weiss), "All glory to the Lamb that died;" Recit. and Air (Mr. Montem Smith, and Chorus), "Blessing, honour, glory, and power;" Recit. (Mr. Montem Smith), "And lo! a mighty host;" Solo (Miss Susan Pyne), "These who passed through heavy tribulation;" Quartet (Mad. Weiss, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "Yes, every tear;" Chorus, "Lord God of heaven and earth."

PART 2. — Symphony; Solo (Mr. Weiss), "Thus saith the Lord;" Duet (Mad. Weiss and Mr. Montem Smith), "Forsake me not;" Chorus, "If with your whole hearts;" Solo (Mr Montem Smith), "Johovah now cometh;" Chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon;" Solo (Mr. Montem Smith), "It is ended;" Quartett (Mad. Weiss, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "Blest are the departed;" Solo (Miss Susan Pyne), "I saw a new heaven;" Solo (Mr. Montem Smith), "Behold he soon shall come;" Quartett (Mad. Weiss, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "Then come, Lord Jesus;" Grand Chorus, "Great and wonderful."

Everything went well from beginning to end. Mr. Weiss had another opportunity for displaying the powers of his fine, genuine bass voice, and did so with artistic conscientiousness. Mr. Montem Smith was entitled to high praise. He shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, and produced a marked impression. Mrs. Weiss, too, was excellent, more especially in the duet, "Forsake me not," with the gentleman just mentioned. The contralto music found an able executant in Miss Susan Pyne. The chorus and band were fully up to the mark.

After Spöhr's work came *Samson*, thus cast: —

Overture; Recit. (Mr. Sims Reeves), "This day a solemn feast;" Chorus, "Awake! the trumpets;" Air (Miss Louisa Pyne), "Ye men of Gaza;" Chorus, "Awake! the trumpets;" Recit. (Mr. Sims Reeves), "Why by an angel;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves), "Matchless in night;" Air (Mr. Sims Reeves), "Total Eclipse;" Chorus, "O first created beam;" Recit. (Mr. Winn), "Brethren and men of Dan;" Recit. and Air (Mr. Winn), "Thy glorious deeds;" Recit. and Air (Mr. Sims Reeves), "Justly these evils," "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" Chorus, "Then shall they know;" Recit. (Mr. Winn and Mr. Sims Reeves), "For thee, my dearest son;" Chorus, "Then round about the starry throne;" Recit. (Mr. Sims Reeves), "My evils hopeless are;" Recit. and Air (Mad. Sainton-Dolby), "Return O God of hosts;" Chorus, "To dust his glory;" Recit (Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss), "No words of peace;" Air (Mr. Weiss), "Honour and arms;" Recit. and Duet (Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss), "Go, baffled coward;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby), "Here lies the proof;" Chorus, "Hear Jacob's God;" Recit. (Mr. Weiss), "Dagon, arise;" Chorus, "To song and dance;" Double Chorus, "Fix'd in his everlasting seat;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss), "More trouble is behind;" Air (Mr. Weiss), "Presuming slave;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves), "Consider Samson;" Chorus, "With thunder armed;" Recit. (Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mad. Weiss), "Be of good courage;" Air (Mr. Sims Reeves), "Thus when the sun;" Recit. and Air (Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Chorus), "The holy One of Israel;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Winn), "Old Manoah with youthful steps;" Chorus, "Great Dagon;" Recit. (Mr. Winn and Mad. Sainton Dolby), "What noise of joy;" Air (Mr. Winn), "How willing my paternal love;" Recit. (Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Winn), "Your hopes of his deliv'ry;" Chorus, "Hear us our God;" Recit. (Mr. Barnby, Mr. Winn, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby), "Where shall I run?" Air (Mad. Sainton-Dolby), "Ye sons of Israel;" Chorus, "Weep, Israel, weep;" Dead March; Recit. (Mr. Winn), "Come, no time for lamentation now;" Air (Miss Louisa

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Pyne), "Let the bright seraphim;" Trumpet obbligato (Mr. T. Harper); Chorus, "Let their celestial concerts."

Although a vast number of pieces were cut out, two such works as the above were too long for a single performance. "Enough is as good as a feast," should be borne in mind by the Managing Committees of our provincial Festivals. However, what is done cannot be undone; and therefore I will say no more on this head, but proceed to make a few, and only a few, observations concerning the performance itself. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and never sang better. He was particularly grand and impressive in the air, "Total eclipse." Miss Louisa Pyne, as will be seen by the programme, sang the whole of the soprano music, in a manner that caused me to regret that she is heard so seldom in works of a sacred character. The other artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the band and chorus were well up to their work.

Among the members of the *beau monde* present were: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of the Diocess and Mrs. Hampden and party; the Very Rev. the Dean, Mrs. Dawes, and Miss Guthrie; Lord and Lady Bateman, the Venerable Archdeacon Freer, Mrs. Lane Freer, and party; Lady Emily Foley, Lady Rouse Boughton, Lord William Graham, M.P., Hon. Captain Hanbury, M.P., Mr. W. H. F. Mildmay, M.P., and Mrs. Mildmay, Sir W. Curtis, Sir W. Milman, Sir Thomas and Lady Hastings, Mr. Beriah Botfield, M.P., and Mrs. Botfield, Lady Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Boughton Knight, Mrs. Arkwright (Hampton Court), Mr. Arkwright, the Mayor of Hereford, Mr. T. Cam, Mr. Tomkyns Dew, Mr. C. T. Bodenham and Mrs. Bodenham, Rev. Thomas Powell, Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Hawkshaw, Rev. W. E. Evans, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Musgrave, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Huntingford, Mr. and Mrs. Delabarre Bodenham, Rev. John Hopton, Rev. Berkeley Stanhope, Rev. W. Poole, Rev. T. H. Bird, Lieutenant Money Kyrle, Mr. Wegg Prosser, Mr. Chandos Wren Hoskyns, the Rev. W. and Mrs. Newton, the Rev. Beresford Lowther, Mr. and Mrs. Evans (Sufton Court), the Rev. E. R. Hampden, Mr. S. Allaway, Mr. and Miss Hopton (Bishop's Frome), Mr. Richard Hereford, the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert, the Countess of Powis, Mr. King, M.P., and the Misses King, the Rev. Archer Clive, Mrs. Clive, and party; the Rev. W. P. Hopton, Mr. J. M. Herbert, &c.

Thursday, Sept. 12.

The second concert, yesterday evening, at the Shire Hall, went off very well, although there were not so many persons present as on Tuesday evening. This is to be accounted for, in a great measure, perhaps, by the fact that there were no five shilling seats, as at the first concert. Admission could not be procured for less than half a guinea, a large sum for many persons. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (Anacreon) Cherubini.—SELECTION FROM MOZART.—Duetto, "La dove prendi" (Il Flauto Magico), Mad. and Mr. Weiss. Aria, "O cara imagine" (Il Flauto Magico), Mr. Sims Reeves. Aria, "Non mi dir" (Il Don Giovanni), Mlle. Tietiens. Duetto, "Su l' aria" (Le Nozze di Figaro), the Misses Pyne. Aria, "Il mio tesoro" (Il Don Giovanni), Signor Giuglini. Recitative et Aria, "Non piu di fiori" (La Clemenza di Tito), Mad. Weiss. Corno di Bassetto Obbligato, Mr. Lazarus.

Fantasia Violin, "La ci darem," with variations, Mr. H. Blagrove (H. Blagrove). Aria, "In questa tomba," Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Beethoven. Song, "Shadow Song" (Dinorah), Miss Louisa Pyne, Meyerbeer. Ballad, "Happy Days," Mr. Sims Reeves, H. S. Oakeley. Solo with Chorus, "My task is ended" (Enchantress), Mad. Weiss, Balfe.

PART II.—Symphony, Italian, Mendelssohn. Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Weiss (Weiss). Aria, "Spirto Gentil" (La Favorita), Signor Giuglini, Donizetti. Aria, "Casta Diva" (Norma), Mlle. Tietiens, Bellini. Song, "Come, if you dare" (King Arthur), Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus, Purcell. Ballads, "Rest," "A Hawking Song," Mad. Sainton-Dolby, V. Gabriel. Duetto, "Egli m'odia" (Lucia di Lammermoor), Mlle. Tietiens and Signor Giuglini, Donizetti. Song, "The power of love" (Satanella), Miss Louisa Pyne, Balfe. Trio, "Vadasi via di qua," Mlle. Tietiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Signor Giuglini, Martini. Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream) Mendelssohn.

The selection was much better than is usually the case at miscellaneous concerts, and afforded the greatest satisfaction. The overture was admirably played, and the same remark applies to Mendelssohn's lovely symphony, and also to his "Wedding March." Mr. Sims Reeves, of course, made a hit in "Come, if you dare," which, as everyone is well aware, he gives with such fire and spirit. The audience were in ecstacies. Mr. Oakley's new ballad, also sung by the same accomplished artist, was highly appreciated. Miss Pyne won golden opinions by her rendering of the "Shadow song," from *Dinorah*, and Balfe's popular air, the "Power of Love." How she sang both I need not say. Mads. Weiss, Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Weiss contributed their share towards the enjoyment of the audience. I must not conclude without awarding its meed of well-merited praise to Mr. Blagrove for his performance of the variations on "La ci darem," nor pass over in silence the artistic excellence with which Mr. Lazarus executed the *obbligato* accompaniment to the *aria*, "Non piu di fiori." Both were first-rate.

The following was the programme of this morning's performance at the Cathedral:—

"SPRING," from the *Seasons*—Haydn. Overture. Recit. (Mad. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "Behold, where surly winter flies." Chorus, "Come, gentle spring." Recit. and air (Mr. Weiss), "With joy the impatient husbandman." Recit. (Mr. Montem Smith), "Man's grateful task is now complete." Trio (Mad. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "O be gracious Heaven, all bounteous." Recit. (Mad. Weiss), "Our fervent prayers are heard." Duet chorus (Mad. Weiss and Mr. Montem Smith), "O what varied forms of beauty." Chorus, "Marvellous, Lord, are thy works."

"THE REQUIEM"—Mozart. Chorus, "Requiem Æternam." Solo (Mlle. Titiens), "Te decet hymnus." Chorus, "Exaudi orationem meam." Chorus, "Kyrie Eleison." Chorus. "Dies Iræ." Quartet (Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn), "Tuba mirum spargens sonum." Chorus, "Rex tremendæ majestatis." Quartet, "Recordare Jesu pie." Chorus, "Confutatis maledictis." Chorus with soli, "Domine Jesu Christe." Chorus, "Sanctus." Quartet (Mlle. Tietiens, Mad. Sainton Dolby, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn), "Benedictus." Chorus, "Agnus Dei." Solo (Mlle. Tietjens), "Lux Æterna." Chorus, "Cum Sanctis."

"Hymn of Praise" (Mendelssohn). Introduction:—First movement, Maestoso con moto; Second movement, Allegro maestoso; Third movement, Allegretto poco agitato. Fourth movement, Adagio religioso. Chorus, "All men, all things." Solo (Miss Louisa Pyne and Chorus), "Praise thou the Lord." Recit. and Air (Mr. Sims Reeves), "He counteth all your sorrows." Chorus, "All ye that cried." Duet (Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Susan Pyne), "I waited for the Lord, and." Chorus, "O blessed are they that hope." Air (Mr. Sims Reeves), "The sorrows of death." Recit. (Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Louisa Pyne), "We called." Chorus, "The night is departing." Chorale, "Let all men praise the Lord." Chorus, "Glory and praise." Duet (Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves), "My song shall be always." Chorus, "Ye nations."

In order to save the post, I must content myself with merely recording that the performance was highly successful. I will go into detail in the next number of the MUSICAL WORLD. I must remark, however, that this has been the best day, in a pecuniary sense, during the festival. There were no less than 1,240 persons present, and the collection for the charity amounted to 220*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, being 50*l.* more than was collected on the third day of the last festival. The weather is magnificent and every one is delighted.

By the way, there is a typographical error in my last letter from Birmingham. It is not of much consequence, perhaps, but it may as well be corrected. At page 567 of the MUSICAL WORLD, first column, 15 lines from the bottom, I am made to observe: "I am not aware who *planned* it"—the "request," namely, on which I was commenting: I wrote "*penned*."

MANAGERS AND MUSIC HALLS.

(*From "All the Year Round."*)

(*Continued from page* 557.)

But the second grievance—which these gentlemen are now endeavouring to assert—the grievance which practically declares that they object to all dramatic competition, out of their own especial circle, is so preposterous in itself, and is so utterly opposed to the public spirit of the time, that we reject all belief in it, on grounds of the plainest common sense. The great social law of this age and this nation, is the law of competition. Why are managers of theatres not to submit to it, as well

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as other people? Some of these gentlemen, in all probability, occasionally see a penny daily paper. What would they have thought, if the proprietors of the Times, of the Daily News, and of the other morning journals previously established, and selling at a higher price, had all met together, on the starting of penny papers, and had claimed protection from the public authorities, on the ground that cheap competition in the matter of purveying daily intelligence was an attack on their personal interests? Why, the very pastry-cooks, who once had the monopoly of sixpenny ices, knew better than to make a public outcry on the establishment of the penny ice-shops! Nay, the predecessors of the managers themselves, not only recognised but asserted the privilege of free competition in a free country. Whose voices were raised loudest against dramatic monopoly, in the time of the two patent theatres? The voices of the proprietors of minor theatres, who then occupied a position which the music-halls now occupy towards all the theatres in London. Here is the elder generation of managers shouting, on one side, for Free Trade—and there is the younger generation petitioning on the other, for Protection! Was there ever such an anomaly? Who is to justify or explain it?

If there had been no other and better reason to restrain the managers from coming forward to assert an obsolete protectionist principle (under cover of asserting a strict interpretation of the law), surely the consideration of mere expediency might well have hindered them. *We* know that these gentlemen are acting on a strong conviction, however lamentably mistaken they may be. But the public has no time to draw fine distinctions; what will the public think of the attempted suppression of the pantomimic entertainment in Canterbury Hall, at the suit of the London managers? Will it not be said, "Here are several eminent gentlemen, occupying the highest places in their profession, and administering the resources of our greatest theatrical establishments, all incomprehensibly jealous of the performances of a tavern concert-room!" Such an imputation would, no doubt, be justly repudiated by the managers. But what plain inference is the world outside the green-room to draw from facts as they stand at present? Perhaps there is one other legitimate conclusion, which has certainly occurred to ourselves, and which the report of the trial in the newspaper may justify. When we saw the deservedly respected name of Mr. Benjamin Webster—who has done more (at the new Adelphi Theatre) to promote the public convenience than any other manager of his time—set up as the name of the plaintiff in a case which had for its ultimate object an interference with the public amusement, we certainly did consider that the spectacle of the wrong man in the wrong place had been somewhat inconsiderately offered to popular contemplation. And, let it be added, we were only the more confirmed in this view, when we remembered that the manager who had been selected to express, on behalf of his brethren, a deep-seated distrust of the rivalry of music-halls, was also the very manager whose theatre has been literally besieged by the public for the last hundred and fifty nights, and is likely to be besieged in the future for a hundred and fifty more. Surely it was a grave error to choose such a prosperous proprietor as Mr. Webster—a man who has shown a determination to advance with the time—to point the protectionist moral and adorn the managerial tale!

To speak seriously, in conclusion, the managers have taken a false step. They have placed themselves in a persecuting as well as a prosecuting position; and they are most unwisely attempting to dispute a principle which the public opinion of the age has long since regarded as settled. We earnestly recommend them to reconsider their course of action—in their own interests. The hostile point of view from which they now regard the music-halls is short-sighted in the extreme. To return to our previous illustration. It is notorious that the cheap newspapers, instead of disputing the public encouragement with the newspapers at a higher price, have raised up an audience for themselves. It is notorious that the library circulation of good novels has rather increased than diminished, since the time when opposition novels have stirred the waters in the world of fiction, by pouring regularly from the press in cheap instalments at a penny a week. On the same principle the music-halls have unquestionably raised up *their* new public; and, in doing so, will indirectly help to improve the prospects of the theatres, by increasing the number of people who look to public amusements as the occupation of their evening. If the managers don't see this—if they don't see that a percentage of the music-hall audience (not a very large one probably, but still a per-centage) is, in the ordinary course of things, certain to drift into theatres from a natural human love of change—they must at least admit that they already possess, in undisturbed monopoly, immense dramatic advantages over those other caterers for the public amusement, who are following them at a respectful distance. They have the use of stage means and appliances which no music-hall can possibly command, without being knocked down and built up again for the purpose. They have actors and actresses who stand, in a personal as well as in a pecuniary sense, out of music-hall reach. They have relations with English literature which no music-hall possesses, or dreams of possessing; and they have a refined, intelligent, and wealthy public to appeal to, from which the music-halls are separated by the great social gulf which we all know there is no crossing. Here, without prosecutions, disputes, and vexatiously strict interpretations of the letter of the law, is vantage-ground enough for any theatre which is properly administered; vantage-ground which the fiercest music-hall rivalry cannot cut away.

As for the public interest in this question, the discussion of which we have modestly left to the last, the direction that it takes is so obvious as hardly to need pointing out. The more competition there is, the more certainly the public will be the gainers. Let the spur of the music-halls—if any such spur there be—stimulate the theatres to higher and higher exertions by all manner of means; the drama will be the better for it; the actors will study their art the more for it; the audiences will be the larger for it; the managers will be the richer for it. The success of "The Colleen Bawn," at the Adelphi; the success of that excellent artist, Mr. Fechter, at the Princess's; and the success of the admirable pantomime at Drury Lane; all three achieved in the same theatrical year, are facts to form an opinion on; facts which justify the conclusion that a great dramatic attraction is as much above all small rivalries in our day, as ever it was in that golden theatrical age when music-halls were not heard of in the land! We trust the managers may yet be induced to reconsider the motives on which they have too hastily acted. We trust they may yet see that it is their interest, as we are sure it is always their inclination, to follow the old proverbial rule which enjoins us all to "live and let live."

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.—(From the *Brighton Gazette.*)—The Birmingham Festival was brought to a successful issue on Friday evening last, by a spirited performance of *Judas Maccabæus.* The ultimate financial results of the festival are in the highest degree satisfactory. The gross amount received exceeds the proceeds of the preceding triennial meeting by 458*l.* What the clear profit to be handed over to the local hospital will be cannot, of course, as yet be accurately known. In the face of the above fact, however, we may safely premise that it will be a very handsome sum. If we, of Brighton, had the energy and determination exhibited by the Brummegans, there can be no question that our noble County Hospital would reap very considerable benefit from it. But, assuming this to be the case, where is your music-hall? Verily, that is important! and it is to be hoped that a few years will suffice to provide a music-hall worthy of the town, and to set in motion the energies which would not fail to fill it at *our* triennial festival. One pleasing feature in the late event we feel great pleasure in noticing, as we regard it as a consummation devoutly to be wished: we allude to the explanatory and critical remarks inserted in the programmes. Mr. Macfarren, we hear introduced this plan into England, and we tender him our best thanks for it. It is a reproach to our music-loving population at home, that they are so little acquainted with the historical branch of art. If not absolutely indispensable to a just and proper appreciation of a work of art, a knowledge of the circumstances under which it emanated from the "airy web" of its originator's fancy cannot but be of essential service to us in forming our estimate of its peculiar beauties and character. The more we penetrate into the mysteries of art, the greater will be our delectation; just as a connoisseur derives greater pleasure than the uninitiated in the contemplation of a beautiful painting or a group of statuary. A printed programme of a concert recently given in Portland (U.S.) reminds us that this plan has already been adopted in America. The giver of the concert, and writer of the prefatory remarks in the programme, was Mr. John K. Paine, a gentleman who recently paid Brighton a visit, on his way from Germany (where he studied) to America. It is a pity he could not give the Brighton public an opportunity of hearing him play, for we have no hesitation in predicting, judging from what we heard at frequent exhibitions of his skill, that he will some day rank among the greatest organ players that ever lived.—Death has again been busy in the ranks of musical notabilities. It is Vincent Novello whose loss we have this week to deplore. There is not—nor perhaps ever was—an individual who has done such good service to the cause of art as the lamented deceased. It is to his enterprise and tact that we are indebted for nearly the whole of the sterling musical works which adorn our shelves. And if he had done no other service beyond this—placing the immortal works of Handel in every one's hands—he would be entitled to the unqualified gratitude of all lovers of art, and have succeeded in engrafting his name upon the roll of undying fame. He died, at Nice, on the 9th August, aged 80 years. Requiescat in pace!—JOHN TOWERS.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

EVERY one remembers the contest for possession of the musical chair at Edinburgh a few years since — how Sterndale Bennett, Henry Hugh Peirson, and some others of less note, were among the combatants, and how Professor Donaldson prevailed against all of them, and, without much elbowing, walked into a place he was, at that time, thought but slenderly qualified to fill. The professor's battles, however, by no means ended with his election. His academic throne was anything but a bed of roses. Nominally, indeed, he held a professorship as amply endowed for all purposes of experiment and demonstration as the most enthusiastic lecturer could desire; while, in fact, he had to fight against all the grievous panoply of law for every square foot of ground he stood on, and every shilling he wished to appropriate.

Poor General Reid little thought what a worse than Armstrong shell he was about to drop into the academic groves of Edinburgh when, by his last will and testament, he bequeathed sundry large sums for the foundation of a musical professorship, and its endowment with largely ample means for its effectual working. Of course nothing could be clearer than the intention of the will; and so Professor Donaldson contended. On the other hand, the Senatus Academicus, with a not unusual leaning, thought that so much hard cash were far better spent on Greek and Latin than on crotchets and quavers, and that General Reid must have *meant* the former, though he *said* the latter. Hence the war. For years, as usual, wigs and gowns divided all the spoil of the fray; but finally Dr. Donaldson once more prevailed against his foes and overthrew them. Bit by bit he plucked the General's bequest out of the grasp of the Philistines, until, at length, he stands, the solitary specimen in this kingdom (and in not the most reputedly musical part of the kingdom either) of a university professor of music, provided with an ample stipend, with a spacious lecture-hall exclusively his own, and with surplus funds sufficient for any experimental research he may choose to undertake. It is not our purpose again to raise a question as to *what* is likely to be taught under such favourable circumstances. It may be that Professor Donaldson's *curriculum* embraces more of what mathematicians call the science of harmonics than of what musicians mean by the art of music. It is not unreasonably urged that, however interesting it be to verify the calculation, that a string thirty-two feet in length must needs make sixteen vibrations per second, the absolute certainty remains that Beethoven might have written his ninth symphony without being aware of the fact in question. This and similar demonstrations, it may be said, are simply classable as among the *materia musica*, and as having no more influence to teach a man composition than would a discourse on the phenomena of the solar *spectrum* in raising up another Turner or Stanfield. However, all this by the way. We shall never know exactly what General Reid meant in founding the Edinburgh chair of music, or how far the teaching of either mixed mathematics or pure music, lay uppermost in his intention. The whole question is committed to Professor Donaldson's charge, and he must deal with it to the best of his judgment. Meanwhile, whatever be his views on this important matter, the zeal and energy with which he carries them out admit of no question; and, if it may be regretted that as yet no public opportunities are devised for correcting and elevating the musical taste of his countrymen, the skill with which he constructs apparatus for his physical demonstrations, and his dexterity in turning it to account, are still sufficient to entitle him to all commendation.

The Professor's latest exploit has been rescuing an additional sum of 2000*l.* from the hands of the lawyers, and with it procuring a very fine organ, which has just been erected in the University music-room. This instrument was constructed by the Messrs. Hill, and is in every way worthy of their great reputation. A list of its contents is subjoined :—

GREAT ORGAN, CC TO G.	Feet.
1. Double Diapason	16
2. Open Diapason	8
3. Gamba	8
4. Stopt Diapason	8
5. Octave	4
6. Harmonic Flute	4
7. Twelfth	3
8. Fifteenth	2
9. Mixture, 4 ranks	1½
10. Posaune	8
11. Clarion	4

CHOIR ORGAN, CC TO G.	
1. Dulciana	8
2. Wood Open Diapason ...	8
3. Stopt Diapason	8
4. Gemshorn	4
5. Suabe Flute	4
6. Piccolo	2
7. Cor Anglais	16
8. Cromone	8

SWELL ORGAN, CC TO G.	
1. Bourdon	16
2. Open Diapason	8
3. Dulciana	8
4. Stopt Diapason	8
5. Octave	4
6. Fifteenth	2
7. Gedact Flute	4
8. Mixture, 2 Ranks	1½
9. Horn	8
10. Oboe	8
11. Clarion	4

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO F.	
1. Sub Bass	32
2. Violone, metal	16
3. Open wood	16
4. Violone, wood	8
5. Trombone	16

SOLO ORGAN, CC TO G.

1. Harmonic mixture, 14 ranks.
2. Spare slide.
3. Do.
4. Do.
5. Do.

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great.
2. Choir to do.
3. Great to Pedal.
4. Choir to do.
5. Swell to do.

5. Composition Pedals.

Pneumatic action to Great Organ, and draw stops.

5-PART ORGAN CONTAINS—

Bass, Stopt Diapason; *Tenor*, Gamba; *Alto*, Keraulophon; *1st Treble*, Dulciana; *2nd Treble*, Flute.

Number of Pipes, 2580; do. of Stops, 40; do. of Couplers, 5; do. of Composition Pedals, 5.

On this plan we need only remark that it represents an organ, not, indeed, of first-class magnitude, but remarkably complete, well balanced, and effective. The four "spare slides" of the solo organ are to be fitted up as Professor Donaldson may suggest,—he, it appears, not having yet determined what stops may be most advantageously employed.

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Of the single stop at present on the solo manual we shall have occasion presently to speak.

When we say that in the course of the work neither expense nor trouble has been spared; that more than usual care has governed the selection of materials (the metal pipes, for example, are throughout formed of what is termed "spot-metal," *i. e.* half tin and half lead); and that in finishing the instrument, the builders have quite equalled the best of their known achievements, our readers will easily be persuaded that the Messrs. Hill, in providing the Scottish metropolis with an organ of which it may reasonably boast, have added another feather to their cap, already plumed by so many successes. But though everybody knows what the tone of a Hill organ—when cared for as in this instance—is sure to be, there are many points in the planning and construction of the Edinburgh instrument so far out of the usual course as to require a little special description.

It is one of the peculiarities of the whole affair that no organist is appointed to the College Music Hall, nor is any such appointment likely to be made. Professor Donaldson is understood to have no pretensions as a player—nor, indeed, is this any part of his office; so that the organ can never be properly heard except by the special engagement of some eminent performer. It is wanted, indeed, rather as a part of the professor's demonstrative apparatus, than as an addition to the *musical* resources of the place. It is, in fact, intended for exhibition quite as much to the eye as to the ear. To this end, every part must necessarily be in view, and easily accessible for the closest inspection. Hence comes the first peculiarity of the Edinburgh organ; it has absolutely no case or covering of any kind.

The performer can, while sitting at the keys, see every pipe in the organ, and watch the progress of every tracker and draw-stop-rod he puts in motion. All this, while very convenient to such as are curious about the *insides* of things, necessarily puts the builder on his mettle in a novel direction. He may no longer be content with that sort of unplaned savagery which merely does its work without accident. His materials must be thrown into shapes pleasing to the eye; their proportions and positions must secure stability while least encroaching on space; where motion is to be transmitted from point to point, its directness and simplicity must satisfy the critical mechanic; and over all must be spread that aspect of *external* finish which is everywhere recognised as an attribute of good workmanship. We do not say that on these points the Edinburgh organ rivals Cavaillée's beautiful work at the Madeleine—no price indeed yet paid to an English builder would permit this; but without going thus far, the Messrs. Hill have, in this instance, certainly satisfied all the demands of the occasion. As one out of many specimens, we may refer to the admirable construction of the frame-work of the organ. Its main parts are of quite adequate strength, without the slightest appearance of clumsiness. Every portion is disposed so as to yield its support where most needed, yet without either obstructing a view of the interior, or rendering any part difficult of access for adjustment. It is made of deal, singularly free from blemishes of any kind; the angles of all the posts are tastefully "chamfered" off, and the whole is delicately stained, so as to tone down the raw surface of the material without concealing its excellent quality. Similar examples of care—some of which we have yet to notice—are traceable throughout the execution of the instrument. But we must stop here, to resume on an early occasion.

IF any one be desirous to ascertain in what low estimation music is held by some theatrical managers, let him go to the Surrey Theatre and see the new operetta now being performed there every night. Nobody can accuse Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd, the shrewd and enterprising managers, of a want of liberality in their own immediate administration. Good actors themselves, they are careful that the pieces produced under their superintendence shall be well and efficiently represented. If all who labour with them are not first-class artists, they are, at all events, well trained, and possess experience and knowledge. Nothing, in short, is brought out at the Surrey Theatre which could shock and offend by incompetent performance. The company is a good working one, and every man and woman has his proper place and is set his proper duty to perform. This happens because Mr. Creswick and Mr. Shepherd are thoroughly *au fait* to everything connected with the drama. It would touch them keenly if they thought the meanest of the *dramatis personæ* had turned the play in which they were performing into ridicule. Knowledge brings sensitiveness; and, could they help it, they would no more allow one of their supernumeraries to be laughed at than they would themselves. With them it is as requisite that a messenger should deliver his line correctly as the tragedian his soliloquy, and by this manner of putting a drama on the stage, success is almost invariably ensured, even for a production of very questionable merit.

From the drama let us turn to opera. Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd, who know so much about dramatic matters, know nothing whatsoever of music. They are not ignorant indeed that operatic performances have been of vast benefit to the treasury of the Surrey Theatre for years past, previous to their joint management—and during it, if we mistake not—and are naturally anxious to make money, even though their own eminent talents may be somewhat obnubilated in the process. Of course, if opera prevail the drama must needs succumb; if the prima donna and first tenor are the rage, the famous tragedian and famous comedian must hide their diminished heads. It was a sublime idea to combine opera and drama together. Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd conceived that they still might make money by music without putting their own transcendent abilities under a bushel. But the junction of the two great branches of the art on an enlarged scale necessitated economy. This, of course, required consideration. We can readily understand the extreme cogitations and agitations, weighings, misgivings, and suggestions of the co-managers when this momentous question was started. "What's to be done?" "I have it," exclaimed one of the partners; "let us dispense with an orchestra!" "That can hardly be," responded the other, "but we can cut them down to nothing." Upon this hint they acted. The band *was* cut down to nothing, and if anybody doubt it let him pay a visit to the Surrey Theatre, and listen to the instrumental force under the direction of Mr. Isaacson. If ever, in any part of the universe where opera is given, anything so atrociously bad was ever heard, we will allow ourselves to be "chopped into messes." Nothing, in fact, but their unmistakable ignorance can palliate the conduct of the Surrey managers in this respect—not only absolute ignorance of music as an abstract art or a means of providing recreation, but ignorance of the commonest results of musical performances; ignorance of the reasons, very obvious reasons, why one set of entertainments should invariably succeed and another invariably fail. It only proves, indeed, that men out of their immediate calling are seldom

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capable of forming any opinion whatsoever, and when that is the case, mistake or error is sure to be the consequence. In all probability Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd considered that as long as the vocalists were tolerable the band did not so much matter; that one or two violins were as good as a dozen; that violoncellos might be very well spared; that bassoons were unsightly in an orchestra; and that a strong drum and triangle well beaten kept admirable time. In vain did the conductor—Mr. Isaacson is a conscientious musician — protest, and insist that a band has its separate departments, each of which should have its compliment; that certain instruments were indispensable; that the composer wrote for a full band; that the music would produce no effect, &c. &c. The managers were deaf, or replied, "Why don't you get a good band? We allow a certain sum weekly for that purpose!" "What!" ejaculated the *chef d'orchestre*, "provide a good band for——" We will not disclose the amount of the sum told to us, since we do not believe we have been rightly informed, nor would any one credit us if we named it. But, if the sum mentioned be really the maximum of the managerial allowance, we can easily understand why the orchestra is so strangely incomplete and inefficient. Could one divest his mind of the gross wrong done to the composer, the performance of the new opera at the Surrey Theatre, accepted as a travestie, could not fail to afford abundant and boisterous merriment. Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd have but to announce the opera as a burlesque. Its success will be immense.

THE analytical notices of important musical works sometimes inserted in the programmes of London Concerts, are so useful and so beneficial in their tendency, that it is to be regretted they are not more frequently met with. To a mixed audience especially they afford a means of thoroughly appreciating, and therefore of more thoroughly enjoying the music performed. They invest the most abstruse compositions with interest by pointing out their salient features, and directing attention to the intentions of the composer during the progress of the performance. With their assistance the casual listener is enabled to trace the plan and form of a quartet or symphony as readily as he would the plot of a stage play. Valuable as are analytical notices by others, they would be infinitely more so were they given by the composers themselves. How interesting and instructive would such a preface be to the works of such illustrious musicians as Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn! The remarks of Edgar Allan Poe, in his essay upon the "Philosophy of Composition," are almost as applicable to music as to prose or poetry.

"How interesting a paper might be written," he observes, "by any author who would — that is to say, who could, detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, it is difficult to say; but perhaps the autorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any other cause. Most writers, poets in especial, prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy, an extatic intuition, and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the vacillating and elaborate crudities of thought; at the true purposes seized only at the last moment; at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view; at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable; at the cautious selections and rejections; at the painful erasures and interpolations; in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene shifting, the step-ladders and demon-traps, the cork's feathers, the red paint, and the black patches which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred constitute the properties of the literary histrio. On the other hand, the case is by no means common in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner."

It will be urged, perhaps, that such a paper as Edgar Poe here describes, one in which would be detailed the process by which a composition attained its ultimate point of completion, would not be an analytical notice of the nature of those to which allusion has been made; exception may be taken to the imaginings of our composers being designated as cock's feathers, red paint, or black patches; but, allowing that to pass, it must be conceded that such an account of any great work by the author himself would be of greater importance than the minutest examination of the details and construction of the work by the most intelligent critic. Compôsers, it would seem, are less willing, if they be not less able, to define their system of thought by words, than either poets or prose writers. It may be contended that musical composition is so essentially imaginative, as to defy any attempt to describe its origin, or trace its progress satisfactorily. To some it may appear but a vain endeavour to reduce to rule and account materially for that which is too purely subtle in its nature to be submitted to such a process. Whether that be the case or not, it cannot be denied that if an analysis of any work enables an audience to follow the composer more closely in the treatment of his subject, and better to understand the plan of the composition, it thereby fulfils a most important purpose, and proves itself a means of diffusing musical knowledge which should not be neglected.

ANTEATER.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE "Volunteer Night" was repeated on Saturday, and again brought together a large gathering of the impromptu sons of valour, who were even more delighted than at the first concert, and more uproarious in their applause. The special attraction of the performance centred in Mad. Florence Lancia, an artist of whose antecedents the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD need hardly be informed. Madame Lancia selected the "war-song" from Signor Verdi's *Attila* — one of Sophie Cruvelli's most splendid achievements, as the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre cannot fail to remember — and created a real furor in perhaps the most difficult bravura song of the modern Italian school. *A priori*, indeed, we should have thought that the "war-song" was only suited to the grand declamatory powers and magnificent means of Mlle. Titiens; but Mad. Lancia's dramatic fire, superior musical intelligence, unusual facility, and fine clear voice carried her through triumphantly. Moreover, if Mad. Lancia did not possess one of the above requisites that constitute a great singer, her exquisitely true intonation would invariably commend her vocal efforts to the ear popular, which is impressed by nothing more forcibly than singing in tune. The encore which followed the "war-song" was too impetuous and persistent to be denied, and the fair artist sang the *cabaletta* with even increased energy and greater effect. A more decided success could not be achieved, and the performance has been repeated every night during the week.—On Wednesday, in addition to the "war-song"—encored as usual with acclamations — Mad. Lancia introduced the cavatina "Come per sereno" from *Sonnambula*, and obtained an immense *bis*, singing the lovely air of Amina with such charm of voice and tenderness of expression as to reach the heart of every hearer. That Mad. Lancia would be heard to greater advantage in Bellini's opera than in Verdi's we feel assured, from this very admirable

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vocal display; and we expect before long to have the felicity of chronicling her appearance in *Sonnambula* in one or other of the English operas. Last year in our notices of the operatic performances at the Pavilion Theatre, we predicted Mad. Lancia's success at the West End, when the opportunity would be given her. Thanks to Mr. Alfred Mellon, the opportunity has been offered, and the artist has now asserted her claim to a position in the ranks of art, and has borne us out in the expression of our praise.

Wednesday was devoted to a selection, in the first part, from the modern Italian composers, of which the most agreeable, we need hardly say, was that taken from the *Barbiere*, five pieces in all, of which the overture pleased most, being encored from all parts of the house. A new singer, Mlle. Vaschetti, advertised as coming from the great theatres of Italy, attempted "Una voce," and sang "Ah! fors è lui" from the *Traviata*. As she was exceedingly nervous we cannot allude to her performance in any decisive terms. Her voice seems clear and beautiful in the upper tones, but the middle is of indifferent quality, and the intonation not faultless. We shall, no doubt, have to speak of Mdlle. Vaschetti again, when we trust she will be enabled to do her reputation more justice. Herr Formes, who may be denominated the great Armstrong gun of Mr. Mellon's concerts, sang the airs, "La Calumnia" and "Largo al factotum," both magnificently. The latter created a furor, and was redemanded by the whole audience. Herr Formes came forward and bowed, but would not respond further. Mad. Laura Baxter gave Mercandante's air, "Se m'abbandoni" with great beauty of voice; and Mr. George Perren was encored in "Ah! si ben mio" from the *Trovatore*. In the second part, Mad. Lancia repeated Verdi's "war-song," and added "The last rose of summer," which she sang most delightfully—voice, style, manner and expression, all combining to constitute perfect ballad-singing. Mad. Lancia, we may notice, has one exceedingly rare virtue in a singer. You not only can tell what language she is singing in—which we are sorry to say we cannot do in all our best English songstresses—but you can catch distinctly every word and syllable she utters. In this respect we might commend certain vocal ladies in high places to Mad. Lancia's teaching.

Last night a "Weber night" was given, of which we shall speak next week.

Crystal Palace.—The concert on Saturday was honoured by the appearance of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, with whom were Signor Delle-Sedie, Signor Bossio, and Signor Bianchi, the pianist—a very Italian concert. The programme exhibited nothing novel or remarkable. The band played the overtures to *Leonora* and *Les Deux Journées*, which, as many thought, were the most acceptable parts of the performance. There was a very large attendance.

On Tuesday the Tonic Sol-fa Association held its second competitive meeting of the evening classes. The nature of this society and the utility of its proceedings have already been commented upon in this journal. The Tonic Sol-fa system cannot supersede the old musical notation, and consequently is a mere delusion of the moment. That, however, the performance of the pupils is entitled to consideration, no one can dispute. The competition was between the "Hull," "Brighton," and "North Staffordshire" choirs,—the "Finsbury" and "Staffordshire Potteries," winners of last year, not being allowed to compete a second time. The trial took place in the concert-room, before Messrs. John Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; George Hogarth, secretary to the Philharmonic Society; Thomas Oliphant, hon. secretary to the Madrigal Society; and James Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, who acted as judges. After each chorus had given three pieces, and was each called upon to sing at sight two compositions, with the names of which they were not previously acquainted, one from the old and the other from the new system of notation adopted by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, whilst the judges were considering their decision, the two prize choirs of last year gave a performance in the Handel Orchestra, each giving four compositions. Of these, two, one by each choir, so hit the taste of the audience, that it was not possible to avoid repeating them. These were both comic subjects, the well-known "Call John," and an English version of "Vadasi via di qua." "God save the Queen" was then given by the whole chorus of 1500 voices, after the conclusion of which the judges made their appearance in the front of the orchestra, to pronounce their decision. The first prize of the Crimson Banner and a sum of money was allotted to the Brighton choir; and the second, the Purple Banner, to the North Staffordshire. As the banners were delivered, each body of successful choralists marched along the front of the orchestra, both being greeted with loud applause. The proceedings terminated with a performance of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," by the united choirs, the solo portions given by a selection of the members of the higher classes. It was a bold attempt, not altogether crowned with success, and one which we hardly think will be repeated in a hurry by the Tonic Sol-fa Association. The performance was accompanied by the great organ and the Crystal Palace band.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt.—The "Swedish Nightingale" has made arrangements for an autumnal professional tour, during which we understand she will visit Ireland and other parts of the kingdom. Her visit to Liverpool, already announced, is fixed for the 28th and 29th of next month. Having retired with a large competency, some curiosity will naturally arise in the public mind as to the tempting offers made to induce the songstress to emerge from private life. On the occasion of her last visit to Liverpool Madame Goldschmidt was engaged by the Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, who gave her 1000*l.* for her services on two evenings. Some time ago, when rumours were abroad of the intended visit to Ireland of "The Nightingale," communications were opened direct by the same Society with Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt, but the offer of 1000*l.* for the services for two evenings was declined. The Committee advanced the offer to 1000 guineas, but that also was declined. A long correspondence subsequently took place, and at length a satisfactory arrangement was made. The report here was that the Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society had given 1200*l.* for the two concerts, but that report was not correct. So far as we can learn, no specific sum has been named. A "sharing arrangement" has been made. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt, the services of Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, and other artists will be secured, but "the party" as a whole will be supplied by Mr. Mitchell or the persons for whom he acts, and he or they will take a very large proportion of the receipts. It is expected that there will be at least 3000 persons present each evening. The charges for admission are 20*s.*, 15*s.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* Taking the average at 15*s.*, and supposing the hall to be full each evening, the gross receipts would be 4500*l.* At the very lowest estimate, Madame Lind will receive two-thirds of the receipts, or 3000*l.* Out of this, of course, she will have to pay the other artists, and 1500*l.* would be left for the committee to pay the incidental expenses attending such concerts.

Surrey Theatre.—This house of dramatic entertainment opened on Saturday for the autumn season with a combined performance of play and opera on a somewhat novel scale. The dramatic company is numerous, and for the most part efficient if not strong. A new American actress, Miss Georgiana Pauncefort, belonging to the vehement school, is added to the troop, and several new hands figure from Dublin and the provinces. The piece in which they exhibited, however, is such unutterable rubbish, that we no not think if Kean, Macready, Miss O'Neil, and Mrs. Siddons were in the cast they could have made an impression in it. Of the opera, or, more properly, operetta, we can speak in terms of praise. The libretto is taken from the German of Ludwig Tieck, and called *Shakspere's Dream; or, A Night in Fairy Land*. Shakspere, when a boy, falls asleep in a wood and is found by the King and Queen of the Fairies, attended by Puck and his elves. Struck with the beauty of the sleeping boy, they all endow him with some eminent quality. This is plain enough. The music is by Dr. Bennett Gilbert, and, as far as we were enabled to judge, is both new and good. The band, however, was so strangely incompetent that if it were the *Barbiere* being executed we could not express a decided opinion of its merits. In the overture at one time nearly every instrument was out, and the effect was the funniest imaginable. The chorus was a trifle better, but certainly not competent to do justice to a work written with apparent care

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and much pretensions. We do not intend to do Dr. Gilbert the wrong of criticising his opera under the circumstances. The whole of the music has been sent us for review, and we prefer considering its merits from our own inspection rather than from its beggarly presentation by the operatic force at the "Surrey." The principal solo vocalists were Miss Camilla Chipp, Miss Fanny Thirlwall, Mr. De Solla and Mr. Wallworth. These all exerted themselves to the utmost, and had the performance depended on them it would have achieved a respectable success. Fortunately the Surrey audiences are not very critical. They applauded every thing, even the overture, and would fain have the whole opera repeated. They managed five encores. The piece was well put on the stage, and that is the best praise we can bestow on it.

Letters to the Editor.

IMPORTANT TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

SIR,—Having the interests of the drama at heart, I beg permission of you to allow me to call the attention of managers of theatres to a fact worthy their notice in a speculative point of view.

Our reliable contemporary, *Punch*, has recently (!) discovered that Suffolk (as one of your own correspondents contemporaneously found was the case in Folkestone) is still infested with "savages." Now, should any enterprising manager feel disposed to patronise me, and will send a line direct to my address, containing an acceptable offer for a specimen or two of the *farouche*, I intend going gorilla hunting, in the hope of taking a few "all alive, O!" If it is asked "What can managers of theatres want with savages?" I reply, "Having caught your gorilla, proceed to announce in your play-bills, in bold (and savage) characters (after the scene-painter has finished), "Entirely new scenery, *à la Rome*, in the palmy days of Cæsar!!! Painted from the life." I see no reason why the plan should not be equally attractive in London at the present day as it was in Rome in the days of Virgil, who tells us they were exhibited in the scenery on the stage, being represented on the purple curtains (*intexti*, interwoven in the cloth). The then fashion, contrary to ours, might also be adopted—their curtains were raised (*tolli*) from the flooring to the top, and the figures appeared to rise gradually (how gradually the *living* Britons rise *Punch* has informed us) with the curtain. You will find the same beautifully described by Ovid, *Met.* iii. 3.

La plupart des hommes sont ignorans, or they would perceive that firing rifles from carriages is *naturellement* the mode of warfare inherited from their fathers: *le fils est l'image du père*. Your readers are aware that both Cæsar and Tacitus describe (with certain variations) the Britons' mode of fighting from chariots—hence the exhibition of the savage traits, which unstrung the nerves of *Punch's* correspondent: they follow in the steps of their progenitors as nearly as the state of things in general will permit. The same may be said of another ancient custom—that of giving a male child its first food from the point of its father's sword. The present race of savages, not wearing swords, shoot the "pap" down the newly-arrived gorilla's throat with a rifle, and the operation is said to stimulate the digestive organs to an extraordinary degree.

I simply allude to these little matters as offering timely hints to the scene-painter, when re-decorating the theatre of any manager who shall please to signify to me his desire that I should procure him a living specimen or two, at which time I should be in a position to furnish further details illustrative of this singular animal.—Yours,

Wolves' Wood, near Ipswich. THE CATCHER OF GORILLAS.

P.S. This is no "catch," as the postman will know where to catch me, I being well known as "The Catcher."

[A key to the foregoing will oblige.—ED.]

SIR,—Can you kindly tell me the name of the trio sung by Mad. Sainton, Mlle. Parepa, and Miss Marian Moss at the former lady's evening concert, June 21, 1861. THÉRÈSE.

September 4th, 1861.

[Perhaps one of our readers may be able and sufficiently obliging to answer this question.—ED.]

SIR,—About two months ago I addressed a letter to you on the chromatic and enharmonic scales, being a continuation of the subject of my letter on the "Theory of Accidentals." I should wish to know if you received the letter, and if you thought it worth a place in your periodical. I may explain that it was, in conjunction with my former letter, intended as a preliminary to others, showing the nature and construction of the simple chromatic chords, the compound chords, and the compound chromatic cords, in connection with any given key, the whole being derived from the simple (or common) chords belonging to the key, as shown in my letter Nov. 3rd, 1860, the subjects of my various letters, founded on theories respecting the relation of sounds, which being built one upon another, from the simple elements to the most obstruse chords and progressions, admit of the clearest demonstrations, and are, therefore, not *matters of opinion or arbitrary rules*, but undoubted matters of fact; and I think you will admit, that to place the science of harmony upon such a basis, is a matter of no slight importance. There is sufficient evidence in the letters of some of your correspondents, contained in a few of the latest numbers of your periodical, to convince any one that the *scientific* principles of harmony are not understood as they ought to be, even by, in other respects, eminent musicians; that, in fact, these principles as regards the relation of sounds, and their combination and progression, have not hitherto been placed upon a scientific basis, that musicians yet work by "Rule of Thumb." With reference to the correspondence alluded to, I may be treading upon thorny ground; but I must say that the remarks of "An Amateur" have not yet met with a decisive reply, nor can meet with such a reply so long as the system of harmony is, as at present, founded upon merely gratuitous rules, one *opinion* can only be met by another *opinion*, and both may differ from other *opinions*, thus no satisfactory result can be established. If we take the Extract 2, from Mr. Jules Benedict's four-part song of "The Wreath," on page 451 MUSICAL WORLD, an analysis of the harmony certainly gives the true notation thus:—

The question is, Why should the sound in the second chord be written C×, and not D♮ as Mr. Benedict has written it? The first chord is E major, and the third is B major. I think every one will admit the intermediate chord must therefore be related to both these chords. Now, the only keys in which these chords can appear are E major and B major, and in G♯ minor and D♯ minor their relative dominant keys (in G major and D major they would only appear as chromatic chords) therefore the intermediate chord must also be in one of these keys. But there is no possible combination of harmony in these keys, which has the form of the chord given by Mr. Benedict, and also has the same progression. The only combination is from the chords E G♯ B and G♯ B D♯; that is, the chord E G♯ B D♯ in which E and B are primary sounds, and G♯ and D♯ are secondary sounds, then either E or B may be raised a chromatic semitone, or G♯ or D♯ may be lowered a chromatic semitone, these would give, as the nearest representative of the chord of Mr. Benedict, E♯ G♯ B D♯ or E G♯ B D♮ (which last must not be confounded with the chord of the dominant 7th on E), and supposing, for the present, that E and D♯ may be affected chromatically in opposite directions at the same time, we should have the chord E♯ G♯ B D♮, which is that given by Mr. Benedict. Then, as regards the progression of this chord, it is evident that any sound in the scale may pass to either of the sounds adjacent to it in the scale: thus E in the scale of E major or B major may pass to either of the adjacent sounds D♯ or F♯, according as the scale (or portion of the scale) is descending or ascending; but when a sound has been effected chromatically, its progression is limited to that sound towards which it has been moved by the aid of the accidental, that is, the nature of the accidental determines the direction of the motion, like as a body when moved out of the perpendicular has a tendency to fall, or falls in the direction in which it has been moved, the sounds E♯ and D♮ being accidental sounds, are moved, as it were, out of the perpendicular, and, *if followed by a concord*, fall to the adjacent sounds of the scale F♯ and C♯, towards which they had been moved by the accidental, the only progressions of the chord E♯ G♯ B D♮ being therefore to F♯ A C♯ and F♯ A♯ C♯, according as the key is E major or B major or their relatives, neither of which chord is the third chord in the extract, consequently E♯ G♯ B D♮ are not the true sounds of the second chord. Again, let us take the chords C♯ E G♯ and E G♯ B, both of which chords and all of

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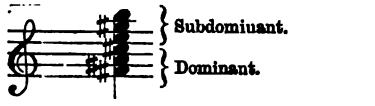
which sounds belong to the key of E major (the sound C♯, however, does not belong to the sale of B major, being a comma too flat), these chords give the compound chord C♯ E G♯ B in which E or B, as before, may be raised, or C♯ or G♯ may be lowered a chromatic semitone; but you will also find, by reference to my letter, MUSICAL WORLD, March 30th, and also, if you have received it, to the one mentioned as having been addressed to you some time ago, that the 6th of the major scale (as A in the scale of C) being a secondary sound is never *raised* a chromatic semitone; when, therefore, a *sharp* appears in connection with this *apparent* sound, the true sound is that of the supertonic of the scale of the dominant (which is a comma sharpet in pitch than the 6th of the scale of the tonic); this, being a primary sound, may be raised a chromatic semitone, and always appears in connection with the dominant harmony; the sounds then, affected accidentally in the compound chord, are C♯ and E, and the chord becomes C × E♯ G♯ B, in which C♯ is raised in the ratio 135 : 128 and E a chromatic semitone, the C × progresses to D♯ in the dominant chord, E♯ also moving to F♯ in the same; which chord is B D♯ F♯ and is the third chord in the extract; whence the correct notation of the second chord is C × E♯ G♯ B (or C × and not D♮). Again, the *same chord*, as connected with the key of B major, may be shown thus:—the sounds of dominant and subdominant chords determine the scale or key; the whole of these sounds in the key of B major ar:—



The primary sounds being E B F♯ C♯, the combined sounds may be resolved into the following discords:—

C♯ and E (primary sounds) being raised a chromatic semitone, the last ofthe above chords becomes C × E♯ G♯ B, the EXACT SOUNDS of the chord as given before, in this chord, C♯ being a primary sound, all trace of the dominant chord (as regards its harmonic effect), has disappeared, the chord is essentially a subdominant chord, its fundamental bass being E, the C♯ (supertonic of B) can only be considered as an added sound, and is not the root of the chord, G♯ not being a perfect fifth, nor E a minor third from C♯; the chord, therefore, is related to the first chord in the extract, being derived from it, and is also related as subdominant to the third chord, the passage from the non-employment of the major chord of F♯, the dominant of B, remaining in the key of E major. For similar reasons the G♮ in the 3rd extract should be written F ×, the real fundamental bass being A♮, the subdominant of E.

But other eminent musicians than Mr. Benedict make decided mistakes occasionally. Macfarren's song, "Englishmen by birth are free," from *Robin Hood*, ostensibly written in E♭ (I quote from the transposed edition), has all the harmonies of the concluding portion of the song in the key of A flat, the song in reality ending on the chord of E flat, as the dominant of A flat, and not on E flat as the tonic key. Again (MUSICAL WORLD, June 1st), Mr. W. C. Filby, in his letter on the Minor Scale, asserts (in fact, though not in words) that there is no flat 7th in the minor MODE; had he confined his remarks to the *minor scale*, he would have been perfectly correct; but the flat 7th is certainly a sound belonging to the mode, as I think it would be very easy to convince him; in leaving one extreme, it is not necessary to go to the other. He again says, "I do not consider the *mediant* a desirable degree to carry common chord," &c.—which is a *mere opinion*—a musician's "rule of thumb"—an easy way of getting rid of a difficulty. Why is it not desirable? And again: "I do not acknowledge a *relative major*"—which is not remarkable, as my near kin do not happen to be in the army. Another difficulty is disposed of by a *distant pun*. Alas for musical science! Can Mr. Filby explain what relation has the 6th chord in his first illustration to the key, the chord being A♭ C E♭ and the key C minor? Lastly, to conclude this lengthy epistle, not any of the sounds E♭ F♮ G♮ B♭ C♮ can be generated as harmonics from the bases D A E; neither can F♮ G♮ A♮ C♮ D♮ from the bases E B F♯; therefore, if the sounds of the chromatic scale be determined by the harmonics from these bases, then the two scales (MUSICAL WORLD, pp. 440 and 451) are not the chromatic scales of D and E.

I write not this for insertion in the "WORLD," though I leave it to your discretion to do so (or any part of it), if you think proper. Yet I should wish to know if my previous letter was received and would be inserted.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,
W. W. PARKINSON.

Cheetham Hill, Manchester, August 14th, 1861.

THE LATE CATHERINE HAYES.—Mrs. Bushnell, widow (more generally known as Madame Catherine Hayes), lately residing at Westbourne-park, Middlesex, who died at Sydenham, on the 11th of last month, had executed her will on the 8th of that month, being three days prior to her death, appointing as her executors Captain George John Power and Mr. Henry Lee, to whom probate was granted by the London Court on the 26th of August; her effects being estimated for probate duty as under 16,000*l*. This charming singer and accomplished lady, whose beautiful and touching notes have been so prematurely extinguished by the hand of death at the early age of thirty-six, is, indeed, a great loss to the musical world and to all lovers of true harmony. She was a brilliant *artiste* in the higher walks of the Italian opera; but the exquisite and touching warblings of this Irish nightingale in the execution of her native ballads were the perfection of harmony, and we feel that it will be long indeed before her place can be supplied in this most delightful department of vocal art. Catherine Hayes married an American gentleman of the name of Bushnell, but she always retained her maiden name; and it is a singular fact that she was so accustomed to it, that she actually signed her will in her maiden name, beneath which she added that of her husband. The testatrix has left an annuity to her mother, and has bestowed legacies upon her sister, Miss Henrietta Hayes, and her aunt, Mrs. C. Daly. The te-tatrix, considering herself much indebted to the kindness of the late Dr. Knox, Bishop of Limerick, has evinced her grateful feeling by bequeathing a legacy to the granddaughter of that prelate. There is a legacy, also, to her servant, whom she mentions with much regard. To Mrs. Lee, the wife of one of her above-named executors, she leaves a diamond bracelet, the centre of which is so constructed as to form also a brooch at pleasure. The rest of her suite of jewellery is directed to be sold, and to fall into the residue, which residue is bestowed upon her executor, Captain Power. For a memoir of this well-known popular vocalist, see a brief notice in our journal, 24th August, No. 60.—*London Review.*

THE ARION.—We have on former occasions called attention to the claims of "The Arion," from the importance of the means it adopts for the cultivation of musical science. To the public, among whom may be included amateurs of every class, "The Arion" offers the best and largest opportunities for choral and orchestral practice of any society in London. Two evenings a week are devoted to these purposes from the 29th September to the 24th June, under the care and supervision of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, for a subscription so moderate as to be merely nominal. The progress which the society made under Mr. Gilbert's direction last year was abundantly shown at various public performances, all of which attracted fashionable auditories and drew forth the cordial approbation of the first musical authorities. This year "The Arion" promises to be still more successful, if we may judge from the zeal and energy with which the committee and officers are working; and we look forward to a time, certainly not far distant, when it will correspond in rank, as it does already in merit, with those other and greater societies which have had a longer period for their development. "The Arion," however, does not confine its advantages to amateurs. Professionals may and do share them, under conditions very advantageous to themselves, a circumstance of no small practical importance to the lay members. It will be seen from this brief description that "The Arion" substantially meets a real want. It affords to amateurs and professionals alike advantages not otherwise attainable, while to the public it proffers opportunities the most favourable for the cultivation and enjoyment of the highest classes of music under a direction which may fairly compare for efficiency with that of any of the older societies. "The Arion," however, does not interfere, or propose to interfere, with any. It aims exclusively at increasing the love of music for its own sake, and it takes the right way to effect the object. Doing this, we strongly commend it to the active support of the general public. The first meeting of the society was held on Saturday, at the rooms, 9, Conduit-street, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, when the rules were agreed to and the officers for the year appointed.—*Morning Star.*

LIVERPOOL.—Mlle. Patti has failed to draw crowded houses at the enormous prices necessitated by the costliness of her engagement, but her splendid singing and earnest acting have won the admiration of all who heard her.

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The last concert of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY was eminently successful. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently; and Signor Giuglini was in splendid voice. Signor Delle Sedie made his *début*, and was applauded loudly.

WIESBADEN. — A grand concert (*exceptionnel*) we understand from a correspondent will take place at the Kursaal on Friday evening the 20th inst. The engagements already made are with Madame Tedesco from Paris, — Herr Stockhausen, — Herr Schulhoff the celebrated pianist, and last not least, Herr Charles Oberthur, the accomplished harpist, whose name is well known in the London fashionable salons.

LINZ.—Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* has been given, with Mad. Denemy as the heroine.

A PIECE OF MUSICAL STATISTICS.—Attached to the Conservatory of Music in Paris are 81 professors and 934 pupils. Only 179 pupils attend the Conservatory of Vienna, while the professional staff consists of 22 school inspectors and 21 masters.

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MR. MELCHOR WINTER will Sing at the City Hall, Glasgow, this day (Saturday), Reichardt's popular song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," and Ascher's new song, "Alice, where art thou?"
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THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE interior of the fine old Cathedral presents a far more imposing aspect than at any previous festival. By the removal of the unsightly screen which for many years divided the nave from the choir, the massive proportions of the former have been rendered more striking to the eye, and the architectural beauties of the sacred edifice are no longer buried beneath hideous deformities nor obscured by the accumulated dust of ages. The view through the nave to the stained east window, in which the amethystine hue predominates, and which divides the choir from the beautiful Lady Chapel, is now unintercepted, and the light that poured in from that quarter magnificently lighted up the whole of the interior. The removal of this screen has enabled the conductor to give the orchestra the appearance of being thrown further back than at previous festivals, though, we believe, it covers the same portion of ground. He has, however, wisely remodelled it by giving it an almost circular front, which facilitates the grouping and massing of the voices, at the same time bringing the choruses more immediately under his command, his own seat being thrown somewhat forward. The raised seats at the west end of the nave have been dispensed with, and all the seats are now placed upon the floor, and thus the character of the sacred edifice has been more satisfactorily maintained, consistent with the will and pleasure of those who object to temporary erections in ecclesiastical edifices. The fine old organ, which has just been undergoing the process of tuning, still stands in the north aisle, and is, therefore, close up with the orchestra, though, I believe, it is contemplated ultimately to find room for it in one of the transepts. The ceiling of the north transept, which has recently been treated in a light and elegant manner, the ribs or groins being green, brown, and gold, is now exposed; the mortar and whitewash have been removed, and the floor has been laid in compartments with very handsome encaustic tiles from the manufactory of Mr. William Godwin, of Lugwardine, near Hereford.

At half-past eight o'clock every morning, Divine service has been held in the choir, which, with the south and as much of the north transept as could be rendered available under the circumstances of partial restoration, was filled, on the first morning especially, to overflowing. The Mayor of Hereford, Thomas Cam, Esq., having invited the corporation and the magistracy of the city to accompany him to church, and afterwards to join him at a sumptuous breakfast, there was a general gathering of the body, the mayor being dressed in his robes of office and attended by the mace-bearers and other officials. Of the particulars of those early services I have elsewhere spoken.

Saturday, Sept. 14th, 1861.

Last week, in order to save the post, as I told you, I was obliged to be exceedingly brief in my account of the morning performance at the Cathedral on Thursday; in fact, I scarcely did more than chronicle the event. Now that I am not quite so much pressed for time, I propose to offer a few observations on it.

In the first place, then, I must inform you that very many competent judges were of opinion that the selection from Haydn's *Seasons* might have been advantageously omitted from the programme, which would have been quite long enough without it. When—I ask, for about the thousandth time—will those worthy gentlemen who have the ordering of provincial festivals restrain their programmes within reasonable bounds? If they have no regard for the lungs of the singers and wind-instrumentalists, or the fingers of the violinists, *et hoc genus omne*—if they have no compunction about knocking up a tenor, or totally sacrificing the voice of some fair soprano—let them, at any rate, beware of wearying the patience of the public, and thereby injuring the cause of the charity for which the particular festival is held. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the great thing is to send the public away pleased and contented. The many-headed monster will then remember with pleasure what was really a morning's or an evening's *amusement*, and look forward with gratification to the next treat of the same kind. But surfeit a man with anything, and, ten to one, he will never have a taste for it again. Not only, however, was the selection from *The Seasons de trop* on this occasion, it was not by any means a good sample of what Hereford can do. Well as the solo music was sung by Mad. Weiss, Messrs. Weiss and Montem Smith, the performance left the audience unmoved. The fact is, the choruses were below the mark—*manqués*, as the French call it. The music itself, too, which has nothing at all sacred about it, seemed out of place within the walls of a cathedral. A far finer performance was that of Mozart's *Requiem*,—"the" *Requiem*, as people say, and always will say, probably, just as they talk about "*the* Duke"—still the execution of the choruses was not worthy either of the work itself or of the members of the Three Choirs. Yet, so great is the power of genius, even when unsatisfactorily interpreted, that most of the choral pieces, as, for instance, "Dies iræ," "Rex tremendæ Majestatis," and "Confutatis Maledictis," produced a profound and lasting impression upon the audience. The solo singers, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn, were irreproachable. Mlle. Titiens, in particular, was splendid, and the part she took in the quartet, "Recordare, Jesu pie," was sung by her with a degree of power, ease, and unaffected feeling which I have seldom heard equalled, and, certainly, never surpassed. Mr. Winn, also, was more than usually good, and deserves high praise for his delivery of the bass music. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* went better than the *Seasons*, but not so well as the *Requiem*. There was, at times, the same want of steadiness, the same disregard of the nice gradations of light and shade, in the choruses; although, some of them, on the other hand, were given in admirable style. Mr. Sims Reeves was highly impressive, particularly in "The sorrows of death." The duet, "I waited for the Lord," was beautifully given by the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne; while three grand instrumental movements were grandly performed by the band.

The concert at the Shire Hall on the evening of the same day (Thursday, the 12th inst.) was a most successful affair, and went off brilliantly. The building was crammed—to adopt the good old conventional phrase—to the ceiling, and numbers were unable to obtain admission. The principal feature in the performance was Mr. Benedict's cantata of *Undine*, which has already achieved such popularity in Norwich and London; and, as far as I can form an opinion from what took place on the evening in question, will soon be as great a favourite with the good citizens of Hereford. Great credit is due to Mr. Townshend Smith for introducing such a work, and the talented composer, who had come down to Hereford on purpose to be present—"assist," the French call it—at the performance of his work, must have felt very much obliged to him. Once more, if I am to state frankly what I think—and, by the way, it was to that end I was despatched down here—I must say, the members of the chorus were not as well up in their work as might have been desired, although they gave very effectively some of the music allotted to them. The parts were thus cast:—Undine, Miss Louisa Pyne; Bertalda, Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Hildebrand, Mr. Sims Reeves; and Kühleborn, Mr. Weiss. Miss Louisa Pyne was suffering from severe indisposition, but despite of this, she scorned to give in, and with wonderful "pluck" went through her arduous task in a manner which elicited the most hearty applause. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was a most excellent Bertalda, and gave the romance, "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in first-rate style. Mr. Weiss supported his original part of Kühleborn with all the talent for which he is distinguished; while Mr. Sims Reeves was never more spirited and impressive than in the part of Hildebrand, a part of which, as the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD are aware, he was the original representative, as Mr. Weiss was of Kühleborn. The band was quite equal to its task, and altogether the cantata proved one of the "hits" of the Festival. The same may be said of Professor Sterndale Bennett's overture of the *Wood Nymphs*, although its proper effect was sadly marred by the hubbub of those persons who came late, and were so deficient in good taste as not to wait until the overture was over, but to blunder to their seats during its performance, to the great discomfort of those who had enough respect for good music to induce them to be at the Shire Hall in proper time. Three pieces which had been set down for Miss Louisa Pyne were omitted in consequence of that lady's suffering so severely from indisposition, as I have already mentioned. In fact, I believe she was so ill as to be insensible, when she was conveyed to her lodgings from the Hall, at the conclusion of *Undine*. Mlle. Titiens sang the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, and "The last rose of summer," to the

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great delight of the audience, who were vociferous in their applause, and encored the ballad. The other songs, duets, &c., were distributed among Mad. Weiss, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Signor Giuglini, Messrs. Montem Smith, Winn, and Weiss. By the way, I must not forget to mention that the second part of the concert commenced with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, played so well that the last movement was encored and repeated. The performance was brought to a close by the National Anthem, the solos being taken by Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Sainton-Dolby.

The performance of the *Messiah* on Friday morning attracted no less than 1736 persons, while the collection amounted to 307*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.* Both in a pecuniary and artistic sense it was the greatest success of the whole Festival. The charm exercised by this great work is really astonishing. Hundreds and hundreds who care for nothing else will go to hear the *Messiah*. So much, however, has been said so frequently not only about the work itself, but about every one of the artists who sang in it on Friday, that, not to grow wearisome, and repeat an oft-told tale, I shall content myself with sending you merely a general account of the performance without going into detail, which would be superfluous. The choruses, then, were given in a manner that must have satisfied even the most exacting critic. Despite her severe indisposition of the previous evening, Miss Louisa Pyne was determined that her Hereford admirers should not be disappointed. She sang the principal soprano music most beautifully, particularly the grand and impressive air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mad. Weiss and Miss Susan Pyne, likewise, were very effective. How Mad. Sainton-Dolby, to whom was allotted most of the contralto music, sings oratorio, no one with any pretension to musical knowledge needs be informed. Yet I cannot pass over in silence the way in which she rendered the wonderful air, "He was despised." Messrs. Weiss and Winn divided the bass music between them, the latter gentleman distinguishing himself more especially in "The trumpet shall sound," with, of course, Mr. T. Harper's marvellous trumpet *obbligato*. The greater part of the tenor music was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves. I really feel puzzled what to do when speaking of this gentleman. Having praised him so often and so warmly, I am almost inclined to content myself with observing that he sang as usual, but he was really so great on Friday, that I cannot resist dwelling somewhat more at length on so remarkable a performance. The manner in which he gave the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," with the air, "Every valley," "Behold and see," and "Thou shalt break them," was simply sublime, and places him at the top of his profession—*facile princeps*—as the interpreter of the immortal Saxon's music. The band, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith, proved themselves worthy of the occasion. Mr. Amott officiated at the organ.

At 7 o'clock P.M. a chamber concert was given in the College Hall. The following is the programme:—

Quartet in D minor, Mozart; Aria—"Per la gloria," Buononcini; Canzonet, "My mother bids me," Haydn; Quartet, with canzonet (Op. 12), Mendelssohn; Duet, "Segui oh cara," *Faust*, Spohr; Septet (Part 2), Beethoven.

The whole went off with great *éclat*, the second part of Mendelssohn's quartet being encored. The principal performers were Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, G. Collins, Daubert (from the Crystal Palace band), Blakeston, Williams, Mann, and Waetzig. The vocal music was sung by Mad. and Mr. Weiss.

According to custom, the Festival wound up with a grand ball in the Shire Hall. I hear that the amount of beauty present was even greater than usual, and that dancing was kept up to a late, or rather an early, hour; *tous les deux se disent.*

The Festival of this year has been decidedly successful. The attendance and donations have been greater than at the last triennial gathering in 1858, as will appear by the following tables:—

ORATORIOS.

	1858.	1861.
Tuesday	600	489
Wednesday	580	661
Thursday	715	1240
Friday	1121	1736

COLLECTIONS.

	1858. £ s. d.	1861. £ s. d.
First day (Tuesday) ...	... 120 10 0	... { 70 8 2 / 172 0 3
Second day (Wednesday)	... 181 7 0	... 143 18 0
Third day (Thursday) ...	... 173 7 4	... 221 10 10
Fourth day (Friday) ...	... 326 9 0	... 312 0 7

The whole of the collections are handed over to the Widows and Orphans of the poor clergy, as are also the profits on the sale of tickets, after all the expenses have been paid. The deficiency, however—and there has always been a deficiency hitherto—has to be made up by the gentlemen who generously fill the office of stewards, and who, on the present occasion, were: The Lord William Graham, M.P., the Hon. J. F. W. Fiennes, the Hon. C. S. B. Hanbury, M.P., Sir W. Curtis, Bart. (second time), J. King King, Esq., M.P., H. Mildmay, Esq., M.P., Colonel Clifford, M.P., B. Botfield, Esq., M.P., the Mayor of Hereford (T. Cam, Esq.), S. Allaway, Esq. (second time), J. H. Arkwright, Esq. (third time), chairman; the Rev. G. Arkwright, the Rev. T. H. Bird, Rev. J. Bullock (second time), T. Dew, Esq., W. Brewster Evans, Esq., Rev. E. Hampden, Rev. E. B. Hawkshaw, T. Hill, Esq., Rev. H. O. Key, A. R. Boughton Knight (second time), Rev. Prebendary Lee, Rev. W. Baskerville Mynors, Rev. Prebendary Poole, R. Webb, Esq., Rev. H. O. Wilson.

For the sake of these gentlemen, I trust that the report generally circulated, that the returns this year will cover the expenses, is founded in truth. It would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The Dean and Chapter avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the Musical Festival, of placing before those who take an interest in the Cathedral, the following brief statement of the works of restoration already effected, and yet to be completed:—

WORKS COMPLETED AND IN HAND.—1859 to 1861.—To amounts borrowed on mortgage under Hereford Cathedral Restoration Act, 13,000*l.*

1859 to 1861.—By sums expended in the external and internal restoration of north transept and aisles, south transept, north aisle of choir, including Bishop Stanbury's Chapel, north-east transept, south-east transept, south aisle of choir, Chapter House and vestibule, Ladye Chapel and vestibule, and Bishop Audley's Chapel; and the external restoration of north aisle of nave, north porch, south aisle of nave, great cloisters, 10,000*l.*

By money in hand to meet the balance of existing contracts, and the cost of flooring generally (except the choir); repairing and fixing monuments; releading part of roof; repairs of interior stonework, &c., 3000*l.* Total, 13,000*l.*

WORKS PROPOSED TO BE EXECUTED IF SUBSCRIPTIONS SUFFICIENT.—To estimate for fitting-up and flooring of choir; restoration of external stonework of tower; lighting the Cathedral for congregational use; fitting-up of Ladye Chapel for service for St. John's parish, &c., 8000*l.*

By subscriptions in hand and promised, 3,553*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*

Remains to be provided, 4,446*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* Total, 8000*l.*

The cost of adapting the organ to its altered position is estimated at upwards of 1000*l.*, *for which a separate subscription is being raised* (*!!*) If the necessary funds were provided, the whole of the works in the interior might be completed, and the Cathedral opened, in October, 1862, but with the present incumbrances upon the capitular property (of course) the Dean and Chapter (as usual) are unable of themselves to undertake the proposed works; they therefore earnestly appeal (as from time immemorial) to those resident in the county and diocese, and the public generally, who have not already kindly promised subscriptions, to add their names to the list of subscribers.

IMPORTANT DECISION AFFECTING MUSICAL ARTISTS.—(Before the County Court Judge, Lambeth, September 19).—*Rockstro* v. *Wylde.*—The plaintiff summoned Dr. Wylde, director and conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts, for £2 12*s.* for two performances at these concerts. The judge dismissed the summons, and ordered the plaintiff Rockstro to pay costs. It appeared from the evidence that Dr. Wylde engaged Mr. Rockstro as second flute for the series of six concerts, at a specified sum, viz. £7 16*s.*, Mr. Pratten being first flute. On Mr. Pratten being

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obliged to give up his engagement at the third concert, in consequence of an extra opera night being fixed for the same eve, Mr. Svensden became first flute vice Pratten. Whereupon Mr. Rockstro, who had calculated on the preferment, refused to fulfil the remainder of his engagement, but demanded payment for the two concerts at which he had performed. Dr. Wylde refused to comply with this demand, alleging that as the contract was for a series of concerts, unless plaintiff fulfilled the whole of his engagement he could not claim anything under the contract. In the course of the inquiry Dr. Wylde stated that during the ten years he had been connected with the New Philharmonic Concerts all the orchestral artists had received the amount demanded without dispute or litigation, but that he found it necessary in the present instance to resist the demand made by Mr. Rockstro, and have the question decided whether he alone was the party bound by a written agreement, saying it was very hard if the law bound him to pay without binding the other party to the contract to serve. The judge decided that Mr. Rockstro had no claim on Dr. Wylde, that the latter was justified in refusing payment to the plaintiff, who ought to have fulfilled his engagement.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF LORENZO DA PONTE.*

I.

DA PONTE'S OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT IN VIENNA. — THE LIBRETTO OF LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

I LED a lazy life in Vienna, and the money I had brought with me from Dresden was nearly all spent. I did not forget, however, that I had lived in Padua on black olives, and during an involuntary fast of a fortnight slaked my thirst with the water of the Brenta. I began, therefore, to see the necessity of retrenchment, and, instead of keeping on, in the city itself, apartments which were above my means, I hired a modest little room of a tailor in the Wieden suburb.

I had heard it reported that the Emperor had determined on again opening an Italian Theatre in the capital. Metastasio had recently died, and I was ambitious enough to think of getting myself appointed Court-poet. I went and spoke to Salieri. Not only did he flatter my hopes, but, not content with that, offered to use his influence for me with Count Rosenberg, Intendant-General of the Imperial Theatres, and, if necessary, with the Emperor himself, who honoured him with his especial favour. He managed matters so well that the first time I had the honour of being presented to the Emperor, it was not to lay my request before him, but to return him my thanks. Although the praises of Joseph II. were on every one's lips, and in spite of his being everywhere mentioned as a model prince, the idea of being summoned to appear before him inspired me with irrepressible bashfulness.

I had been informed that he judged persons by the first impression they produced on him. I fancied his scrutiny in my case did not prove altogether unfavourable, and I founded my conclusions on the gracious manner in which I was received. He condescended to question me about my private affairs, my native country, my studies, and the motives that had induced me to visit Vienna. I answered as shortly as possible, and my almost laconic replies appeared to satisfy him. The last question he put to me was, how many dramas I had already written.

"Not one, Sire," I replied.

"Good, good," he retorted, laughing; "then we have got a virgin muse."

Out of respect towards Salieri, I intrusted him with the task of setting my first work to music, for he was really one of the first masters of his day. I submitted to him a number of subjects, with the mode in which I proposed treating them, for him to take his choice. Unfortunately, he selected one deficient in every fundamental element of success. It was: *The Rich Man for a Day.* I began my task, but it was not long before I found out the difference between a thought and its realisation. The more I wrote, the more numerous and greater became the difficulties. The subject offered neither a sufficient number of characters nor variety of incidents sufficient to keep up for three hours — the time the piece was to play — the interest of the public. I found my scenes cold, the action flat, the dialogue dry, my ideas trivial, and the pieces for music clumsily lugged in. By hook or by crook, I completed the first act, but the finale was still wanting. This finale, which is closely connected with the work, should alone have summed up the entire piece, and created a feeling of especial interest. All the talent of the musician as well as that of the artists ought to be displayed in this portion of a man's work, and in it all the effect of the latter ought to be concentrated. The reader may imagine the state of perplexity in which I was. Twenty times was I tempted to fling into the fire all I had written and tender my resignation. At length, after puzzling my imagination, racking my brain, and invoking the aid of all the saints in the calendar, I effected my object, and finished the piece. Salieri looked cursorily through it in my presence, and at length observed, "It is well written, but we must see it on the stage. It contains some very nice ariettas and scenes which please me, but I must, notwithstanding, introduce a few slight alterations, more for the sake of the music than for anything else." The reader may fancy what pleasure his words caused me, and, as we are fond of persuading ourselves that what we wish is true, I began to think the work was, after all, not so bad as I had at first imagined. But in what did "the slight alterations" consist? In mutilating, lengthening, or shortening nearly all the scenes, in interpolating new duets, trios, and quartets, in changing the metre in the middle of an air, in introducing choruses, &c. The music was composed and the work was on the eve of representation, when the well-known Abbate Casti — a poet whose reputation, which he owed chiefly to his *Novelle Galanti*, was spread throughout Europe — came to Vienna. However admirable his *Novelle* were as far as regards the poetry, they were infamous as far as morals go.

Paesiello, a well-known musician, highly esteemed by the Emperor, arrived at the same time. He was greatly respected by Viennese musical amateurs, and fancied he had not a rival. He expressed a wish to compose the music for some drama or other. His arrival alarmed Salieri. *The Rich Man for a Day* was laid aside, and people in Vienna spoke only of Casti and Paesiello. The reader may imagine the expectations of the actors, of Count Rosenberg, of Casti's friends — and in a word, of the entire city. Casti's name was on every one's tongue. *King Theodore*—for such was the title of his first opera—was performed, and its success was something enormous. How could it be otherwise? The singers were irreproachable, the scenery superb, the dresses magnificent, and the music divine. With a smile on his lips, the poet received every one's enthusiastic congratulations as if they applied wholly to his part of the work.

It was not until Salieri's return from France that the various parts in *The Rich Man for a Day* were given out. The principal character was intended for Mad. Horace, who was then at the height of talent and the delight of all Vienna. She fell ill; another lady had to take her part, and, as there was no choice, we had to content ourselves with the first that came to hand. Unluckily, however, the lady thus forced on us was not equal to the part entrusted to her, and the piece proved a failure. I did not deceive myself as to the value of *The Rich Man for a Day.* The libretto was altogether bad, and the music horrible; but that the reader may understand how far my enemies carried their perfidy, it will suffice for me to tell him that they wished to persuade people the failure was entirely owing to me.

Of all the crowd of my ill-wishers, the only one to be feared

*. Speaking of the *Memoirs* from which the above are taken, O. Jahn says (*Mozart*, vol. iv. page 181): "I am indebted to M. Scudo, of Paris, for the use of this scarce work" (the original published as far back as 1823). It contains several palpable errors, especially in the matter of dates, and there is no doubt that Da Ponte sometimes places himself more prominently in the foreground than he ought. His accounts are, however, instructive; and, in the main, correct. The narrative of his residence in Vienna was the principal authority for the following portion of my work, though I used it with the requisite amount of caution."

Da Ponte was born in 1749, at Ceneda, in Venetia. In 1783, he became theatrical poet in Vienna, but, falling into disgrace with the Emperor Leopold, proceeded, in 1792, to London, and, in 1805, to America. He was never lucky enough to be in easy circumstances. He died, at an advanced age, on the 17th August, 1838, in New York.

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was Casti, on account of his superiority to the rest, his maliciousness, and particularly the high patronage he enjoyed. Fortunately, I had on my side the Emperor, who, under all circumstances, displayed the more zeal in defending me the more violent my opponents became in their attacks.

"This young man," he said, one day, to Andrea Dolfin, the Venetian ambassador, who also was one of my patrons, "possesses too much talent not to draw down upon his head Casti's envy, but I will take care of him. Only yesterday Rosenberg endeavoured to persuade me, after the failure of the piece, that we ought to have another poet. Casti was in my box, and hoped, perhaps, that I would give him the place. I answered that before taking such a step I would have another opera by Da Ponte."

The unfortunate result of my first attempt was sufficient to dishearten me and prevent my appearing before the Emperor. One morning, however, he happened to meet me as he was taking a walk. On coming up to me he stopped, and said, with the greatest kindness: "Take my word for it, your opera is far from being so bad as some people would wish others to believe. Pluck up your courage, and give us a masterpiece which shall reduce them to silence."

He told Martini to apply to me. In consequence of this, the latter called and asked me whether I would write a piece to be dedicated to the wife of the Spanish ambassador, for she would feel highly flattered.* . . . . Two years elapsed before I was perfectly restored and able to resume my labours. I had selected *Le Bourreau bienfaisant* for the subject of the first drama I intended for Martini. I set about my task. Actuated by the double desire of being named Court-poet, and of getting rid of me, whom he looked upon as the only obstacle in his way, Casti was hardly made acquainted with my notion before he hastened to spread about a report everywhere he went that I had selected a bad subject for an *opera buffa*. He had the boldness to repeat this before the Emperor, who felt called upon to observe to me:—

"Da Ponte, your friend Casti affirms that your *Bourreau bienfaisant* will not make people laugh."

"Sire," I replied, "I should be delighted if it only made him weep."

"I hope it will," said Joseph II., perceiving at once the double meaning of my words.

The opera was produced, and pleased the public from beginning to end. Several of the audience, including even the Emperor himself, were actually seen to applaud the very recitatives. "We have triumphed!" whispered Joseph II. to me, after the first performance, as he passed me in the hall leading to the boxes, where I had stationed myself. Those three words were in my eyes of greater value than whole pages of ordinary commendation.

My success, and, still more, the particular favour Joseph II. displayed towards me, gave a fresh impetus to my poetic inspiration. Not only did I feel powerful enough to meet my detractors boldly, but even to dispise their efforts, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing composers apply to me for librettos. At that time there lived in Vienna only two masters worthy, in my opinion, of the name: Martini, for the moment the *protégé* of Joseph II., and Wolfgang Mozart, whose acquaintance I had had the opportunity of making, about that period, at the house of his friend, the Baron von Wetzlar. Although endowed by nature with musical genius, far excelling, perhaps, that of all other composers past, present, and to come, Mozart had, up to this time, never obtained a chance of exhibiting his godlike powers in Vienna, in consequence of the cabals of his enemies. He lived unknown and unappreciated, like some precious stone, which, hidden far beneath the surface of the earth, conceals from all the secret of its brilliancy. I can never reflect without pride and delight that it was chiefly to my perseverance and energy that Europe owed the discovery of the wonderful genius of this incomparable composer. The injustice and envy of my rivals, of journalists and of Mozart's biographers, will never allow an Italian like myself such an amount of glory; but all Vienna, and every one who was acquainted with Mozart and myself in Germany, Bohemia, and Saxony, together with all the members of his family, and, more especially, the Baron von Wetzlar himself, his enthusiastic admirer, in whose house the first spark of the divine flame shone forth, can testify to the truth of what I say.

After the success of *Le Bourreau bienfaisant*, I called on Mozart, and told him what had occurred between Casti, Rosenberg and the Emperor. I asked him if he felt inclined to compose the music for a libretto written expresly for himself.

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to do so," he replied, "but I doubt whether I should obtain permission."

"I undertake to overcome all difficulties."

"Very good; then let us set to work at once."

I was reflecting on the subjects I should select for two men of such opposite talent as Mozart and Martini, when I received an order from the Management to write a drama for Gazzaniga, a very good composer, but who was no longer in fashion. In order to get this tedious task as soon as possible off my hands, I chose a French comedy: *The clear-sighted Blind Man*. In a few days I ran up a piece that was successful neither in the text nor the music. It was played three times and then withdrawn.

This circumstance, although disagreeable, did not affect my reputation, and I again began to turn over in my mind the subjects I intended for my two friends. I clearly perceived that Mozart's immense genius required a drama of a grand and lofty kind. As I was talking with him one day, he asked me whether I could not found an opera-text on *Le Mariage de Figaro*, by Beaumarchais. The notion pleased me, and was quickly and successfully carried out.

Shortly before this, Beaumarchais' piece had been prohibited, by command of the Emperor, as being written in an immoral style. How could any one again propose it? The Baron von Wetzlar, with his accustomed liberality, offered me a handsome price for my work. He assured me that, in case it were forbidden in Vienna, he would undertake to get it produced in London or in France. I did not accept his offer, but quietly set about my task, in the hope of a favourable opportunity of submitting it to the Management, or to the Emperor himself, if I had the courage to do so. Martini was the only person I admittted into my confidence, and out of respect for Mozart he was magnanimous enough to give me time to end my piece for the latter before beginning one for him. As I wrote the libretto, Mozart composed the music. In six weeks the whole was completed. Thanks to Mozart's good star, I found a favourable opportunity to lay my manuscript before the Emperor himself.

"How is this?" said Joseph II. to me. "You know that, however admirable he may be in instrumental music, Mozart has never written anything for the voice, with the exception of a single piece, of no very great importance."

"I myself," I replied, timidly, "would have written a drama without the approbation of the Emperor only in Vienna."

"That may be; but I have forbidden the German Company to play this *Figaro*."

"I am aware of that; but, in altering the comedy into an opera, I have left out some scenes entirely and shortened others. I have constantly endeavoured to get rid of everything that could shock propriety and good taste; in a word, I have produced a work worthy of the theatre which your Majesty honours with your gracious patronage. As for the music, it is, as far as I can judge, a masterpiece."

"Very good; I rely upon your taste and sagacity. Let the score be copied out."

In a moment I was with Mozart. I had not communicated the joyful news, however, before an order came for him to proceed with his score to the palace. In obedience to this, he took the Emperor some selections which perfectly delighted him. Joseph II. possessed unerring judgment in matters of music, and everything relating to the fine arts. The extraordinary success which the wonderful work, of which I am speaking, has had all over the world, is a proof of this. Yet, however, incredible it may appear, the music did not meet with unanimous approval. The Viennese composers, whom it crushed, as well as Rosenberg, and, more especially, Casti, did not fail to disparage and sneer at it.

Their deceitful conduct increased our mutual hatred, and Mozart and myself were not free from apprehension lest a combination

* Da Ponte was, however, taken ill. His illness was the result of an attempt made by one of his countrymen to poison him, from motives of jealousy.

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might be got up against us by our two opponents, and a certain Bussini, the wardrobe-inspector, an individual capable of any business except that of an honourable man. When Bussini heard of the ballet I had introduced into my *Figaro*, he hurried off to the Count, and said, in a tone of disapprobation: "Your Excellency, the poet has introduced a ballet into his opera." The Count sent for me, and the following conversation took place between us:—

"You must be aware, Sir, that his Majesty tolerates no ballets in his theatres . . . . Consequently, I order you, Mr. Poet, to strike out the ballet you have introduced into your piece.—Where is the scene?"

"Here."

He tore two leaves out of my manuscript, and flung them in the fire. He then returned me the libretto with the words: "You see, Sir, how far my power extends." He then honoured me with a "Good day!"

I immediately went off to Mozart, who flew into such a passion that he wanted at once to go to the Count, to give Bussini a sound drubbing, and then hurry off to the Emperor and take back his manuscript. I had the greatest trouble in the world to pacify him. At length, I begged he would keep quiet for two days, and leave the management of affairs to me.

Meanwhile, the grand rehearsal had been called. Before it took place I went to the Emperor, who promised to see about the matter. He condescended to be present at the rehearsal, and all the high aristocracy of Vienna accompanied him. The first act met with unanimous approbation. It concluded with a pantomime, during which the band was to play the ballet music, as the dances were prohibited. The band was silent. "What is the meaning of this pause?" the Emperor inquired of Casti, who was sitting behind him. "That is a question to which only the author can give your Majesty an answer," replied the Abbate, with a malicious smile. I was summoned. Instead of justifying myself, however, I laid before his Majesty a copy of my manuscript, in which the scene, as originally written, was retained. The Emperor read it through, and asked why the dances were not executed. I still remained silent. He saw I would not state the facts, and, therefore, turning to the Count, requested of him the explanation I hesitated giving. "The dances are omitted," replied the Count, stammering, "because there is no *corps de ballet* in your Majesty's theatre."—"But there are *corps de ballet* in the other theatres; and it is my desire that Da Ponte shall have all the dancers he may wish."—Half an hour afterwards we had four-and-twenty persons, dancers and *figurantes*. The ballet was performed. "Very good," exclaimed the Emperor; and this fresh proof of favour redoubled the thirst for revenge in the heart of my powerful persecutor.

At last the day of the first performance arrived. The performance took place to the great abashment of the *maestro*, and the by no means diminished vexation of the Count and Casti. The opera itself was brilliantly successful; it pleased the Emperor especially, as well as all true lovers of music; it was considered a lofty and almost divine work. The libretto, likewise, obtained its share of applause, and my modest competitor, Casti, was the first to point out its beauties. But what was his praise? Censure concealed under the semblance of good nature. "It is true," he remarked, "that it is only a translation from Beaumarchais; but it contains fine verses and several very pretty things."

The Count von Rosenberg, whose favour he was very apprehensive of losing, asked him to write a drama for Salieri, who was dying with envy to beat Mozart's opera. It was at this period he wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, the second act of which is anything but satisfactory, as far as art is concerned.

The music was very beautiful, a fact which the friends of the poet trumpeted forth everywhere; but this could not induce the Emperor to change his mind. There was still one stroke to be played, but that stroke completely ruined Casti with the Emperor, who very much admired his verses, it is true, but by no means admired him. Casti had just given the finishing touch to his *Dschingis-Khan*, a Tartar poem, which, however, ranks far beneath his *Novelle Galanti*, and especially *Gli Animali parlanti*. This poem expedited his disgrace. He had it carefully copied out, and presented it with his own hands to the Emperor. Justly or unjustly, Joseph II. thought he saw in it a biting satire on Catherine II., whom he esteemed and admired. He sent for Casti to his box, and handed him a hundred sequins, with the words, "For your travelling expenses!"—a delicate method of dismissing him. Casti understood what the words meant, and a few days afterwards left Vienna.

THE BAND AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—*First Violins*, Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove Betjemann, Browne, Burnett, Carrodus, Chipp, E., Clementi, Collins, V., Dando, Day, Deichmann, Goffrie, Hall, Hill, H. W., Jacquin, Kreutzer, Love, Nadaud, Pollitzer, Ries, Seymour, Streather, Thirlwall, Thomas, Watson, Watson, jun., Zerbini.—*Second Violins*, Messrs. Willy, Amor, Banister, Bort, Bradley, Buels, Davis, Folkes, Griesbach, C., Griesbach, H., Gunniss, Hayward, Humphries, Jones, Kelly, Lejeune, Marshall, Newsham, Perry, Schmidt, Shargool, Simmons, Synyer, Thirlwall, jun., Tourneur, Wilkins.—*Violas*, Messrs. Doyle, Alsept, Blagrove, R., Boileau, Glanvill, Hann, Hann, W. H., Roberts, Start, Thomas, Thompson, Trust, Venua, Vogel, Waud, Webb, Wealake, Westrop, T.—*Violoncellos*, Messrs. Lucas, Aylward, Calkin, G., Chipp, H., Collins, G., Guest, Hancock, Harrison, Ould, Paque, Pettit, Reed, R., Reed, W., Schroeder, Shepherd, Testar, Waite.—*Double Basses*, Messrs. Howell, Campanile, Castelli, Edgar, Flower, Griffiths, Howell, jun., Lewis, Moreton, Pratten, Reynolds, Rowland, Russell, Severn, Vaudrelan, White, Winterbottom.—*Flutes*, Messrs. Pratten, De Folly, Nicholson, Tilley.—*Oboes*, Messrs. Barret, Nicholson, Malsch, Horton.—*Clarionets*, Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock, Egerton, Roxbee.—*Bassoons*, Messrs. Hausser, Hutchings, Godfrey, Anderson.—*Trumpets*, Messrs. Harper, Irwin.—*Cornets*, Messrs. Barlow, Spencer.—*Horns*, Messrs. Harper, C., Mann, Catchpole, Standen, jun.—*Trombones*, Messrs. Hawkes, Antoine, Winterbottom.—*Ophicleide*, Mr. Hughes.—*Serpents*, Messrs. Jepp, Standen.—*Double Drums*, Mr. Chipp.—*Side Drum and Triangle*, Mr. Seymour.—*Bass Drum*, Mr. Horton.—*Harp*, Mr. Trust.—*Conductor*, Mr. Costa.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL AND THE "ATHENÆUM."—The people of Birmingham are naturally impressed with the belief that their Festival is an event of national as well as of local importance. In this view they are confirmed by the principal organs of the London press, by the common consent of musicians, and by the eagerness with which amateurs from all parts of the kingdom flock to this town at each successive triennial meeting. There is, however, one person whose opinion differs from that of all England—and this is the critic of the *Athenæum*. All that this writer can find to say about the recent Festival is summed up in one paragraph so brief and flippant as justly to entitle it to the designation of "a piece of impudence." Here is the report, extracted in full from the last number of our contemporary:—"The Birmingham people have had fine weather, if not original music, for their Festival. The town has been very gay, and the listeners curious and excited. In the absence of any new feature calling for musical remark, we have only to record the fact of the Musical Festival having been held, and with an appearance of success." Even if the *Athenæum* were what it once was, such a judgment as this would have reflected discredit upon the writer, and exposed the paper itself to deserved censure. As it is, the matter is hardly worth notice, for the *Athenæum* no longer holds the foremost place amongst critical journals; and its opinions are of very little importance either for censure or praise. As regards the Birmingham Festival, therefore, we need say nothing in vindication. But we may ask our contemporary whether the production of new works is the sole end and aim of great musical gatherings? May it not be quite as meritorious to render with absolute perfection known works of the great masters, as to concentrate the attention of conductor and performers upon the production of new works of less assured excellence? If Festivals are designed for the cultivation of the musical art, careful performance should be their primary aim. At all events the journal which affects to consider itself the leader of musical criticism should scarcely allow petulance to get the better of good sense, or to set up its own whim as the standard of judgment in matters of taste.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent informs "Thérèse" that the trio sung by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Marian Moss, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby, at the latter lady's evening concert, June 21st, was entitled "I Zingari," and is the composition of Signor Pinsuti.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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Every additional 10 *words* ... ... 6*d.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

"ENOUGH is as good as a feast," and "people will never let well alone," are maxims which wisdom often strives to inculcate, but the application of which to the purposes of life mankind seldom makes. When a thing done is applauded and elicits general approbation, the doer is apt to conclude that he has but to repeat the same to obtain a larger amount of approbation and applause. It never occurs to him that what afforded gratification at first may fail to convey pleasurable emotions on a second hearing or seeing; nor does he consider how efficacious a mover of delight Novelty is, nor how much Praise is dependent on circumstances. The Festival of the Metropolitan School Choral Society, held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, was not a genuine success. Few exhibitions are more interesting and exciting than the congregation of a large body of children lifting up their voices in prayer or exultation, manifesting the high state of discipline to which tender years may be brought by care and attention, and proving what an extraordinary influence music exercises over the youthful mind. Between two and three thousand juveniles, belonging to the various Metropolitan Schools, assembled on Wednesday in the Great Handel Orchestra, and sang a selection of sacred and secular pieces, in some instances so admirably as to raise the enthusiasm of the audience. The scene was highly inspiriting. The boys and girls were in holiday attire; the juvenile bands shone in uniform; the teachers, male and female, were got up with a keen eye to the highest state of respectability; the day was magnificent. Yet can we not claim for the "Choral Festival" anything approaching to a triumph. And how to ascertain the cause? Is it not possible that the public have had this year too many juvenile feasts? Six of these peculiar entertainments happening within a few months would not be unlikely, we should imagine, to more than satisfy popular craving. The Annual Festival of the children at St. Paul's — heretofore restricted to a single demonstration — was repeated at the Crystal Palace (or the Crystal Palace fête took place first, we forget which, but it is all the same for our argument); the Tonic Sol-fa Association deemed it necessary to hold a second gathering; and now the Metropolitan School Choral Society feels called upon to follow in the same track, and provide a second entertainment for the music-thirsty public. Of course the last concert of the Metropolitan Schools coming latest fared worst, as by that time the London world might be supposed to have had quite enough of juvenile singing for one year. Now, if there were really anything approaching perfection in the performances of the children; if they sang even as they might be made to sing, had teachers nothing to do but teach, and pupils nothing to do but learn; if with their fresh, pure, liquid voices they could be made to vocalise with the same accent and decision as adults, which they never can be; or even if the whole mass could be brought to move in concert — as we have no doubt a few hundreds from the thousands could — then we do not think that six Juvenile Festivals on a monster scale would be too many in the season, but rather believe that the success of the first would constitute the attraction of the second, and so on. At present it cannot be denied that the Children's Festivals are at least as much indebted for their favourable reception to the indulgence of the public and the forbearance of the critics as to their own excellence. Every allowance is made for deficiencies and shortcomings, and even failure is not visited with reprehension. Should, however, the public and the critics be too frequently taxed in their indulgence and forbearance they may be induced to turn restive, apply the proper tests to the performances, and declare the results. In the number of their concerts the various "Juvenile Societies" do each other no good, but rather the contrary, since by making the Children's Choral Festivals too common they expose the defects of the singers, which at first might be concealed, but in the end must be made known.

If there be an absolute necessity for these annual exhibitions — as the friends of the Societies assure us — let them by all means take place once in a way, and let the utmost care be given to the rehearsals. The public won't grudge its single meeting to the children at St. Paul's, nor to the one Festival of the Metropolitan School Society and the Tonic Sol-fa Association at the Crystal Palace. The truth is, we and many others do not care greatly for concerts performed by juveniles, knowing well from the very constitution of things that they must be incomplete and imperfect; but we should like, nevertheless, to hear them once a year, that we may know what progress the pupils have made, and what influence music has exercised in refining the taste and enlightening the judgment of those to whom taste and judgment otherwise might have been a sealed book. This is the problem we desire to see solved, and for which we have lent our countenance, and will continue to lend it, to the vocal exercitations of the Children.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Theatrical matters at Frankfort-on-the-Maine have once again approached a crisis. The management of the theatre was for a very long period in private hands, but six years ago it was undertaken by a joint-stock company, consisting of inhabitants of the town, who entered upon the enterprise with a capital of 30,000 florins. The corporation granted a yearly subsidy of 8000 florins, 3000 florins being especially set apart for the pension fund, and the remainder for the purchase of scenery, dresses, &c. The management was entrusted to an Intendant, assisted by a committee of shareholders. The first Intendant, Herr Roderich Benedix, appointed at an annual salary of 4000 florins, having proved

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incompetent for the post, retired of his own accord, and his place was supplied by a smaller committee of three shareholders, aided by the advice of the stage manager, Herr Vollmer. Out of this nominal triumvirate, however, there soon arose an absolute government. Dr. Von Guaita, a lawyer, took the reins entirely out of the hands of his two colleagues, who, it is true, exhibited but very little energy in the discharge of their artistic duties. This may be accounted for by the fact that one of them, Herr W. Speyer, the well-known song composer, is a very old man, and that the other, Herr Reuhl, devotes his attention more particularly to the financial department.

The system pursued by Herr Benedix was marked by feebleness and vacillation, but his successor displayed great strictness and severity, and introduced many excellent reforms on a small scale. He was, it appears, deficient, however, in the urbanity and consideration absolutely necessary in a theatrical manager. It is very certain, too, that Dr. Guaita is deficient, wanting in the proper understanding of what is favourable to the interests of art, for, under his management, the theatre sunk to a very low ebb. About this there are not two opinions. Indeed, the Frankforters resolved to introduce some other system, and several private managers offered to take the theatre entirely at their own risk, or with a much smaller subsidy than that granted by the Corporation. Dr. Guaita, however, possessed some very warm friends among the members of that body, so that the matter remained for some time in abeyance.

Meanwhile a purely personal dispute between Dr. Guaita and Mlle. Januascheck, formerly a member of the company, together with other circumstances connected with the learned jurist's management, became general topics of conversation. To hear the energy and violence with which theatrical affairs are discussed by the Frankforters, one might almost fancy the peoples of Italy, Hungary, and Poland were plunged in the deepest sleep, while peace reigned throughout the world. Mlle. Januascheck, however, was for twelve years the especial favourite of the public here. In the summer of last year she was prevented through illness from fulfilling her professional duties, and Dr. Guaita discharged her in the winter, a measure he was authorised to adopt by the statutes of the theatre. The Frankfort public, nevertheless, highly disapproved of the proceeding, and Dr. Guaita judged it advisable to publish certain letters and documents, for the purpose of proving that Mlle. Januascheck was herself to blame for her discharge. The lady maintained the contrary, affirming that she had been driven away by Dr. Guaita, and promising to adduce proofs of what she advanced. Meanwhile, after leaving the theatre, she got up a brilliant farewell concert, at which Herr Friedrich Devrient, and the Society called the "Liederkranz," gave their services. After the concert, the popular lady was invited to a grand supper by her admirers of both sexes, in the Hôtel de l'Union, and presented with a silver laurel wreath. Some weeks later, she published a pamphlet, entitled, *Illustrations for a History of the Frankfort Theatre under the Management of Dr. Von Guaita. By Fanni Januascheck.* Being written very wittily, and spiced with facts relating to the Doctor personally, this *brochure* produced a great sensation, but, for the present, I must forbear venturing a decisive opinion of its merits, as I have heard only one side of the question. It is, in any case, much to be regretted that Dr. Guaita should not have seceded rather than Mlle. Januascheck. The manager's place might easily have been filled up; but there will be some difficulty in finding a satisfactory substitute for the *prima donna*, who has since been "starring," with great success, at Zurich and elsewhere.

Since Mlle. Januascheck's departure, two incidents in connection with the above circumstances have thrown the whole place into a state of violent commotion. These incidents—which are freely discussed, not only in the town itself, and in the local papers, but in those published elsewhere—have given rise to the bitterest animosity against the police authorities and Dr. Guaita, who being on intimate terms with the chief of the police, is held morally responsible.

A Dr. Ed. Löwenthal, one of the writers on the *Arbeitgeber*, and editor of a *Universitäts Zeitung*, expressed his dissatisfaction with the management of the theatre in a very powerful article. By an involuntary error he stated in this article that the Burgomasters of Frankfort had been present at the supper given to Mlle. Januascheck, whereas, in truth, they were merely present at the concert. In consideration that "a paper containing such *unreliable intelligence* does the town little credit," and, farthermore, on account of an article on military excesses in Greifswalde, Dr. Löwenthal was ordered, on a requisition, as it was pretended, from Prussia, to quit Frankfort! The Prussian embassy declared, however, that it had made no requisition of the kind, so that the general opinion is, that Dr. Löwenthal's expulsion is closely connected with the fact of his being the author of the article condemning Dr. Guaita's management. Dr. Lowenthal himself, as well as the ambassador of Würtemberg, has appealed to the Senate.

The second incident was still stranger, perfectly unique, indeed. A young Austrian, employed as clerk in some mercantile house, after the fall of the curtain, expressed his disapproval of the performance by hissing. For this he, too, was ordered to leave Frankfort! It is true that, according to the law, any alien may be expelled from the town without a reason being assigned; but the present affair created an extraordinary sensation, and, according to report, a general meeting of the inhabitants will shortly be held, for the purpose of protesting against such arbitrary proceedings. It is more than probable that Dr. Guaita will, before now, have found himself unable to escape the effects of the storm he had conjured up around him, for besides Mlle. Januascheck's *brochure*, another has since been published by Carolina Morska, who, far more bitter than her predecessor, makes serious charges against the theatrical jurist. How all this has ended I am unable to say. You manage such matters better in London. H. H.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Sept. 16.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—The "Beethoven Night" on Wednesday was the special feature of the week. The programme included the "Pastoral Symphony," Overture to *Egmont*, slow movement and finale from the pianoforte Concerto in E flat, aria "In questa tomba," and Rocco's song "Gold, Gold," from *Fidelio*. The symphony was given entire and created an immense sensation. An audience of big-wigs or Alexander Thayers, indeed, could not have listened to it with more earnest attention, nor received it with greater delight. Both it and the overture were incomparably played. The movements from the pianoforte concerto were executed by Miss Julia Woolf, who appeared somewhat intimidated. Mad. Laura Baxter gave the contralto air beautifully, and Mr. Weiss Rocco's song with splendid power of voice. In the second part, Mad. Florence Lancia — now become one of the greatest attractions of Mr. Mellon's Concerts — sang the Cavatino "Ah! fors' è lui," from the *Traviata*, and a new ballad by Mr. Mellon, called "Cupid's Eyes," and was encored in both. The fair artist, too, during the week introduced a new song,

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composed by Mr. Frank Mori, entitled "A thousand miles from thee," which has had a great success.

On Thursday, Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound," was given. A new tenor, Mr. Vernon Rigby, who had obtained a great reputation at the Alhambra, made his appearance and sang three of Mr. Sims Reeves's songs — "Let me like a soldier fall," "My own, my guiding star," and "My pretty Jane." Mr. Rigby has a fine tenor voice, which wants a great deal of cultivation. We advise him to cultivate it. It is worth his while. We would also counsel him not to bring himself into direct comparison with Mr. Sims Reeves. He would sail better to steer clear of that beacon light of the concert-room, which at the same time warns and points out the way. *Verbum Sap.*, which being interpreted means "a good word to tenors."

Letters to the Editor.

SIR, — In your last week's Journal (MUSICAL WORLD) I read an article on Professor Donaldson's organ here; you promise to let us hear more: will you be so kind as tell us the disposition of the fourteen rank stop and length of longest pipe, also shortest?

I attended many of the professor's lectures in his old class-room, and there I saw and heard an organ in which he had a row of pipes (one note) fourteen in number tuned so as all to speak at once: how are they tuned to the scale? — some must be tuned either flat or sharp, otherwise it must sound very bad. I know a discord is a dissonant, or inharmonious combination of sounds, so called in opposition to the concord, the effect of which the discord is calculated to sweeten and relieve. Some discords are formed by the union of the fifth with the sixth, and the forth with the fifth, the seventh with the eighth, and the third with the ninth and seventh, all which require to be introduced by certain preparations; but I have no doubt you will be able to give me a little more light on the subject. I am, Sir,

Yours, very respectfully,

Edinburgh. HOMOPHONOI.

UN PASSE-PARTOUT.

MONSIEUR,—Vous voyez que je suis toujours pŏli et prêt ŏbliger. Vous n'y comprends rien du tout! Helas! helas! c'est trop plaisant! Avouez que vous voulez räiller, ou dites-moi vous ne savez pas quelque chŏse des "Londres Charivari." Eh bien! To drop Français and pick up plain English, allow me to say, in the *brusque et bref* language of *un cheval de chasse*—in this unaccountable portion of the United Kingdom nature grants the privilege of speech to our *chasseurs*, as an antidote to the volubility of the *genre* "*âne*" Balaamic—the species common along our eastern coast: *premier*, that *Charivari* (the London) having announced a discovery of existing specimens of the *farouche palæozoic; c'est à dire* (lest this subject should degenerate into a *vexata questio*), *Punch* having learned that we have living still among us, in Suffolk, direct descendants of the ancient Britons, whose modes of life and social manners are precisely those of their forefathers; *second*, that the aforesaid forefathers were (some of them) taken to Rome in the *tems* (not "Old Father") of Tacitus, &c., to "sit" to the *peintre* in their various attitudes of savage-*vie*, for the decoration *du spectăc; letroisième*, that it proved a successful speculation; *quatrième*, that I believe it would be equally successful in London now; *cinquième et la dernière fois*, I, in my character of *attrapeur*, did, formally, honourably, politely, and condescendingly proffer my services in the aid of any theatrical manager whose enterprising spirit shall induce him to test the value of my proposition.

Hoping this *clé* may fit the lock of the door of all difficulties in *connéxity ăvec moi* "foregoing,"

I am, Monsieur, Votre, &c.

THE CATCHER OF GORILLAS.

Les Loups Bois. (Anglais—"Let's elope! boys!")

[A clue to the above is requested.—ED.]

HOW TO KNOW AND GIVE RIGHT NAMES TO ALL SORTS OF LESSONS.

THESE are, 1st, Preludes; then 2ndly, Fancies and Voluntaries; 3rdly, Pavines; 4thly, Allmaines; 5thly, Ayres; 6thly, Galliard; 7thly, Corantoes; 8thly, Serabands; 9thly, Tattle de Moys; 10thly, Chichonas; 11thly, Toyes, or Jiggs; 12thly, Common Tunes; but lastly, Grounds, with divisions upon them.

And of every of these I will give you some kind of knowledge, by way of description.

The *Prelude* is commonly a piece of confused, wild, shapeless-kind of intricate play (as most use it), in which no perfect form, shape, or uniformity can be perceived; but a random business, pottering, and groping up or down from one stop or key to another, and generally so performed to make trial whether the instrument be well in tune or not; by which doing, after they have completed their taning, they will (if they be masters) fall into some kind of voluntary or farcical play more intelligible, which (if he be a master, able), is a way whereby he may more fully and plainly show his excellency and ability, than by any other kind of undertaking, and has an unlimited and unbounded liberty, in which he may make use of the forms and shapes of all the rest.

Pavines are lessons of two, three, or four strains, very grave and sober, full of art and profundity, but seldom used in these our light days.

Allmaines are lessons very ayrey and lively, and generally of two strains, of the common or plain time.

Ayres are, or should be, of the same time (yet many make triplas, and call them so), only they differ from Allmaines by being commonly shorter, and of a more quick and nimble performance.

Galliards are lessons of two or three strains, but are performed in a slow and large triple time, and (commonly) grave and sober.

Corantoes are lessons of a shorter cut, and of a quicker triple time; commonly of two strains, and full of sprightfulness and vigour, lively, brisk, and cheerful.

Serabands are of the shortest triple time, but are more toyish and light than Corantoes, and commonly of two strains.

A *Tattle de Moy* is a new fashion'd thing, much like a Seraband, only it has more of conceit in it, as (in a manner) speaking the word (*tattle de moy*) and of humour (as you will find quite through this book, where they are set), that conceit being never before published, but broached together with this work. It may supply the place of a Seraband, at the end of a suit of lessons, at any time.

Chichonas are only a few conceited humorous notes, at the end of a suit of lessons very short, viz., not many in number, yet sometimes consists of two strains, although but of two semibreves in a strain, and commonly of a grave kind of humour.

Toys or *Jiggs* are light, squibbish things, only fit for fantastical and easy, light-headed people, and are of any sort of time.

Common Tunes (so called) are commonly known by the boys and common people singing them in the streets, and are of either sort of time; of which there are many very excellent and well-contrived pieces, neat and spruce ayre.

The *Ground* is a set number of slow notes, very grave and stately, which (after it is expressed once or twice very plainly), then he that hath good brains and a good hand undertakes to play several divisions upon it, time after time, till he has showed his bravery both of invention and hand.

Thus I have given you to understand the several sorts and shapes of most lessons in use.

From "MACE'S MONUMENT."

CHURCH MUSIC.

SIR,—Will you allow me a corner to complain of what is becoming a perfect nuisance in at least one of our churches, not very far from the Sand Pits? I mean the fine singing. The subject was mooted in your columns two or three years ago, I am sorry to say with very little effect, owing, it was thought, to the fact that the organist gave her services gratuitously, and the consequent delicacy of the point. The case, however, being now altered—having now a paid organist—we did think to have had something like decency in the conduct of the singing. The fact, however, is the reverse. Whereas we did formerly get good performances on the organ, if the singing was of somewhat too difficult a character for untrained voices, now we shine in the last, but lack the first most terribly. Congregational singing is o it of the question. If we get a hymn tune occasionally that we can sing, the chants, or rather the tunes to which the psalms are sung, are altogether of too intricate a character for any ordinary congregation to attempt to join in. After standing up for a quarter of an hour while

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the *Te Deum* is performed, and counting the rafters in the roof, you begin to wish devoutly it were over, that you might sit down to something a little more edifying, which you are allowed to do in the course of a few minutes.

But this is not the worst of it. The aim of the singers appears to be not to sing "to the praise and glory of God," nor even to give effect to the music (much of which is really fine), but to give as much scope to their own voices as possible, which means they try to effect by the loudness of the noise they make. Each sings at the top of his or her voice, the trebles trying to drown the bass and tenor, the second treble trying (and very often succeeding) to drown all. The general effect may perhaps "be imagined," but is certainly beyond my ability to describe. The style in some instances is more like a comic song (which idea is strengthened by the comical pronunciation of quite ordinary words, such as fel*ler*ship, &c., instead of singing becoming for a place of worship.

Judging from yesterday's performance I should think the matter had about reached its climax, and that the incumbent and churchwardens would certainly interfere and put a stop to what I must call disgraceful irreverence. If they do not they must not be surprised to see empty seats, for there are other churches in the neighbourhood where, if more modest in their attempts, they are proportionately more successful in their results. J. E.

THE BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

THIS noble and time-honoured institution has pursued its course of charity and work of mercy for upwards of fourscore years, and from its opening, in the year 1778, until the present time, has administered medical and surgical relief to more than half a million of sick and maimed poor. According to the statistics in the Auditor's Report for the year 1860, the Institution received no fewer than 23,434 in and out-patients; of whom 12,383 were accidents and urgent medical cases admitted without-tickets. This number is found, on comparison, to exceed, with the exception of the four old metropolitan endowed hospitals, the number treated in any other hospital in England.

The annual expenditure of the Institution is 9,200*l.*, to meet which it has an income of 4,400*l.* from annual subscriptions, and 1,500*l.* from invested property (including the interest arising from the Permanent Accident Fund); there is, consequently, an annual deficit of 3,300*l.*, dependent entirely upon the benevolence of the public and the results of the triennial musical festivals. This deficiency of expenditure over reliable income — which is entirely attributable to the fact of so many accidents and urgent cases being admitted without tickets — is matter of great and increasing anxiety to the weekly Board of Governors. Nor can it be a subject of surprise when it is stated that these patients — who, from the very dangerous and lingering state of their accidents or ailments, constitute by far the most expensive class of cases treated — cost the hospital 4,600*l.* annually; towards the support of whom the Institution only commands an income of 430*l.* from the Accident Fund and Free Subscription List. It is, moreover, apparent, from the rapid increase of population and the development of manufacturing and mining operations in the town and district, that these accidents and cases of acute illness are increasing in a corresponding ratio.

Notwithstanding the liberal response made to the appeals by the clergy and ministers of all denominations on Sunday, 13th November, 1859, and the munificent sum contributed through their instrumentality, the Institution is still heavily in debt. This cannot be wondered at, when it is explained that the number of patients relieved during the three years ending June 30th, 1860, amounted to 60,804, against 46,594, the total for the three previous years ending 1857, being an increase of 14,210; and that, in consequence of the depressed state of trade, the receipts for the official year, from donations, legacies, and other contingent sources of income, have lamentably fallen short, as compared with former years. The donations of the present year only amount to 450*l.* against 910*l.*, the average of the three last years; and the legacies to 200*l.*, against 1,800, the average for the same period. The present balance to the debit of the hospital at the treasurer's is 4,200*l.*; and this will be considerably augmented when the tradesmen's accounts for Midsummer have been defrayed. The balance against the hospital at the corresponding period before the Festival in 1858 was 3,942; and the following account, laid before a special meeting of the weekly board in March last, exhibits the causes of this increase of debt.

An Account exhibiting the causes of the estimated deficit at the 31st of July, 1861, as compared with the corresponding period of 1858, just before the Festival.

1858, July 31. Dr.		
To balance due to Treasurers ...	£2,382 0 0	
To Investment Account temporarily expended, but paid back out of 1859 Receipts	1,560 0 0	£3,942 0 0
To Deficiency of Donation and Legacies applicable to Current Expenditure, during the three years ending 31st July, 1861, as compared with 1858		4,278 0 0
To Cost of increased number of Patients during the same period (in-patients, 1,210; out-patients, 13,200)		2,271 0 0
To Extraordinary Expenditure on Buildings, Furniture, &c., during the three years above, to 31st July, 1861		1,875 0 0
		£12,366 0 0

1861, July 31. Cr.		
By Increase of Subscription List during the three years ending this day		£2,740 0 0
By Increase in Dividends' Account during the same period		392 0 0
By Amount received from Collections in the year 1859	£5,200 0 0	
Less transfer to Donation and Subscription Accounts, Expenditure, &c. &c.	878 0 0	4,322 0 0
By estimated Deficiency in the Treasurers' Account, on July 31, 1861		4,911 0 0
		£12,366 0 0

The Weekly Board have, nevertheless, long contemplated the erection of a second new wing to the hospital. By a special appeal, issued in January last, the proposed building "is intended not only to provide additional beds for patients, but, on the testimony of the Medical Board, dated 16th March, 1859, is deemed *absolutely and imperatively essential on sanitary grounds, to relieve the crowded state of the present wards.*" "It will also provide a convenient operating theatre (the present one having been constructed when the hospital contained only 60 beds, and it now has 240), a new chapel for the proper performance of divine service, nurses' accommodation, and improved Domestic offices." The cost is estimated at 5000*l.*, towards which 3500*l.* has already been contributed; but the Board feel that they cannot commence this work until the heavy balance against the treasurers has been liquidated. The Festival Committee, deeply impressed with the extreme importance of maintaining this noble Hospital unfettered in its operations, and of enabling it to dispense in an enlarged manner the inestimable blessings of health to the sick and afflicted poor, earnestly appealed to the public, and invited their patronage and support on the occasion of the recent Festival. They felt that the cause for which they were striving was good and great — that hospitals were, of all charities, the most capable of affording relief, and least liable to abuse — and that there was none more worthy than the Birmingham General Hospital.

DUBLIN.

September 19, 1861.

Mlle. Titiens,
Mad. Lemaire,
Mad. Bellini,
Mlle. Anna Whitty,
Signor Giuglini,
Signor Delle Sedie,
Signor Fallar,
Signor Bossi,
Signor Ciampi,
Signor Cazaboni,
Signor Bellini,
Mr. Swift,
Suggesitore—Signor Fontana.
Conductor—Signor Arditi,

are the artists brought together for the annual series of Italian

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operas at the Theatre Royal. The season commenced on Monday last, the 16th, with *Trovatore*. As usual, a very numerous and enthusiastic audience assembled on the occasion. The opera was cast as follows:—

Leonora—Mlle. Titiens,
Azucena—Mad. Lemaire,
Manrico—Signor Giuglini,
Conte di Luna—Signor Delle Sedie.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant effects of a rough passage from Holyhead the day before, all the singers were in excellent voice, and achieved great success. Each met with a hearty welcome, Arditi being, perhaps, more favoured than the rest. "Viva! Victor Emmanuel!" "Bravo, Arditi!" "Arditi, where's your wig?" and other similar expressions, from the galleries were to be heard amidst the storm of applause which greeted the popular conductor upon his appearance in the orchestra. It is needless to describe the performance of *Trovatore* by artists who are so well known. Suffice it to say, there were the usual *encores* and recalls, and that everybody was delighted. The manager delighted because the house was full—the singers delighted because they were vociferously applauded—the public delighted because the manager had brought them singers to applaud. The "gods" expressed their delight in the style peculiar to themselves. They yelled and whistled at Titiens as loudly as ever; they frightened Delle Sedie by approving "Il Balen" after the same fashion. Between the acts they amused themselves with the customary discordant noises, and they did not hesitate to tell Giuglini, in the middle of "Ah si ben mio," that he sang better than Mario. A favourite amusement with the "gods" in question is to assist the bands to tune their instruments. This they do by making the most horrible din imaginable, producing an effect upon the more sedate portion of the audience too deafening to endure for long. Luckily, the band of the Theatre Royal does not require much tuning, otherwise this practice of the "gods" would deprive ordinary mortals of all pleasure for the rest of the evening.

On Tuesday, the 17th, Mlle. Anna Whitty made her appearance in *Puritani*, and was eminently successful. This young lady possesses a most agreeable voice, which she uses with great skill. Her appearance and acting are unexceptionably ladylike and artistic. She will undoubtedly attain a high position as an operatic singer, and is a valuable addition to the list of our native *prima donnas*. Giuglini charmed all who heard him, and warbled, as our neighbours would say, "to ravish." Delle Sedie is a great artist, perhaps the most accomplished baritone on the Italian stage. A recollection of his singing the music allotted to Riccardo—how exquisitely refined was every passage he delivered of his impressive acting, every gesture, every look, indicative of sentiment and purpose,—confirms the opinion. With less voice than many baritones of the present day, he contrives to make amends for this deficiency by the most consummate art, and enchants the listener by the ineffable delicacy of his vocalisation. Ciampi exerted himself vigorously as Giorgio, and sang his solo in the famous duet, "Suoni la tromla," with appropriate animation. Indeed, so excited were the two, Riccardo and Giorgio, when they came to the ensemble with which the duet finishes, that it was a question whether they might not meet with the fate of Harmonides, the flute-player, who, according to Lucian, played a solo at the Olympic games so loudly that he burst his throat and died on the spot. No such fatal accident, however, happened to our Puritans, whose vocal efforts excited the admiration of the "gods" before-mentioned to an unlimited extent.

Last night, Wednesday, *Norma* was the opera performed.

Norma—Mlle. Titiens,
Adelgisa—Mlle. Whitty,
Oroveso—Signor Ciampi,
Pollio—Mr. Swift.

The ladies fully sustained their reputation, and were, of course, greatly applauded in the celebrated duets. The *débutant* of the evening, Mr. Swift, is spoken of in all the daily papers as being the best Pollio heard upon the Dublin stage—rather strong praise, considering his predecessors have been none other than Mario and Tamberlik. Mr. Swift's voice has greatly improved, and he has, moreover, made vast progress as an actor. To-morrow night his powers will be tested by a very different style of music to that of *Norma*. He is to appear in *Barbière* as Almaviva, with Mlle. Whitty, Delle Sedie, Bossi, and Ciampi. To-night *Marta* will be given, and *Lucrezia Borgia* is announced for Saturday. Thus we shall have had six operas during this the first week of the present Italian Opera season.

ANTHATER.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Merest, late Miss Maria B. Hawes, some time since the most popular contralto in the country, has reappeared in public life, and gave two concerts at the Victoria Rooms on Monday, the 9th instant, one in the morning devoted to sacred music, the other, in the evening, to secular. The fair artist appears to have been eminently successful, and was applauded to the echo in all her efforts, holy and profane. In the morning Mrs. Merest sang the recitative and air, "Behold, a virgin," "Oh, thou that tellest good tidings from Zion," and "He was despised," from the *Messiah*; the airs, "If with all your hearts," and "O rest in the Lord," from *Elijah*; and in the evening, Hadyn's canzonet, "She never told her love;" her own ballads, "I'll speak of thee"—at one time so great a favourite—and "I saw thee weep;" and the song from *Robin Hood*—Robin's song—"My own, my guiding star." That Mrs. Merest will be welcomed back to the concert-room, of which she was ere while so distinguished an ornament, is a matter of course, more especially as contraltos are now few and far between. We should, however, advise her earnestly to forego all expectation to be derived from undertaking the tenor repertory. We have not heard her sing, "If with all your hearts," and "My own, my guiding star;" but, despite the fervent expressions of our correspondent, we cannot help feeling assured that the attempt to rival Mr. Sims Reeves in London would be followed by unmitigated failure. Such non-natural aspirations should be resigned to caricaturists of the great tenor. We have no doubt of Mrs. Merest's success at Ryde, and shall be glad to hear her once more in the capital, where she has so often won honour and renown.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—At a meeting of the Festival Committee Mr. Hickman submitted a statement of the financial results, embracing everything except the items of "Donations after the Festival." From that statement it appears that the gross receipts were 10,970*l.* against 10,497*l.* in 1858. Donations raising the total to 11,000*l.* were received at the meeting. The sterling merits of the musical performances account for the gratifying result shown by the receipts, as the donations were less by about 200*l.* than in 1858. The following is a corrected summary of the receipts at the last two Festivals:—

	1858.	1861.
Receipts, Tuesday, 1st day	£3,126 18 8	£2,702 7 10
„ Wednesday, 2nd day	1,937 16 0	1,945 10 5
„ Thursday, 3rd day	3,477 15 0	3,742 6 6
„ Friday, 4th day	1,360 15 5	2,117 17 8
	84 0 0	
Tickets, 5*l.* 5*s.* each	192 18 0	152 5 0
Schemes	317 4 0	310 0 0
Total	£10,497 7 1	£10,970 7 5

The following donations have been received since the Festival:—*August* 31: Miss A. E. Taylor, 5*l.*; W. F. Taylor, Esq., 10*l.*; Miss Anderton, 5*l.* *September* 2: Frederick Gye, Esq., 50*l.*; S. Pole Shawe, Esq., 20*l.*; Mr. Richard Peyton, jun., 10*l.* 10*s.*; James Evans, Esq., London, 10*l.* 10*s.*; W. S. Dugdale, Esq., 10*l.*; Mr. Brooke Evans, 10*l.*; Mr. Thomas Short, jun., 5*l.* 5*s.*; Mr. J. W. M'Cardie (second donation), 5*l.* 5*s.*; Hon. Major Milles, 2*l.*; Mr. Wm. Swingler, 1*l.* 1*s.* Total, 144*l.* 11*s.* *September* 3: Miss Arabella Goddard, 20*l.*; Mlle. Tietjens, 16*l.* 5*s.*; Signor Giuglini, 16*l.* 5*s.*; Messrs. Manton and Westley, 2*l.* 2*s.* Total 54*l.* 12*s.* *September* 4: C. R. Cope, Esq., 5*l.* *September* 5: Abel Peyton, Esq., 20*l.*; Miss Attwood, 5*l.*; Mr. B. Tilley, 3*l.* 3*s.* *September* 6: Lord Calthorpe, 50*l.*; Anonymous (per Mr. Hickman), 8*l.* 8*s.* The total of donations received since the conclusion of the Festival is thus raised to 290*l.* 14*s.*, making the total receipts at the present moment 11,261*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*, or 119*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* more than the total receipts of 1858. Other donations will no doubt be yet received, and it is therefore premature to speculate to what extent the funds of the General Hospital will be benefited by the Festival.

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SOMETHING ABOUT WARSAW.

AFTER the autumn vacation, it is expected by the sanguine, that Polish will be made the language of public instruction in the gymnasiums at Warsaw, though the information hitherto published on the subject in the Polish journals is not very reassuring. The Government shows itself as sensitive with regard to the susceptibilities of Germans as it is callous in respect to those of Poles; and to avoid the possibility of any small German being "Polanised" against his will, or that of his parents or grandparents, or great-grandparents—now, it is to be presumed, no more—it is proposed that all juvenile Poles of German origin, counting as far back as the third generation, shall be regarded as Germans and educated accordingly. This is a test of nationality worthy of those electors of Southwark who, on the strength of his name, declared Mr. Layard to be a Frenchman. Applied in Poland, it would make Germans of the late Lelewel, one of the most enthusiastic of Polish patriots (in consequence of which he was exiled, not only from all Polish territory, but even from liberal, sympathetic France); of Vincent Pol, one of the most popular of living Polish poets, and who was considered sufficiently a Pole in 1846 to be all but murdered in the massacres of that year; of Dr. Dieth, the most eminent of Polish physicians, and one of the Polish representatives in the Reichsrath. For the last four or five centuries the best portion of the middle class in Poland has been composed almost exclusively of German settlers and their descendants. There are Poles in Cracow with German names whose ancestors have been burgesses of the city since the 15th century, and to describe whom as Germans would be very nearly as absurd as to describe Englishmen of Franco-Norman origin as Frenchmen. Remove the Austrian troops, the German and Bohemian civil functionaries, and a certain number of Viennese shopkeepers established in Lemberg, and the "German element" in Gallicia will be small indeed. The Government gives it a magnified appearance in the eyes of foreigners by Germanising the names of Polish towns, and maintaining German as much as possible, in spite of protests and promises, as the public language of the country. It also keeps up German theatres, which no one attends, and German newspapers, which no one reads. The German theatre in Lemberg is supported by a forced contribution levied on the Polish municipality, amounting to 40,000 florins a year—a sum which, if the Austrian currency consisted of silver and gold, and not of curl-papers, might be worth 4000*l.* of our money, and which at the actual rate of exchange is equivalent to 3000*l.* When dramas and comedies are performed, the audience is composed of about six Germans, who encourage one another the best way they can, and perhaps one Pole, who has looked in simply to enjoy the dulness of the evening. Occasionally, too, as happened when I was in Lemberg, an Italian opera is performed in the German language—a fine language, certainly, for such a purpose, in which *tu m'ami* can only be rendered by *du liebst mich!* This attempted suppression of one of the manifestations of national life is the more intolerable, inasmuch as the Poles have admirable actors of their own, and a comedy writer who, as a creator, or rather a presenter of national types, has certainly not his equal in Western Europe, where our dramatic works possess more or less literary merit, but have long ceased, and perhaps of necessity, to reflect in any broad manner national peculiarities. From the needy Polish gentleman of the ancient Republic, who, in spite of his utter want of cash, says to himself that he is, in a political sense, eligible for the Polish throne, to the Polish Anglo-maniac of the present day, who sets up milestones on his estate, and thinks it the height of pleasure to drive an English mile before breakfast,—the comedies of Alexander Fredro abound in characters whose humour is eminently Polish. It is worth observing that this love of imitating foreigners is also in part the subject of the best Russian comedy ever written. Indeed, in spite of notable differences, there are many points of resemblance, social and intellectual, between the Russians and Poles—far more than either of them, and especially the Poles in their present most natural mood, would care to acknowledge.—*Times.*

THE FEMALE SWISS SINGERS IN EDINBURGH.—"In the music and piquant manners of the Female Swiss Singers Mr. Howard has afforded his patrons something like a new "sensation." The band consists of six ladies, all neatly attired in the characteristic dresses of the Swiss peasantry—with short skirts, muslin neck-pieces, and high-heeled shoes. First the whole band joins in chorus; then the individual members sing solos or duetts; and the entertainment usually closes with a *scena*—one of the ladies personating a gentleman in order to give *eclat* to the performance. The *artists* who distinguish themselves in solo singing are Miss Keller, Miss Johanna Claussen, and Mrs. Decker-Schenck, and all are particularly clever both in their singing and acting. In a long piece, entitled "The Modern School of Vocalization," they gave some capital imitations of ballad, Italian, and nigger singing, which were, of course, vociferously encored. We could say a great deal more about this talented *troupe*, but description quite fails to convey an adequate idea of such a musical treat. The Swiss singers must be heard, and once heard they are sure to induce a second visit."—(*North Briton.*)

A HINT TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—(*From the Builder*).—A range of buildings, forming ten alms-houses, has been recently erected and completed at Old Buckenham, Norfolk, the inmates having been installed a few days since by their benefactor, Mr. Robert Cocks, of New Burlington Street, London, who, at his own cost, has purchased the land, and erected these buildings for the benefit of the poor deserving inhabitants born in the above-named village. This kind-hearted gentleman has also endowed them with 2*s.* per week each, and a ton of coals per annum, for ever. A handsome Bible, of large type, is placed in each house for the use of the inmates. The frontage of the buildings is about 222 feet. Each house consists of a living room and bed-room, each 10 feet 6 inches square, and 9 feet high in the clear, both lighted from the front. The floors of living rooms are of paving tiles, on 6 inches of concrete; those of the bed-rooms are of wood. Each room has a fire-place fitted with Pierce's cottager's stove; also a cupboard and other conveniences. Opening from the living-rooms are wash-houses, 8 feet square, with sink and a place for coals; also a separate "closet" for each house. The buildings are of red brick, with white brick and Bath (Box ground) stone dressings; the two ends being brought forward 3 feet, with pointed gables, and moulded stone coping and angular buttresses. In each gable is a shield and monogram (R.C.) in a quatrefoil. There are two porches to centre houses, projecting, and carried up with a gable and buttress, also containing a stone tablet with inscription. The whole is roofed with Bangor Duchess slating on 1-inch boarding, &c., and surmounted by an ornamental ridge and crest tiling. The sashes are of cast iron. Three sides of the ground are inclosed with a red brick wall, 3 feet nine inches high, coped with white saddle-back coping bricks, the gate piers being carried up somewhat higher, and surmounted with stone caps, weathered, and gables on all sides. At the rear of the buildings, in the centre, forming the water supply, is a well of spring water, and a rain-water tank; the whole of the rain water being collected from the various roofs, and conducted by means of glazed earthenware pipes into the said tank. The cost of the buildings, including the purchase of the ground, is about 2000*l.*; this sum being exclusive of the architect's fees and the endowment. The builders are Messrs. Loveday, of the above village, who have executed the work from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Dyke, of London, architect.

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	6.—Comic Ballad, "Lavinia's lament"		2	6
Ditto	"In a leafy garden," sung by Mr. Richard Seymour		2	6
Ditto	"This world is a garden"	Stirling Coyne	3	0
LUTZ, W. M.	"Under the linden tree"	J. P. Wooler	2	6
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Ditto	"The Fishermaiden" (Das fischermädchen)	Heine	1	0
MACFARREN, G. A.	"The thoughts of youth"	Longfellow	2	0
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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

October 3.

MOURNFUL is the almost solitary theme left me to descant on in my present letter. It is the heavy loss which the French stage sustains both in its honour and ability by the death of Mad. Rose Chéri, whose unblemished private character rendered her an exception, though, it is just to say, not a solitary one, among her co-mates. The fact that this lady fell a victim to her maternal devotion (the cause of her death being diphtheria, caught of her son, whom she was nursing) is so emphatically set forth in all the obituary notices published on her in the French papers, that it is at once made plain how little the most ordinary domestic virtues are expected to be found in company with histrionic eminence. The career of Rose Chéri has shown that, even in France, a woman can be born, as it were, within call of the prompter's boy, and live an entire life on and by the stage, without forfeiting one jot of the substantial virtues and outward respectabilities which best beseem her sex, and which it is but a cheating exchange to part with for any amount of the glitter and tinkle of public distinction. The deceased actress was the daughter of a M. and Mad. Cizos, provincial actors, and came into the world, at Etampes, thirty-seven years since. Owing, it is said, to some absurd pun on his name having annoyed him, her father changed it to Chéri, and the assumed cognomen acquired early celebrity from the talent which his daughter displayed as a child in the part of Léontine Focq. Her *début* in Paris took place at the Gymnase, in June, 1842. The piece in which she appeared was *Estelle*, but she made little or no impression on this occasion. Another chance was afforded her a month later, when she was fortunate enough to give marked tokens of the talent she subsequently developed with such conspicuous success. Having become the chief ornament of the Gymnase, she was promoted to the chief place in the household of its director, and became Mad. Montigny. She was doubtless a most accomplished actress, although, to my mind, somewhat cold and artificial. Not a little of the favour she enjoyed with the public, however, was due to the respect she inspired from the known purity of her private life and the amiability of her character in all her social relations.

On Monday M. Faure made his *début* in the Poniatowski opera *Pierre de Medicis*, which has undergone certain modifications, which the princely composer himself, M. St. Georges, the writer of the book, and M. Emilien Pacini, joined in effecting. These changes consist in the suppression of the lugubrious scene in which Laura was deprived of her locks, the capillary sacrifice being now prevented by the timely arrival of Peter, who saves her from the fatal shears and unites her to his brother. The former *finale*, also, is now replaced by a grand concerted piece, with chorus and the principal part for the tenor. This piece was never before executed, and was written by the Prince for M. Fraschini, who was to have sung it at Madrid.

At the Opéra Comique, *L'Etoile du Nord* has been revived for the return of Mad. Ugalde, who, in spite of spiteful detractors, soars as triumphantly as ever above the difficulties of her part. The character of Danilowitch is transferred to M. Pouchard, owing to the departure of M. Delauny Riquier; and Mad. Reeilly replaces the likewise absent Mlle. Prevost, as one of the vivandières. M. Roger has returned, and sang last week in *Haydée*, but he has been mute since from illness, whether the usual "morbus tenoris" (" indisposizione di tenor ")—I know not.

The bills of the Théâtre Lyrique alternately announce *La Statue* (M. Rety's opera) and *Le Bijou Perdu*. Mad. Cabel's appearance in *Jaguarita* is promised ere long.

Paris, further than the above, yields little more news of a musical interest. So I must make an excursion to foreign lands. Let us to St. Petersburg, taking Berlin by the way. In the latter city the Royal Theatre is preparing to produce Spontini's opera of *Nurmahal* on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, the occasion being the rejoicings on the coronation of King William I. The chapel choir of Berlin—technically called in the language *Dom Chor*—is to take part in the ceremony at Kœnigsberg. They are to appear in a costume special to such occasions, and which is thus described:—a scarlet levite or gown, black breeches with buckled garters, buckled shoes, black velvet cap. As fine feathers do not make fine birds, quiristers in scarlet are none the less prone to fail in expression as well as in tone. Ere I go to the north you may just think it worth a short round about only just to find out that at Frankfort-on-the-Maine the people have been playing an opera by Schubert, which is not exactly new, but has never been played before, though they say it's a beautiful score. *The Domestic War* it is christened, and I am told the public listened with the most intense delight, applauding with all their might at the posthumous production which now by Time's effluxion is allowed to see the light — why so late astounds me quite. What the critics find to praise they express by this neat phrase — the colouring is delicately fine; what they mean I can't divine. Now let's off to the capital of the Czar, the distance on paper is not far. Here again the funeral knell fills the air with its solemn swell, singing the old melancholy song, "Short is life though art is long." I regret in short to state that the manager of the State-opera here is now the late M. Cavos, for a fit — apoplectical to wit — has removed him from the scene, and this curious fact I glean — that the present house of mourning is the same that he was born in. He was buried with all honour, all his troupe, from "prima donna" to the chorus, taking part in the "Requiem" of Mozart—which was chanted o'er his grave. Here permission let me crave to enumerate the names of the signors and the dames, who are worthiest to be noted in the troupe I just have quoted: Ladies first, Mads. La Grua, Nantier-Didiée, Fioretti, Bernardi, Dottini and Everardi. Gentlemen next, Signors Tamberlik, Graziani, Everardi, Marini. The sudden death of the manager has retarded the opening of the season. Your readers have already been told that the new opera Verdi has been composing expressly for St. Petersburg is to be entitled *La Forza dèl destino*. It is said that the maestro has asked and is to have 80,000 fr. for his score (3,200*l*.). Much more will be spent on the "getting up" of the opera, and it is doubtful whether the large capital fund thus sunk will return a profit, for the public of St. Petersburg is a limited one, and does not constantly recruit itself from the rest of the empire as do those of Paris and London. Some people think some of the money to be thus hazardously expended might more wisely have found its way into the coffers of the National Lyrical Theatre, which is sadly in want of leading artists, and would be none the worse for an extended repertory. The old ballet of *Esmeralda*, than which few since produced have been better, has been produced at the Théâtre Marie, with Mlle. Nadedja Bogdanoff in the part so charmingly created by the regretted Carlotta Grisi — whose "truandaise" was wont to be the chief joy of our truant days.

I suppose it is not information to your readers to say that Meyerbeer takes the direction of the music for the coronation festival at Kœnigsberg, and that he has composed a solemn hymn expressly for that occasion. It may be news, however, to state that in the ancient city of the Prussian kings there is an opera house, and that recently in that opera house was performed Herr Wagner's Opera of the *Phantom Ship*, and that to hear that opera the honest Königsbergers flocked in vast numbers, hailing the work of the prophet composer with mighty enthusiasm.

The Italian Opera of Paris opened last Tuesday with *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Of this event more in my next. Here is the cast of Gluck's *Alceste* at the Grand Opera: Alceste, Mad. Pauline Viardot; Une Suivante, Mlle. Taisy; Admète, M. Michot; Le Grand Prêtre, M. Cazot; Caron, M. Coulon; Hercule, M. Borchard; Apollon, M. Mechelaere; Evandre, M. Kœnig; Un héraut, M. Freret.

NEW YORK.—Herr Ullmann appears to be in a bad way. There is no chance, for the present at least, of his securing the services either of Mad. Medori or Mad. Charton, so that, in all probability, the Empire City will remain this season operaless. This seems to be Herr Ullmann's own view of the matter, for he has let the Academy of Music to Professor Hermann, the conjurer; and, if in his heart he wishes that worthy gentleman could conjure him away to some land where debtors can walk about without fear of unpleasant consequences, surely no one can blame him.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Signor Cavos, composer and stage-manager of the Imperial Opera House, is dead.

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MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

All our vocal stars have returned, and are once more shining away in the firmament of the Royal Opera-house. Mlle. Lucca has made her appearance as Leonora in Verdi's *Trovatore* with immense success. This young lady has been very lucky. She has won the hearts of the Berlin opera-goers by storm, and seized, in almost no time, on the giddy position of a popular favourite. I perfectly agree with the opinion of the public as to her merits, for we might seek in vain all through Germany for many singers endowed with such a voice as that which she possesses; but, while admitting all her good qualities, I cannot help thinking it would be far preferable, and certainly far more artistic for her, not to be always employing certain high notes, simply because she happens to possess them, while other fair artists do not. She was especially great in the last act, and was rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. I am sorry to say she was prevented by sudden indisposition from repeating her performance, as announced in the bills. Let us hope her indisposition will not be of long duration. The other parts were well sustained by Mlle. De Ahna, Herren Formes, Betz, and Fricke. — Mad. Jachmann Wagner appeared once more on the operatic stage as Orpheus in Glück's *Orpheus und Eurydice*, previously to quitting the Opera-house for the theatre. A great many people deprecate the resolution she has thus adopted, or is said to have adopted, on the ground that no one is to be found like her in such parts as this very part of Orpheus, and in those of Clytemnestra, Statira, Sextus, Eglantine, Lady Macbeth, &c. &c. On the 21st September the Royal Opera-house was crammed to the very ceiling. Not a nook or corner was unoccupied. Not a place was to be got for love or money. The cause of this unusual concourse was a very proper wish on the part of the public to pay a suitable mark of respect to a retiring veteran.—After an active professional career of fifty-two years, Herr Zschiesche took his farewell as Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*, and, considering the extensive range of his repertory, which included operas of the German, French, and Italian schools, as well as those of the description more particularly designated "opéras comiques," it must be owned that his place will not be so easily filled up. Herr Zschiesche was also a good oratorio-singer, and a valuable member of the Singacademie. He was a worthy representative of old art, such as is, now-a-days, not often met with. During the course of the evening he was nearly overwhelmed with flowers and laurel wreaths, and called forth several times while the opera was proceeding, as well as when the curtain had fallen on him for the last time. In a short, but feeling speech, he thanked the public for the kindness they had always displayed towards him, and, after requesting they would still sometimes think of him, withdrew, visibly affected.

The admirers of Meyerbeer—and their name is legion—will be pleased that the King of Prussia is shortly to be crowned at Königsberg. If you ask me the reason I have for making this assertion, I reply thus: "I do not pretend, for it would be absurd in me to do so, that the admirers of M. Meyerbeer are, as a class of persons, separate and distinct from each and every other class of persons, particularly interested in the fact that his Prussian Majesty will shortly, as is now generally known, be anointed King in the old city of Königsberg, if we look upon that fact in a merely political light. But we do not look upon the fact aforesaid in merely a political light. Far from it. We look at it in a musical light as well. M. Meyerbeer, who, as you are aware, is Royal Musical Director-General, and, moreover, as you may perhaps not be aware, a Doctor into the bargain, has been entrusted with the composition of a grand march for the coronation. This, I think, will satisfactorily account for the presence of the lacteal fluid within the adamantine and hirsute sphere of the fruit wherewith the simious tribe are said at times to pelt, in playful sportiveness, unwary travellers. This march will be played by the bands of the cavalry and infantry regiments, stationed in the courtyard of the palace, during the passage of their "Most highest Lordships and highest Lordships"* to the Palace church and back. On the evening of the coronation there will be a grand concert in the Moscovite Room, at the palace, and this concert, also, will be under the personal direction of M. Meyerbeer, who has just returned from Ems on his road to Königsberg.

Talking of this self-same coronation, I must inform you that, some time since, the well-known music publisher here, Herr G. Bock, offered a prize for the best triumphal march in honour of the event. Eighty-three competitors have answered the appeal. Fifty-two contributions have come from the kingdom of Prussia itself. Of these 21 have proceeded from Berlin, 8 from the province of Brandenberg, 4 from Preussen, 3 from Pomerania, 6 from Saxony, 5 from Silesia, 3 from Posen, and 4 from the Rhine provinces. From other parts, 1 came from Anhalt-Köthen, 5 from Bavaria, 1 from Bremen, 1 from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1 from Hamburgh, 2 from Hesse-Darmstadt, 1 from Lübeck, 2 from Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 3 from Austria; 2 from the kingdom of Saxony; 1 from Saxe-Weimar; 2 from Schwarzburg-Rudalstadt; 1 from Wurtemburg; 2 from France; 1 from England; 2 from Italy; 1 from Russia (Smolensk), and 2 from Belgium. Herren Taubert and Dorn, of Berlin, and H. Lachner, of Munich, have kindly consented to act as umpires, and decide on the merits of the eighty-three marches, and a very agreeable and amusing task they will have, I make no doubt. I wonder whether they will have the marches all played over by a full military band stationed on the stairs or in the backyard of the house where they meet to agree on their decision. If so, I should say the other tenants, and their neighbours, will be much pleased, particularly those subject to anything like headaches. Fancy Mr. Babbage under the circumstances!

Signor Merelli, the *impresario* of the Italian Opera at the Royal Opera-house, has just arrived with the tenor, Signor Emilio Pancani. Herr Strakosch, also, from New York, has paid us a visit, on his way to Vienna. Signor Morelli's company commences its two months' engagement on the 1st October, and is thus composed — Sopranos: Carlotta Marchisio, Maria Rideri: altos: Zelia Trebelli, Barbara Marchisio; tenors: Pancani, Montanari; baritones: Squarcia, Zacchi; bassos: Agnesi and Coselli; buffo: Borella, and conductor: Orsini. Adelina Patti will be added, in a week or so, as *prima donna*. For small parts, artists of the German company will lend their assistance, and sing in Italian. The chorus, on the other hand, which will be that of the Royal German Opera, will sing in German. An admirable arrangement is not it? It will save a small sum in the salaries and conduce so much to the dignity of art!

Herr Dorn has just concluded a new opera, entitled *Der Pastetenbäcker* (*the Pastrycook*), words by Herr M. Heydrich. It is to be produced after Christmas.

The following fact cannot fail to interest all admirers of that great genius who wrote the "Pastoral." A number of his admirers collected, during his lifetime, four instruments, consisting of a violin by Nicholas Amati, 1690; a violin by Joseph Guarneri, 1718; a viola, by Vincent Regeri, 1690; and a violoncello, by Andreas Guarneri, 1712. On these instruments well-known masters used to play Beethoven's music in his presence. The instruments afterwards got dispersed, and passed into various hands, until, at length, Herr Peter Jokits, a merchant at Vienna, succeeded in purchasing them all, and offered to present them to the Royal Library in Berlin, on condition of their always being known as "Jokits-Stiftung." His offer was accepted, and the instruments are now in the Royal Library here. On special occasions, works of Beethoven, and Beethoven alone, will be played on them.

The King has just bestowed the Gold Medal for Art upon Herr Franz Mücke, in return for a composition that gentleman lately dedicated to his Majesty. By the way, while I am treating you to the gossip of this very sandy capital, I must not forget to state that Herr von Liszt has just arrived from Silesia, and that Herr Ad. Henselt has returned to St. Petersburg. Among the arrivals to which, according to report, we may look forward some time next month, is that of George Jacobi, first violinist of the Grand Opera, who won the prize at the Paris conservatory this year. It is his intention, so, at least, it is said, to play in public here.

Vale.

* It is thus that the Germans, with a total disregard for grammar—as understood, at any rate, since the time of Shakspere—and a slight obliviousness of their own dignity as human beings, designate the King, and his royal and aristocratic *entourage*.

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MUSICAL DOINGS AT WIESBADEN.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

The end of the present season has been, in every way, equal if not superior to its commencement. On Friday last, for instance, there was a grand concert, excellently attended, at the Cursaal, when not only was the programme first-rate, but the galaxy of talent such as could be rarely surpassed, even in London or Paris. In the first place there was Sivori, then Herren Kontski and Stockhausen, with Mad. Cambardi from Paris and Milan. Besides all these, Herr Oberthür, the celebrated harpist from London, lent his valuable aid on the occasion, as did also the admirable chorus from the theatre and the Cäcilien-Verein.

The concert commenced with the overture to *Oberon*, admirably rendered by the orchestra, under their talented conductor, Herr Hagen. This was followed by one of the best choruses in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. I allude to the one beginning, "Siehe, der Hüte Israel's," which the members of the Cäcilien-Verein sang in a manner which reflected the highest credit on every one concerned. The next thing was Sivori's performance of his own fantasia on motives from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, a performance which obtained for him no end of applause, though his greatest hit was made in the "preghiera" from *Moses*, with variations, by Paganini, which he played on the G string alone, his violin, for the nonce, boasting of no others, so that he might well have exclaimed, like the magicians, prestidigitateurs, and wizards of the north, south, east, and west, who sometimes burst forth upon the public in all the refulgence of patent leather boots, immense diamond rings, impossible shirt fronts, and overpowering waistcoats, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception." He was greatly applauded. Another great feature of the evening was a concerto by Parish Alvars for the harp, a concerto "interpreted," as some writers term it, by Herr Oberthür. This fine artist is a great favourite here, in the first place for his talent, which is undoubtedly first-rate, and then from the fact of his being a citizen of the place, having been a member of the band at the theatre for a considerable time. Besides the concerto above mentioned, Herr Oberthür played two pieces, entitled, "Méditations," and "La Cascade," both original. His performance produced a very deep effect, and called forth the most rapturous plaudits from his delighted auditory. Herr Stockhausen sang an aria from Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*, and songs by Schubert and Schumann; Herr von Kontski performed a concerto-symphony of his own for piano and orchestra, and a grand fantasia on motives from the opera of *Attila*, both the fantasia and the opera from which the motives are taken being his own composition; and Mad. Cambardi sang the cavatina "Casta diva" from *Norma*, and the grand air from *Ernani*. The concert was brought to a conclusion by the final chorus: "Dank sei dir, Gott," from *Elijah*. It was given for the benefit of the Paulinenstrift, which is under the patronage of her Highness the Duchess.

Weimar.—According to the prevalent report, the Grand-Duke has not been successful in prevailing on the Court of Saxony to forego its old grudge against Herr R. Wagner. The Grand-Duke had intended to bestow upon the latter, who was present at the late musical festival here, the order of the Falcon. He made inquiries, therefore, whether such a step would give offence in Dresden. The reply he obtained was to the effect that, if he persisted in his resolution, twelve officers of the Saxon army, who had received the order, would send it back. Under these circumstances, not only was the order not bestowed on Wagner, but a torch-light procession, which was to have been got up in his honour, never came off. Liszt is so indignant at these proceedings that he has determined to leave Weimar. In reference to this matter, the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* remarks, "It is well known that, despite the numerous benefits Wagner received from the King of Saxony, he took a most active share in the Dresden May insurrection."

Brunswick.—On the 1st instant the old theatre was permanently closed. The new one will be opened in the early part of October with *Iphigenia* and a piece written for the occasion. The first opera performed will be *Tannhäuser*, still a novelty here, and the next M. Gounod's *Faust*.

DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(Written expressly for the Musical World *and* Dwight's Journal of Music, *by* Alexander W. Thayer.)

The three names at the head of this article are, in fact, but various modes of writing the same, as adopted by different persons, who in their day made it famous. The doubled *s* in the Bohemian language is equivalent to the English *sh* and the German *sch*; and out of Bohemia *e* seems to have been thought better fitted to secure the correct pronunciation of the second syllable than *i*. The name is found with as many variations as Rode's air. Gerber, indeed, quoting from the German edition of Burney's Tour, gives it in the Lexicon of 1792 as Dulsick. Not having the English copy of Burney at hand, I cannot decide whose error this was—Burney's, his printer's, his translator's—or the printer of the latter. Beside the forms given above, it will be found written Duchek, Düsseck, Duscheck, Dussick, and perhaps still otherwise. The father of the English Dussek wrote his name Dussik; the friend of Mozart at Prague wrote his Duschek.

The recent revival of some of the English Dussek's compositions, through the efforts of the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, and their performance in public by Miss Arabella Goddard—the interest which all students of musical history must feel in the Duschek of Prague, as Mozart's friend—the large space which artists of this name filled at one time in the musical world; these and similar reasons are sufficient to justify an attempt to compile such an account of the Dussiks—the true way of writing the name—as will put an end to the present confusion in relation to them.

This article, however, will not be an attempt to write biography, but simply the compiling of scattered notices (for the first time) into what our French friends might perhaps call "Mémoires pour servir." &c. Its basis will be the notices in Dlabacz's (or Dlabatsch's) "Künstler Lexikon für Böhmen" (Lexicon of Bohemian Artists). This Gottfried Johann Dlabacz was a monk, librarian and chorus-master in the convent Strahow, at Prague. His lexicon, a labour of love, running through some thirty years, appeared in 1815 in two volumes quarto. No work of the kind by a single author was ever perfect. Witness Fétis (1st ed.) and even Gerber; our English musical biographical dictionaries are unluckily below even contempt; and so may many an error be pointed out in Dlabacz. But as to the Dussik family to which J. L. D. belonged, his authority is unquestionable, his notes having been made from the oral communications of that artist's father and mother. This remark seems to be necessary, because the authorities recently followed in England, in a notice of J. L. Dussik, are directly contradicted by Dlabacz in some points.

The following is, I believe, a complete list of the Dussiks, who have made themselves known in the musical world:—

1. Johann Joseph Dussik married Veronika Stebeta.
2. Wenzel Dussik.
3. Johann Ladislaw Dussek married —— Corri.
4. Franz Benedict Dussek.
5. Veronica Rosalia Dussik married —— Cianchettini.
6. Adalbert Dussek.
7. Franz Duschek married Josepha Hambacher.
8. Karl Duschek.

Adalbert Dussek and Wenzel Dussik may be dismissed in the few words, which Dlabacz has granted them.

"The former," he says, "was a distinguished concert-master on the viola d'amour, and lived in Prague as a virtuoso upon that instrument in the years 1745-7, being in the habit of playing "as was then the custom, on still moonlight nights in the public squares of the old town, to the universal applause of the people who collected about him, in which performances he was accompanied by Wenzel Petrik a very skilful performer on the violincello." He made the course of philosophical study at Prague, became a priest, joined the order of Cistercian monks, and entered the convent at Königssaal, near Prague, where he died about 1768.

Wenzel Dussik, born in 1750 at Mlazowicz (Mlatsovitsch) in Bohemia, was a younger brother of Johan Joseph Dussik, who took him into his family and tutored him into a good organist and bass-singer. He began life as an organist at Olmütz, but after

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some years of service there, returned to his native country, and became organist at Eiche; whence after a time he accepted the place of "school-rector" at Bitesch in Moravia, where he died about the close of the century.

JOHANN JOSEPH DUSSIK.

In a history of the provincial town Königingrätz, in Bohemia, a family of this name is mentioned as giving magistrates to the town so long ago as 1472—1497. Two and a half centuries later, a Dussik—whether a descendent of that family or not, Father Dlabacz does not appear to know—lived in the town of euphonious name, Mlazowicz, as "Wagenmeister." What the hocus-pocus was a *Wagenmeister?* A mere peasant driver of wagons? a mechanic—the builder of four-wheel vehicles—a grade higher in society? Or was he master of the post-coaches? If so, he was a small official. Or was he an owner of coaches and horses, and thus "one of the first men in town?" If the latter, this Dussik was a very good match for Elizabeth, daughter of George Schreiner, teacher at Holowaus, and of local reputation as bass singer. At all events, that match was made, and when he died, 1749 or 1750—Dlabacz is a little confused in his dates here—he left Frau Elisabeth with two boys on her hands—Johann Joseph, born in 1739, and Wenzel (noticed above), an infant at the breast—or was he a posthumous child? But let Dlabacz go on with the story, with as much of his quaintness as I can give in English.

The widow "gave the ten-year old boy into the school of her brother-in-law, Johann Wlachs*, a skilful tutor of the musical youth of Mlazowicz, and in a few years had the joy to see him a preceptor in the same school, where he not only very often took upon himself the duties of his uncle, but out of gratitude remained with him several years.

"Thence he came, as assistant in a school, to Langenau, where he studied thorough bass so zealously, and taught the boys so assiduously, that three years later he was called, as second teacher, to Chlumecz. As he here, and indeed in all that region, had the reputation of being a very good organist and a skilful teacher of youth, the magistracy of Czaslau† offered him the positions of organist and head teacher in the town school of that place. He accepted these appointments in 1759, and began the duties of his office with great applause. To them he gave his days—but his nights, sometimes the whole night through, to the scores of a Caldara, a Bach, a Fux, a Tuma, &c., which he studied, and from which he copied pieces suited to the wants of his pupils. Order, industry, piety, and the long-desired finer culture of the pupils, reigned in his house. And thus he gained both love and honour, and the pupils respected him as their father. For them he thought he might be able to do more if he should share domestic cares with a 'house-mother.' Her he found in Veronika Stebeta, a daughter of Judge Johann Stebeta—whose services to the town had been of great value,—whom he married, May 9, 1760, and who bore him two sons, Johann Ladislaw and Franz Benedikt, and one daughter, Veronika Rosalia; all three, at this present, great virtuosos. For how could he, who gave such an excellent musical education to the children of others, have failed as to his own?

"Duly fitted by study at home, both sons were early provided with places in choirs; the one as a singer in the Minorite Church at Iglau, the other as organist in the Convent Church in Emaus, where he enjoyed for several years the guardianship and aid of the brave composer and organist, Father Augustin Ssenkyrez (Shenkeerch).

"In the year 1802 Dussik had the pleasure to see once more, in his old age, one of his sons, J. L. Dussek, one of the greatest virtuosos in Europe,—together with his daughter, Veronika Rosalia, who had married M. Cianchettini,—and to enjoy their well-earned fame.

"Dussik has written a great deal; and among his best works are—one Pastoral Mass, two short Litanies, one Regina Cœli, and many pianoforte sonatas, fugues, and toccatas, which have received the praise of a *Burney* and other great musical experts.

"Among his pupils of high rank he gave special praise to Baroness Obiteczky of Obitecz and Rabenhaupt, by marriage Baroness von Litzau.

"In 1807 he was still living in Czaslau, and still the best teacher there."

So far Dlabacz. Burney visited him in 1771 (?), and speaks of him as one of the very first among German organists. When he died I cannot make out; but in a notice of his son's death in Paris, in 1812, the father is said to be still alive at Czaslau.

Johann Ladislaw (or Ludwig) Dussek, eldest son of the preceding, was born at Czaslau (Haslau), Feb. 9, 1761. Dlabacz, Gerber, and others, write his name like his father's, with an *i;* the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* generally writes *e*, as do, of course, the English and French publications of his day. Hence the great confusion which has arisen as to the authorship of works by Dussik and Dussek.

"He began," says Dlabacz, "to play the pianoforte (or harpsichord) in his fifth year, and, upon the testimony of his own father, to smite the organ in his ninth."—This expression is an old German oddity. In old musical works people always *play* (spielen) the harpsichord, but *smite* (schlagen) the organ.—"Thereupon he went to Iglau as soprano singer, where he lived some years under the care of his near relation, Father Ladislaw Spinar (at that time chorus-director in the Minorite Church), at the same time 'hearing the Humanities' (pursuing liberal studies) under the Jesuits; which course (of study) he continued two years longer at Kuttenberg, where he was organist in the Jesuit Church. After this he went to Prague, heard philosophy, and took the degree of Master.

"At this period it was his desire to join the order of the Cistercian friars, but his youth prevented his admission into the convent Saar. So he entirely gave up his pious wish, willing by music alone to seek his fortune in the world. He was successful. He soon made a journey with his special protector, an Austrian captain of artillery, to Mechlin (Malines), where he remained some time as pianoforte teacher, and thence went on to Bergen-op-Zoom and Amsterdam."

In those days, it should not be forgotten, Austria held most of the "Low Countries," which accounts for the constant intercourse between the musicians of Prague and Vienna on the one hand, and those of the Rhine countries on the other; a fact which had great influence upon the career of many artists, Beethoven among them.

"In those two cities he made his public appearance as a young 'Tone artist,' and published some of his better compositions."

Dussek must have been very young at this time—perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two years of age—no exact dates are given. The first contemporaneous notice which I find of him is in Cramer's "Magazin der Musik" (Hamburg and Altona), in an article of notices of new music, headed with the date January 15th, 1783. It is this:—

"Concerto pour le clavecin ou pianoforte avec accompagnement de deux violons, alto et basse, deux hautbois et cors ad libitum. Composé par Dussick, œuvre premier, libro 1 et 2: à la Haye chez Hummel et fils.—Trois sonates pour le clavecin ou pianoforte avec accompagnement d'un violon ad libitum."

Upon these works "W.," whoever he may have been, remarks: "In both the concerto, as well as in the sonatas, the leading quality is a lively and brilliant execution; we find, especially in the first two, much that is both new and good; so that this hitherto unknown author, who is a Bohemian, gives promise of that excellence in his future works to which we have become accustomed through the productions of a Mislewezeck, a Duschek, and others of his countrymen."

We next find Dussek in Berlin, in 1784. This was the period of the great popularity of Franklin's harmonica, and instrument makers were everywhere endeavouring to find some sort of key apparatus to take the place of the wet fingers in producing the tones. In Berlin two men in particular, unknown to each other, were then endeavouring to solve the problem; Röllig, a very accomplished Viennese, distinguished afterwards for several interesting musical inventions, and a certain Hessel, whom Gerber calls a mechanician, from St. Petersburg, but who, according to Röllig (in a letter to the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, February, 1803), was an excellent portrait painter from Courland. These two men accomplished their object, each in his own way. Röllig afterwards

* Call it Flax—that is near enough.

† Chaslaw:—more recently the C (the open C) has been expunged, and the name is written Haslau.

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travelled extensively with his instrument, upon which he was very skilful, while Hessel's passed into the hands of young Dussek. Gerber says, in the *old** Lexicon, writing at the latest in the winter of 1789-90, "I remember still with pleasure having been witness in Cassel, in 1785, of the extraordinary skill, precision, and rapidity of both hands of this great artist upon the pianoforte, and of his learned and judicious execution upon the keyed harmonica. He was then travelling to exhibit the instrument. It was in no way different from the ordinary harmonica, except that the glasses were put in motion by a treadle and band, and were arranged in three rows instead of one, for the greater convenience of adapting the keys."

In his notice of Hessel, Gerber says, after copying a description of the instrument, "I can testify to the correctness of this description, as I heard Herr Dussek play upon the very instrument here described, in Cassel, in 1785. He enchanted all his auditors by a slow harmonic introduction, full of learned modulations, followed by the choral 'Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr'.' He, however, at that time claimed the instrument *as his own invention.*"

"But not alone as a performer," continues Gerber, "but also as a composer, this young man (Dussek) takes a superior rank among the Germans. There have already appeared from his pen:—

3 Pianoforte Concertos with accompaniment, Op. I. at the Hague.
6 Pianoforte Sonatas, with 1 violin, Op. II., Hague.
6 ditto ditto ditto Op. III., ditto.
3 ditto ditto with violin and violoncello, printed [at Berlin in 1786; and, finally,
3 Easy (Kleine) Sonatas at Paris, Op. I.

"Judging from the Berlin publications, the ruling qualities of his compositions are uncommon delicacy and the finest taste, combined with fine invention and great knowledge of harmony. There would be nothing left to wish, if this fire and this richness of invention did not too often mislead him into forgetting the art of expressing his ideas within due limits."

From Cassel, Dussek made his way to the electoral court at Mainz (Mentz), "where he gained the favour of the nobility, and the affection of distinguished 'tone-artists.'" (Dlabacz.)

In 1786 he went on to Paris with the hofmeister (steward?) of the French ambassador at Berlin, where he played in the presence of the queen, Maria Antoinette, who granted him her protection. Gerber makes him go thence directly to London; but Dlabacz says, "Notwithstanding this (*i.e.* the favour of the queen) he was forced away from Paris by his longing to see Italy. So he journeyed to Milan, where he gave concerts both upon the pianoforte and the keyed harmonica, and won the universal respect of the Italian musicians. Similar proofs of regard were shown him on many occasions by Germans, and the distinguished Saxon Kapellmeister Ernst assured his (Dussek's) father in a very friendly, and for the son most flattering letter, that when passing through Dresden, he had gained the high opinion not only of the entire electoral orchestra, but of the Elector himself, and of all the Court."

Means are wanting to trace him through the years 1788-9—probably English publications may supply them—but Gerber says he had gained firm footing in London as teacher of the pianoforte in 1790, and Dlabacz mentions the "Princess" of York as one of his pupils.

Joseph Haydn, too, found him in London, and thought so highly of him as to write to the elder Dussik in Czaslau as follows:—

"Most worthy friend,—I thank you from my heart that you, in your last letter to your dear son, have also remembered me. I therefore double my compliments in return, and consider myself fortunate in being able to assure you, that you have one of the most upright, moral, and, *in music, most eminent of men*, for a son. I love him just as you do, for he fully deserves it. Give him, then, daily a father's blessing, and then will he be ever fortunate, which I heartily wish him, *for his great talents*. I am, with all respect, your most sincere friend,

"London, Feb. 26, 1792." "JOSEPH HAYDN."

"About 1792," Dussek married Miss Corri, who was the principal singer at the London Professional Concerts, he being concerto player to the same, and playing in "a style of incredible perfection."—Gerber.

In 1796 (?) he established, in company with Corri, his father-in-law, a music publishing house, which had the title "Music-sellers to their Majesties, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duchess of York."—Gerber.

But the English part of Dussek's life must be left to some other person. I will pass on to his advent again upon German soil.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

* Gerber's "Lexicon der Tonkünstler is in two parts, that of 1792 in 2 vols., that of 1812-14 in 4 vols. The latter is not a new edition of the former, but its complement and supplement. One must have both. The preface to the "old Lexicon" is dated March 26th, 1790.

Letters to the Editor.

NEW ORGAN IN EDINBURGH.

SIR,—When I wrote you last week relative to our professor's organ here I did not think you would insert it in your work, otherwise I would have been a little more particular in what I said regarding the combination of intervals to form a mixture, or sesquialteras, as organ-builders call them; sesqui is a Latin particle, signifying a whole and a half, and which, when joined with altera, terza, quarta, &c., expresses a kind of ratio, and, I suppose, hence the word sesquitertia is a musical ratio.

I am only an amateur in music, and a bit of a mechanic in the way of organ-building. I therefore read your article on the professor's organ with pleasure, and hailed the idea of hearing more about it from you, especially how the 14-rank stop is tuned or tempered.

I can easily understand the mixtures, at least, the usual 3-rank, or even 6-rank, which to me is nothing more than a combination of the common chord; and, notwithstanding all the incomprehensible names (now) given by organ-builders to the different stops, they all end in octaves or unisons, differing in quality of tone according to the different shapes or formation and voicing of the pipes—some of them *wretchedly* imitated.

The principal is, I believe, the stop generally tuned from. We have, then, either 16 feet, 8 feet, 4, or 2, the 12th being a fifth above the principal, 3 feet. Suppose the 14-rank stop begin at a given length of a pipe, say the usual lowest pipe in mixtures, what size must the smallest be when it reaches the top of the scale?—I am, &c.

HOMOPHONOI.

Edinburgh, 25th Sept., 1861.

MUSIC IN RIO JANEIRO.

SIR, — Taking a great interest in your compatriot Mr. John Cheshire, harpist, and Member of Royal Academy, I beg to transmit to you the notice of his grand vocal and instrumental concert that he gave here (at Rio de Janeiro) on the night of 2nd of September. The house was attended by a most fashionable audience, and rung with applauses. The bouquets and wreaths were numerous. Mr. Cheshire, who is in great favour at the Court, must be surely satisfied with the reception of the Brazilians. They have appreciated his talents, and were astonished at his extraordinary manner of playing the harp.

I have the honour to be, with regard,
Your most obedient servant,
BARON DE CAYVIR.

At Rio de Janeiro, 5th Sept. 1861.

[We have not received the notice alluded to.—ED.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—After having officiated as conductor for ten years at the theatre, Herr G. Schmidt lately resigned the post. To mark their high appreciation of his good qualities, the members of the operatic company, as well as of the orchestra, have presented him with a magnificent album, containing their photographs, and some most flattering verses. Herr G. Schmidt is at present busily engaged, completing a new opera, for which the celebrated Mad. Birch-Pfeiffer has written the libretto.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH GODDARD.—The manuscript was mislaid, but has been found, and will be put in hand immediately.

BIRTH.

On the 22nd September, the wife of Dr. Wylde of a daughter.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The letters of your correspondent "D"—who addressed you from Berlin in the years 1855 and 1856—contained so many allusions to the subject of my present communication, that I feel no doubt of its attracting the attention and engaging the interest of most of your readers. The death of Heinrich Augustus Neithardt is not of very recent date; but, happening as it did in the height of your London "season," it was merely commemorated by a paragraph. Now, in the dull time, you will perhaps not object to my filling up what would otherwise be a strange gap in your musical record.

H. A. Neithardt, Royal Musical-Director, and conductor of the world-renowned Berlin Dom-Chor, which he founded, was born on the 10th August, 1789, at Schleiz. On the 18th April, 1861, at 10 A.M., the true heart of this good and worthy man, who was not merely known and respected, but beloved by all classes of society, ceased to beat, and, on the 22nd of the same month, at the same hour of the morning, his mortal remains were consigned to their mother earth. Another of Germany's noblest sons thus passed from among us! In him death snatched away one of the foremost in the ranks of Prussian musicians, and, I may fairly add, composers. Though his decease was duly recorded in the papers, the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD will, no doubt, allow me to hold up this man of the people, in a few short lines, to public sympathy, and, since the grave has closed over him, to record how much he was honoured and loved by his fellow-countrymen, and in what religious respect his memory is held. Neithardt never coveted the laurel-wreath, although, perhaps, he received the highest and most numerous marks of distinction. His intelligence was profound and lucid, his patriotism deep and heartfelt. No one ever worshipped Prussia with greater ardour than he, and in no one's breast was love of country purer and more holy. This fact is proved by his patriotic songs, his *Vaterlandslieder*, and his whole character. So long, therefore, as there is such a land as "Prussia," and a "Prussian nation" represent it, so long will Augustus Neithardt, composer of the popular and national song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, live on the lips and in the hearts of the people. This song is a monument, proving, more triumphantly than monuments of bronze or marble, the permanent character of the services rendered by its composer. How many millions have already sung, with enthusiasm, in all parts of the world, their cherished folk's song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, and what countless millions will continue to sing it in honour of their nation and of their national composer? Neithardt was endowed with a genuine German character. He was constitutionally proud, and his forehead bore the stamp of true and manly dignity. In social life, however, he was distinguished for his great amiability, and loved to idolatry by his family and intimate circle of friends. During his severe and prolonged sufferings, Neithardt looked forward cheerfully to the termination of his earthly career, and when, on the 24th January last, he was informed of the decease of his late Majesty, brother of the present king, who was so attached to art, and did so much to promote its interests, he exclaimed: "Heaven, why should not I have died, and he have lived!"

In No. 33 of the 14th annual series of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* appeared a very interesting and detailed biography of Neithardt—then still living—on the occasion of his 67th birthday; and as the same feeling of sincere respect, admiration, and esteem, subsequently prompted the writer of that biography to strew the last resting-place of his valued and lamented friend with words of the deepest sorrow and regret, he rightly judged that the many admirers of Neithardt, who had by that time heard the sad news of his demise, would be thankful to him—the writer—for referring them—as in his well-seasoned monody he did not fail to do—to the circumstantial biography in question. The friends of the departed musician were also reminded that a lithograph, by Fischer, of the excellent portrait painted by Oelker, together with a facsimile of Neithardt's own handwriting, and of the first bar of the national song, *Ich bin ein Preusse*, was published at the time by Bote and Bock, Berlin. What Neithardt did, as co-representative, together with Herren Weller, Schick and Gottfried Rode, of Prussian military music from 1813 to 1840, is stated at length in the biography.

On the 22nd April, at 10 A.M., the funeral took place, in the churchyard of the Domgemeinde, amidst marks of deep and universal sympathy. All the artistic and literary celebrities were present. Among them were noticed his Excellency the Count von Redern, the Counts Von Wehern, Illaire, Von Kleist, Herr von Pommerische, Director-General of the Customs, Herr von Olfers, Director-General of Museums, M. Meyerbeer, Musical Director-General, and several others. The Court-Preacher, Snethlage, read the burial service over the coffin, and the Dom-Chor, under the direction of Herr von Herzberg, executed, in the real feeling and spirit of Neithardt himself, the following pieces:—*Erbarm Dich unser; Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser; Christus ist die Auferstehung; Ja, der Geist spricht*, and more than one *Amen*. The worthy clergyman then delivered an address full of consolation, derived from the life and actions of the deceased, now conveyed to his final home, amid solemn strains proceeding from the bands of the Garde Schützen Bataillon and the Kaiser Franz Regiment, to which corps he had been successively attached, as musical-director, from 1816 to 1840. The members of the Dom-Chor followed im-

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mediately after the bier. One of them carried a laurel-wreath on a black cushion, while others bore mourning palm-branches. The procession was closed by a great number of carriages. At the grave, the clergyman, having pronounced a few more appropriate sentences, the coffin was lowered with the usual prayers, the blessing and the strain *Wenn ich einmal scheiden soll*, while the relatives and friends of the deceased paid him the last tribute of earthly homage and respect. Since the death of Mendelssohn, perhaps, no bereavement has been so deeply and universally felt in Prussia as that of the founder of the Dom Chor. H. H.

Berlin, Sept. 30.

OUR readers need fear no violent irruption of warfare or politics in the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, when we say that England has good cause to be proud of her Volunteers. Not a bit less pleasurable, either, is it to think that the "movement," as it is called, so quickly and ominously engendered, is fast growing into vitality and permanence far beyond the circumstances which called it forth. Drill and the use of the rifle have taken post—and long may they hold it—among the "institutions" of the country. Far enough as such subjects are from our usual vocation, it is nevertheless impossible to withhold thought altogether from the military and political significance of the shield-raising everywhere busy around us. It is comfortable, for instance, to believe that the long dark shadow of the Napoleonic nose, once supposed to be sniffing up the fatness of our homes, is at length averted,—scared, mayhap, at the odour of gunpowder so unexpectedly reeking up from the land of cotton and hardware. Also, should "we the people of England" (*per pro.* the three celebrated tailors of Tooley Street) once again take it into their wise heads to drive Queen, Lords, and Commons to their way of thinking by the *argumentum ad bacculinam*, or some other pet nostrum of the "physical force" party, it is by no means unsatisfactory to reflect on the certain presence of another description of "force" eminently more potent in the service of sense and order than any of those promiscuous levies of untrained pluck and muscle that were formerly our constitutional boast.

But what has the MUSICAL WORLD specially to do with the Volunteers? Truly, nothing as to their marchings, countermarchings, wheelings, deployings, and the like; yet we may have much to say to that strange kind of music, or its blatent substitute, rather, with which they so generally regale us. While earnestly desiring all imaginable success for their energetic zeal in soldierly training, and never dreaming an instant's doubt of their resolution to fulfil those sterner duties that may perhaps one day fall to their lot, we are obliged to think it would be quite as well—much better, indeed, for the ears of their non-combatant brethren—if they attended somewhat to the matter alluded to. It is surely a pity, where all else is excellent, that a small particular should be so much in fault. On all other points our Volunteers are will nigh overwhelmed with praise from the highest authorities. One regiment is declared to have attained such perfection of drill as to be ready for any emergency; another, when brigaded with the "regulars" in a sham-fight at Aldershot, might, it seems, "except for its uniform, have been mistaken for a part of the line:" while in the matter of shooting, our national rifle practice has already become at least equal to any in the world. So far, so *very* good; yet our Volunteer bands are, for the most part, very inferior, and the music they play is generally abominable. Just test the thing, and that without any squeamish criticism. Take any fine Saturday—the Volunteers' "marching-out" day *par excellence*. With what mingled feelings of pride and annoyance does one watch regiment after regiment of fine stalwart fellows come striding up the middle of the street in true soldierly fashion, each headed by its "band," forsooth, hotly engaged with some tune of the most odious vulgarity! Truly, the contrast here between good and bad, noble and base, becomes something between ludicrous and intolerable.

But *why* are our Volunteer regiments doomed to march to this execrable kind of music? Surely, not for want of better. To say nothing of what native composers may have done, the celebrated band-masters of Germany—Walsch, Berr, and hosts of others—have furnished an almost inexhaustible stock of marches, full of spirit and musical interest, admirably arranged, perfectly suited, as they were designed, for open-air use, and cheaply and easily procurable. Not, certainly, for lack of money, if, as we are informed, several Volunteer regiments pay sums varying from 600*l.* to 800*l.* per annum for the merely occasional services of their bands. Scarcely, we imagine, for want of care, if the amount of trouble bestowed on other subordinate matters be a criterion. Who, for instance, does not remember the time when the cut and colour of a tunic, the fashion of a *chaco*, and the device of a button, were as eagerly discussed in Volunteer circles as though the ball-room, rather than the battle-field, were the scene—*billets doux*, rather than *boulets durs*, the missiles, of their future engagements? No; none of these is to blame for the nuisance complained of. The missing quality is, we fear, good musical taste, together with some knowledge of the subject in hand. Bands have been found necessary to keep the men in marching-step, and have been paid for accordingly; but here every kind of trouble about the matter has, no doubt, come to an end. Band-masters seem to have been appointed at random, bandsmen selected without discretion; and as to choice of music, the vulgar instinct in favour of the last popular tune appears to have prevailed against any notion of *music* as at all concerned in the business.

The vilest music has its use, no doubt; but limited, say we, to its rightful place and audience. It may be well enough for some famous "negro delineator," with an incomprehensible wit in his blackened face, to be perpetually wishing he "were with Nancy,"—always provided the place and its occupants be in keeping with his aspirations. No reason do we see why "the great Mackney" should not, if he chooses, continue to extatify his peculiar patrons with the curious information that his name is "Old Bob Ridley, O!"—and quite as little why another illustrious individual should not, so long as his breath endures, give saltatory confirmation of the otherwise inexplicable statement that he is "a perfect cure." All such things, however mysterious to the rest of the world, possess, no doubt, a verbal and melodic luxuriance exactly fitted to the tastes of those who pay for them. Nay, we admit them to be happily adapted to those humorously imitative faculties enjoyed by the *gamins* of our streets; and, by a stretch of fancy, can even suppose them scarcely misplaced in the hands of that social pest, the Italian organ-grinder. But here toleration should cease. Let the vile cleave to the vile, and let them go hand in hand together whither they will: but of all offences against the "eternal fitness of things," there surely need be none greater than that our noble Volunteer regiments should help to perpetuate these senseless and odious vulgarities by means of the bands which they retain, perhaps, let us say, with some little eye towards the public gratification. Of course, we are quite prepared for the excuse that such things, bad

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though they otherwise be, make capital "marching tunes." Very likely: but that is no reason for their employment. Any strongly-rhythmed melody, in 2-4 or 6-8 measure, so timed that the "big drum" may make itself *felt* on the beginning and middle of the bar, and at the pace of 116 per minute, is a good "marching tune." We have already pointed out how the volunteer bands may be supplied with abundance of such music, spirited, well written, and in every way effective.

All this, doubtless, is to Colonel Macmurdo mere trifling, and to General Hay foolishness. "Arms and the man" *they* sing: that is their business. "Music" say we—that is ours. Moreover, we cannot consent to think anything trifling or foolish which tends to affect the taste of a people. At all times and places military music has been a great source of public gratification; and, where so much can be so easily done, it will be more than matter of regret if our Volunteer bands do not henceforth contrive to please the ears of their street admirers, while lending a hand, at the same time, to raise their taste somewhat out of that slough of negro mire into which it has unhappily fallen.

THE death of Mr. William Farren has created no hiatus in the histrionic art—has left no blank on the stage. The great comedian had retired, or, more properly, had been forced into private life some six years since, and for several years previously, although exhibiting in public, had been a mere wreck of his former self. The light of his intellect, however, had not gone out prematurely. Mr. Farren was born in 1786, and was consequently in his 75th year when he died. At 70—the age at which he quitted the stage—few artists keep possession of the boards, none certainly who desires his name to be handed down to posterity. Had Mr. Farren made his exit some ten years before, it would have been all the better for his reputation. Many who beheld him in the decadence of his powers put no faith in his popularity, and attributed to his mannerism what was certainly owing to his talent. William Farren was beyond all question one of the most consummate actors of his time. The "divine fire," or genius, we are inclined to think, had been denied him; but every other quality which goes to make up the great artist he possessed in an eminent degree. He was always considering, always studying, always elaborating and polishing, until he thought he had brought his delineations to perfection. Then, and then only, did he feel satisfied. His love for his profession amounted to enthusiasm. He was happy only before the footlights, contented only with the shouts of an audience ringing in his ears. This enthusiasm constitutes the very whip and spur to the progress of the artist; and the love of applause stimulates him to never-ceasing exertions. Without an ardent temperament and natural vanity, the difficulties and obstructions which present themselves on the threshold would deter all candidates for histrionic fame from further venture. William Farren worked his way slowly and surely to the top of the ladder, and in his career bequeaths us one of the most striking examples of what industry, perseverance, and indomitable energy may effect without absolute inspiration.

Mlle. Patti.—The negotiations with Mlle. Patti and the directors of the Paris Italian Opera have come to nothing. We believe this young lady, in accordance with the counsels of her friends, will retire from the stage and concert-rooms for a few months, to afford a season of necessary repose to her voice. Exertions like hers are not to be continued with impunity by human organs, of whatsoever strength.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

On Monday night *Elijah* was given, not piecemeal, like the *Messiah*, but entire and unadulterated. This retailing of Handel and giving Mendelssohn wholesale requires explanation. The execution of *Elijah* was commendable, if not irreproachable. The great difficulty lay with the chorus, which was composed of very heterogeneous materials, and to many of the component parts of which Mendelssohn's oratorio appeared a sealed book. The principal soloists were Mlle. Parepa, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss M. Bradshaw, Mad. Laura Baxter. Messrs. Vernon Rigby, R. Seymour, Lewis Thomas and Gadsby. M. Vernon Rigby, although considerably out of his depth, pleased in the tenor music, which he really might sing well would he only study singing. The air, "If with all your hearts," indicated good expression, and by no means a deficiency of judgment; nevertheless, a voice produced like that of Mr. Rigby, after so objectionable a method, can never find favour in refined ears. The new tenor has a good natural voice, but should learn to sing *de novo*.

Last night, the last "Classical Night" was given, and to-night the last "Volunteer Concert" will take place. That favourite songstress, Miss Poole, has appeared during the week, introducing some of the popularities of her repertory with her wonted effect. On Thursday we had the pleasure of hearing her sing, in her most graceful manner, Hadyn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," the old ballad "Jock o' Hazledean," and an English song. The same evening Miss Susanna Cole delighted the audience in Mr. Macfarren's beautifully tender and expressive ballad, "The beating of my own heart," and also sang the cavatina from the *Gazza Ladra*, "Di Piaca," with a brilliancy and command of voice that surprised her warmest admirers.

On Monday the *Creation* will be given, and on Saturday the erformances will be brought to a close.

Crystal Palace.—The London Glee and Madrigal Union sang on Saturday. Miss Eleanor Armstrong was the solo vocalist, and Mr. Oscar Beringer, a youthful pianist, made his first appearance. The thoroughly artistic singing of Mr. Land's Glee and Madrigal party has procured for it considerable celebrity, and on this occasion the singers fully sustained their reputation. Such thorough blending of voice, and equality of tone and phrasing, is only to be attained by careful practice. Horsley's glee, for male voices, "When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree," was sung by Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler, in an irreproachable manner; and Elliott's quintett, "Come, see what pleasures," was equally well rendered by the same gentlemen and Miss Wells. A quaint madrigalian dialogue, from Ravenscroft's *Melismala*, called "In the merry spring," completed their contributions to the programme. The audience received Miss Armstrong's two pieces, "Ah, forse è lui!" and Macfarren's song, "The beating of my own heart," with much favour. Miss J. Wells sang "My lodging is on the cold ground," and was joined by Mr. Lawler in the maypole song, "Come, lasses and lads," which was encored. The band contributed two overtures, *Euryanthe* and the *Siege of Rochelle;* and Mr. Wells (flute), and Mr. Bonnisean (cornet), performed a solo each.

Madame Jenny Lind.—Arrangements have been made in Aberdeen for two musical entertainments of the highest order, to be given about the middle of November. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti will be the vocalists; Signor Piatti and Mr. Blagrove, solo instrumentalists. Herr Otto Goldschmidt will also take part.

Rose Chéri.—All lovers of the drama will regret to hear of the death of that charming actress Madame Rose Chéri, who lately expired, at Paris, of a malignant sore throat. It is said she caught the malady while nursing her son, who is now out of danger. Madame Rose Chéri was only thirty-seven years old, having been born at Etampes in 1824. In 1845 she married M. Lemoine-Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase.

Death of Mr. Arthur Smith.—Mr. Arthur Smith, brother of the late Mr. Albert Smith, expired a few days since after a brief illness.

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LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

No. 2.

(*See* Musical World, *Sept.* 28.)

London, June 28.

On the way hither from Paris, on a fresh June day, past the sweet clover fields of northern France, over the smooth channel from Boulogne to Folkstone, and again through greener fields of Kent, where the hops grow and the sheep graze — fair afternoon's picture of the rural luxury of England — hastening, belated, to get what might remain of the London musical season, I looked into the *Times*, and fancy my chagrin at reading of an event just past, which had always stood high in the list of musical satisfactions anticipated in a visit here! The annual concert of the three or four thousand Charity Children in St. Paul's cathedral had taken place the day before! I enclose, however, the *Times* report of it. Other disappointments were of course inevitable in any plan of a year's travel. Several great things, which it had been my fate to miss all over Germany, I was again too late for here. For instance, the repeated performances of Rossini's really *great* opera, *William Tell*, which are said to have been excellent in every way. So too, the two grandest works in the prospectus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the *Israel in Egypt* of Handel, and the *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven, had gone by. There remained one more concert by that Society, and that was to be on the very evening of my arrival — Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, conducted by the composer in person. The day's journey had been exhilarating, and the musical appetite was sharp after the two months' fast in Italy. So my first taste of London — after the Crystal Palace had stretched out its arms of greeting in the distance (how it shone against the setting sun!), and after being jostled over crowded London Bridge, and finding lodgings — was a hurried drive to Exeter Hall, to hear what might be heard of at least one London oratorio.

I arrived in the middle of the first part. The exquisitely modulated and insinuating tenor of Sims Reeves was even then stealing through the passage ways. He was just finishing his principal air. The great gloomy hall was crowded to the utmost, and it was only possible to obtain a back seat in the balcony — not a bad place for listening to such great waves of tone as roll forth from a choir of 600 effective voices, supported by a band of about 100 instruments. I was in no mood to listen or remember critically; simple exposure to the invigorating and refreshing influence of great choral harmonies was all I sought, together with gratification of the natural curiosity to see and hear what one had so long read of. The choruses of Costa are not giant works of genius; he is no Handel, Bach, or Beethoven; only a clever follower of Mendelssohn. But he is a masterly musician, and has contrived some grand, and many beautiful, if not decidedly original, effects in *Eli*, as we already knew in Boston. There was great precision, positiveness and vigour in the rendering of the choruses. The voices blended finely, the parts were well balanced, the quality of tone was clear and musical. There was no faltering and little screaming. All were up to the mark, and seemed quite at home in the music, and in such work generally. It was only in the finer contrasts and gradations of light and shade, in *pianissimo*, &c., that one was reminded of the superiority of the choral societies in Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden. It was right hearty, vigorous, unanimous, English work, however, and often told superbly; once or twice sublimely; and always in a way to stir up much enthusiasm in the audience, who, with the singers, made the evening an ovation to England's favourite conductor, proud to recognise him also in the character of composer.

The solos were sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, a fine and flexible soprano, with good skill and expression; Mad. Sainton-Dolby, who gave the pretty contralto part of Samuel quite acceptably; Sims Reeves, whose sweet, expressive, finished tenor tantalised us with too little — it was only in a trio and a quartet that we heard him, and that with a rare satisfaction; Signor Belletti, our old friend of the Jenny Lind times, who used then to render the bass airs of Handel surprisingly well for an Italian, and who is still one of the main stays of a London oratorio; Mr. Santley, a comparatively new candidate for public favour, who has a rich and resonant baritone, which he uses tastefully and with much effect; and Mr. Montem Smith. The orchestra was admirable. The unwearying responsiveness of the great audience was almost as interesting as the performance. Whether the English be a really musical race or not, there is no people that craves and sits out *so much* music.

Last evening — to jump the interval for the time being — I heard another oratorio in the same place: — the old *Messiah* by the Yorkshire Choral Union. To hear the famous Yorkshire chorus singers, and in the well-known choruses, was a chance not to be neglected. Nor were my expectations disappointed. This time I had a front seat, in a rather thinly scattered, but delighted audience. There were perhaps four hundred singers, and they were wonderfully effective. The sounds leapt out with a startling elasticity and vigour. There is a heroic unanimity and certainty in the charge of these Yorkshiremen. Chorus singing seems to have been a life-long patriotic exercise with them; a common cause, honoured and carefully kept bright. There was an irresistible spirit about it; here too not much of fine shading, or of *pianissimo*, but a sort of dazzling splendour of delivery, a fervour that sweeps on to victory and takes you off your feet. Of course, the most satisfactory achievements were such pieces as the "Wonderful" chorus, "Lift up your hands," "Hallelujah," &c. "He shall purify," "Behold the Lamb," and "All we like sheep" were exceedingly impressive. But one missed somewhat of the profound and almost Bach-like tenderness and inwardness of "And with his stripes." The proportion of female voices looked small, but by no means sounded so; they were all telling voices; each voice jump upon the instant at coming in. One peculiarity in the composition of the choir would look strangely in America. In the band of contraltos you see but a dozen or so of women scattered about and isolated among the men. The male contralto, or counter tenor, so exceptional with us, appears to be the rule among the Yorkshire voices. Some of them, of course, were boys, as were many of the sopranos; but the great majority were men. The solo singing was not remarkable, but reasonably fair. The best were Mr. Santley in the base recitatives and airs, and Mr. Whitehead (so far as I could make out from the bills) in the tenor. Mrs. Sunderland sang mechanically well in the soprano arias, and Miss Freeman furnished little more than voice to "He was despised," &c. The orchestra, from the Philharmonic Society, was effective. So was the organ, played by Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral. The conductor was Mr. R. G. Burton.

In the morning (or, as *we* say, afternoon) after my arrival (Saturday), I attended the public rehearsal of the last "New Philharmonic" concert, in St. James's Hall; and on Monday evening the concert itself. It was a large and fashionable audience, all in "evening dress," which is the rule here, where seas of glorious free music, with all the genial warmth thereof, do not avail to melt or wash away old icebergs of uncomfortable etiquette. The Hall, which is much smaller than the Boston Music Hall, is most beautiful and unique in its architecture, and especially in the way in which it is lighted, by single star-shaped jets depending from all parts of the arched ceiling, and at heights varying with the curve of the arch, so that it suggests the free feeling of being under the starry sky. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Wylde, is large and powerful, and played some movements capitally, though it is said to be not the best orchestra in London; but of course there are contrary opinions about that, now that London has three rival orchestral societies, where once the "Philharmonic" had the whole field. The overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven) was certainly rendered with great fire and precision, and made a smart beginning to the concert. Next came a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by Herr Wieniawski, a young Pole of the Hebrew stamp of features, who has taken his stand in the first class of virtuosi; there was fire and tender feeling, and technical mastery enough in it, if not decided evidence of individual genius. Then the dark familiar figure of Carl Formes presented itself, who sang with powerful effect a satanic sort of *aria* from Spohr's *Faust*. Mrs. Lemmens-Sherrington followed with a French air from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*, with fine *obbligato* violin accompaniment by Mr. Blagrove, first violin in the orchestra, and apparently in nearly all the orchestras here. Mrs. Lemmens-Sherrington has a clear, sunshiny soprano, and fine florid execution. The *Eroica* Symphony closed the first

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part, much of it impressively rendered, but not up to the Leipzig or the Berlin standard by many degrees. Part II. began with the lovely tranquillising chorus and soprano solo: "Calm is the glassy ocean," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, nicely rendered. Mr. John Francis Barnett, an *élève* of the Leipzig Conservatoire, played (in the illness of Miss Arabella Goddard) the perpetual *cheval de battalle* of young pianists, Weber's *Concert-stück*, and showed very clear and brilliant execution. A florid duet for voice and violin, by Pacini and Artot, was sung by Mrs. Sherrington and played by Wieniawski; and the concert ended with the *Men of Prometheus* overture, thus making it mainly "a Beethoven night." D.

DUBLIN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Oct. 3, 1861.

A PORTION of your own correspondent's last letter has been quoted in a Dublin newspaper, prefaced by the following remarks, headed:—

COCKNEY SNEERS AT IRELAND.

To the Editor of the Daily Express.

SIR,—By way of pendant to the excellent leader in your paper of this day, I send you the accompanying extract from the *Musical World* of last Saturday. It will excite no surprise that a little journal should "follow suit," when the thunderer of Printing-house Square omits no opportunity of indulging in a sneer at this country. The article will not be read here, for the *Musical World* does not count many subscribers in Ireland — not, perhaps, more than a dozen; but the inventions of the small wit, who calls himself "Anteater," may serve to amuse many folks at the other side of the Channel, who, in spite of telegraphs and steam, are profoundly ignorant of men and manners here. Of course no person who knows anything of society in our city will put faith in such an absurd tale, which might do in the hands of the late Mr. Power, or the present Mr. Samuel Lover, to raise a laugh in public places of amusement, at the expense of their countrymen. Irishmen do not say "foine" for "fine," whatever Yorkshiremen may, or "Doblin" for "Dublin," which foreigners do sometimes. I wish "Our own Correspondent" better occupation than trying to bring into hatred and contempt the manners of his fellow-subjects in this part of Her Majesty's dominions.—Your obedient servant,

October 1, 1861. UNION.

It is the story of the lady who came to sing for her daughter that excites the wrath of "Union," and converts the pen of that ready writer into a very shillelagh, with which the head of "Anteater" is threatened in the true spirit of Quixotic chivalry. Notwithstanding the assertion "that no person who knows anything of society in this city will put faith in such an absurd tale," the absurd tale is, nevertheless, nothing but a simple narrative of an amusing incident which really occurred, and no fiction. The dear old lady not only offered, but did sing for her daughter, and went away satisfied at having been heard, and with Arditi's advice that she (*i.e.* the daughter) had better study and cultivate her voice. "Union" may deny the existence of an Irish brogue, the slightest trace of which imparts such delicious piquancy to the conversation of his fair countrywomen—he may measure the wit of others by his own standard, or restrict the list of subscribers to the "little journal" to any number he may please in his imagination, but he has no right to deny, in such terms, the veracity of your correspondent, or to attribute to him the intention of relating, it may be, a ludicrous, but still an "o'er true tale," and of "trying to bring into hatred and contempt the manners of his fellow-subjects in this part of Her Majesty's dominions." Nor is he justified in estimating at so low a rate the refinement that prevails in Irish society, as seriously to believe that it could be affected by the narration of a circumstance as unique as it was extravagant. But something too much of this!

The Italians terminate their engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday next. The operas performed this week will have been:—Monday, 30th September, *Trovatore;* Tuesday, 1st October, *Don Giovanni;* Wednesday, 2nd, *Ballo in Maschera;* Thursday, 3rd, for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, *Marta;* Friday, 4th, *Il Barbière*, and an act of *Favorita:* on Saturday, the last night, *Un Ballo in Maschera* will be given. On Friday the whole party will appear at a Morning Concert announced to be given at the Ancient Concert Rooms. The programme includes many of the most favourite songs and concerted music from the operas, besides a new valse, composed for Mlle. Titiens by Signor Arditi. It is said that arrangements have been made with Mlle. Patti for six nights, commencing on October 28th. Should such be the case, there can be no doubt of her meeting with a most enthusiastic reception.

The Dublin public have no reason to complain of the manager of their Theatre Royal on the score of inactivity. He never allows any opportunity to escape him of providing every amusement for them whether it be in a dramatic or operatic shape, and in fact, exceeds the energy of many of the London managers for the vigour and enterprise of his undertakings.

ANTEATER.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

BY IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

Claremont, Howth, near Dublin, October 2nd, 1861.

Here I am in one of the most romantic and beautiful places in the Emerald Isle, enjoying at the same time sea breezes, the society of old and valued friends, and occasionally hearing some excellent music. The Howth Railway train passes every half hour within 500 yards of Claremont, so that we can go to Dublin in half an hour to hear Titiens, and Giuglini, Lemaire, and Delle Sedie, not forgetting Miss Whitty and young Ciampi, who are here at the Theatre Royal with Willert Beale. I have been three times, and was delighted with all the company; indeed, I think Titiens and Giuglini surpassed themselves on Monday evening, when *Il Trovatore* was given. All the favourite pieces were rapturously encored, and I must do Delle Sedie the justice to say I never heard *Il Barbière* better sung. The gods were in extacies. By the way, the above said dwellers of Mount Olympus are the querist lot I ever sat in a theatre with: only imagine a solo played exquisitely on a penny tin pipe, and songs and glees sung in a very pleasing manner. I have just had a great treat in hearing Miss Flynn, a pupil of Mendelssohn, who studied at the Conservatoire, Leipsic, play on the piano the following pieces in first-rate style. I am sure you will agree with me her selection was a good one:—Notturne, by Chopin; Second Rêverie, S. Heller; "Souvenir de Beethoven," arranged by Prudent; several of Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne worte, besides his "Spring Song," which she played with the most refined taste, artistic feeling and colouring, and brilliant execution.

VALE.

P.S.—I forgot to mention the last night I was at the theatre His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was there with the Zingari Cricket Club. Between the acts of the opera, the vice-regal party were much amused with one of the gods singing with an excellent voice, a most amusing parody on *Il Balen.* This was all very well. Sometimes, however, the noise is anything but agreeable; and woe betide any unfortunate wight who appears in the pit or lower gallery in a white hat: immediately he is covered with cut straw, and paper, that descend (much to the amusement of the ladies in the boxes) like a shower of snow.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. J. B. Chatterton, the acting manager, took his benefit on Monday last, when, in addition to the dramatic performances—comprising Mr. Falconer's comedy *Woman; or, Love against the World*, and a new ballet farce, by Mr. W. H. Yelland, called *A Midsummer's Eve*, a miscellaneous concert was given, supported by Mlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Minnie Clifford, the Misses Brougham, Messrs. Alberte Laurence and Aynsley Cook as vocalists, and Mr. Chatterton (Harp) and Mr. Levy (cornet-à-piston), instrumentalists. The programme was well chosen. Mlle. Lancia sang the "War-Song" from *Attila* with immense effect, and Mr. Chatterton delighted his friends by a most admirable performance of his harp fantasia, entitled "Remembranza d'Italia." Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an American actress, who made, a short time since, a successful *début* at Sadlers' Wells, appeared for the first time as Geraldine D'Arcy in the comedy. The house was crowded in every part. Mr. Chatterton should take a benefit every night. It would benefit the theatre vastly.

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Provincial.

Liverpool. — The open rehearsal of the Liverpool Tonic Sol-fa Association took place on Tuesday evening, in the Medical Institution. The programme displayed an excellent selection of Madrigals, glees, and part songs.

The winter season of the Saturday evening concerts was inaugurated on Saturday last by the Sisters Sophie and Annie, who appeared in their well-known entertainment, entitled "Sketches from Nature."

Tickets for the forthcoming Jenny Lind concerts are in great demand, and as every seat will specially be engaged, we recommend those of our readers who desire to be present to secure their places immediately. The sale of tickets will commence at the Philharmonic-hall on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, and terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Philharmonic concert on Tuesday last, writes the *Liverpool Albion*, was a perfect musical treat, so far as Mlle. Patti was concerned. Her appearance upon the platform was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause (we had almost said *enthusiasm*, but the philharmonic audiences never lose their equanimity to that extent) from an audience which crowded the vast hall to its utmost capacity. Mlle. Patti was set down in the programme for Donizetti's "Regnava nel silenzio," and Bellini's "Ah! non credea," and "Ah! non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, also in the duet "Quanti amore," with Signor Ronconi. In each of these the charming young vocalist displayed the compass of her voice to its full capacity, and her easy and graceful rendering of the several airs were not the least attractive features of her performance. Whatever may have been said and written upon the subject of Patti's pecuniary value, there can only be one opinion as to the excellence of her singing. Italian is, of course, her natural *forte*, but she evinced her artistic ability by singing several English and Scotch airs in a style which would have driven any other audience into ecstacies. Her rendering of "Home, sweet home" (in which she was ably accompanied upon the pianoforte by her brother-in-law, M. Strakosch), was beautiful and plaintive, whilst in one or two Scotch ballads she displayed an amount of arch humour which gave evidence of "unco' appreciation," of the "wut" of Burns. Taken all in all, the concert of Tuesday was a decided and unqualified triumph for Mlle. Patti, and the *élite* of Liverpool were evidently well pleased with their new favourite.

Godalming.—Notwithstanding the wet weather, the Public Hall was filled by the best families of the neighbourhood on Tuesday evening, when an excellent concert was given, with the assistance of Miss Rose Hersée, Miss Bellingham, Mr. Theodore Distin, and Mr. Melchor Winter, as vocalists, and Mad. Winter as pianist. Mad. Winter's performances of Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and Ascher's *Traviata*, fantasia, were much and deservedly applauded. The encore system does not appear to be given up at Godalming. Mr. Melchor Winter was obliged to repeat Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud;" Miss Rose Hersée, "Lily Bells" (Wallace), and Miss Bellingham, "Home, sweet home." The "Spinning Wheel" quartet from *Martha* was also re-demanded, but the singers (Miss Hersée, Miss Bellingham, Mr. Distin, and Mr. Melchor Winter) judiciously declined the compliment.

Cardiff.—A concert was given at the Temperance Hall, on Monday week, the profits to be devoted to the building fund of St. Peter's Church, Roath. The weather was what is commonly called in Cardiff "concert weather," yet notwithstanding the hall was well filled. We were led by the advertisements to expect Mr. Wilkes, as accompanyist, and also a full orchestral band and chorus of thirty performers. The thirty performers were, with Mr. Wilkes, nowhere, and the "full orchestral band" consisted of two first and two second violins, one viola, one flute, one violoncello, and a pianoforte, numbering in all, including Miss Susanna Cole, and two gentlemen amateurs, eleven performers. Miss Susanna Cole, the great attraction of the evening, sang two *morceaux*; the *scena*, "Softly sighs," from *Freischutz*—the soft flowing melody in which served to develop the fine quality and tender expression of her voice, and formed a striking and beautiful contrast with the declamatory part, which was rendered with great vigour, energy, and dramatic effect—and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," sung by the same lady at the Town-hall, in the early part of this year. It was then sung charmingly, but it was sung on this occasion with even more exquisite taste and finish, and was the only piece of the evening distinguished by an encore. Miss Clowes, of Newport, sang the "Maid of Kildare" with great feeling, and was warmly applauded. A gentleman amateur, also of Newport, sang "The Bellringer"—one of Wallace's songs—but it proved a failure; his voice was too weak and unsteady to give expression, and too limited in compass to sing the upper notes in tune. The trio, "This magic wove scarf," afforded infinite amusement from the style of singing and attitude of one of the performers. We never remember laughing so heartily at a musical performance. The fun was increased by sundry gleams of native wit, phrases of idiomatic slang, and racy observations, made by occupants of seats in the gallery, until the whole of the audience was convulsed with laughter. We sympathised with Miss Susanna Cole in her unenviable position; and we would advise the gentlemen not to sing upon the same day with such a performer as that lady.

Brighton.—For some time past several members of the Brighton Rifle Corps have been receiving choral instruction at the hands of Mr. J. Towers, one of our local professors of music. On Tuesday last the class presented him with a testimonial in the shape of a handsome silver fish-slice and fork, in morocco case, on the lid of which appeared the following inscription:

Presented to
Mr. J. Towers,
by the
1st Sussex V. R. Choral Class,
Sept. 18th, 1861.

Sergeant Scott, in presenting the testimonial, passed a high eulogium on Mr. Towers's excellent method of teaching, his uniform kindness, and indomitable will, which had enabled the class—whose vocal efforts, ten months ago, were compared by a local paper to the yells of savages, &c.—to sing so well together as they now did. Mr. Towers briefly thanked them, and congratulated the choir on the progress made, promising them, if they stuck to their posts, the realization of the promise made at the opening of their career, that the choral class of the 1st Sussex should be second to none.

Belfast.—(*From our own Correspondent.*) On Wednesday, the 18th, Mr. Robinson gave an organ recital at Holywood Church, when a large concourse of people assembled to hear his masterly performance of the following very fine programme:—Toccata (D minor), Bach; Andante con moto, Mendelssohn; Lied, "Mein glaübiges Herz frohlocke, Bach;" Adagio, Beethoven; Fugue (G minor), Bach; Fantasia (Très vitement. Grave, a 5 voci. Lentement), Bach; Impromptu, Adams; Allegretto, Mendelssohn; Chorale (5 parts) (with double pedal, supposed to be the finest specimen extant), Bach. Our new Hall is nearly completed, and will be shortly ready for use; but the directors have not yet decided on how it is to be opened. The general wish is most decidedly for a Festival, concluding with a ball, and it is to be hoped this may be accomplished in such a manner as to redound to the credit of the town, which is making rapid strides in the fine arts, and especially in music.

Edinburgh.—Mr. Howard has engaged the Swiss troupe for another week. Last evening the performances commenced with a selection from the *répertoire* of the Swiss singers, comprising part-songs and *soli* formerly noticed in the *Courant*. Fraülein Keller sang the *aria* from *Betly*, "In questo semplice," delightfully, and, on being encored, substituted Foster's ballad, "Willie, we have missed you." The fact is, Keller's voice and taste will win a hearing for anything. As for Fraülein Johanna Claussen, she has quite the command of all our Edinburgh enthusiasm, and when she sang "Comin' thro' the rye," with her funny Teutonic Scotch and arch expression, the house did not attempt to restrain a burst of welcome and applause. It was a very good notion of the management to put the musical comedietta, *The Swiss Cottage*, in rehearsal, with Claussen as Lisette, and Frau Decker-Schenck as Corporal Max. Seldom has that favourite piece been put on the

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stage with so appropriate a cast. Lisette spoke better English than Madame Celeste generally does, and acted and sang with vivacity and comic *vis*. Those who have seen Frau Decker-Schenck in the square-cut velvet of the village schoolmaster, will easily believe that she personates to the life the swaggering, jolly Corporal Max, voice and all. Miss St. George took the part of Natz Teick, and brought her careful acting and artistic feeling to the interpretation of the sorrows of that unwarlike gentleman. The concluding movement—the vocal march from the schoolmaster's wedding—was very effective, the remainder of the Swiss coming on the stage as Lisette's companions, and joining in the chorus led by the jolly corporal. The whole performance was a complete success. The programme was finished by the burlesque of the *Invisible Prince*, which, we confess, we consider excessively stupid.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT AND "LONDON OVER THE BORDER."—The lovers of music, and yet more those whose hearts are open to melting charity, and love to do good to their less fortunate fellow-creatures, will be rejoiced to hear that the great, and good as great, songstress, whom the world hailed as Jenny Lind, has kindly consented to consecrate her high talents once again to the cause of charity, and generously gives her services in aid of the erection of a Church, and for the enlargement of the industrial institutions in the Victoria Docks district, "London over the Border," under the pastoral care of the Rev. Herman Douglas. With this view a concert will take place in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be presented, the leading voice-parts by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Weiss. These will be supported by a complete orchestra and chorus, under the conduct of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Immense must be the attraction of once more hearing the "Swedish Nightingale."—*Brighton Gazettee.*

MELBOURNE.—There was only one thing wanting to make the success of Mr. Marsh complete, says the *Melbourne News*—that he should have called himself Signor Maraschino, have attached his music to an Italian libretto, and disclaimed all connection with the colony. Fortunately for Mr. Marsh, who has produced an original work of great merit, his composition was presented last night to a discriminating and kindly audience, and its success was as gratifying as he could desire. The performance was somewhat faulty at times; but, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Lyster, the efforts of Mad. Escott, Miss Hodson, Messrs. Farquharson and Squires, the quality of the music, and the zealous co-operation of the gentlemen of the orchestra, the *Gentleman in Black* has made a hit. The overture was well received; but the opening scene with the double chorus would have been better if some of the number had sung more in tune, and been less vociferous. The tenor's first song (in B flat) was somewhat tame, but Mr. Farquharson's "I'm a merchant and a dealer," enlivened the audience; and the duet which followed with Mr. Squires is one which will become popular when better known. The same may be said of the aria, "One instant stay." In the third scene of the first act, Adele (Mad. Escott), and Fanchon (Miss Hodson), have some very sparkling music, and the closing duet, in A major, brings down the curtain with applause. The second act opens with a spirited chorus, and a ballet divertissement is introduced, including a grotesque waltz, for which Mr. Marsh has provided quaint music. Adele's cavatina exhibits some original changes in the harmony, and proves the composer's mastery of his art. A political cobbler provoked great merriment by a dialogue applicable to the events of the day; and Fanchon's song, "No longer shoes, sir," was warmly applauded. A rollicking chorus, with some concerted dialogue between Maxwell and the Gentleman in Black conducts the business of the scene to a boisterous finale. The third act contains its choicest composition, the *Terzetto a Canone*, which was rewarded by the first encore. A similar compliment was paid the tenor's aria, "When first I pressed thee to my heart;" to Mr. Farquharson's "I sing not of beauty;" and to the ballads sung by Adele and Fanchon respectively. At the end Mr. Marsh and the principal vocalists were recalled. Special praise is due to Mr. Marsh for his orchestration. The accompaniments throughout were of the happiest character, and many passages were marked by a freshness and variety which reflect credit on his inventive powers.

NEW YORK.—You have heard, ere this, that poor Signor Amodio died recently, at sea, of yellow fever. He will be regretted by many here, to whose amusement and enjoyment he has contributed. Always ready to do his part, and the very personification of kindliness and good nature, every one liked him, and his private life is said to have been such as to merit general esteem. A "Requiem" Mass was held at St. Stephen's church for the repose of his soul. The church was crowded; one would hardly have expected to see so large and elegant an audience assembled at this season. A number of the fellow-artists of the deceased assisted in the musical performances, which were, in fact, very fine. — *Correspondence of Dwight's "Journal of Music."*

MUSIC IN MADRID.—A Madrid correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives some interesting particulars of music in that capital. At the Comic Opera, or Zarzuela Theatre, the company is made up of Spanish artists, and the repertory includes works by native writers, unknown on our side of the Pyrenees. "A glance at the score of two comic operas, *Catalina* and *Una Vieja*, by Señor Gastambide, has revealed traits of a vein of nationality which could be worked to good account by a composer more assured in his science and varied in his resources." At the concert every piece was sung with change of scene and in costume.

PRAGUE.—Herr H. Rott, musical instrument maker, has lately invented a new wind-instrument for military bands. He calls it a "Glagol."

STOCKHOLM.—Herr John Frederick Berwald, formerly conductor at the Royal Opera House, has just died, aged 73.—Next season a new and original Danish opera will be produced. It is entitled, *The Flight of Charles II.*, the music being by Siboni, and the libretto by Overskou.

KÖNIGSBERG.—On the day of the coronation the programme at the theatre will comprise Herr von Flotow's *Müller von Meran*, and the ballet of the "Four Seasons," from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes.*

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The *Morning Chronicle*, alluding to the same song, writes, "Mlle. Lancia gave Mr. Frank Mori's new and highly captivating ballad, 'A thousand miles from thee'—composed expressly for her—with a fervour of sentiment and refinement of expression, which demonstrated that she sings from the heart."

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HERR WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has RETURNED to town from the Continent for the season. 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Season 1861-2.—Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.—FIRST MEETING OF THE SEASON, WEDNESDAY NEXT, 23rd instant, for the REHEARSAL of the ELIJAH. The following oratorios will also be included in the programme of the ensuing season:—"The Messiah," "The Creation," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabæus." Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the choir may obtain particulars by enclosing a stamped envelope to the Secretary, Wm. Hammond, at the Offices, 14 and 15 Exeter Hall, W.C.

FULL COMPASS Church or Chamber ORGAN, by GROVES, in Handsome Case.—TOPLIS & HARDING will Sell by Auction, at their Rooms, 16 St. Paul's Church Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, 23rd October, at 3 o'clock, a fine-toned full compass CHURCH or CHAMBER ORGAN, by S. Groves, London, GG to F in alt, with open diapason, 54 notes, CC in front, 23 pipes, stop diapason, through, principal, fifteenth, and dulciana stops, 1½ octave pedals, and 2 composition pedals, in handsome grained oak Gothic case.
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4.	Oberon	Weber.	10.	Masaniello	Auber.
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ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—Tietiens and Giuglini for one night only.—Saturday, October 19, IL TROVATORE, with the following powerful cast:—Mlles. Tietiens, Caradori; Signori Ferri (his first appearance in England), Bossi, and Giuglini. Conductor—Signor Arditi.
Private Boxes (four persons), 1½, 2, and 3 guineas; Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Dress Circle, 7s. 6d.; Upper Dress Circle, 5s. Box-office opens October 14; in the meantime places may be secured by addressing the Secretary, Stage Door, Lyceum.
Monday, October 21, first Performance at Liverpool; Monday, October 28, ditto, Glasgow; Monday, Nov. 4, ditto, Edinburgh.

TOWN HALL, Brighton, Monday, October 21, 1861.—Mr. and Mrs. BOND'S EVENING CONCERT, to commence at half-past 8.—Mrs. Bond, Miss Leffler (principal contralto from the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, her first appearance in Brighton); Mr. G. Herbert Bond (his first public appearance in Brighton), Mr. H. Whitehouse (from Exeter Hall and the nobilities' concerts, his first appearance in Brighton). Grand Pianoforte, Mr. Bond; Violin, Herr Pollitzer (solo violin at Alfred Mellon's Orchestral Concerts, Covent Garden, his first appearance at Brighton). Conductor, Mr. Bond.
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6, New Burlington Street; and of all musicsellers.

VIENNA.—Herr R. Wagner and Herr Anton Rubinstein are expected to leave the capital in a day or two. The former returns to Carlsruhe, while the latter proceeds to Berlin and Leipsic. Through the vocal indisposition of Herr Ander they have both been disappointed in the object of their visit. Rubinstein again leaves Vienna without having heard his opera, while Wagner must await a more favourable opportunity for producing his *Tristan und Isolde*. It is the opinion of Herr Ander's medical attendants that he will not be able to reappear for a month at least. The Emperor of Russia has accepted the dedication of Herr Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Kinder der Haide*, and presented the publisher, Herr C. A. Spina, with the gold medal for Art and Science. The medal bears the inscription: "Præmii digno." Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, also, has bestowed a gold medal for Art and Science on Herr Wilhelm Krüger(!), the pianist, at present in Paris, while the King of Prussia has decorated Herr Batta, the violoncellist, with the Order of the Red Eagle, third class (!)

MUSICAL WORLD

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 17th.

There is an equal dearth of artistic and political news. Editors and correspondents are gasping in a vacuum of facts, and the imagination of the penny-a-liner is strained to the verge of lunacy to fill up the abhorred void. The wildest "*canards*" are now in season. In long strings they swiftly traverse from continent to continent, the big ones protecting the little ones under their sheltering wings, and the whole air is filled with their discordant cries. Except occasionally to serve one up to you roasted at the fire of ridicule, and seasoned with the cayenne and lemon of caustic satire, I am not disposed to deal in this species of game, although licensed by the prerogative of custom. Therefore unadorned fact, however meagre the supply, shall be the only fare with which I shall treat your readers.

To begin with the *Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra;* whatever is to be said of note or novelty concerning this establishment must still be in the future tense. A special providence seems continually intervening to save the public from the infliction of Prince Poniatowski's lyrical gem, *Pierre de Médicis,* which was to have done its worst on the suffering audience weeks ago. This time Mad. Gueymard-Lauters is the scapegoat which averts the calamity, at the cost of her own individual suffering, in the shape of some "indisposition," which, let us hope, is only of that conventional kind to which vocalists, on whom much dependence is placed, are subject. There is a lozenge which professes to cure or avert the *aphonia clericorum* (*cacophonia* is the prevalent clerical complaint, however); but what "jujube" is to be given to Jubal when his lyre will not sound, and *vox faucibus hæret?* However, if *Pierre* is to come out at all, had not the operation better be performed at once? The suspense is perhaps as bad as the evil to be endured. Get well, then, dear Madame Gueymard: command your dear little larynx to be healed, and, by way of punishment for our incredulity on the subject of your ailment, pour out upon us the wrathful vials of Poniatowski-melody, and let the orchestra crush us under Poniatowski-harmonies, or, as we may say, counter-Poniatowski. The tenor, M. Michot, has the disorder of his order also upon him; for there seems to be a sort of vocal murrain: but in his case the public is deprived of a really great work, and, as is expected, a performance fully worthy of it. It is anticipated, however, that *Alceste* will, before the end of this month, at length see the light. I am informed that on the occasion of its production the newly-invented electrical metronome will be employed, of which M. Hector Berlioz had already availed himself at several large concerts, and by means of which the immense advantage is obtained of establishing a perfectly simultaneous "beat" between the chorus, or any instrumental performers on the stage, and the band in the orchestra. This important improvement will, no doubt, be in future generally adopted in all large lyrical theatres, and will greatly add to the perfection and completeness of operatic performances. Of thunder we have had enough and to boot in orchestras, and to introduce an electrical conductor by the side of the musical one was a very proper notion. The long-mooted question as to the introduction or not of dancing into *Alceste* has been settled in favour of the retention of the music Glück had written for a ballet. Accordingly, M. Petipa has been requested to devise means for the employment of a *corps de ballet* and *coryphées,* and to invent a *pas de trois* of a suitable character to the airs which have been retained. It is fully anticipated that this revival will be a great success, of which M. Michot will earn his share no less than Mad. Pauline Viardot. A musical paper mentions the date of the first production of *Alceste,* which was on the 25th of April, 1776, since when it has been four times revived—on the 22nd of October, 1779; on the 24th of February, 1786; on the 13th "Messidor," year "V," of the Republic, and on the 20th of April, 1825. Pending the interval ere the promised novelties are forthcoming, Mlle. Marie Sax, a young singer whose intelligence and progress have strongly interested the public of the Grand Opera in her favour, will make her reappearance in the *Trouvère* and *Robert le Diable;* for she too has been indisposed, only as ordinary mortals are, however, her position as yet being too modest to expose her to those more subtle maladies of which, should she rise, as there is every promise of her doing, she will, in time, no doubt have her share.

Postilions never die; and that magnificent old boy, that Methusalem in jackboots—*le Postillon de Lonjumeau,* considerably older than Adam, his progenitor—for poor Adolphe was cut off in his prime—is again in his sheepskin saddle, cracking his whip, and blowing his horn, in spite of railroads and locomotives. Poor old fellow!—he is not exactly the fastest of coaches, and instead of leaving his customers behind, like the deaf postboy in Cruikshank's caricature, they have rather distanced him. Nevertheless, the public are willing to humour the old boy, and laugh good-humouredly at his mumbled jests, his tottering swagger, and feeble briskness; and when he pipes out his "*Oh! qu'il est beau!*" clap their hands, and shout "bravo!" till the old one fancies himself as wild a young dog as ever. Well, let him. There are quite juvenile German postboys not worth him even now, and to whom he could give a start of two or thr stages, and greet them, with his arm round the landlady's waist, at the end of the journey.

M. Montaubry, the son-in-law of Chollet, the original representative of the postilion, is said to be the only singer now in possession of the "traditions" of the part. All "traditions" being more or less respectable, and at any rate historically valuable, he may be congratulated on the fact. How is it some things get antiquated in so short a space of time, and others have a freshness which nothing can affect? Fashion—that baseless infatuation of the multitude—has much to do with the difference, no doubt. The figure of a man or a woman, dressed in a fashion that has been only a few years cast aside, * * * * * *

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[A slip of our correspondent's letter having miscarried, the reader must fill up the inevitable gap as well as he is able.—Ed.]

* * * * * * * * *

the manner of Prince Napoleon in his Pompeian house, write "*Cave canem*" upon his threshold. Though his old fangs were poisoned as the hooded snake's, never could it be said of this sad old dog that his bark was worse than his bite. Did you ever see him, hear him, in Don Giovanni? It is impossible to conceive anything more grotesquely bad; and I believe, save by a late rakish Prince, the Prince of Rakes was never so grossly caricatured. The public were a little taken aback by the disqualifications of this artist, who had been trumpeted previous to his engagement, and are sceptical now as to the merits of Signor delle Sedie, who, with Beneventano, is to fill up the vacancy left by Graziani. They say that if one is no better than the other, the two will hardly make up small change for their predecessor.

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The papers abound here, *ad nauseam*, with fulsome anecdotes of Rossini, most of which, with the *bons mots* they record, are feeble inventions. The "Swan of Pesaro," as they call him, cackles like an old goose, if we are to believe his historiographer. But the old *maestro* must have foreseen and made up his mind to this plague of flies when he determined to settle down in Paris. An instance of the silliness and ignorance of these anecdote-mongers has just appeared in a contemporary. In recording a morning "serenade" (to use a barbarous contradiction which the absence of any corresponding term to "*aubade*" compels one to) given by the band of the Garde de Paris under the direction of M. Paulus, the chronicler states that a "Tantum ergo" of Rossini was performed, harmonised by the bandmaster. Rossini is said to have complimented M. Paulus by observing, "Your 'tantum ergo' is better than mine." Now, as Rossini is known to have had a very poor estimate of the composition in question, the force of the compliment is destroyed—which, perhaps, is what was intended (there is no knowing). It is, I believe, certain that Rossini has made up his mind to give the world yet another token of his genius. Resolved as he seemed to have been that he would leave behind him no "senilia" that might bear traces of the inevitable effects of time on the most vigorous powers, the desire to contribute to the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Cherubini has caused him to set aside his determination; and probably it will be found that the laurel-tree of Apollo was not so dead within him but it could yet push forth a blossom worthy of his old self, of the art he has adorned, and of the brother artist whom he wished to honour. *Titan* is the title of this work, which is for a grand orchestra; and it will be played at a concert of the Conservatorium especially intended to procure funds for Cherubini's monument.

How old is Meyerbeer? is the popular question of the day. How young he is, has long been the popular exclamation. It matters little, the majority of sensible people will say. *Dinorah* was fresh enough for a stripling, but that no stripling could have kept his footing in its depth. The Germans, however, have a rage for accurate data, that is, precise dates; so they are comparing and discussing the various assertions and authorities on this point. Some say he is 70; some 65; some say 67. The day of the month (September) as well as the year in which he came into the world, is equally a point of discrepancy and dispute. I believe myself that he is not yet seventy; but what matters when a man was born who is destined to live for ever?

Have you heard that Mad. la Baronne Vigier—once known and admired as Sophie Cruvelli—is about to return to the stage? It is so reported, and being sufficiently probable, as well as pleasant to believe in, there is no reason why the rumour should not be accepted for a verity.

DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(*Written expressly for the* MUSICAL WORLD AND DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, *by* ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

But to Louis Ferdinand. This was that Prince whom Beethoven (Wegeler and Ries, p. 110) so highly (as he thought) complimented by telling him "he played not at all royally or princely, but like a strong pianist." From the various descriptions of him which I have seen, I have formed in fancy the picture (in 1802) of a man of thirty years of age, tall and noble in person, and of remarkable mental powers—a true case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was his misfortune to be a prince of the Prussian royal house—not high enough in rank to be called into public political service—too high to engage in any useful occupation. His active, comprehensive mind could not rest, and he threw himself at one time with all energy into literary and scientific studies—an old journal of the time informs its readers that Prince Louis Ferdinand is devoting himself to the study of Greek—then into artistic pursuits—then abandoned himself to dissipation in all forms—then suddenly allowed his better nature full play again, and so on. He fell in the fight at Saalfeld, Oct. 12, 1806.

As to his relations with Dussek, I translate from him who noticed in the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, Aug. 19, 1807, Dussek's "Elégie harmonique sur la mort de S. A. R. le Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse," &c., from the late Ludwig Rellstab, in his Reminiscences of Berlin Music, in Bote and Bock's *Musical Journal* 1850, and from Spohr's "Selbstbiographie."

The former closes one of those beautifully involved German sentences which require a double-barrelled memory to retain the beginning to the end, in about these terms:—"The bad principle drew him (Prince Louis Ferdinand) deeply into stupifying sensual pleasures; the good attracted him most powerfully to *that* art, which has less to do with earth than any other occupation of heart and soul—music. And now must he attempt the destruction of a world and the creation of one, new and more beautiful—or rather annihilate his old self, and give the better part of his being free course. Fate, and those to whom in his outward circumstances he was subject, gave him opportunity to effect the latter, and he embraced it.

"In his latter days—I mean to say the last five or six years of his life—in which he turned again to music with all the fiery ardour of his soul, as the means of pouring out his feelings, and of finding nobler and purer recreation, and occasional hours, at least, of peace of mind—at this period came Herr Dussek to Berlin. The Prince had, indeed, studied music in his youth, and had never wholly neglected it; but his soul was now, for the first time, open to its hidden worth—to its higher and more spiritual value. He had, just now, need of a man who could aid him in learning to express fully and correctly what he wished to say, through musical tones; who could fully enter into the spirit of that which he produced, and enjoy it with him; who could afford him intellectual food in productions exquisitely suited to the feelings and taste of the Prince; and who, finally, apart from their common art, would prove an amiable and pleasant companion. All this he found in Dussek in a higher degree than in all the other musicians of his acquaintance. Dussek was all this to him, and the Prince, in return, was all in all to Dussek.

"And, in fact, Dussek must have been to this prince what no other person could—speaking now, of course, only in regard to their musical relations. His strength, as a composer, lies, in my opinion, in the peculiar, new, striking and brilliant character of his invention, and—in the matter of working out his ideas—in the fire and soul, which are seldom wanting in his compositions; and just these characteristics are what we find in the compositions of the prince. Dussek's playing is astounding in execution, sure, fiery, always effective—it is, in all respects, what is now-a-days called the *grand style*—I use the term to distinguish it from the *galant*, the highly ornamented, delicate manner of playing (for instance, Himmel's); and such was the performance of Louis Ferdinand—only not so pure and neat as Dussek's. Hence arose relations between them, which justify Dussek in saying, in the few lines of preface accompanying the work under notice, 'L'auteur, qui a eu le bonheur de jouir du commerce très-intime de S. A. R., ne l'a quitté qu'au moment où il a versé son précieux sang pour sa patrie,'—relations which give him the right to express, in the art they both so highly prized, his feeling at the hero's death, and to offer this work to the glorious manes of the deceased."

Now from Rellstab, who is speaking of the early years of this century and in relation to Berlin:—

"The pianoforte, which in its independence of other instruments and in all classes of society, in so far as they have anything to do with music, plays the most important part, had (in Berlin) several most distinguished names among its votaries. The favourite player of Berlin, and decidedly the first in most delicate purity, elegance, and finish of style, was Himmel, a man created by nature to be the central point in the *musical salons*, an expression *not* then in vogue. But far greater, and most decidedly so, was Dussek, not only as virtuoso, but as composer for the instrument. He had,

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moreover, obtained a corresponding European fame, while Himmel was but a local celebrity, although as such he had been raised to the pinnacle of admiration and favour. To these names belongs a third—that of Prince Louis Ferdinand; these three formed, through a period of considerable length, an almost inseparable artistic brotherhood."

Passing over what is said of Himmel, here follow the remarks upon Dussek and the Prince.

"I now come to Dussek. It is not possible for *me* at least to picture him as one of the musical celebrities of that period; he belongs more especially to an earlier one (the close of the last century), and was only traditionally known in the particular period which is now under consideration. He was incontestably a greater virtuoso than Himmel, one of the first of *European* pianoforte celebrities. He had in his eminent technical resources a much wider basis for various development, and, both as player and composer, had done far more for the elevation of the instrument than Himmel; so that he rightly demands a place in the history of the pianoforte to which the other, in spite of his local and well-earned reputation, can no way lay claim. We, in fact, are hardly justified in speaking of Dussek in this place; but then he had occupied a position in the musical art of Berlin which is vividly felt even in our own period. He was joined with the ingenious Prince Louis Ferdinand in a close musical union, the influence of which is in the highest degree valuable.

"The Prince, whose heroic death added immensely to the significance of his life, was at that time an artistic power in society, which, though perhaps owing somewhat to his rank for its splendour, must have been in and for itself of the greatest importance, so intimately combined with, and so transfused through all his other generous personal qualities, was the artistic side of his nature. In him were combined in fullest measure the noblest powers and instincts for love and art, which, it is true, had to struggle with a sensual element, spirited and fiery, in working their way to a pure development and the noble end for which they were bestowed; but which in this very conflict and struggle were something grand and of noble portent."

What is said now of the Prince's pianoforte playing is out of place here, and I pass on to where Dussek's name again appears.

"The Prince played a great deal in company with Dussek; several compositions for two pianofortes and many others for four hands plainly owe their origin to the relations between the great virtuoso and the richly endowed Prince. Himmel, also, as before stated, was often their companion in *play*, in the real signification of the term, and both Himmel and Dussek were the Prince's favourite associates at the wine cup. What sort of influence in these matters Dussek may have exerted upon the character of the Prince is to me unknown; but Himmel possessed, as we have indicated, that lively and joyous, that good-natured and amiable view of life, which is like the sparkling foam of champagne, and which is, as a rule, the most welcome when brothers in art of high intellectual qualities make the full glasses ring. And so the Prince, Himmel, and Dussek formed a musical triad, each exciting, vivifying, and strengthening the others—but in which Dussek, as a virtuoso upon the pianoforte, decidedly took the first place."

Spohr had come (winter of 1804-5), *viâ* Dresden, to Berlin, with the singer Rosa Alberghi, where he appeared with her in a concert (March 13, 1805).

While making arrangements for this concert, he presented his letters of introduction, and was invited to several music parties.

"The second music party—to which my fellow-traveller was also invited—was at Prince Louis Ferdinand's. We drove thither together, and were most politely received by our host. We found there a very distinguished company—men adorned with orders, women dressed in the height of fashion, and the first artists of Berlin. I met here, also, an old Hamburg acquaintance, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso and composer, Dussek, who was now the prince's teacher, and lived with him. The music began with a pianoforte quartet, which was played by him in real artistic perfection. Then I followed. Made wiser by my recent mistake [Spohr had played one of Beethoven's quartets, Op. 18, at Prince Radzievill's, to the disgust of his auditors], I chose to-day only compositions in which I could exhibit my powers as a violinist, namely, a quartet and the variations in G, by Rode. My playing gained the liveliest applause, and Dussek, especially, seemed to be enchanted with it. My beloved Rosa also gained universal commendation by her singing of an air, to which Dussek played the accompaniment.

"After the musical performances were over, the Prince gave one of the ladies his arm, and led the way, every gentleman, at a hint from him, following his example, into the dining-room, where a splendid meal was served. Each man seated himself without ceremony by the lady whom he had conducted to the room; I by my dear fellow-traveller. At first, the conversation, though free and easy, was not indecent. But when the champagne began to foam in the glasses, things were said unfit for the modest ears of an innocent girl. I, therefore, as soon as I discovered that these fashionable women did not, as I had supposed, belong to the court, but more likely to the ballet, began to devise means of secretly getting away with my companion. I succeeded in getting to my coach without attracting the attention of the company, and without hinderance, and returned with Rosa to her mother. Next day I was told that the Prince's music parties generally ended with such orgies."

In the autumn of the same year, in October apparently, Spohr was again with the Prince and Dussek, of which he writes thus:—

"Before I entered upon my new office [concert-master at Gotha] I received a letter from Dussek, who wrote me that his patron, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was going to attend the grand military manœuvres at Magdeburg, and desired me to be his guest during that time, and to take part in the musical performances which he intended to give. The Prince, he said, would write to the Duke and gain for me leave of absence. This was at once granted. I journeyed, therefore, to Magdeburg, and found in the house which the Prince had engaged for himself and his followers a chamber designed for me.

"Here I led a strange, wildly boisterous life, which, however, for a short time was very welcome to my youthful tastes. Often at six o'clock in the morning I, as well as Dussek, was driven out of bed and sent in dressing-gown and slippers to the Prince in the reception-room, where, in consequence of the great heat of the weather, he was already sitting at the pianoforte in a still thinner costume—often with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. Now began the trying over and rehearsal of music for the evening, and this, through the Prince's zeal, would often last so long, that the hall would become by degrees filled with officers in all their stars and orders. The costume of the musicians then contrasted strangely enough with the brilliant uniforms of the courtiers. However, this was not of the slightest importance to the Prince, who never ceased until everything went to his satisfaction. Now we made our toilets in all haste, took breakfast, and then rode out to the manœuvres. . . . . But the Prince was soon recalled from his Magdeburg exile, and I, dismissed with hearty thanks by the Prince, could return to Brunswick. Dussek told me, when I took leave of him, that the Prince had intended to make me a present, but there was such an ebb in his finances that he was forced to put it off to some later and more fortunate time. That time, however, never came, as the Prince next year met his fate at Saalfeld."

It is difficult to get at the truth in relation to any one born to a title on the continent. We get nothing but eulogies. For princes the decalogue is printed without negatives. And so this Prince Louis Ferdinand is made a hero; indeed, some woman or other in Berlin has written a long, wearisome novel of the Herihest Rau and Elise Polko order, founded upon the Prince's history. God be thanked that English and American writers have not yet sunk so low as to make Byron, Nelson, and men of that stamp, the subjects of weak romances, nor the English and American public so low as to purchase works of the kind. Thus far, this kind of literature is reserved for our French and German neighbours. Mrs. Stowe's use of Aaron Burr, in the "Minister's Wooing," was not so successful as to lead to a repetition of the mistake, it is to be hoped.

The truth in regard to Louis Ferdinand clearly is, that the ruined debauchee, a man naturally of splendid qualities and uncommon talent, after having exhausted his powers of sensual pleasure, compounded with his creditors and squared accounts with

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the world by—unnecessarily throwing away in the skirmish at Saalfeld a life not worth preserving. A man is known by the company he keeps, and hence the intimacy between Dussek and Louis Ferdinand is that which gives the worst impression of the moral character of the former.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

(*From the St. James's Magazine.*)

LONDON may fairly be considered an enormous Cyclopædia of History, of which nearly every street forms a volume, and every house a chapter. To the reflective mind it is peopled by the past as well as by the present inhabitants. We think of Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street; of Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court. Memories rush upon us more thickly in our public buildings, for they connect themselves with so large a variety of our fellow-men and their acts—whether they be political, religious, charitable, or merely speculative—that the edifices for the due discharge of the duties thus called forth, whether the House of Parliament or the South Sea House, abound in suggestions which may worthily employ the mind. It is recorded of the great French *tragédienne*, Rachel, that on the morning of her last departure from Paris, she rose at early dawn and went alone in a small open carriage to the theatre which was the scene of her professional triumph, and, stopping in front of it, in the silent morning indulged, undisturbed, in a last reverie of retrospection, which restored to her mind long-past glories in her professional career. There is something intensely melancholy in a closed or deserted place of amusement; it is all the more sombre because it is created to be gay. A theatre by daylight is ghastly in its wretchedness. Vauxhall never gave the idea of a pleasant garden. Yet all such places abound in memories of exciting scenes, of triumphs in dramatic or vocal art, over which the delighted professional or enthusiastic amateur will descant during his mortal career with pleasure.

Less gloomy than the theatre, the concert-room and the ball-room have still a *tristesse* of their own. The visions of "fair women and brave men" who have whirled away hours of happiness in the large, dull, comfortless saloon that even "Almack's" looks by day, can scarcely relieve the feeling of sadness that its blank immensity produces on the mind. The Hanover Square Rooms, when they echo in the same way to a solitary footfall, are dull enough; and it requires a strong imagination to invest them with the life and enthusiasm so frequently exhibited there, when each seat has hardly held down its excited occupant, as strains "to which gods might listen and admire" have burst forth from the now deserted orchestra.

The English, it will be allowed, are at the present time a "musical" nation; and there is no great capital where a purer class of music is enjoyed, understood, and more generally patronised, than in London. True, we may have an abundance of vulgarities, may patronise "nigger" melodies, and other works of still more questionable taste; but it must always be remembered that the larger mass of the community have not, and cannot have, the educational refinement necessary to the appreciation of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn. This large public must be provided for in its own particular way; and hence mere organ-grinding may find its grateful listeners to applaud and reward it.

The rise and spread of a higher class musical taste in England is due to a vast amount of perseverance, and no small share of the direst persecution. John Bull delighted in his old ballads and dance-tunes; very properly too, say we; but, as is too usual with him, he believed in nothing else. "Greensleeves," "Sellenger's Round," "Old Sir Simon the King," "Arthur-a-Bradley," and others of that class, enlivened him at country wakes, May-day festivals, and election balls. They were as exhilarating as brandy-punch, and he wished for no other music. The more refined strains of Italy, where harmony sometimes superseded melody, were to him as mawkish as *eau sucrée* offered in place of his strong drinks. He could not take the dose quietly, and with true Bull-like ferocity sallied forth with the only argument he knew how to use, the *argumentum baculinum*, and with "beef-fed" sinews, of which he boasted, did he show the "frog-eating" foreigners that themselves and their music were equally unpalatable to him.

The rioting at theatres when Italian singers first attempted operas in London, in its violence, and its success in banishing them for a time, might excite our doubt of its truth, could we not remember similar scenes enacted but a few years ago, when a company of French actors intended to occupy Drury Lane. In the end, musical art triumphed; but the victory was not won without the battle.

It was chiefly due to individual energy, and that of the humblest class, that concerts became fashionable and regularly established in London. The first meeting deserving the name was held in a remote part of the town, unfit for genteel resort, and, when reached, deficient in proper accommodation.

"It was in the dwelling of Thomas Britton—one who gained his livelihood by selling about the streets small coal, which he carried on his back—that a periodical performance of music took place, to which were invited people of the first consequence. The house was in Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell; the room of performance was over the coal shop; and, strange to tell, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, and the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility."

Such is Sir John Hawkins's account of this singular origin of popular concerts. But Thomas Britton, it should be observed, was no ordinary man; he was well described as "a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for a gentleman any day of his life." In carrying his charcoal about town for sale, Tom naturally passed book-stalls and shops where "curiosities of literature" would be hidden from all but the student of books. When he arrived at such a spot, he rested his sack on the ground, freed his hands from his coal-measure, and searched for bibliographical treasures. In this way he obtained a most curious library of rare books, and could, on stated occasions, join noblemen and gentlemen in Paternoster Row, and talk with them over their mutual good fortune in meeting with rarities. Britton played the bass-viol; and the social tastes that brought book-collectors of all ranks together enabled him to do the same for music. The large room over his coal-shed was given gratis for their use. The concerts were gratis also, and the best men in London played at them; the visitors being well-known amateurs and nobles, who did not disdain a scramble up the ladder that led from the coal-shed to the concert-room, rewarded as they were sure to be by the best music.

"Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts, unpurchased dwell."

Cibber, in his famed "Apology," has noted the difficulties which beset the introduction of foreign singers to the English stage. This was in the early years of the last century, when, as he phrases it, "the Italian Opera first began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise and as unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes, sung by our own unskilful voices, with graces misapplied to almost every sentiment, and with action lifeless and unmeaning through every character." Then came the strange mixture of English and foreign singers in the same opera; the natives singing in the vernacular, the foreigners responding in Italian, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, or more destructive of art.

It was in 1710 that the first Italian opera, *Almahide*, was represented entirely by Italian artists. An English singer of eminence, Mrs. Tofts, however, occasionally played with them when the greatest stars among them appeared. This lady seems to have fallen easily into an imitation of that greed for money and applause which was popularly believed to belong to foreigners, by such as judged from some few glaring examples. She, however, seems to have combined with it many other unpopular traits, which led to the following epigram:—

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died."

Large salaries were paid to singers from the Continent from the very earliest time of their importation; in addition to which it became a fashion with rich amateurs to make them money presents; favourite ladies, like Mingotti, obtained heavy drafts on noblemen's bankers, which one lady of rank imitated by sending Farinelli one for two hundred pounds.

Crowds of nobility and gentry were attracted about the same time to Drury Lane, to witness the performance of operas, in which the principal characters were sustained by an Italian named Valentini, in his own language, while the remainder of the songs and recitative were sung and recited by Englishmen in English—an absurdity which has seldom been surpassed. Vanbrugh and Congreve endeavoured to profit by the prevailing taste, and produced an opera called *The Triumph of Love*, translated from the Italian, with the songs adapted to the original music. It, however, met with no success; and after being thrice performed was withdrawn. Owen M'Swiney, the first Director of the Opera, was ultimately ruined; and so capricious was the public, that Cibber records, "We have seen even Farinelli singing to an audience of five-and-thirty-pounds."

A Swiss adventurer, named Heidegger, obtained the favour of the great in the reign of George I., and he was appointed Director of Music and Masquerades to the monarch and court. Under his auspices, Faustina, Cuzzoni, Farinelli and others appeared, and reaped large harvests in England. Feuds among the *cognoscenti* ran high on the subject of

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the abilities of their favourites. Cibber, in somewhat quaint language, says, "These costly canary-birds have sometimes infested the whole body of our dignified lovers of music with the same childish animosities. Ladies have been known to decline their visits, upon account of their being of a different musical party." The disputes between Cuzzoni and Faustina for precedence, in the summer of 1727, completely broke up the fashionable world into partisans of one or other. The extreme of this musical *furore* has been immortalised by Hogarth in one of the plates of "The Rake's Progress," where a small engraving, cast upon the ground of the Rake's morning-room," exhibits Farinelli enthroned as Apollo; kneeling ladies offer their hearts on the altar before him, exclaiming, "One God—one Farinelli!"—a phrase absolutely made use of by one fair leader of *ton*. Hogarth was as bigoted an Englishman as any could be, and his works abound with bold hits at the foreign singers and the un-English tastes they generated.

It was in the year 1720 that a plan was adopted for a more regular and certain support to the lyrical drama and concert than could be ensured by the casual attendance of the public. A fund of 50,000*l.* was raised by subscription, of which sum 1,000*l.* was contributed by King George the First. The project was placed under the management of a Governor, Deputy-governor, and twenty Directors, and called the Royal Academy of Music. To render the design as complete as possible, not only the chief vocal performers, but a lyric poet, and three of the best composers then in Europe who could be prevailed upon to visit this country, were soon afterwards engaged, viz., Attilia, Handel, and Bononconi. Gallini was at this time manager of the Opera House; but his days were disturbed by continued feuds, particularly as to the superiority of the two last-named composers. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann in 1741, tells him, "The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses."

Handel had by this time ensured his success as a popular musician by the production of works especially suited to the English taste. In fact, he was so completely identified therewith, that the Italian party expressly opposed him, and ultimately had a sufficient influence to deaden the effect of his greatest work, the ***Messiah***, and compel him to visit Ireland, where a greater welcome attended him. Walpole was evidently no friend to the great Saxon, and notes his success on his return to England in no complimentary strain:—"Handel," he says, "has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of 'Roast Beef' from between the acts, at both theatres; with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

The success which now attended oratorio or concert at last induced their patrons to think of a befitting place for their performance. The theatres or the public rooms of taverns were felt to be inappropriate; and, under the auspices of royalty, the Hanover Square Rooms were completed by Sir John Gallini. They combine concert and ball rooms; but it is only with the former that we have now to do. It is a noble room, measuring 95 feet in length by 35 in width, and is capable of holding 800 persons. The low-arched roof is well adapted for sound. The emblematic paintings upon it are by Cipriani, and are good examples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his designs, by Bartolozzi. The same artists designed and executed the concert-tickets for many years—works once highly-prized by collectors. The concert-room seems to speak only of past glories; in its palmy days it was one of the wonders of London, and its decorations considered as the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeous taste. It has lived to be superseded by more splendid and convenient rooms, where good music can be heard at a tithe of former cost. Still, the old room, for its time, was elegant—with its delicate paintings, white and gold enrichments, and walls panelled with looking-glass. The royal box, too, in front of the orchestra, insensibly calls to mind the good old George the Third, with his queen and family, enjoying the strains of sound English music as unpretentiously as any of his subjects below.

The change of taste, the establishment of other music-halls, and the love of novelty so characteristic of the "great public," has condemned Hanover Square Rooms to destruction; and houses or warehouses may in a short time occupy their site. Let us, then, linger a few moments within walls so often "eloquent with sweet sounds" from vocalists and musicians who have delighted us and our forefathers. In 1776 the Concerts of Ancient Music were established, "to keep alive a love for the works of the older masters," a rage for novelty at that time threatening to throw all the compositions of the olden time into oblivion. In 1812, the Philharmonic Concerts were established, to cultivate instrumental music; and it boasted one of the finest bands in Europe; an engagement as a member thereof giving a musician high standing in his profession. Haydn and Weber have superintended their own works at these concerts; while a host of singers have appeared on the platform to enchant all listeners. From 1808 to 1810, Mad. Catalani, the most celebrated of *prima donnas*, carried all before her in a series of concerts here, in absolute opposition to the greatest English singers of the time, who were arrayed against her at the Opera Concert Rooms, and included Mrs. Billington and Braham. But it is invidious to name any great departed vocalist or musician in connection with these Rooms, which have echoed to the music of the greatest in the art from their opening night to the present time.

It is possible for the thoughtful man to sit in this deserted room and dream over its past glories, even as Rachel sat in the quiet morning and *thought*, opposite the theatre which had been the scene of her professional victories. In the loneliness of solitude the mind often best expands itself. Crowds, excitement, and confusion go to make the public triumph; but calm contemplation gives that triumph its due value. As you gaze on the lonely rooms, visions of the past fill the void; from king to commoner crowd the seats, and all that has made music a living art throng the orchestra. They pass before the mental vision a long array of brilliant spirits, whose enjoyment of an exquisite art has been quadrupled by giving intense enjoyment to their fellows, and lightened most innocently and pleasantly the load of care each is doomed to bear in life. The world owes its deepest debt of gratitude to the professors of the fine arts, and perhaps most of all to that of music, for much of the purest and best gratification at its command.

But it would not be just to the old Rooms, or to the English character, if we neglected to note the high and holy purposes of charity to which they have been occasionally devoted. How many are the good works that have been first promulgated, and the divine music of "a heart singing with joy," vibrating among the poor, the widow, and the orphan, through the eloquent appeals that have been made here—and never made in vain. The worthless profligate, Charles the Second, was so impressed by that benevolence of the Dutch, that he is said to have declared, when that country was in peril, "he believed God would always help Holland, because of its abounding charities." Let us hope the same for England. Cold and unsocial as we may occasionally be, like the Hollanders we have a hand "open as the day to sacred charity." How many thousand kind hearts have beat in unison, all desirous to do good, while meeting on this pious errand here!

We leave the old Rooms with kindly thoughts—pleasant memories only float about them; and when they are doomed to destruction, we shall feel that another link with the great and good departed has been broken in the world of London.

Letters to the Editor.

Sir,—Since last I wrote you on the subject of our professor's organ, or, as one of the papers here called it, the professor's toy, I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing it. It is certainly a fine organ, but entirely lost where it is, and I think many parts of it of *no* earthly use to a lecturer on music: the only useful part is the barrel, where you can at pleasure hear any of the fine parts singly played or all together. I also heard this wonderful mixture of sounds, viz. the 14 rank stop. Can the professor not find a new name for it? I would propose "furniture" (an old name for mixtures), with the addition of "kitchen," for it certainly has a good deal the sound of such articles; but, according to acoustics, I find it perfectly correct, and nothing new, so we cannot call it Donaldson's mixture. I find it laid down by the theoretical portion of music as discovered by Aristoxenus, Pythagoras, Lasus, Euclid, Ptolemy, and others among the great fathers of musical science; but the whole of it may be said to be the sum of a confused multitude of different sounds, whose undulations, being inconcinnous and contrary, disconcert and distract the sense.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Edinburgh, October 17th, 1861. Homophony.

Sir,—Will you kindly favour me with the address of E. Willis Fletcher, author of "His Eyes," Aug. 17, 1861?—I am, Sir, &c.

October 15th, 1861. James Lea Summers.

[Author of "His Eyes," you're wanted.—Ed.]

MADAME DARIO.

Sir,—Having seen in the Musical World of this week the names of the artists engaged by Mr. Beale for Mad. Grisi's tour, I beg to call your attention to the name of Mad. Dario, whom you named Davis. Trusting that you will correct the error, I remain, yours, &c.

12th October, 1861. A. Vianesi.

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DEATH.

Friday, October 4th, at his residence, 29 St. James Street, Mr. William Card, aged 73.

NOTICES.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

THE programme for the sixth season of the Royal English Opera is now before the public. The company, in almost every department, is strong; the catalogue of new works unusually imposing. No less than nine new operas and operettas are promised, together with the production of Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, which, as far as regards the performance at Covent Garden, may be termed a novelty. Are Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison veritably bent on bringing out all these works? We have no doubt it is in their contemplation; but we fear, in this instance, the wish is "father to the thought." However, we may conclude that all are *in prospectu*, and should one fail, that another is ready to take its place. Success may render impossible the production of one half of those mentioned, which, indeed, we hope may be the case, since we should infinitely prefer having to record a breach of promise on the part of the directors to chronicling one failure in the season. That the management should be prepared for the worst was no more than right; but their fears, we fancy, have outrun their policy.

Let us examine the list of new operas and operettas. They are as follows:—*Ruy Blas*, an opera in four acts, by Mr. Howard Glover, librettist unknown; the *Puritan's Daughter*, an opera by Mr. Balfe, librettist Mr. J. V. Bridgeman; a romantic opera by Mr. Benedict, librettists Messrs. John Oxenford and Dion Boucicault; an opera by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, librettist Mr. J. R. Planché; an opera by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, librettist Mr. John Oxenford; a new opera by M. Gounod, entitled *Faust and Marguerite*, librettist Mr. H. F. Chorley; an operetta called the *Toy-maker*, by Mr. George Linley, librettist Mr. George Linley; an operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay, librettist Mr. Tom Taylor; and an operetta by Mr. J. Maddison Morton, librettist not transpired. Here is food for infinite speculation. Can British musicians now say they are neglected? After this, can the cry be raised of undue preference being shown to foreign talent? Of a verity we think that a testimonial of English metal, of English manufacture, and with an English inscription, should be presented by English composers to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* is the first new opera to be presented; the season will be inaugurated with it on Monday. *Ruy Blas* was put into rehearsal at the latter end of last season, but was withdrawn, composer and managers agreeing that there would not be sufficient time for its proper and complete production. From this work a great deal is anticipated. Mr. Howard Glover is one of the most earnest and deep-searching labourers in the vineyard of music. Many opportunities have not been afforded him for demonstrating that eminent dramatic talent which first showed itself in the cantata of *Tam O'Shanter*, and culminated in the Ossianic drama of *Comale*. On Monday night we fully expect the composer will take his revenge for all past slights of fortune.

Mr. Balfe is busy on the *Puritan's Daughter*, which, we learn from a confidential quarter, is likely to prove one of his masterpieces. As a morning contemporary asserts, "For the first time the popular composer, in the co-operation of Mr. J. V. Bridgeman,' has found a scribe (query *Scribe*?) of whom he need not be thoroughly ashamed."

The opera upon which the pen of Mr. Benedict is employed is, we believe, a version of the *Colleen Bawn* of M. Boucicault. The difficulties the composer has to contend against are unusually great, but not insurmountable to talent and experience like that possessed by the author of the *Gipsy's Warning* and the *Crusaders*.

What the new opera of Messrs. Macfarren and Oxenford is we know not (unless it be *Hamlet*), nor what the new opera of Messrs. Wallace and Planché. The *new* opera of Messrs. Gounod and Chorley is not new.

The operetta of the *Toy-maker* will exhibit Mr. George Linley, not for the first time, as musician and poet. In one respect Mr. George Linley may be denominated the Robert Wagner of England, Ireland, and Scotland, since he writes his own librettos. It is unfortunate that Mr. George Linley's operetta should be announced for production the same night as Mad. Jenny Lind's appearance at Exeter Hall; not because persons would be won away from the *Toy-maker* to *Elijah*, but because all the musical reporters will be doing duty in the Strand.

The operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay will claim our tenderest regard. Mr. Clay is a highly-accomplished amateur, and an enthusiast to boot. We shall look forward with much interest to Mr. Clay's new work. That Mr. Tom Taylor, the universal and eternal, will find him a capital book cannot be doubted.

The operetta by Mr. Maddison Morton will constitute a literary puzzle. That an author who has kept the London world laughing for years by the whimsicality and absurdity of his farces should, all at once, turn his serious attention to the composition of music, is perhaps unparalleled in the history of the art. In commencing with an operetta, Mr. Morton judiciously indicates that he is willing at the onset to try his pinions at a low flight, before he ventures to soar into the empyrean of grand opera. We await with the utmost impatience and keenest anxiety the new operetta from the pen of Mr. Maddison Morton.

That Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is to be produced cannot fail to gratify all the lovers of good music. One difficulty only will present itself to the directors—to whom to assign the part of the outlaw, as we understand Mr. Harrison has declined it.

It only remains to supply a list of the company. The sopranos are Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Guerrabella, and Miss Thirlwall; contraltos, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Topham, and Miss Jessie M'Lean—one contralto, by the bye, to each soprano; tenors, Messrs. W. Harrison, Henry Haigh, A. St.

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Albyn, and C. Lyall; basses and barytones, Messrs. Santley, Henry Corri, Patey, Theodore Distin, Eugene Dussek, T. Wallworth, and George Honey. Most of these are old names and true. The strangers are Mad. Guerrabella and Miss Jessie M'Lean—that is, strangers to the English stage. Mad. Guerrabella sang last season at the Philharmonic Concerts, and left a favourable impression as a singer of the bravura school, almost as a Rossinian singer. To what account the foreign lady is to be turned in an English company we cannot guess. Miss Susan Pyne's return to her old post is a move in the right direction. This lady should never have quitted her old post. The reinstalment, too, of Mr. Santley and Mr. George Honey must afford unqualified satisfaction to the subscribers and patrons of the theatre.

What more need be said? Best of all, that Mr. Alfred Mellon is at the head of the orchestral department—sufficient guarantee that the band and chorus will be as complete and efficient as ever.

THE free objectivity with which Handel treated every character and every situation, however foreign they might in reality be to him, and the way in which he saw through and brought out their most inward significance, is truly wonderful. How strong a mind, bearing within itself all the primitive types of man, must have been granted to an artist who, even to his extreme old age, kept continually creating new shapes, each fresh one surpassing in grandeur its predecessor, while the last eclipsed them all! How great, too, must have been his stores of musical creative power, when nearly half a century of incessant productivity was not enough to exhaust him! Such original strength and elasticity of mind—which disasters that would now-a-days crush our nature were scarcely capable of bending, far less of breaking—we may perhaps imagine poetically and historically admire, but must not expect to meet again. One uninterrupted struggle with adverse circumstances and never-ending artistic creation terminated in the total loss of the little property acquired by Handel during a period of twenty years. All this might obscure his mind, and bring with it bodily illness; but, after a few baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, he again sat before his organ, the same great and unyielding nature, which, in the midst of either happiness or misfortune, could never be diverted from its path. Whoever, indeed, approaches the circle of Handel's influence is drawn towards it by the strength which a pure character, a large heart, and a clear sound mind inevitably possess. No wonder that German critics and biographers, in the course of their extensive historical researches, should feel compelled to linger when they came to this "man-mountain" (as they tell us we English call him), in order to point out what true artistic life and feeling ought to be.

Among our contemporaries abroad, few possess a better right than Handel's last biographer*, to give an impressive lesson as to how musical history should be written, and what course musical literature must pursue, in order not to neglect important questions for the sake of passing events, disputes on technics, and mere subjective phrase-making. The task of writing a good musical history is still accounted an enterprise of doubtful issue, but the second volume of the *Life of Handel* confirms the hopes awakened by the first, that in its author may be found the precise historian in request. Besides an extensive knowledge of music and polite literature, this diligent writer possesses a great facility in reading scores; his quick eye does not allow the slightest points to escape, while his comprehension of the whole from a part, as well as of the connection between idea and form, is that of a thoroughly educated artist. The most absolute positiveness, and consequently unbiassed truth, are principles which, under no circumstances, does he quit, till he has followed them up to the furthest limits that human sagacity can reach. That his natural position should attach him more closely to one object than to another, is therefore not less natural; but that we are always obliged to recognise as correct the light in which he views his subject, both as a whole and in detail, justifies so much the more the confidence unanimously reposed in his statements. Nor would we, for anything, miss his warmth of artistic susceptibility, since it has nothing in common with over-hasty enthusiasm or personal feeling, but is invariably the result of correct appreciation.

The sympathy between Chrysander and Handel is especially close, being based upon cognate traits of character. Like Handel, his biographer possesses unshakeable industry, sharpness of observation, the desire for education embracing all departments of life, and truth towards himself, combined with impersonality towards others. Such men, who ennoble the present by continually directing our attention to what is highest in art, are the real workers of the Future. The manufacturers of turgid, sentimental art-novels, will lay Chrysander's last and best book aside with a certain degree of aversion, and find only poverty in its critical wealth, on seeing the destruction of many of their ideals, and being compelled to view Faustina or Farinelli in a somewhat different light from that to which they have been accustomed. Let them, nevertheless, ignore the work; they could only make a wrong use of it by pillaging its contents. There have been silly abstractions enough dressed up in historical suits, and adorned, as a modern critic remarks, "with a cast-off wig of Friedemann Bach, or a faded coat of Calvesius."

* Chrysander.

THE accounts in connection with the "Festival of the Three Choirs," held at Hereford last month, are now completed, and the results show a very satisfactory state of things in a considerably diminished deficiency and increased receipts for the charity which these festivals were established to uphold. The collections in behalf of the charity at the previous festival (1858) amounted in the aggregate to 1064*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, the largest sum, with one exception, ever till then realised at Hereford. This year the receipts for the charity amount to 1069*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* The general account (for 1861) shows the following results as compared with the festival of 1858:—*Receipts*, 2400*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*; 1858, 1657*l.* 19*s.* *Expenditure*, 2748*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; 1858, 2412*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* *Deficiency*, 348*l.* 18*s.*; 1858, 755*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* This deficiency (348*l.*) will have to be made up by contributions from a guarantee fund subscribed by the public and by the stewards, the 1069*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* received at the doors of the cathedral for the charity being handed over to the fund without any deduction whatever.

At the audit of the accounts Mr. J. H. Arkwright, of Hampton Court, in compliance with a wish generally expressed, consented to continue in office as chairman until the next festival, in 1864. Thanks were voted to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Hereford, and to the Very Rev. the Dean, "for the effective aid and countenance rendered by them to the music meeting, and for their hospitality" dispensed during the festival week. Thanks were also voted

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to Mr. G. Townsend Smith, the conductor and hon. secretary, "for his indefatigable exertions in making the necessary arrangements for the musical festival, and bringing it to its successful issue." Thanks, in short, to everybody except to the representatives of the London press, who travel all the way from the metropolis to aid the charity, by giving the widest publicity to the proceedings at the triennial music meetings, which so materially help to support it. Nearly thirty gentlemen have already put down their names as stewards for the next Hereford Festival. The meeting of next year will be held at Gloucester.

AS we fully agree with the principle that what is for the general good should be as widely circulated as possible, whether strictly belonging to our columns or not, the more especially when there is little doubt that our musical readers are quite as much interested as any other portion of the public in learning the progress of a sister science in combatting peculiar forms of disease, we have, therefore, much pleasure in announcing that Dr. O'Connor, one of the physicians to the Royal Free Hospital, promises, early in November, a work on the "*Successful Treatment of Neuralgia and other Painful Diseases.*" With the authority of such a name, and the opportunities of experience at a public institution, there can be little doubt but that the volume will prove a boon to the sufferers from this terrible complaint, so peculiar to our English climate, the more especially when the wintry winds are blowing, and so afflicting to musicians, whether singers, players, or composers.

THE LATE MR. CARD.—We very much regret to announce the death of Mr. William Card, who for many years was principal flute at the Philharmonic, Ancient, and Sacred Harmonic Concerts. He died at 73 years of age, after three years of severe illness, during which time his son, Mr. Edward Card, of Her Majesty's private band, has, with the rest of his family, been devoted to the comfort of the sufferer. Mr. Card was a member of the Philharmonic Society, and also of the Royal Society of Musicians. He will long be regretted and remembered by the musical profession, by his pupils, and by a large circle of friends.

M. OLE BULL.—This celebrated violinist, after a most successful tour in Sweden and Norway, has returned to England, and will shortly commence a *tournée* in the provinces, for which he has engaged the services of Miss Anna Whitty, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Formes. M. Emile Berger will preside at the pianoforte.

BROMLEY RIFLE CORPS BAND.—The morning performance last Monday, in the White Hart Assembly Rooms, was attended by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The fair sex were there in great numbers, and rewarded the exertions of the artists, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Leffler, Mr. Henry, Mr. George Tedder (vocalists), and Mlle. Levesque (pianist), both with smiles and plaudits. Mlle. Levesque, a young pianist, possessing a nimble finger and excellent taste, played Wallace's "Cracovienne," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home." Mr. C. Henry, who has a bass voice which may be the means of bringing him into prominent notice among concert singers, must be eulogised for his excellent singing; and Mr. George Tedder gave, among other things, a ballad, "Happy moments," in his best style, and Ascher's new song of "Alice, where art thou?" with so much spirit and expression as to delight all his hearers. Suffice it that all the singers acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. The band of the Bromley Rifle Corps played the march from *Norma*, a waltz by Mr. Millar, and a selection from the *Puritani*. The accompanyists at the pianoforte, Messrs. Herring and Wilson, acquitted themselves admirably, and the whole concert gave evident satisfaction to the audience.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—These celebrated duet singers will make their first appearance in this country early in January, Mr. Edward Land having concluded an engagement with them, extending over a period of three months.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

MR. MELLON'S second series of Promenade Concerts was brought to a termination on Saturday with the benefit of the director. The theatre was immensely crowded. The principal vocalists were Mlle. Parepa, Mlle. Florence Lancia, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. Donald King, and M. Fontanier. The programme was made up of old favourites, and demands little comment. The instrumental features were Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.

The policy pursued by Mr. Mellon, and his intentions with regard to the future, will be best explained in the following circular which was distributed in the theatre:—

"Mr. Alfred Mellon desires to express his sincere thanks to the nobility, gentry, and public, for the patronage bestowed on his second annual series of concerts, the last of which takes place this evening, October 12th, 1861. During the season Mr. Alfred Mellon has had the honour to give no less than fifty-four concerts, on consecutive evenings, which have been attended by more than one hundred thousand persons; and it is a source of peculiar gratification to him to be enabled to state, that notwithstanding the great number of concerts given, and the intricacy and difficulty of performing many of the works included in the programmes, that, with two or three exceptions, his patrons were not subject to disappointments. For this result Mr. Alfred Mellon feels he is under great obligations to all the artists with whom he has had the pleasure of co-operating. On undertaking the responsible task of giving a series of first-class instrumental and vocal concerts annually, Mr. Alfred Mellon appreciated the difficulties by which he was surrounded. A remembrance of the talent, skill, and energy exhibited by the late M. Jullien — the great popularity justly awarded by the public to that distinguished musician, conductor, and caterer, during a period of more than twenty years, who left behind him a reputation very difficult, if not impossible, for any successor to equal or maintain — the rapidly advancing musical taste of the public, demanding a widely different, and more varied programme of music to that which proved so attractive in former years—the severe competition which now exists in providing public amusements in London, combined with the early period of the year at which Mr. Alfred Mellon was compelled to announce his concerts this season, constituted the difficulties to which reference has been previously made. In seeking to overcome these, Mr. Alfred Mellon conceived that he would be taking sure steps to entitle his enterprise to public patronage by providing:—1. An elegant, commodious, and suitable *locale* for his concerts. 2. A band, consisting of nearly one hundred eminent performers. 3. The assistance of vocal artists of the highest repute. 4. Instrumental solo performers of acknowledged ability. 5. Performing instrumental and vocal, classical and miscellaneous music, by native and foreign composers. Mr. Alfred Mellon has endeavoured to carry these arrangements into effect, and he is happy to announce that they have met with the approval of his numerous patrons, and the almost universal praises of the press. In selecting the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as the *locale* of his concerts — with its spacious stage and pit, converted into a grand promenade of unequalled extent — with its abundant accommodation, acoustic properties, admirable ventilation, and brilliant appearance, Mr. Alfred Mellon endeavoured to give an earnest proof of his desire to provide suitably for the comfort of those visitors who honoured him with their presence, and also to enable the music performed to be satisfactorily heard."

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—This Society, numbering nearly 800 musical amateurs, held its first annual meeting on Wednesday at the Floral Hall. Mr. Martin, the conductor, who established this society last year, gave an outline of the first year's operations, and of the prospects for the ensuing season. The performances are not confined to oratorios, but include other kinds of classical music, sacred and secular; and it is intended that operations shall extend to all parts of the metropolis. Sufficient numbers of members live in each postal district to form local societies for the purpose of giving performances in aid of local charities, and also with a view of giving cheap concerts of classical music for providing rational amusement for the labouring classes. The following oratorios will be included in the programme of the forthcoming season: the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Elijah*, the last-named being appointed for rehearsal for the first meeting on Wednesday evening.

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LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.*

No. 4.

(*See* Musical World, *Oct.* 12.)

London, July 11.

Did I say six hundred people listened to Charles Hallé's "Beethoven Recitals?" That was a far too timid estimate; those who know best tell me that there were at least a thousand. Very close attentive listeners they were, with few exceptions; many with book in hand, as I have said; mother and daughter perhaps looking over the same copy of the score, husband and wife, or pair of friends, or lovers. Is their love as deep, we wonder, as the language which now vibrates through them? Have they in them that which answers to the tone-poet's wonderful, most human, most heartfelt confessions? If so, they will know few better hours than that in which they followed, with Hallé for interpreter, that tenderly impassioned sonata, Op. 81, whose three movements bear the titles: "Les Adieux," "L'Absence," and "Le Retour," or to the next in order, Op. 90, in E minor, with which (according to Schindler) there also goes a story, that it was written for the Count Lichnowski, when in love and hesitating, and that the first movement (*Vivace e sempre con espressione*) was to have been called "Contest between head and heart," and the second and last (*Allegretto*, E major), "Conversation with the beloved." Lovely indeed is that last movement—tranquil and deep and full of bliss as Mozart. Two more perfect love-poems, true to the heart's experience for ever, do not exist even in music; and it will always be among the worthiest ambitions of first-class pianists, such as Hallé, to perform them worthily, as it is with actors of true genius to keep fresh the inexhaustible significance of Shakspeare.

These two sonatas formed the first part of Hallé's seventh recital. Their treatment under his hands was masterly and delicate. If one could have wished a little more nervous fire in the first one,—more of the restless and impatient Beethoven temperament—the second was all that could be desired; it seemed not only tastefully and finely, but also sympathetically played; most clearly, delicately outlined, warmly, richly coloured, softly, exquisitely shaded. And yet the admirable pianist has not once impressed me as having the live spark of *genius* in him. I could name a player or two who give me that, while they could never trust themselves to do what he does. The two sonatas were separated by that beautiful song of Schubert's, "Du bist die Ruh" ("Thou art the rest"), sung in French under the title of "L'Attente," by Mr. Tennant, who has a delicate and expressive tenor. This song afforded just the right relief, harmonising well with the mood of the sonatas; but it would have been better not in French.

The second part contained two great ones—two of the so long dreaded sonatas of Beethoven's "last period," about which there has been so much mystification, until some of the more genial and earnest of our new school pianists (*prestidigitateurs*) turned their attention from the ground and lofty tumbling feats of senseless show fantasias, to these real poems, long locked up in difficulty, and mastered them and made them clear to every listener with brains and music in his soul. The first, Op. 101, in A major, which also has its love story, and dates from about the same time with the *Liederkreis*, I had heard admirably played by Clara Schumann. I am not sure Hallé did not play it even better, at least so far as the masculine and moody vigour of the second movement (*Vivace alla marcia*), and the wild impetuosity, self-constrained into a *fugato* form, of the brilliant final *allegro*, are concerned. Passing a rather commonplace "Evening song," by Blumenthal, what shall we say of the famous grand sonata (sometimes called "double sonata," because on account of its length it is sometimes published as two), in B flat major, Op. 106? It is indeed a "Titanic" work; and of all things ever written for the instrument it offers perhaps the severest test of all the faculties, technical and genial, of the executive pianist. We have all read, and so too some of the best authorities have told me here—Mr. Benedict, for instance—that no one hitherto has achieved this task so triumphantly as Miss Arabella Goddard. Unfortunately I have not heard her. Of the composition, as such, it would be too much to try to give any account here; but in the performance Mr. Hallé certainly astonished and delighted everybody. It was his crowning feat. If he did not bring out all that possibly could be brought out from a work so crowded with ideas and inspirations, he at least made it all so clear, so consistent, so beautiful and grand and happily varied, so fascinating from first to last, that the charm seemed as short as it was perfect. One wondered when he found the great hill of difficulty actually behind him, lying there so soft and picturesque on the horizon. It certainly required a masterly rendering to make that very long, sombre, deeply brooding *Adagio sostenuto* (in F sharp minor) interesting to the end, to nearly all the audience, as he did; or to thread the mazes of that wondrous fugue, "*a tre voce, con alcune licenzie*," of the finale, with such unerring vividness of outline.

The last "recital" was on Friday, July 5th, when Mr. Hallé fulfilled his arduous design to the last letter, by masterly readings of the last three sonatas. First, that in E major, Op. 109, with its fitful alternation of *Vivace* and *Adagio espressivo* fragments in the first movement, its *prestissimo* in the minor of the key, and finally its *Andante molto cantabile* (never had the deaf giant been so profoundly, sweetly melodious, so apt to melt into the pure *cantabile*, as in these last days), which has been justly called "one of the most genial and exquisite of those original melodies which he has treated in the *variation* form." Then,—after a pause filled by the "Adelaida," finely sung by Signor Gardoni—the sonata, Op. 110, in A flat major, also abounding in fitful alternations of *tempo*, fugued passages, subtle and suggestive variations, singular rhymthical divisions, warm, throbbing melody, and all the characteristics of his last period, while the logical consistency and unity of origin and purpose are never once lost sight of. Finally—after Gardoni had sung "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" (Mendelssohn), in Italian—the last of all the sonatas, the great one in C minor, Op. 111, ending with another wonderful *Adagio cantabile*, after an *Allegro* whose fiery, restless mood seems to revert to that of the C minor symphony, and of the *Sonata pathétique*, also in the same key. Wonderfully crisp and clear, but perhaps *too* rapidly, did Hallé take the bold continuous *Allegro con brio*, which sets out in unison. The *Adagio* was beautifully done. And everybody involuntarily lingered, as if unwilling to believe that these rare feasts of music were indeed all over. But to every one who listened truly it still lives! If ever concert-giver could congratulate himself on a good work done, and with complete success, that pleasure must be Mr. Hallé's.

To look at him, you would not think him such an artist. There is something almost methodistical in his serious, homely, long face, and the straight, sandy hair well smoothed over the shining head. But there is a beautiful clearness in his look, as of a stream never sluggish, and a quiet self-possession in his manner, which denotes artistic fidelity and character. Such a concert was riches upon riches, following, as it did for me, the unexpected revival (on the day before, the 4th) of a rare experience of brighter days, which was no less than hearing "the Lind" sing again—and with nothing of the old charm, on *her* part, wanting! Of this I have yet to tell; as well as of many interesting concerts heard in these last weeks, and admirably performed operas, besides, including (after all) *Guillaume Tell* and *Don Giovanni*, with the wonderful *début* of "little Patti" as Zerlina. Meanwhile, just to show the wealth of London—alas! that it takes so much of the meaner kind of wealth to go to operas and concerts here; yet thousands do contrive to pay their guinea every night—look at this list of really distinguished singers, every one of whom has been here and could be heard here during the last few weeks:—

Sopranı.—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt (only once); Mad. Giulia Grisi (still taking farewells!); Mlle. Tietjens; Mad. Penco; Mad. Gassier; Mlle. Adelina Patti; Mlle. Czillag; Miss Anne Banks; Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; Mad. Rudersdorff; Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; Mrs. Sunderland; Mlle. Anna Whitty.

Contralti.—Mad. Alboni (gone to Paris); Mad. Nantier-Didiée; Mad. Lemaire; Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Miss Adelaide Philipps (has not sung); Miss Freeman; Mlle. Parepa.

Tenors.—Signor Mario (still in his prime); Signor Giuglini; Signor Gardoni; Signor Tamberlik; M. Belart; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Inkersoll, Tennant.

Baritones.—M. Faure; M. Gassier; Signors Belletti, Delle Sedie,

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

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Guglielmi, Garcia, Ronconi (as Masetto!), Tagliafico; Messrs. Santley, Montem Smith.

BASSI.—Herr Carl Formes; Herr Zelger; Mr. Weiss.

And more, whose names escape me; while one or two of these, perhaps, I have not rightly classed, not having heard them all. Of what I have heard I hope to recall enough to lend interest to another letter. D.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

AT the concert on Saturday Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were the chief attractions. The programme consisted, with the exception of two valse airs, of selections from *Don Giovanni* and *Marta*. The other singers were Mad. Caradori, who has long been well known to the English public, and Signor Bossi, who bids fair to become at least as widely appreciated. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently the aria, "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*. She sang, too, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was redemanded. Signor Giuglini's version of "Il mio tesoro" is, to our thinking, a mistake; but the melodious romance from *Marta*, "M' appari," is almost perfect. "Batti, batti," fell to Mad. Caradori's share, and Signor Bossi displayed a powerful voice and strong dramatic feeling in the spirited beer-song from *Marta*, although, both in that and in the opening of the duet, "La ci darem," he seemed too much inclined to drag the time. The concerted music was well executed, especially the trio of masks; and the overture to *Marta* was performed with capital effect. Mad. Caradori sang the favourite aria by Benedict and De Beriot, "Nel dolce incanto;" and a new valse, entitled "Stella," by Signor Arditi, the composer of the now celebrated "Bacio," was twice performed, a band rehearsal taking place in the pause between the two parts of the concert, and Mlle. Titiens afterwards singing it with great applause.

Two popular concerts,—not popular in the St. James's Hall acceptation of the term,—popular as to pieces, but not classically so, have this week been given at the Crystal Palace. The great attraction offered was the opportunity of hearing those distinguished artists, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, at one shilling admission. We doubt the policy of the directors in making the charge of admission so low, as we believe such a reduction must seriously interfere with the receipts of the Saturday afternoon concerts, when they cannot present so attractive a combination as on the occasions in question. This, however, is the business of the directors, with whom it is neither our intention nor desire to enter into discussion upon the point. Let them see to it. The first concert took place on Tuesday, the 15th, the second on Thursday, the 17th. The programme of the first was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (*Le Cheval de Bronze*), Auber. Aria, "Non piu andrai" (*Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart; Signor Bossi. Duetto, "Da quel dì" (*Linda di Chamounix*), Donizetti; Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini. Aria, "Torquato Tasso," Donizetti; Mad. Caradori. Romanza, "Spirto gentil" (*Favorita*), Donizetti; Signor Giuglini. Cavatina, "Com è bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), Donizetti; Mlle. Titiens. Quartetto (*Fidelio*), Beethoven; Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Caradori, Signors Bossi and Giuglini.

PART II.—Overture (*Il Barbiere*), Rossini. Duetto, "Obbligato" (*Elisir d'Amore*), Donizetti; Signors Giuglini and Bossi. Valse, "La Stella," Arditi. Romanza, "Tu m'ami" (*Zingara*), Balfe; Signor Giuglini. Duetto (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Caradori. Terzetto, "Qual volutta" (*Lombardi*), Verdi; Mlle. Titiens Signors Bossi and Giuglini. Overture (*Le Père gaillard*), Weber.

With the exception of Signor Bossi, the vocalists are all well, and favourably known to our readers. The stranger is a basso of no ordinary talents and acquirements. He brings with him a well-earned reputation from Italy, where his powerful voice and dramatic talent attracted the attention of Signor Verdi, who wrote expressly for him several of the bass parts in his different operas. Signor Bossi fully justified all expectation by the artistic manner in which he sang Mozart's aria. Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini delighted their hearers as much as ever in the various pieces set down for them, especially in the duet from *Linda*, which created a *furore*. The quartet from *Fidelio* was admirably rendered. The only novelty in the programme was the valse composed expressly for Mlle. Titiens by the talented maestro, Signor Arditi—a sequel to his well-known "Bacio," rendered so popular by Mlle. Piccolomini. The new valse is christened "La Stella," and, judging from its reception by the audience last Tuesday, it bids fair even to transcend its predecessor in popularity. It is in every respect adapted to the magnificent voice and florid execution of the gifted vocalist, who sang it *con amore* and with the greatest effect. The band, under the direction of Herr Manns, acquitted itself with its usual ability and credit to its energetic conductor.

The second concert, on Thursday, attracted a larger crowd than on Tuesday, but on neither occasion did the audience reach the number of six thousand. Strange indeed that a man walking on a rope above the people's heads should attract between thirty and forty thousand persons, and yet not above a tenth part of that number should be tempted to visit the Crystal Palace to hear two of the greatest living singers!—both being accessible, be it remembered, for one shilling. Query—If Blondin were to cut capers at the opera, would he bring larger houses than *Guillaume Tell* or *Don Giovanni*?

The programme of the second concert was of the same character as that quoted above. The greatest effect was created by Mlle. Titiens in the cavatina "Com è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and in the duet "Il suon dell' arpe angeliche," from Donizetti's *Martiri*. The band, under Mr. Augustus Mann's directions, performed the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini), the *Jubilee* (Weber), and the *Zauberflöte* (Mozart).

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

DURING the past week Mad. Grisi has sung for positively the last time at Bath and Bristol in Opera, and at Portsmouth and Southampton in Concerts.

Norma, followed by a scene from *Sonnambula*, was given on Monday, 14th, at the Theatre Royal, Bath, and proved a most successful commencement of the tour. A numerous audience assembled on the occasion to take leave of the incomparable *prima donna*, who was in splendid voice, and acted with all her wonted grandeur and effect. The cast of the opera was thus distributed:—Norma, Mad. Grisi; Adalgisa, Mad. Lemaire; Pollio, Signor Galvani; Oroveso, Signor Ciampi. As Adalgisa, Mad. Lemaire was in every respect praiseworthy. The talent of this clever artist is remarkable for its versatility. The gay Orsini, the impassioned Azucena, the coquettish Zerlina, all find in her an efficient representative. Her impersonation of the youthful priestess was in no way inferior to that of the other *rôles* with which her name is associated.

Pollio is not a very grateful part for a primo tenore, either musically or dramatically considered. Signor Galvani made the most of it. This gentleman will be recollected by the *habitués* of Covent Garden as having appeared at that theatre some five or six years ago. Since that time he has been singing with the Sisters Marchisio at nearly all the principal continental opera-houses, and has achieved a distinguished reputation by the facility of his vocalisation, and agreeable quality of his voice. Signor Ciampi was a capital Oroveso. The last scene of *Sonnambula* introduced two *débutants*: Mlle. Dario, who appeared as Amina, and Signor Aspa the Elvino. The young lady having overcome the nervousness inseparable from a first appearance before the public, afforded indisputable evidence of a fresh and charming voice of the Bosio style. She is apparently young, and certainly good-looking. Her method of singing is excellent, showing she has had the advantage of efficient tuition. Stage fright evidently prevented Mlle. Dario from doing herself justice, or giving full scope to her vocal powers in the adagio, "Ah! non credea;" and it was not until the encouraging applause of the audience restored her confidence, that she was able to display the pure quality of her voice, and the great command she has acquired in using it. The allegro, "Ah! non giunge," was completely successful. When the curtain fell the public were loud in expressing their unqualified and vociferously redemanded approbation of the interesting *débutante*. Of Signor Aspa it is hardly possible to judge, from the very little he had to do as Elvino, in the last scene of *Sonnambula*. In the concert room his voice is agreeable and effective. He lacks animation, but evinces the feeling of a thorough musician in all he sings. This occasion was "his first appearance on any stage," and the beginning of a career in which he may make as good a

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name as that he already enjoys for his singing of sacred music. Great praise is due to Signor Vianesi for the completeness and efficiency of the band and chorus he has brought together. They went admirably; the *ensemble* of the opera, in fact, left nothing to be desired, and was highly creditable to the talented maestro.

On Tuesay, 15th, *Don Giovanni* was announced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. The baritone, Signor Cresci, not having studied his part (a most culpable and unaccountable neglect of the conditions of his engagement), it was found necessary to change the opera to *Trovatore*. A change of opera on a provincial tour is a very much more serious matter than it is in a London theatre. By his being unable to play the "Don," Signor Cresci put the resources of the touring-party to a severe and unjustifiable test, and tried the patience of the Bristol public. The company, fortunately, was equal to the emergency, and the public bore the disappointment good-naturedly enough. Mad. Grisi made amends by exerting herself to the utmost as Leonora, and Signor Cresci in a great measure obtained forgiveness for his ignorance by singing well and acting vigorously as the Conte di Luna. The part of the Gipsy was sustained by Mad. Lemaire—Signori Galvani and Ciampi playing respectively Manrico and Ferrando. Thus the difficulty was surmounted, and Signor Cresci afforded time until Saturday (this evening, when *Don Giovanni* is to be given at Bath) to study Mozart's music.

On Wednesday and Thursday a concert was given by the principal artists of the party at Portsmouth and Southampton. The programme included, as usual, many of the most popular Italian *morceaux* of the day. Mr. Willy and Mr. Ricardo Linter performed some solos on the pianoforte and violin, thereby affording an agreeable variety to the selection. Signor Fallar gave Donizetti's romance, "Ah! non avea," with great feeling and appropriate expression. Signor Ciampi, the life and soul of a concert-room, put everybody into good humour by his admirable rendering of the buffo song, "Miei rampolli." Mad. Grisi sang and looked as well as ever, while Mlle. Dario, Mad. Lemaire, and the other artists, all contributed to the success of the concerts.

On Friday, 18th, *Norma* was performed at Bristol, with the same cast as at Bath; and, as has been already mentioned, *Don Giovanni* to-night at Bath will terminate the first week of the Grisi farewell tour.

Camden Literary and Scientific Institution, Camden Road. — A highly interesting Lecture on Music was delivered here by Mr. Joseph Goddard on Wednesday evening. Mr. Goddard remarked in commencing, that in lectures upon music it was customary to regard the subject in a light partly historical and partly critical: that, with reference to the historical point of view, music, like many other things, involved a moral as well as a material history — that the material path of its development was too frequently selected for exploration in preference to the moral, which was just the reverse of what should be the case, art partaking more of mind than matter, in a work of art matter being rarefied by mind, and mind itself spiritualised by emotion and moral impulse: that, therefore, the main line of history in art must wind through the channel of the mind and amongst the impulses of man's finer nature. The lecturer then remarked that he intended to review the subject philosophically — to take a strain of music and methodically investigate it, as a botanist would take in his hand and proceed to examine a blade of grass. He then struck two grand divisions in his mental dissection of a strain of music. He remarked that it consisted generally of the physical, material sound, on the one hand, — sound in the abstract, the result of some species of vibration, — and, on the other, of the æsthetic configuration, the melody or measure into which this material element is wrought, with the moral expression thence emanating. The first section of the subject — sound — Mr. Goddard subdivided into two minor divisions, one embracing the history and origin and productions of musical sound, the other the methods by which musical sound is classified into a system and represented in writing; this consideration leading to the subject of the musical system and the history and origin of musical notation. The second main section of the subject — its æsthetic configuration — Mr. Goddard also subdivided into two minor branches, the one embracing the artistic forms of music, the other its moral expression or metaphysics. In the present lecture (which was one of a series) Mr. Goddard confined himself to the consideration of the history and origin of the production of musical sound, and this led to the subject of musical instruments. The lecturer then traced the Greek lyre through its different modifications and improvements, wherein it assumed successively the form of the guitar and the rebec, until it eventually became conformed into the violin. In an interesting digression Mr. Goddard then took occasion to remark that music started upon its course of development in this country pretty equally, both as regarded time and circumstances, with the art in Italy, the Pope who laid the foundation of the art in Italy (Pope Gregory the Great) being the same who despatched St. Augustine on the Christian mission to this island, who brought with him the Gregorian tones; that for a time the race was pretty equal, or, if anything, rather in favour of this country, until the advent of Palestrina, from whose genius the art in Italy received a new impulse, just after, in England, it had endured the blow of the Reformation, the Reformation operating unfavourably for the art of music, as it deprived it of the stimulus the church had hitherto afforded it. Music, moreover, was just stepping out of the church in England at this time, but before it had taken firm root in secular forms its growth was suppressed in the church, and thus it declined. In Italy, on the other hand, it happened that music received a continued impulse in the church till it had fairly taken root out of the church in madrigal, cantata, and opera. Mr. Goddard then, rather ingeniously, traced the developments of nearly all the leading instruments now in use, from two primitive types, the lyre and the reed, showing that each gave birth to two varieties: the lyre, in one direction, to the harp and pianoforte, in the other direction to the violin, violoncello, and double bass; the reed, in one direction, to the organ, and, in the other, to the flute and its species in wind instruments. Mr. Goddard then in an able peroration remarked upon the propriety of cultivating the art of music. He stated that music was a language with which the Creator had endowed humanity, wherein to express and preserve its finest feelings; that it was the great language of good, as literature was the language of knowledge; that, therefore, such a language must be desirable to spread and beneficial to receive. In conclusion, he remarked that its cultivation entailed a negative advantage: that the greatest difficulty of life was not to earn money, but to satisfactorily employ the leisure; that this was the problem which every successful man must eventually face, and he offered the pursuit of music as one solution of it whence both pleasure and profit were to be derived. The lecturer resumed his seat amid general demonstrations of approval, and the secretary announced a succession of interesting lectures and the opening of classes, which was received with great applause. The small but tastefully decorated lecture-hall was entirely filled, and the institution appears to be receiving the encouragement it so well merits.

Provincial.

The *Plymouth Herald* has the subjoined:—

"On Monday last the deeply interesting 'sensation drama,' the *Colleen Bawn*, was reproduced, and put on the stage in an exceedingly beautiful manner. The new scenery called forth loud plaudits from all parts of the house; the dresses and decorations were in excellent keeping, and the manner in which the whole was brought forward showed the capabilities of the theatre, and the advantages of the recent improvement. The house, we may observe, with the exception of the dress circle, was crowded to excess. The drama was well played; Miss Kate Ranoe, as Eily O'Connor, fully sustained the character of the charming heroine, and drew down thunders of applause. Mr. O'Sullivan was also exceedingly effective as Myles, and the other characters found able representatives. After the 'sensation scene,' when Eily is thrown into the river, Miss Ranoe and Mr. O'Sullivan were called before the curtain, and received a renewal of the plaudits which had been deservedly bestowed on them throughout the evening. The ballet followed, and was well received. The *Colleen Bawn* has been repeated every evening since with equal success."

From Brighton we hear that the well-known harpist, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, accompanied by Mrs. H. Percy as vocalist, have been giving three performances at the Pavilion. The playing

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of Mr. Chatterton appears to have been thoroughly appreciated by his audiences, as also the singing of the lady; the illustrations being in every instance most favourably received.

We glean the following news from the Brighton papers:—

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., Mr. Kuhe gave the first of a series of three recitals in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion, which was filled with an audience composed mostly of ladies. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Heller, Chopin, figured in the programme, and if variety be charming, it must be admitted that the selection evinced no little judgment and discretion. Of course the professor was well received, as he invariably is, and his peculiar characteristics were as prominently demonstrated and as successful as of yore. Without tiring the reader with remarks on each particular performance, we may say that Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*, with which the second part was opened, was the most perfect effort of the pianist. A song in each part by a lady vocalist affords a pleasant relief. The second recital took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst.

Herr Derffel commenced his third series of recitals at the Pavilion on Thursday afternoon. His programme was replete with *recherché* selections from favourite composers, and was as follows:—Polonaise, in E flat (C. M. Weber); Aria, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), Signor Pietro Fortuna; Sonata, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2 (Beethoven); "Reviens, reviens," Cavatina, in E (John Field); Nocturne, in G minor, No. 1 of "Les Soupirs," Op. 37 (F. Chopin); Scherzo, 2nd, in B flat minor, Op. 31 (F. Chopin); Aria, "Il Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi), Signor Pietro Fortuna; Rêverie, in D, MS. (Derffel); Valses (Derffel).

At the Philharmonic Society's Concert, at LIVERPOOL, last Monday, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton appeared, with Miss Marian Moss and Mr. George Perren as assistant vocalists, and M. Theodore Ritter, pianist, and M. Paque, violoncellist, as assistant instrumentalists. — Mlle. Patti made her second appearance at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, and sang Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Swiss Echo Song." — The charges for the Jenny Lind Concerts seem to be canvassed with much warmth. "A number of good places," writes the *Liverpool Albion*, "are still obtainable at the office of the Philharmonic Society, in Exchange Street East. We warn our readers against yielding to the exorbitant demands of sundry clever speculators, who have secured a number of tickets in expectation of being able to re-sell them at twice or thrice their original cost. The legitimate prices of admission are high enough in all reason, but it becomes a costly treat of a less satisfactory character to those who pay an advanced tariff to outside speculators whilst tickets are still to be purchased at the advertised prices." Very true! — At the Theatre Royal three performances of Italian opera have been given with Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, Mad. Caradori, and Signor Ferri. The operas were *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

A correspondent from Hull writes us that at the Harvest Thanksgiving special service at Holy Trinity Church,—

"The prayers were intoned by the Revs. G. O. Brown, R. H. Parr, and H. G. Kinnear; and the lessons were read by the Revs. J. Scott and H. W. Kemp. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Skelton and the talented choir for the noble manner in which the choral service was performed. The 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis,' from Mr. Skelton's services, were effectively given, while the Hallelujah chorus from the *Messiah* was magnificently performed both by the organist and choir. After the Harvest Hymn had been sung, a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. A. Duncombe, from Psalm cii. 25. The appropriate opening voluntaries were, 'With verdure clad,' and 'The marvellous work,' from the *Creation;* chants to the proper psalms, Smith and Turle; 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis,' Skelton; anthem, the Hallelujah chorus, from the *Messiah;* a fine old psalm tune to a harvest hymn, and the Old Hundredth psalm and tune; concluding voluntary, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' from the *Creation*. The choir consisted of forty voices, the increase to the usual choir being a large number of the amateur members of the Vocal Society, Mr. Skelton, the organist, presiding."

WE learn, both from the *Leeds Mercury* and a Halifax paper, that a very successful concert was given by Mr. Frobisher at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Halifax, on the evening of Thursday week. The singers were Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Caradori, Signors Giuglini and Bossi.

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A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—A letter from Venice, published in a Trieste journal, says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's *aria* out of *Ernani*. That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well-known "Lo vedrem o veglio audace." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang, with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in *Lucia*. The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this Crœsus of voices, who is the son of well-to-do burgesses, to devote himself to the stage.—(*Fudge.*)

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 24.

Congratulate your correspondent, and pat him editorially on the head; for, if his warlike tastes do not lead him to the field of deadly strife, and his sense of duty urge him fearlessly within the whiff and whiz of shell, shot, and bullet, he has his perils and his hardships to encounter in your service, which, though all metaphysical, or, at any rate, not menacing actual death or maim to the body, are fraught with tortures to his delicately strung sensibility, framed to catch the lightest influences of the beautiful, and to throb harmoniously at its full presence; but which the bad and faulty, the ugly and imperfect, throw into an ecstacy of suffering in which the soul faints and dies, like the coward's, a thousand deaths. Congratulate me, then, for have I not stood in the imminent deadly breach, and dared the horrors of that battery of sad sensations called *Pierre de Medicis*, directed by Prince Poniatowsky, eminent in the art of offence, skilled in wounding the spirit? Well, since it had to be undergone, as I said in my last, better to have it over at once than suffer the continued tremors of this sword of Damocles. It has dropt upon us at last; we have felt its sharpest edge, but we still live *tant bien que mal*. I am not going to inflict any lengthened notice of this performance upon you, uselessly reviving my sufferings. without contributing to your edification. Let me only say that M. Faure, the excellent William Tell, and almost excellent Don Giovanni, of your last Italian Opera season, had to make his *début* in the part of Julian de Medicis, in this tedious work. The part is quite unworthy of his powers, and indeed is not one calculated at all for a singer of first rank. for it contains but one duo and one air. The concerted pieces go for nothing. I told you before, some modifications had been introduced in the *denouement* of the opera, rendering it less gloomy and repulsive. This has necessitated a new finale, which is quite equal to all the rest of the opera, neither rising nor falling below the dead level of commonplace. The ballet called "Les Amours de Diane," which has always accompanied *Pierre de Medicis*, has been retained, but neither lends nor borrows grace from its leaden setting, notwithstanding the efforts of Mad. Ferraris.

At the Italian Theatre we had the first appearance this season of Signor Mario, who has sung in *Il Barbière* and eke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. To myself, and to all else with whom I have compared impressions, this artist's voice appears to have wonderfully recovered much of that youthful freshness which his person and deportment have so steadily retained, while the capricious organ which in its periods of thorough efficiency placed its possessor first perhaps among all tenors, actual or historical, has passed through every phase of decadence, even to downright decrepitude, and anon recovered as by some potent charm, or the exhaustion of some withering poison. Latterly, however, the clouds which had drifted across the brilliant luminary had become so frequent and untransparent that its permanent eclipse seemed imminent. The joy of the public, and of the critics especially, whose painful task it is to note, like astronomers, with rigid accuracy the declension or oscillation of these admired stars, who do not bear the operation of science so philosophically as their celestial prototypes — the joy of all, I say, was the greater, therefore, to find Signor Mario's voice in the recovered possession of so phenomenal a share of the attributes of its prime. The vocal sickness of the great tenor has this time no convalescence, but jumps at once to elastic health. In a becchiera of imaginary sillery we drink to its preservation — may it yet continue for many years the even *tenor* of its course. I borrow this pun from a contributor to *Punch*, who shall be nameless, but, as it is the only one he ever uttered I was able to see a glimmer of intention in, I embalm the unique specimen in the perfumed and limpid amber of these epistles. Let him be grateful and not attempt this form of jocosity in future. I distinctly do not allude to Shirley Brooks, who to my knowledge has made as many as seventeen successful puns—one unpublished from its objectionable character, and three jingles, harmless, but happy, and who has only publicly failed once, which is in the title he has given to his last most excellent novel, *The Silver Cord*. I confess I do not take, nor does any one enlighten me whom I have had the good fortune to meet. Why Silver Cord? *Pourquoi? Comment? qu'est ce? Je n'y suis plus!* If he must have a playful title—they are in fashion with the fantastic jackanapes who write popular books now-a-days—let us have a wee glimpse of relevancy in it. Except that cords and eke silver cords may be mentioned under the head of musical matters, there is as little justification, I confess, for any allusion to S. B. and his book as there is in the book itself for its absurd name. I therefore apologise and resume the silver cord — I beg pardon again — the golden thread of my discourse. Signor Beneventano, who, by the omission of a lost slip from my last letter, escaped as thorough a dressing as any one of his thin-skinned profession ever smarted under, must again, I regret, be put on the block of penal discipline. Justice must have its course, and there shall be no (lost) slip this time betwixt his devoted lips and the poisoned chalice which the even-handed dame recommends to those who have abused her righteous law. "Macbeth doth murder sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Would we could parody the stern decree and say, "Beneventano doth murder song; Benny shall sing no more." Well, but he does not, some will say, in an honest sense of the word. No more he does, or the owl shall sing the nightingale into an ivy bush. *Canis latrat*, as we used to say in the Latin exercise book, — the dog barks! He was the Figaro to Signor Mario's Count Almaviva. Poor, light, merry, busy, frisky smoother of Sevillian chins, and plotter of Sevillian intrigues! poor Figaro, to see thee, tricksy barber! thus transmogrified into the most melancholy and lymphatic of hair-dressers. Figaro here! Figaro there! but Figaro is anywhere but at the Italian Opera of Paris at this present moment. In the *Ballo in Maschera* the part of Renato, the Ankerstrom of the French *Gustave*, was played by Signor Delle Sedie. The original representative of the character here was Signor Graziani, and I shall do no injustice to the latter, or unduly flatter the former, if I boldly establish a comparison between them. If Signor Graziani excel in the resonant quality of his voice, Signor Delle Sedie, on the other hand, is pre-eminent for his power of expression, his softness and smoothness of tone, and the delicacy of his light and shade. Signor Graziani, in some degree, revelled too freely in the merely physical beauty of his voice, the tones of which seemed to issue forth spontaneously in native excellence. Signor Delle Sedie, whose voice has not the same power, never loses control over it, and gives to each note, with delicate care, its exact value and intention. In the last act this conscientious and most intelligent artist rose to the highest point in the perfection of his execution, as well as in the appreciation of his audience, who warmly and frequently applauded him, and demanded his air "Della vita" a second time.

Mlle. Rosario Zapater—how does this name look for a four-foot poster? One gifted with the second sight might inform us; for his gaze would pierce through the veil of futurity, and see the walls of London and Paris in some not distant future year, placarded with this remarkable, if not very euphonious, assemblage of pre- and cog-nomen, as a summons to the public to come and listen to one of the most sweet and winning songstresses that have ever called down upon themselves the golden showers of Jupiter Populus.* At present the lady who bears this name is scarcely seventeen, but already her beautiful voice, and the power and ability with which she wields it, have attracted the attention of those judges who have had the privilege of hearing her. She is a Spaniard, and her musical education thus far has been entrusted to M. de Valdemora, of whom, though by some of the notices in the papers here, he would seem to be well known, I can only say that he is singing-master to the Queen of Spain, and director of the court concerts at Madrid. It may be that not to know Valdemora argues oneself unknown; if so your

* I think I was led to this flight by the resemblance of the name Zapater to Zeus Pater. A stricter etymology will bring us down, however, from the King of Olympus to a cobbler — the Castillian for a botcher of shoe leather being Zapatero. Let not the future *prima donna* be ashamed of the descent thus blasoned in her patronymic. Philosophers and metaphysicians, minstrels and mystic religionists, have been furnished to the world out of the humble craft to which some one of her ancestors probably belonged, as though to give the lie to the impertinent dictum, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Why, then, should not the inmate of a cobbler's stall give birth to one destined to fill other and brighter, and more profitable stalls? I say why? Echo answers "Gye!"

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correspondent is the obscurest of mortals. But to this illustrious unknown's pupil, whose fame, let us trust, will be somewhat more generally acknowledged, or the promise she now gives must woefully deceive. Mlle. Rosario Zapater sang the other evening before a private assembly of amateurs and critics, and a select portion of the general public at the private residence of M. George Kastner. M. Ambrosie Thomas, the composer, accompanied her, or as they say here, held the piano. The first aria from *Lucia*, "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, and the air from the *Traviata*, were executed by this budding *cantatrice* in a manner to astonish, no less than delight, the most critical of her hearers.

I am a great believer in the virtue of blood and race, and a *début* which has just taken place at the Odéon is most flattering to my convictions on this point. That branch of the seed of Abraham which so grandly blossomed forth—like the aloes, the flower of the century—in Rachel Felix, has put forth another bud, which if less—much less imposing in place and attributes—is nevertheless passing sweet and fragrant. Dinah Felix—the female Banjamin of the family—is the smartest, most plain spoken, and pungent of soubrettes Molière's heart would have desired. Her Toinette in the *Malade Imaginaire* is a masterpiece of the true old *verve gauloise*. Another *début* at the Vaudeville has not proved so happy. Mlle. Juliette Beau, who has just made her first appearance in a comedy written expressly for her, and in which she plays a widow of great personal attractions, has but one marked qualification for her employment—beauty. The public is much obliged to her for taking the trouble to be so handsome, but would be infinitely more grateful if she bestowed equal pains, and with equal success, in trying to be an actress. If ever there was an opportunity of saying "beau" to a goose, Mlle. Juliette Beau's combined name, personal appearance, and mental capacity present it emphatically.

Well, the *Colleen Bawn* has dived into the British Channel, and has been fished up again by M. Dennery conjointly with Mr. Dion Boucicault, and presented to the world as the most attractive wonder of the day in a Parisian *Vivarium*, called *Le Lac de Glenaston*. The original has been a little altered, but its merits still depend on the stage effect of the second act, and the combined results of gas and gauze therein so ingeniously exhibited, promise to attract the same crowded audiences here as they have in England. As you must have been surfeited with the subject *ad nauseam*, let me only remark that the honourable example set by M. de Chilly, the manager of the Ambigu, deserves to be followed, nay ought, for the character of England, to be strictly imitated by our own managers. Instead of filching the successful English drama, and putting it on his own stage without a "by your leave," or "with your leave," M. de Chilly put himself into relation with the author, and associating him with a French dramatist for the work of adaptation, has made him participate in the profits of the success which is likely to attend it. Luckiest of lucky men art thou to be the first, Dion Boucicault, to profit by the example of fair dealing set us on the other side of the channel!

I had a few odds and ends of stray news to send you, but reserve them, or at least such as will keep sweet, till my next, for I have but time to catch the post.

THE MISSING SLIP.

* * "impresses one with the idea of antiquity more than the oldest mummy in the British Museum. Figaro will be active and vigorous when Spain, under the title of *Provinces Ibériennes*, shall form a part of the great Gallic Empire of Napoleon XV., and this poor jolly postboy seems an apparition from the tomb of all the Capulets. And thereby hangs a tale.

"The Salle Ventadour, as the Italian Opera House of Paris is called, claims a few words, and then I have done with the theatres. To the *Matrimonio Segreto*, with which the season commenced, has succeeded in turn *La Sonnambula* and *Semiramide*. In the first, Mlle. Battu as Amina gave tokens of being on the road towards a more vigorous dramatic style, and this alone is necessary to complete her claims to the rank of an artist of the highest rank. In the same opera Signor Tagliafico renewed his acquaintance with his countrymen, by whom he was received with every flattering mark of appreciation. With Mads. Alboni and Penco, *Semiramide* could not fare very ill, and would have fared better but for the untoward casting of Assur to Signor Beneventano. Beneventano, whatever that may mean, he may be, perhaps, but 'Benvenuto,' certainly not, as all will readily agree, who may remember this bass baritone's engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, where he barked like a watchdog from 1856 to 1858, but alas! did not scare the wolf from poor Lumley's door. So long as this artist (?) remains with M. Calzado, let him, after " * * *

DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(*Written expressly for the* MUSICAL WORLD AND DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, *by* ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

It appears from my next notice, that Dussek entered the service of a Prince von Isenburg—but who he was deponent cannot say—though only for a short time. The citation is from the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, Sept. 2, 1807.

"Herr Dussek has resigned his situation with the Prince von Isenburg, has entered the service of the Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand), and will remain henceforth in Paris."

Again, *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, June 21, 1809, from a letter dated "Paris, end of May." The writer is describing a concert given by Rode, after his return from Russia—probably the concert in the Odéon, towards the close of the year 1808—and having *finished* Rode, goes on:—

"Dussek, one of the creators of the true style of pianoforte-playing, and now for nearly a year again in Paris, made his appearance the same evening, and carried away *all his auditors*, who appeared to have come for the sole purpose of hearing Rode. It is a very rare thing to hear two such noble artists upon one evening. Dussek had all the greater success, since for a long time no really *great* pianist had been heard. The pianoforte is just that instrument whose highest development is the least to be sought for in France. Steibelt has introduced here an abominable style of playing; a style which is ruinous to the true effects of the instrument, and which to every connoisseur must seem insignificant, however attractive to the mass of ordinary dilettanti. One of the leading weaknesses of this style, is the abuse of variations for the instrument. All pianoforte teachers in France, and especially in Paris, imitate Steibelt's manner, and enrich it with new faults. And so they have laid aside the good music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek and Hummel, and thrown themselves, soul and body, into the charlatanism and insignificance of style which are the ruling qualities of Steibelt and most of his works. In Germany it must be impossible to form any adequate idea of the disgusting manner in which, to conform to the prevailing fashion, one must now play the pianoforte in Paris.

"It was therefore most desirable that a man like Dussek should come here and act as a reformer, and so bring the pianoforte back to its natural aims and ends, to its real greatness and its true sphere. Even in this first concert, Dussek effected much to this end, for he proved that success may be gained by combining sterling qualities with simplicity and sweetness; that there is no necessity for the sing-song and petty trickery by which those wanting in real talent attract attention."

Again, in a letter dated Paris, December 18th, 1809,—"Herr Dussek is in the service of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. He appears to be treated in a very distinguished manner, and enjoys a respectable salary."—(*Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, January 3, 1810.)

Again, "Dussek has written a magnificent grand mass in which he has not only proved himself to be a master in church music, but more particularly a great contrapuntist. He sent this work some time since to Vienna, to Prince Esterhazy, and it is strange that it not only has not been performed, but no notice at all has been taken of it.—(*Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, November 6, 1811.)

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A few months later (April 15, 1812) the same journal prints a *letter* from its Paris correspondent, announcing Dussek's death.

"Paris, March 21, 1812. — I am hardly able to-day to report, even in the fewest words, the little, in relation to the theatres here, which can interest the German reader, for I have just been surprised by sad news, which must grieve every true friend of music, but which strikes to the very heart of myself, and all those who personally knew him to whom this news refers.

"Your excellent, worthy and celebrated countryman, J. L. Dussek, is no more! Yesterday morning at six o'clock, in the full vigour of manhood's best years, he closed a career, which, through the ever more thorough culture, development, and solid strength of his great talents and his astonishing industry, had not yet reached its culminating point. He had been rather unwell for some months, but was confined to his bed only two days; his disease was gout, which suddenly attacked his brain, and in less than two hours carried him off. Since it was fated him to die now, it was certainly a blessing, that his excessively active, energetic spirit was not subjected to the trials of a long illness; a blessing to his warmly sensitive, affectionate heart, that he could breathe his last in the arms of his faithful friend and countryman, your noble Neukomm.

"His last work was another set of three sonatas for pianoforte, violin and violoncello — the last of which was finished only to the middle of the adagio.

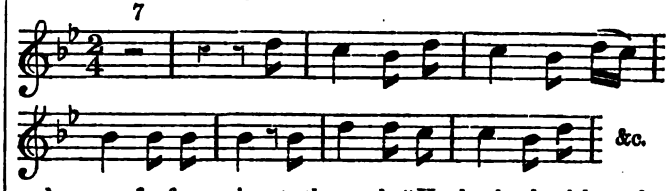
"There is no necessity of discoursing farther here about Dussek, the man of genius, the richly endowed and solidly trained artist; the entire musical world knew, honoured, loved him; his character as an artist and the characteristics of his principal works have been often enough treated in your columns with intelligence, impartiality and truth. On one point only will I say a word; that Dussek has done perhaps nearly as much as Haydn, and certainly not less than Mozart, to make German music known and respected in other lands. His earlier residence in London, and his later in Paris, have in this regard been of very great influence. As a virtuoso he is everywhere rightly placed in the very highest rank. In rapidity and certainty of execution, and in the conquering of the greatest difficulties, it would be difficult to find a pianist who surpassed him; —in neatness, cleanness and precision possibly one (Cramer of London); — in soul, expression and delicacy certainly no one. As a man he was noble and good; a just, impartial, kindly man; a true friend, sympathising with all the good and beautiful in those whom he knew, with no revengeful spirit against the bad which he met with, and from which he suffered. His weaknesses were such as are inseparable from so overpowerful an imagination and such extreme sensitiveness — such being their origin, they can easily be forgiven. Moreover, through native strength of mind and his frequent and intimate intercourse with the most distinguished persons in the highest classes of society — as with Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia — he had gained a vast mass of general information of all kinds, highly polished manners, and great tact for all that is proper and attractive in society; while his joyousness of disposition, his liberality of sentiment, and his freedom from prejudice, made these advantages of singular advantage to him, especially with musicians. His father and first instructor is still living at Czaslau (upon his later and higher development Clementi exerted a powerful influence so long as he—Dussek—was in London); a brother, also a fine pianist, and author of many favourite works, is living in Milan; and a sister, possessed of similar high qualities, is in London, where she is married, to a certain Mr. Cianchettini.

"In his early years Dussek's life was one of struggle; at a later period, when his merit was acknowledged, friendship, successful labour and advantageous position made it for the most part easy and pleasant. In this latter period, he, in perhaps but a single instance, met with a deep and lasting sorrow — and this was when his patron and pupil (in composition and pianoforte playing) Prince Louis — whom it is well known he followed to the field of battle near Jena — was torn from him by death under such painful circumstances."

As to Dussek's works their general character has been sufficiently denoted in the foregoing passages from contemporary writers; their number it might, perhaps, be difficult to determine exactly. The highest *opus*-number which I have seen is 77, — but this gives a very imperfect idea of the quantity of his compositions, since in those days it was not the custom to call a page or two of runs, passages and trills, confounding some poor, little innocent, common melody, an *opus* — this term being often made to include three or more important compositions, as Beethoven's *six* quartets, Op. 18.

Whether all the works of Dussek from 1 to 77 were published does not appear from my authorities. In March 1813 (see *Intelligenz Blatt*, No. 4 of the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, vol. xv.) Breitkopf and Härtel print a long advertisment announcing "a complete edition" of the composer's works; but it appears in the course of the advertisement that the edition is to consist of only the more important (*bedeutendere*) — but whether this design was ever carried into effect, I have not determined.

In the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, vol. ix. may be seen a song by him written in the compass of three notes —



and a canon for four voices to the words "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ich merke wohl an euren werthen Nasen, dass ich mit hübschen Phrasen, das Ohr auch kitzeln soll."

Gerber says, in the New Lexicon, "besides the list of pianoforte works, which I have given in the other Lexicon, he has from 1788 to 1799, that is in a space of less than eleven years, made public so many proofs of his talents and industry, and given employment to so many presses, that the mere task of reducing them to order, and bringing them into a correct catalogue, would demand almost as much care and far more patience than the author seems to have expended upon their composition; for a great portion of them seem to belong to a certain class of manufactured wares, such as are usually sold by the dozen. Whoever knows the two concertos, Ops. 15 and 17, published at Offenbach, will not exempt even them entirely from this charge, nor can the most of his works be declared free from errors in counterpoint." But Gerber, it will be noticed, is speaking of the works of the popular pianist — not of the Dussek of the "Adieux à Clementi," "Elégie Harmonique," "Le Retour à Paris," "L'Invocation," and those truly grand compositions of his last years.

Dlabacz informs us, that while a young organist, he composed much for the church. He says, "those musical compositions, which he wrote for church choirs, are still in manuscript; and for the most part preserved in the Church of St. Barbara in Kuttenberg, and in the Decanal Church in Czaslau." But this was in 1815 — still they may lie there yet. Such are the principal notices, which have come under my observation in German authorities, of the *great* Dussek.

(*To be concluded in our next*).

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.*

No. 5.

(*See* Musical World, *Oct.* 19.)

London, July 16.

Had I come here unconvinced either of the existence of an uncommonly wide-spread and real love for good music in London, or of the possibility of making "classical" music "popular," a single occasion, such as I am about to describe, would have removed all doubt upon the subject. The only regret is, that I can speak only of the *last* of the so-called "Monday Popular Concerts;" for having heard the last, one would gladly summon up before him the whole series, now stretching back through three seasons, from Feb. 1859 to July 1, 1861, between which dates no less than *sixty-four* concerts have been given in St. James's Hall, with programmes of the most classical character, without an orchestra, but with first-class performers — really artists, and such only — and never failing to secure the strict attention and unfeigned delight

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

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of a very mixed and numerous audience. So I am told, and what I have just witnessed makes it easy to believe. They are called "popular," because they are made accessible to the general mass of music-lovers, and not, like most London concerts of the higher order, only to the wealthy and the few — although you would perhaps be astonished to see how many and how constant are those "few" who frequent fashionable operas and concerts to the tune of a guinea for a seat! The "Monday Popular" are cheap — for London; that is, there is a liberal allowance of room for unreserved seats, and not bad seats, at the one shilling price, while the more favoured places range from three to five shillings. For most of the oratorios and higher kind of concerts the minimum price of admission is three shillings, and the maximum half a guinea, and in many cases a guinea. So that these concerts are "popular" in the sense of comparatively cheap. That they are so in character as well, was a matter of conviction and experiment on the part of the enterprising director (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell), until their remarkable success rewarded the experiment and proved the conviction sound. The Director, in thanking the public at the end of his third season, says:—

"Till very recently, a string quartet or a pianoforte sonata, played by first-class artists, was a luxury reserved for the enjoyment of a few, and regarded, on the other hand, as something inevitably *caviare* to the multitude. The Monday Popular Concerts, however, were originated with the firm conviction that the quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, solo and concerted, &c., of the great masters, would be listened by the general public with decorous attention; that the oftener they were heard the better they would be liked; and that every composer, from the profound Beethoven, the elaborate Bach, the genial Handel, the earnest Mendelssohn, the elegant Spohr, and the universal Mozart, to the light and cheerful Haydn, would find admirers. The result has demonstrated that a faith in the readiness and ability of the public to appreciate the highest manifestations of artistic beauty was thoroughly justified."

And one of the leading journals says what is simply true and reasonable in the following extract:—

"The epithet 'popular,' as applied to a performance of music, no longer means something adapted to an uneducated and unrefined taste — something in which the high and classic productions of the art are eschewed, as being calculated to weary the audience. At some of our popular concerts, the customary fare is fit for the palate of the most fastidious amateur. And, far from being neglected on this account, such concerts flourish more and more. Such is the case with the Monday Popular Concerts, given every week during the season at St. James's Hall. At first we had some suspicion of the reality of the musical taste shown at these concerts. When we heard pieces of great length, highly complicated, such as we always believed to be *caviare* to the general, not only attentively listened to, but applauded with enthusiasm, we could not help thinking there must be some affectation at bottom, and that people would tire of pretending to be delighted with things they did not understand! But time has shown that this was a mistake. These concerts, successful the first season, are still more successful the second. They are even improved in quality; an inferior piece is never admitted into the programmes, nor is an inferior performer employed. Yet the spacious hall is every night crowded to the doors by persons in the habit of frequenting cheap entertainments; and no assembly of *cognoscenti* could show a sounder or more discriminating taste. The consequence is, that the Monday Popular Concerts are now attended by the most musical people in London."—*Spectator.*

In confirmation of all this, I certainly must testify, with regard to the last concert (July 1), that the hall was filled (though not to overflowing — for overflow, thank decency, is not allowed in Europe, neither in concerts nor conveyances, in theatres nor railway trains, in oratorios nor omnibusses); that the company appeared composed equally of the wealthier patrons of music and of the music-lovers of more modest rank, who have not much to spend; that all listened most attentively, and looked intelligent, applauding warmly what was really best; a well-pleased, sympathetic, encouraging audience, and yet, in large part, not ignorantly pleased, but musically experienced and critical. Whether the things performed were really "classical," whether the feast was fit for cultivated taste, whether genius played a larger part in it than hum-drum or clap-trap, the reader shall judge for himself; here is the programme:—

Part I.—Quartet, in E flat, No. 12, MM. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Beethoven. Song, "Le Secret," Miss Banks; Schubert. Suite de Pièces, containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Miss Arabella Goddard; Handel. Song, "Pria che spunti," Mr. Sims Reeves; Cimarosa. Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, for violoncello solo, Sig. Piatti; with pianoforte accompaniment, Mr. Benedict; Bach. Song, "Name the glad day," Miss Banks; Dussek. Sonata, in G major, Op. 69, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts); Dussek.

Part II.—Quartet in D, Op. 63, MM. Wieniawski, Ries Webb, and Piatti; Hadyn. Song, "Adelaide," Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard; Beethoven. Harpsichord Lessons, Mr. Charles Hallé (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts); Scarlatti. Song, "The Hunter's Song," Mr. Sims Reeves; Mendelssohn. Duet, for two pianofortes, in D major, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé; Mozart. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Not one of these choice selections but what shone by excellent performance. Especially the opening string quartet of Beethoven, the first of the five belonging to his latest period, and called, without reason, "posthumous;" a work requiring true artists to seize its spirit and rightly render its design. The four interpreters could scarcely have been better. Wieniawski proved himself an admirable quartet leader; Piatti's bass was worthy of his reputation; and the middle parts were such as it is a comfort to hear. That a mixed public should be readily impressed by a symphony concert (like those of Liebig, for instance, in Berlin) is not so remarkable; a fine orchestra, by mere mass and brilliancy, by wealth and variety of tone-colour, arrests and captivates; great thoughts are greatly enforced by such large utterance; the profoundest and most complicated tone-combinations tell upon the crowd by the mere might of volume and of euphony; a symphony, too, has something dramatic and exciting in its progress. But that a violin quartet, the pure outlining of the intrinsic musical thought, with all its inmost subtleties laid bare to close attention, but not enriched by accessories of various instrumental colour, not massed into large orchestral proportions so as to arrest attention at a distance—that a quartet of such a man as Beethoven, and in his least understood and latest manner, and, stranger yet, heard for the first time by most, and played in a large hall, should be listened to with eager interest through all its movements by so large an audience, and be in fact appreciated (if attention and applause and manifest delight are any signs), is certainly a fact worth chronicling, and should give encouragement to concert-givers and societies who care for art as well as money. After Beethoven, there was no risk in venturing a quartet by "Father Haydn," whose cheerful face and easy elegance of manner, let him present himself in what form he will, are always welcome and familiar. This was one of the least well-known, and yet one of the most original and piquant of his eighty and odd quartets; and its effect on all faces was as of fresh air and sunshine.

I was much interested in the selections from Dussek; the Bohemian composer, contemporary with Mozart, who has been famous in his day, and now has his day again in England. The sonata duo was worthy to appear in the same programme with the great names, and it was elegantly rendered by both artists. The song, "Name the glad day," was much in the same style with Haydn's canzonet: "My mother bids me bind my hair," and quite as beautiful. The singer (Miss Banks) has a fresh and lovely voice, good style, and entered into the spirit of the song; and she was no less winning in the more serious and fervent melody of Schubert's song: "The Letter,"—why metamorphosed into the French "Le Secret," I know not. One of the pleasantest and most novel features of the evening was the set of "Harpsichord Lessons" by old Domenico Scarlatti, a contemporary of Bach and Handel, and a great admirer of the latter, as he knew him in his young days in Italy. They are full of difficult and graceful passage-work, a sort of delicate melodic arabesque, sparkling and lifesome, and Hallé played them to a charm; one smiled at the perfection of the thing. The union of two such pianists as Hallé and Miss Arabella Goddard, in the duet by Mozart, ensured that most satisfactory conclusion of a good feast, from which all rise with an appetite. It was in the *Suite* by Handel, containing the well-known variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," that I have had as yet the clearest instance of the pianism of Miss Goddard. I never heard it played more perfectly, perhaps never quite so well. In all

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respects of facile, finished, clear, expressive execution, it was faultless. It has not been my fortune yet to hear her play Beethoven; it is in the great sonatas that she has chiefly won her laurels. The prelude and quaint old dance movements by Bach, for violoncello, were played *con amore* by Signor Piatti, and won new admiration for the happy, inexhaustible invention of the genial, learned, wonderful old master. It only remains to speak of Sims Reeves. But he was ill, and did not sing; an agreeable substitute appeared in Mr. Santley, the baritone.

The beauty of the whole thing was, that here were the best artists performing (and let us not forget among them Mr. Benedict, who was the masterly accompanyist), not to exhibit themselves, but to draw attention to the great composers. If I have given more space to the record of this one concert than I have left for others equally important (the reader can imagine that he reads this part through a magnifier), it is because of the "Popular" claim, which has been so well vindicated by these Monday Concerts, without any compromise of high artistic tone. I would commend the example to our music managers at home, so soon as we shall have time again to think of music; so soon as our distracted country shall have come out from her great struggle, with her free institutions nobly saved, her vigorous system purged for ever from the treacherous poison so long secretly imbibed from contact with a principle as opposite to its own as darkness is to light; and shall enter upon a new era of *real* liberty and lasting peace, released from all old blind and suicidal pledges to the only alien and weakening element in our grand symphony of states, to slavery, the natural enemy of freedom and of civilisation, the sleepless traitor to the general cause; the curse that clung to all our aspirations; the monster that has been weaving round us a most specious web of "compromises" in the full hope of devouring us! So soon as this good fight shall have been won (as most assuredly it will, since God is just); so soon as the Union shall have saved itself, and shall have guaranteed its own existence by refusing henceforth every guarantee to slavery, beyond that of non-interference (except where it deprives a citizen of his constitutional right to free institutions, free speech, &c., rights for which the Union was made); so soon as peace and plenty shall return again; then certainly will come a great reaction in behalf of art and music, and of all ideal and harmonious pursuits. With the new sense of freedom and of union based upon the solid rock of principle, these things will not be despised as trivial pastimes of the "piping times of peace," but will be more respected and more earnestly pursued than ever, as belonging to that real education of humanity for higher spheres of being, to secure liberty and room for which is just the motive of all patriotic struggles. This day will soon return to us, if we are true—the day when we shall again have leisure for the true ends of our national and social existence. Music, no more than religion, is to be silenced or put out of thought for more than a short day by the din of war. So that it may not be idle, even now, to be holding up good examples and suggesting useful hints to the peace-makers and the peace improvers, to the educators and the wielders of refining influences, to those who arrange for our natural supplies of art and music when their time comes.

And so, with this little parenthetic burst of patriotism, here endeth the lesson for to-day.

D.

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE performances this week will have been given in the following order:—Monday 21st, *Norma* and the last scene of *Sonnambula*, at Exeter; Tuesday, *Don Giovanni;* Wednesday, *Lucrezia Borgia;* Thursday, *Trovatore*, and Friday, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth; and Saturday, a morning concert at Torquay.

The success of the undertaking seems to increase as it progresses. Mad. Grisi's reception on every occasion is most enthusiastic, a proof, if any were wanting, of how dearly the public prize their favourite, and of the regret that is universally felt at the retirement of the eminent *prima donna*.

The representation of an Italian opera in Exeter was a novelty to the lovers of music in that city, which fact, combined with the interest excited by the announcement of Mad. Grisi's last appearance, attracted a large audience. The opera was admirably performed in every respect, the band and chorus travelling with the party doing very efficient service under the direction of Signor Vianesi. The expense incurred of moving about such a numerous company as that engaged in the present instance must be considerable, and it is satisfactory to see that the enterprise meets with that support from the public which it so thoroughly deserves. Mlle. Dario, since her auspicious *début* at Bath, has completely confirmed the favourable impression she then made. She has gained confidence upon the stage, and promises to take a prominent position among the *soprani leggieri* of the day. She is invariably encored in the *Rondo* finale of the *Sonnambula*, which she sings with the refinement and *aplomb* of an accomplished artist. Mlle. Dario is, we believe, of English extraction. She commenced studying singing in Milan, and has lately had the advantage of instruction from Signor Vianeri, to whom is due the honour of having completed her musical education. Signor Cresci having learnt his part in *Don Giovanni*, that opera was given in Bath on Saturday evening, 19th, and repeated, as will be seen above, on Wednesday, in Plymouth. It was thus cast:—Donna Anna, Mad. Grisi; Zerlina, Mad. Lemaire; Donna Elvira, Mlle. Dario; Don Ottavio, Signor Galvani; Don Giovanni, Signor Cresci; Commendatore, Signor Fallar; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; and Masetto, Signor Bellini.

It is needless to recal the beauties of Grisi's impersonation of Donna Anna; they are too well known. Suffice it to say, they were as remarkable as ever — no diminution in their power or charm, whether vocal or dramatic, being in the slightest degree perceptible.

The Don Giovanni of Signor Cresci will bear comparison with that of many of the most successful representatives of the past. He sings the music well, and if there was a lack of "dash and devilment" in his acting, it was, perhaps, more attributable to the evident care he was obliged to take upon these, the two first occasions in which he appeared in the character, than to any deficiency of dramatic talent. Mlle. Dario was charming as Donna Elvira, as correct in her singing and playing Mozart's music as the severest critic could desire. Mad. Lemaire, as usual, was thoroughly artistic as Zerlina; while Signors Galvani, Ciampi and Fallar very materially enhanced the completeness of the performance by the admirable manner in which they impersonated the *rôles* respectively allotted to them.

Mr. Swift joined the party on Thursday, to take the place of Signor Galvani who proceeds to Dublin. Of Mr. Swift's appearance in *Trovatore* as Manrico we shall have occasion to speak more fully next week.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Mr. G. W. Martin, conductor of the above choral society, on meeting the members of the choir for the first time this season, explained the general plans to be carried out by the officers and members, and gave an interesting account of a project to introduce a greater and more general taste for music among the private soldiers in our various garrisons. The following is the official form in which a circular presented the subject to the choir:—

In addition to the usual performances, your assistance will be solicited at a series of Grand Concerts to be given in Exeter Hall, to the soldiers quartered in London and its vicinity. On these occasions the Hall will be occupied entirely by the officers and soldiers of the different garrisons, no persons being admitted except in full uniform. These performances, instituted with a view of creating an interest in the study of choral music in the army, and of placing within the reach of soldiers a means of musical recreation of an elevating order, will be under the highest patronage both civil and military.

MISS ELLEN CONRAN, a young lady who some six or seven years ago made a favourable *début* as soprano singer in Dublin, is about to make her reappearance in her native city, being engaged to sing with the Grisi party at the Theatre Royal in December. Miss Conran comes directly from Rio Janeiro, where, according to the local journals, she sang with immense success.

MR. WILBYE COOPER has returned to London from the Continent.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magasine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

ONE of the acts of grace of the season 1862, we are informed, will be the presentation by professionals and amateurs of a memorial to Mr. Costa for his long and eminent services in the cause of music in this country. This coming event—which we feel confident will cast no shadows before—is thus chronicled in the columns of a morning contemporary:—

We announced last week that Mr. Costa would lead the orchestra on the opening day in some music by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Verdi, written specially for the occasion. We are now informed that our great conductor will, during the season of the Exhibition, be presented with a substantial or an elegant testimonial as a mark of appreciation by the profession and by amateurs of his distinguished services to the musical art during his career, which has now extended over 30 years. We are sure that Mr. Costa has in the country so many admirers and so many friends who know how much he has done to popularise music, that the subscriptions to this testimonial will flow in neither slowly nor in too small sums. We are certain that the commissioners would be but too happy to permit the presentation to take place in Kensington among all the wonders of the world; but we think it would be better that the testimonial to Mr. Costa, whatever be the form which it may assume, should be presented either in Exeter Hall or in the Crystal Palace, the scenes of so many of his greatest triumphs. Let it, however, be in the Exhibition year, that the provincials, whom Mr. Costa has, as a conductor, so often delighted, may be able to prove that their satisfaction was neither selfish nor fleeting.

That Mr. Costa has done a good deal for music in this country, and endeavoured to do more, nobody will pretend to gainsay. He was the first, if we mistake not—certainly one of the first—to elevate the office of orchestral conductor into its present importance and to give it its real significance. Anterior to his time, at the opera and in the concert-room, the leader and conductor were merged into one. The first fiddle of the band acted as both, now playing, now directing, as he thought proper, using his bow for a *bâton*. Mr. Costa, a very young man, reformed or helped to reform this singular custom which prevailed time out of mind, and for that alone is entitled to no small consideration. But the reform acts of the Italian *chef-d'orchestre* did not halt with the conductor. He made alterations in the constitution of the band, and in the disposition in the orchestra, which were found to be serious benefits. As a general of an instrumental army, he was allowed to have no superior, if in leed an equal. His method of conducting the power he wielded over his forces, his industry, his energy, his enthusiasm, were almost unparalleled. No man, moreover, could claim more respect from artists placed under him, while no director ever looked with greater zeal to their interests and welfare. These were great recommendations and could not be overlooked. Mr. Costa shone especially in directing Italian opera. He had to deal with music of his predilection—with music he thoroughly understood and appreciated. That he was the most accomplished conductor of Italian opera this country has seen may be asserted without fear of contradiction. As director of the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies he was not qualified in the same eminent degree. To one bred and educated in the Italian school of music, and with Italian feelings and tastes, the conducting of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, and the *Israel in Egypt* of Handel, must have presented greater difficulties than *Lucrezia Borgia* or *Norma*. But if not trained and disciplined in the loftiest school of art, Mr. Costa had too keen a perception and too much talent, indeed, not to come through the ordeal with credit, if not triumphantly. He found admirers and supporters in his new calling, and patrons who adhered to him under all circumstances, and accepted all his acts for gospel. Never was reputation earned by harder work and greater perseverance, and the direction of the Birmingham Festivals and the great gatherings at the Crystal Palace followed of course his London fame.

Mr. Costa's position in this country has been an enviable one, and almost unprecedented. As a mere labourer in the art he has been one of the most indefatigable and persevering ever known. For this only, if for nothing else, the celebrated *chef d'orchestre* is entitled to a testimonial; and in giving publicity to the announcement we trust we shall be the means of creating an interest in the undertaking, and swelling the list of subscriptions.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S opera, in four acts, *Die Kinder der Haide* (the Children of the Heath), being on the eve of re-production (Herr Ander willing) at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, you may like to hear a word or two about it. The plot (modelled after Karl Beck's *Janko*) is wrought out somewhat as follows:—

Isbrana, a young gipsy maiden, is in love with the spruce horseherd, Wanja. At the rising of the curtain we perceive her waiting for him. At length he appears, but his look is gloomy and severe. He says he has come for the last time, in order to break off a connection which has long rendered him an object of scorn to his relations and friends. Although thus humbled and repudiated by him, Isbrana, at the risk of her life, informs him that she has overheard the plan of some gipsies to steal his horse, and break into the inn kept by an old man named Conrad. Deeply moved by the noblemindedness of the poor girl, Wanja once again swears he will ever remain true to her, and then hurries off to frustrate the plans of the gipsy band. With the assistance of numerous herdsmen, called together by his horn, he drives the gipsies out of Conrad's inn, and brings in his arms the fainting Marie, Conrad's daughter, into the open air. The grateful father offers him her hand and half of what he possesses. Wanja is so fascinated by the appearance of the charming girl, that the final group enables us without difficulty to predict a speedy marriage.

The second act commences with festive preparations for Marie's wedding. But the blond German girl is not happy at the prospect; she nourishes in secret an ideal passion for a young nobleman who once honoured her with a few tender words. Scarcely have the young people returned from the church, scarcely has the deeply-injured Isbrana finished the marriage-song she has been compelled to sing them, before Count Wladimir appears in the midst of the marriage guests. Taking advantage of a moment when he is unobserved, he pours a passionate confession into Marie's ear. Wanja, flushed with wine, dares to step menacingly between them, a crime for which he is at once compelled to beg forgiveness on his knees. The Count is not too loath to pardon

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him, in order to render the poor fellow helplessly intoxicated and forgetful of Marie.

At the commencement of the third act we see Wanja sleeping on the bare ground in front of his hut. The faithful gipsy girl is watching over him, but, on awaking, he drives her away, and also upbraids her for her significant warnings with regard to the Count. The latter has, meanwhile, sent Marie a letter, making arrangements for an undisturbed interview. A cunning gipsy, named Gregory, is the bearer of the letter, but Isbrana manages to get it away from him, in order to save Wanja from the shame with which he is menaced. Moved, however, by the entreaties of the young bride, she conceals, at the decisive moment, the guilty passage in the letter, and, poor thing, has to hasten away in order to avoid Wanja's whip. Marie has hardly been alone a moment, before the Count appears, and receives from her the avowal that his love is returned. With his arm encircling her waist, he is dragging her, half forcibly, from the spot, when Wanja unexpectedly returns, and rushes wildly on him. The Count draws his sabre, but is disarmed, and falls under Wanja's avenging hand. Then follows the highly exciting scene (faithfully copied from *Janko*) where the murderer, with the bloody weapon still in his hand, presents himself to the crowd, who are transfixed with fear, and says: "Hört und lasst euch sagen; Ich habe den Herrn erschlagen!" ("Listen to what I have to tell you; I have killed our master!") The submissive multitude now pluck up courage, and resolve to avenge the murder of the young noble. They make an attempt to chain Wanja, and deliver him up to the officers of justice, but a signal given by the faithful Isbrana brings the gipsies in the neighbourhood to Wanja's assistance. After a short struggle, they rescue him from the peasants, and carry him off with them triumphantly. This concludes the third act.

In the fourth act we find the horseherd is the leader of his deliverers; he has become a captain of banditti. By Isbrana's side, he rules the brown "Children of the Heath"—the terror of the country people and of travellers. Among the latter, he one day unexpectedly finds some former acquaintances. The gipsies drag in old Conrad with his daughter, who has gone mad. Wanja, struck by remorse, sinks down before Marie, who, however, does not recognise him. By allowing father and daughter to proceed freely on their way, he lashes the gipsies into rebellion against him. Even Isbrana, most deeply wounded by his reviving love for Marie, resolves to be revenged. At a sign from her, Wanja sees himself surrounded and captured by the officers of justice, while Isbrana, horrified at her own deed, commits suicide.

Even from this hasty sketch the reader will guess that the book is planned with skill and poetic feeling; and that, moreover, in the third act, the dramatic interest is wound up to an unusual pitch. But the fourth act tacks on to the preceding acts a conclusion which is as obscure as it is capricious. If the four-act form is, as a rule, the most unfavourable for opera, it becomes nothing less than absolutely ruinous, when the concluding act, which ought to work all the strength and meaning of the opera up to a climax, is flat and tame. That Isbrana, after sacrificing herself in the noblest manner during three acts for her lover, should, in the fourth act, quietly deliver him up to the gendarmes, is as deficient in motive and unpoetical as the reappearance of Marie bereft of her reason, and as Wanja's whole course of proceeding. Even in the first three acts, the dramatic motives, properly so called, are not especially abundant or novel; but they combine naturally and with skilfully graduated effect with each other, crystallising into happily conceived and genuine musical situations. The great charm of Beck's *Janko*—that lyrico-epic poem, glowing with rich colour—most certainly does not consist in the impetuous power of the events depicted.

Though too scanty for a drama, the subject seemed in many ways well adapted for an opera, since the latter, like the epic poem, requires a calm extension of representable reality. Mosenthal—whom, to all intents and purposes, we may consider to be the author of the first three acts—has seen the matter in its proper light, and, by the unmistakeable contrast between the four principal characters, the touches of nationality in his pourtrayal of gipsy life, the scene of the marriage festivities, &c., played admirably into the composer's hands. The real hero of the piece is Isbrana; the original titular hero, Wanja, is of far less importance. This personage confuses us by his continuous vacillation between Isbrana and Marie, and shocks us by the Sclavonic brutality with which he first throws himself on the ground before the nobleman, and then raises his whip against the defenceless gipsy maiden. Without doubt this is a genuine Russian trait, but in the ideal sphere to which opera belongs, and must belong, in so far as it does not admit of a detailed exposition of dramatic motives, such a trait has a repulsive effect. Count Wladimir ought to have taken a somewhat more prominent part in the action; he would then have produced the effect of a common-place stage figure less than he now does. The two female characters, on the other hand, are happily hit off, and by the contrast between them, afford a fine field for musical treatment.

The libretto of *Die Kinder der Haide* exhibits one negative merit, which does credit to the composer as well as the author, namely, that it never aims at mere outward show. We all know how librettos are manufactured now-a-days. The first things taken into consideration are the costumes, scenery, processions, &c.; the author selects knightly or oriental costumes, dazzling equipments, and magnificent robes. After all this display in the way of dress, the attention of the composer is turned to the most popular musical forms—such, for instance, as the march, the drinking-song, and the prayer. The action, properly so called, is something quite secondary, and is cut out, like a garment, to fit these more important requirements. There is, however, almost nothing of this kind in the book of the *Children of the Heath*, which invariably displays an endeavour to exhibit dramatic character and action. It can only be regretted that Herr Rubinstein, influenced partly by his own opinion, and partly by that of various officious individuals, should have made some highly inappropriate alterations in the original story of *Janko*. At first, he actually wanted to transport the action, which is laid in Hungary, to—Mexico! When the author pointed out to him, however, the impracticability of granting his desire, he agreed at last to lay the scene in the south of Russia, where he felt most at home. Rubinstein appears to have been ignorant—nay, not to have entertained the slightest presentiment—of his strongest point, to which his music will owe its greatest and best merited success. This point is its nationality, of which, however, more in another letter. H. H.

Vienna, Oct. 21.

EXETER HALL.

THESE spacious old head-quarters of Oratorio were in all their glory again last Tuesday evening. More full of light and life, and thrilling resonance, they never were. An audience of the best kind, as numerous as the place can hold, were drawn there by the threefold interest of charity: of hearing Jenny Lind sing once more, after five years of resolute retirement in domestic life; and of hearing that great work—perhaps the most welcome of all oratorios next to the *Messiah*—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, done so conscientiously and so inspiringly as it surely would be under her auspices, she sustaining all the leading soprano parts, and Sims Reeves (for the first time cooperating with her) all the tenor, with worthy associates in the other solos, with a thoroughly drilled choir and orchestra, on the scale of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and with her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, for conductor, and the accomplished organist of the Temple Church, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, to play the organ accompaniments. Here was an appeal to love of music and humanity quite irresistible; and it is no wonder

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that for some days before the concert there were no seats to be had for love or money. The sum raised must have been a solid furtherance to the philanthropic work of the Rev. Mr. Douglas—enough to "tide over" many of the difficulties he has had to encounter in his efforts to improve the spiritual, social, and material condition of the dense population of the district lying around the Victoria Docks, or "London over the Border." It was simply characteristic of the great singer to signalize the opening of a new career of her artistic triumphs by a splendid gift to society, setting apart the entire first-fruits thereof for the good of her fellow beings. Such good deeds require no appreciation here; our business is with the musical event as such.

It is understood that this performance of *Elijah* is the grand prelude to a series of performances which Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt as director, and with Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, &c., as her principal assistants, proposes to give in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns. Such a reappearance, after such long silence, of course excites great joy and curiosity. There may have been some doubts, some fears, too, whether the great singer would be found the same; whether that wonderful voice had not lost much of its charm. But these, we may safely say, were happily dispelled on Tuesday night. The great soprano of our day is as supreme as ever; as full of penetrating power and beauty; the clearest, purest, truest, largest, and most musical of all high voices. Possibly, the delivery of it costs somewhat more effort than in former years; but it is not painfully visible, and the effect is smooth, spontaneous, expressive art. As first heard, in the double quartet, "He shall give his angels charge," it soared above all, with a triumphant fervour that seemed to carry the whole up with it, and lend a clear seraphic temper to the harmony, as Mendelssohn intended. Never were those highest phrases touched so satisfactorily—so proudly lit upon—not struggled up to. And she was well supported in the other parts, including as they did Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, &c. &c.

In the scene of the widow, "What have I to do with thee?" her delivery was the perfection of dramatic pathos. Here you felt one, perhaps the central secret of the singer's power, which is her earnestness. She sings with her whole soul, and with determination to convey the whole reach and meaning of each phrase of text and music in her tones. Still more powerfully was this felt in her great song, "Hear ye, Israel," followed by "Thus saith the Lord," and "Be not afraid." Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the first sentence; nothing more grandly declaratory than the last. This is just the music for Jenny Lind; one can readily believe that Mendelssohn wrote it for her. But perhaps here is the fittest place to suggest the only question that occurred to us as to the otherwise faultless perfection of her singing. Was it not perhaps too uniformly excellent? that is to say, too uniformly earnest — always strained up to the full bent of expression — every phrase and every note charged to its full capacity — *all*, as it were, emphasized, so that you needed some repose, some level places to recover in? But nothing of this sort could one feel in the succeeding pieces. In the angel trio, "Lift thine eyes" (sung to perfection with Miss Cole and Miss Palmer, and encored enthusiastically); in the angel's message to Elijah, "Arise now! get thee without;" above all, in that crystal clear, etherial quartet, "Holy, holy" (with Miss Cole, Miss Palmer, Miss Eyles, and chorus); in the recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah;" and in the exquisite quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth" (with Miss Palmer, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Lawler), her voice was the impersonation of that high seraphic temper, that worshipping, Miltonic ardour, that sympathy as from above — purified, not passionless, which the situations and the words suggest, and which so truly inspired the composer. Perhaps *tenderness*, in the common sense of the term, is not so remarkable among the native graces of the Lind voice or art as some others. Yet no one sings with more feeling. Her noblest manifestation is, however, in a piece like "Holy, holy." Was ever *Sanctus* so sustained and grand! That high voice sounded like one that had led in the angelic choirs, with still increasing joy and fervour, since the stars first sang together.

Mr. Sims Reeves, as we have said, sang all the tenor solos; and every reader will know what we mean when we say that he sang his best. Indeed, in his two great airs—"If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous shine,"—he fairly shared the first honours of the evening. In the recitatives, too, he maintained his consummate mastery, as in song. And what could one want more to have coupled with the Lind voice in those beautiful quartets than the voice of Sims Reeves? Only the warm, rich, large contralto of Miss Palmer, who also surpassed herself that evening. There was a fine purity of style, a simple, unaffected fervour in all that lady's singing. She has a comforting quality of voice, that suits that particular angel who bore messages to Elijah; and she seemed steeped in the music, even when she was not singing, or only joined unconsciously in the chorus. In "O rest in the Lord," she was most heartily and deservedly encored. In the denunciations of Jezebel she showed a dramatic energy which we had hardly expected. The silvery high soprano of Miss Cole was admirably suited to the part of the boy sent out to look for rain; and she did good service: as did also Miss Eyles, contralto, in concerted pieces. The same must be said of Mr. Lawler, bass, and Mr. Cummings.

Mr. Weiss sustained the difficult and all-important part, which he had made his own, that of Elijah, with great power and dignity, and like a thoroughly artistic singer. We might particularise many fine points; but what need when all was admirable and worthy of the occasion. Orchestra and choir were all that one could wish, entering into the work with a will, and marring or obscuring none of the beauties of this magnificent composition under the firm, intelligent baton of Mr. Goldschmidt, who at once took a high position thereby among good conductors.

There was no instance in which one could find fault even with a *tempo*, unless it were that the "Blessed" chorus was taken up a little faster than the instruments could play with ease. On the whole it was a triumphant, and will remain a memorable performance of *Elijah*. J. S. D.

[The above very interesting report, forming part of a letter addressed by the writer to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, will, we are sure, be as acceptable to the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD as any editorial notice of Mad. Goldschmidt's concert that could by any possibility be furnished.—ED. M. W.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—These admirable and now firmly established entertainments commence (for the fourth season), on Monday, April 18th, at St. James's Hall. M. Vieuxtemps is re-engaged by Mr. Arthur Chappell, and will appear at the first concert. Mr. Charles Hallé is to be the pianist.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Herr Auguste Manns will recommence his interesting Winter Saturday Concerts on the 2nd of November, with a classical programme.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith re-opens on Monday, with Mr. Gustavus G. Brooke, and a new Australian actress, as the attractions.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS Theatre commenced proceedings on Thursday night, in a manner which promises well for the season to come. A new Opera was produced — Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* — with triumphant success. Our own report must be deferred until next week. Meanwhile we append notices from two of the principal morning papers.

(*From the Daily News.*)

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have made a good beginning of their winter campaign. No theatrical managers have ever deserved success more than they have done. They have from first to last laboured most conscientiously in doing their duty to the public; and the public, in requital, owe them every encouragement and support. Their present company is even stronger than it has hitherto been; they have made an ample and varied provision of new works by our most distinguished composers to be produced in the course of the season. Their chorus and orchestra are superior to any thing we have ever heard in an English theatre; they have provided all the means of giving splendour and magnificence to their performance; and in Mr. Alfred Mellon they have a musical director whose ability and energy are not to be surpassed.

The theatre opened with Mr. Howard Glover's new opera *Ruy Blas*. Much was expected from this work, and no disappointment has ensued. On the contrary, it was performed to an audience who crowded the theatre to the doors, and from whom it met with an enthusiastic reception. Its success, indeed, has been triumphant, and such as will give it a permanent place among our standard English operas. No account of the drama is necessary. It is Victor Hugo's famous romantic tragedy, translated, scene for scene, from the original, with no other alterations than such as are requisite to give it the lyrical form. The libretto is by Mr. Glover himself. It is exceedingly well written, and such as might be expected from the pen of a gentleman who has a literary as well as a musical reputation. If we have any fault to find with it, we may say, perhaps, that the original piece is too closely followed, the dialogue not having always undergone that condensation which is desirable in the process of turning a play into an opera. Hence, as it appeared to us, some of the scenes, both of spoken dialogue and concerted music, were somewhat verbose, and moved heavily. A little improvement in this respect might be made; and we have no doubt it would give, in some places, greater concentration and spirit to the action of the drama. The subject is a very happy one, and we wonder that it has not before now been brought on the opera stage. The original play, though deeply tragic, is more in the style of melodrama than of regular tragedy. Its whole construction is melodramatic, and its situations and incidents constantly suggest musical treatment. Mr. Glover has found them rich in the materials of expression and effect; and the musical ideas suggested by them are not only striking and beautiful in themselves, but always in perfect accordance with dramatic truth. We can, at this time, only mention a few passages which seemed to make the greatest impression.

The opening scene of the *fête* in honour of the King's birthday is a most happy mixture of brilliant music, gay spectacle, pretty dances, and lively action. It prepared the audience for being amused and excited by what was to follow. The first of the *dramatis personæ* who appeared was Don Sallust, personated by Mr. Santley, who was received with the honour due to so excellent a performer. His air, "My heart with rage is swelling," was greatly applauded. When Mr. Harrison appeared shortly afterwards, he was greeted with acclamations from all parts of the house. He performed the part of the hero, which he sustained most admirably, showing the powers of a great tragedian as well as of a great singer. His ballad, "Beside her lattice every night," a charming melody (the theme of which we had already heard in the overture), created a great sensation. It was loudly applauded and encored, but though the call was persisted in, it was not responded to. We afterwards found, to our satisfaction, that both Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne had adopted the resolution to decline all *encores;* a resolution which we hope they will have the firmness to adhere to, and thus contribute to do away with a senseless practice which has become an absolute nuisance. The duet between Don Sallust and Don Cesar de Bazan (Mr. Santley and Mr. St. Albyn) is dramatic, and was delivered with much spirit, but it is too long, being too full of words. In the scene which opens the second act there is an exceedingly pretty part-song for female voices, "We have wandered through the gardens," which had a most pleasing effect, and ought to become popular wherever part-singers "do congregate." Miss Louisa Pyne now made her first appearance, in the character of the Queen. She was exquisitely attired, and looked both charming and queenlike. The sight of her produced a tumult of enthusiasm in the house, which was heightened by the manner in which she warbled her delightful ballad, "A trusty heart in sorrow's need," which, though applauded loud and long, was not repeated. In the same scene there was a playful trio, "Beauteous lady," sung by Miss Thirlwall as Casilda, Miss Jessie M'Lean (a most promising *débutante*) as the Page Oscar, and Miss Susan Pyne as the antiquated Duchess of Albuquerque, the Queen's duenna—very comic and clever, and admirably sung. Casilda's subsequent air, "'Tis sweet to roam," a little Spanish ditty, redolent of Andalusia, enabled Miss Thirlwall to appear to great advantage; and Miss Susan Pyne was equally happy in a lively song, "Where a husband's eye must fail," which she sang with great spirit and quaintness. But our time and space admonish us that we must, for the present at least, pass over many things well worthy of special notice. We must, however, mention Miss Louisa Pyne's air, "Why then for such loving care," a rondo in the bravura style, full of rapid passages in the highest regions of the scale, which she sang with that bird-like clearness, brilliancy, and ease, of which she alone is capable. The house rang with applause, after its conclusion, for several minutes. We can only further mention the last act, which (unlike the last acts of many operas) is the best and most effective portion of the work. The acting of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in the scene of the terrible catastrophe, was above all praise; and the music of all this act is full of beauties of the highest order.

The whole performance was admirable. Miss Susan Pyne's truly artistic personation of the pompous Duenna was genuine comedy joined to clever and musicianlike singing. Miss Thirlwall maintained the character she gained last year; and Miss Jessie M'Lean (a young American, we understand) showed that she will prove a valuable member of the company. When the curtain fell there was the usual ovation which attends a successful performance. After the principal performers had appeared before the curtain the author was loudly called for, and on presenting himself was greeted with the warm and unanimous plaudits which he so well deserved.

(*From the Times.*)

A very few lines must suffice at present to chronicle the reopening of this national establishment last night, in presence of a crowded audience, with an original grand work in four acts, from the pen of an English composer. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have commenced their "season" more auspiciously. The new opera achieved a brilliant and well-merited success, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon its composer, who was unanimously called for at the end, after the principal singers had been summoned, was a spontaneous tribute on the part of those who had experienced such hearty gratification from his music. Although the only dramatic composition of his which had been previously represented on the London boards was an operetta called *Aminta*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a good many years since, Mr. Howard Glover has long held a conspicuous place in the ranks of English musicians, and by musical amateurs is popularly recognized as the author of *Tam O'Shanter*, one of the most characteristic works of its class ever written for the concert-room. His new opera, the book of which, prepared by himself, derives its materials from Hugo's celebrated play of *Ruy Blas*, is a more ambitious effort than any that has yet proceeded from his pen; and it is only just to add that increase of endeavour has been accompanied by a proportionate amount of success. But of the merits of *Ruy Blas*, libretto and music, we must defer speaking till a more convenient opportunity. Enough just now to say that it is placed upon the stage with that completeness in every department for which the Royal English Opera has earned honourable distinction; that the cast comprises the strength of the com-

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pany; and that the orchestra and chorus, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who seldom fails to secure by indefatigable zeal and talent an eminently satisfactory "first performance," and has maintained his reputation on the present occasion—exhibit all their well-known efficiency. The character of *Ruy Blas* falls to Mr. Harrison, that of the Queen of Spain to Miss Lousia Pyne, and that of Don Sallust to Mr. Santley (whose return to the Royal English Opera is a manifest gain to its interests); while the subordinate parts are in the hands of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Patey, and Miss Jessie M'Lean, a young and highly promising *débutante*, for whom a personage has been invented, something akin to the page in the *Huguenots*, *Gustave*, or the *Ballo in Maschera*, wholly foreign to the drama of M. Hugo. The performance did not terminate till a late hour; but the good sense of the principal singers in respectfully declining "encores" prevented the slightest feeling of tedium among the audience, who consequently remained, with scarcely a single exception, until the last note of the opera. As there were a great many songs, all more or less attractive, and some eminently beautiful, had "encores" been accepted, the fall of the curtain might have been postponed till considerably past midnight. In the instance of two ballads, nevertheless, "A sympathizing heart" (Act ii.), and "Could life's dark scene be changed for me" (Act iii.), both sung to the utmost degree of perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the last especially, one of the most expressive and unhackneyed compositions of its class that we remember, the sensation created was so remarkable, and the demand for repetition so thoroughly genuine and unanimous, that the stringent regulation now for the first time adopted at this theatre of resisting such demands on the part of the audience, was regarded—not altogether unreasonably, perhaps—as somewhat of a hardship.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor), and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos. *Ruy Blas* is to be repeated, as a matter of course, this evening.

Provincial.

MUSIC is beginning to be heard again at Manchester. Mr. Hallé has begun his new campaign. Of his first grand concert the *Manchester Guardian* writes as follows:—

"The first of Mr. Hallé's projected series of twenty concerts took place at the Free-trade Hall last night, and attracted a very large audience. The reception given to the talented *maestro*, on his stepping upon the platform, was enthusiastic, amounting, indeed, to an ovation. This concert was the first of the twelve miscellaneous ones, intended to form part of the series (the remaining eight being choral); in which twelve Mr. Hallé intends to rely mainly upon his band, his own pianoforte performances, and solos and concerted pieces by the *élite* of the band; the vocal element, which is intended to be represented by the highest available talent, in each case varying the programmes, and relieving the instrumentalists. The band is thus a most important feature in the concerts, and we understand that neither pains nor expense have been spared to make it efficient in every department. It consists, as we have already stated, of sixty-five instruments, of which forty-two are strings, the remainder being wind instruments and instruments of percussion; thus forming a force which, in a room so admirably adapted for sound as the Free-trade Hall, is amply sufficient for the production of the greatest orchestral effects; and in order to secure beauty of tone and proportion amongst its different sections, care has been taken to fill the leading posts with artists of ability and experience. The twelve first violins are headed by Mr. C. A. Seymour, whose name, not to mention the other eleven, who are all excellent players, is a guarantee that this all-important section of the band will be efficiently represented. At the head of the twelve second violins is Mr. L. Goodwin; M. Baetens leads the six tenors; M. Vieuxtemps, an orchestral player of the highest rank, is chief of the six violoncellos; and Mr. Waud, equal to any three ordinary players, is foremost amongst the double basses. The efficiency of the wind instruments is secured by the following well-known names, who figure as principals of their respective instruments—namely, Mr. De Jong (flute), Mons. Lavigne and Mr. Jennings (oboes), the former being perhaps the best player of the day; Herr Grosse (clarinet), Signor Raspi (bassoon), Herr Grieben and Mr. L. Edwards (horns, with two others); Mr. Richardson (trumpet), Mr. R. Richardson (cornet), Mr. W. Philipps (trombone, with two others), and Signor Medina (ophicleide). Two experienced players, Mr. Yardley and Mr. Batley, are at the drums, Mr. Lockwood is the harpist, and Mr. Holt occupies the by no means unimportant post of librarian. Weber's magnificent overture to *Der Freischutz*, which opened the concert, tested at once both the power and quality of the band; the effect of the mass of strings being rich, solid, and sonorous, tempering the power of the wind instruments, which are all in every way admirable. The overture was played throughout with great precision and effect; and, if any special praise is due, it is to the horns and the clarinet, which were excellent. The brilliant *Guillaume Tell* was given with so much fire and precision as to call for a demand for a repetition, which Mr. Hallé unhesitatingly complied with so far as to repeat the latter part. The great instrumental piece of the evening was, however, Mendelssohn's Symphony, with its rich and varied poetic colouring. This, infinitely more difficult than the overtures, was the real touchstone for the band. They were, however, thoroughly up to the mark, both strings and wind, and gave a performance of the symphony that left nothing whatever to be desired. The march from *Tannhäuser*, one of the clearest and best we have heard of the school to which it belongs, completed the band performances. We believe it was the general opinion that the present band surpassed any that Mr. Hallé has hitherto organised; and much gratification may be expected from the numerous orchestral works that are to be produced in the course of the season. Of Mr. Hallé's own performances it is difficult to speak. He is so uniformly excellent in everything that he does, and playing every style with the same facility, from the mighty and profound Beethoven to the light and graceful bagatelles of the day, that criticism has nothing to do but to record its admiration. The brilliant *Concertstück* was never better rendered, nor Thalberg's popular "Home, sweet home." The latter elicited immense applause, which Mr. Hallé acknowledged by performing one of Stephen Heller's tarantellas. A solo of Mr. Lavigne was an admirable performance. In the hands of this accomplished player the oboe becomes, what it has rarely ever been before, a pleasing solo instrument. Mr. Lavigne appears to have immense command over it, developing its powers of expression, however, rather than displaying much executive dexterity, though in this he is evidently a master. The vocal performances of Mlle. Parepa were in every way worthy to be combined with the instrumental. In Auber's grand aria from *Le Serment*, in the air from *Queen Topaze*, and in the "Il bacio" of Signor Arditi, her vocalisation was really superb, and apparently feeling how admirably she was sustained by the band, she gave open rein, and fairly revelled in the exhibition of vocal power, finished and perfect in the highest degree. She also sang "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

Our own correspondent at LEEDS sends us the following:—"At the popular concert in the Town Hall, last Saturday, "Spring" and "Summer," from Haydn's *Seasons*, were performed. Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Brandon, and the Choral Society being the vocalists. The accompaniments were played by Dr. Spark on the organ, and Mr. Burton conducted.

The eleventh annual general meeting of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society was held in St. George's school-room, on Wednesday evening. Mr. J. W. Atkinson, Vice-President, occupied the chair. There were between seventy and eighty members present. The committee, in their report, congratulated the society on its prosperous condition, the number of members on the books being about 140. Dr. Spark's resignation as conductor was alluded to with regret; but in his successor, Mr. Bowling, the committee had found a gentleman of energy and talent, and one who was determined to do all in his power to maintain the prestige of the society. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected on the committee for the ensuing year:—Messrs. J. W. Atkinson, J. Bowling, J. Burras, J. D. Fowell, M. Hall, W. H. Johnson, Josh. Rider, Fred. Spark, C. Wardell, C. Wurtzburg, J. H. Walker, and A. Williamson. Mr. Bowling was re-elected conductor, and Mr. Fowell as honorary secretary and treasurer. A rehearsal of Bennett's *May Queen* occupied the remainder of the evening.

From the *Worcester Journal* we learn that Mr. Haynes gave a concert on Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., at Haynes's Concert Rooms, MALVERN. The room was filled with the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. The artists were Mrs. Haynes, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss M. Moss, and Mr. G. Perren, vocalists; M. Sainton, with M. Paque and M. Ritter (pianoforte), instrumentalists. The duet, "Dolce Conforto," was charmingly sung by

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Mrs. Haynes and Mad. Dolby, their voices blended together extremely well. Mrs. Haynes sang Rossini's aria "Di piacer," with refinement and true artistic feeling, and received from the audience vociferous applause.

From the *Dublin Evening Packet* we glean the subjoined:—

"Mr. H. St. Leger, a well-known musical amateur, yesterday invited several professors and lovers of music to hear some pianoforte works and new songs, in one of the saloons of Bussell's pianoforte warerooms. Among those who performed, Miss Flynn and Mr. Theodore Logier claim special notice. On playing the fine duet, composed by Moscheles for two grand pianos, called *Homage to Handel*, the applause was so great that they were obliged to repeat the piece, which they did with increased effect. Miss Flynn then charmed her audience with several solos by Chopin, Mendelssohn, Gottschalk, Mayer, &c., which she performed with exquisite taste and brilliant execution. Mrs. Lumsden and several amateurs then sang some of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger's new songs, including 'The angel mother,' 'You still may trust me,' 'Somebody is waiting for me.' We were much pleased with the two new songs composed by Mrs. St. Leger for the occasion, called 'The Colleen Bawn,' and 'Dew is gemming flower and spray.' The *matinée* was concluded by Mr. Theodore Logier performing several solos on the piano by Chopin, Liszt, &c. We were particularly struck with *Rigoletto* by the last-mentioned composer, and a prayer and march composed by Mrs. St. Leger expressly for the band of the 60th Rifles."

An occasional correspondent gives us the following account of musical and theatrical doings in the Irish capital:—

Claremont, Howth.

DEAR WORLD,—The weather continuing very fine, and my friends not willing to let me return to the gay metropolis; here I am still. The Italian *troupe* is gone, the last night of the Opera was most brilliant, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was performed, and all the best pieces encored most rapturously. Tietjens, Giuglini, Delle Sedie, Lemaire, &c., were called before the curtain after each act, and at the conclusion of the opera the stage appeared like a flower garden, the number of bouquets was so great. Great praise is due to Mr. Levey, the leader of the orchestra, not only for his energy on all occasions when novelties are produced at the Royal Theatre, but for his steady leading and admirable execution on the violin. His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, and a large party were present, and his Excellency (who is well known as a great lover of music) applauded the principal singers frequently and warmly. Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke appeared on Monday. He has been in Australia for seven years. The part he chose was *Othello*, which he performed with his accustomed ability. He has since appeared in the *Hunchback*, and in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. His acting in the latter produced an effect that never will be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Theodore Logier, son of the celebrated contrapuntist, who wrote the Logierian system, is here; he is going to play for me to-day some of Alkan's new pieces. In my next I will tell you my opinion of his playing. I was at the exhibition here on Monday night, and heard the band of the rifle brigade; it is first rate, the cornet-a-pistons player is a stunner.

P.S.—Our *matinée musicale* is just over; Mr. Theodore Logier having played to some of the most enthusiastic musical amateurs I ever met. Each piece was given in first-rate style, and received with acclamations of the highest favour. The selection comprised *Rigoletto*, by Liszt; Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111; *Vaghezza*, by Alkan; *Troisième Ballade*, by Chopin; Waltz in A flat, by Chopin; "La Jeunesse dorée," by Egghard; and the Sonata-Pathétique. Mrs. Emily Lumsden (late Miss Serle) varied the entertainment most agreeably by singing in a manner that called forth repeated plaudits, "Birds blithely singing," by Lindblad; "The Guardian Angels," by Kücken; "When I was young," from Chappell's old English ballads; "The Angel Mother," by Mrs. St Leger; and "The Rhine Maiden," by H. Smart. Two amateurs, Mr. Edmund M'Dernott and Mr. Ward also gave compositions of their own; but I can't tell you the names of their songs.

FANATICO.

ROSEMARY BRANCH, PECKHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*). — Mr. Howard Herring, organist of St. Mary's, Peckham, gave his annual concert at these rooms on Monday, Oct. 21; and, to judge from the number of visitors, we should say the result must have been very satisfactory. The room was crowded to excess, even the passages being occupied by the audience. The artists were Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Palmer Lisle, Mr. G. Tedder, Mr. Charles Fabian, Mr. G. T. Smith, Mr. H. Buckland, Mr. Becket, Master Tolkien, and Mad. Loder. Among the best pieces may be mentioned "I'm a roamer," sung by Mr. Smith, and deservedly encored; and Mr. G. Tedder's rendering of a new song, "Be true," composed by Mr. Herring, which also obtained a genuine encore. Mr. Charles Fabian, who possesses a voice of good quality, sang Balfe's very popular "Fresh as a rose," with true expression. In his next song, "Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee," being encored, he substituted M. Ascher's new song of "Alice, where art thou?" which delighted the audience. Miss Palmer Lisle obtained an encore in "I waited till the twilight," but contented herself by bowing her acknowledgments. The concerted pieces, especially "The last Rose of Summer," by Mr. H. Herring, Master Tolkien, Mr. Becket, and Mr. Buckland, were extremely well given. An apology was made for Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who, though suffering from a severe cold, was not absent from her post. The concert concluded with some pieces by the so-called "Kentucky minstrels."

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.—Last week (on Friday night) Mr. Albert Lowe, before a select audience, performed the subjoined list of pieces with his accustomed ability and success:—

PART I.—(A) Andante con moto, (B) Allegro non troppo, Mendelssohn; Gloria (1st Mass), Haydn; Agnus Dei (1st Mass), Mozart; Total Eclipse (*Samson*), Handel; "In a gondola," Mendelssohn; Prelude and Fugue (G minor) Bach; March (*Eli*), Costa.

PART II.—Prelude (B flat), Rink; Selection, Bellini; (A) Benedictus, (B) Gloria (12th Mass), Mozart; "O thou that tellest" (*Messiah*), Handel; "Be not afraid" (*Elijah*), Mendelssohn; "The marvellous works" (*Creation*), Haydn; Selection, Rossini.

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November 9th, 1861.

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HERR FORMES will sing his New Song, "In sheltered vale," at the Crystal Palace Concert this day.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his New Fantasia for the Pianoforte, "Les Echos des Londres," at the Crystal Palace Concert this day.

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MUSICAL WORLD

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Reviews.

A LARGE instalment of the music of Mr. Howard Glover's new and successful opera, *Ruy Blas* (Boosey and Sons)—*en attendant*, we hope and presume, the remainder—lies before us. *Ruy Blas* looks just as well on paper as it sounds from the stage and orchestra, and, the arrangements being almost in every instance effectively done, the instrumental accompaniments lose less than is too frequently the case by transference to the keyboard of the piano. A glance at each of the pieces will suffice.

The plates of Miss Louisa Pyne's uncommonly popular ballad, "A sympathising heart," to judge from the printed impression, must already be somewhat worn by repeated service; and no wonder, if it be true, as we have heard, that not fewer than 20,000 copies have already been struck off, and for the most part disposed of. It is certainly one of the most attractive things of the class to which it belongs, whatever reservation may be made with respect to the class itself.

"*Home of my youth*" (also Miss Louisa Pyne's)—which begins with the unusually graceful *ritornello* for cornets-à-pistons—notwithstanding that it fell a victim to the castrating knife, after a few nights, during which it had charmed the audience, is indisputably a ballad of a higher stamp than the other, while containing within itself the same elements of popularity in an equally remarkable degree.

"*Holy Mother, Virgin mild!*" (again Miss Louisa Pyne) is the beautiful and pathetic prayer of which so much (not a bit too much) has been said and written.

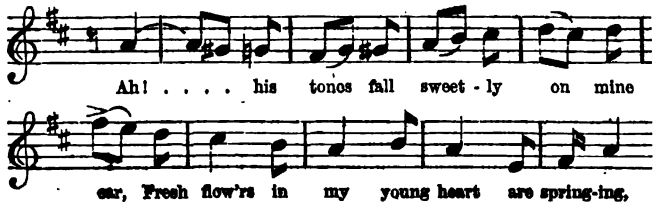
"*Why, then, for such loving care*" (Miss Louisa Pyne), though a little out of place, according to our notion, in the position assigned to it in the opera, offers a brilliant and animated medium for vocal display in the concert-room, and will no doubt, if on that account alone, find universal favour with singers who possess the art of fluent execution.

"*My heart with rage is swelling*" (Mr. Santley) is a song of a more elevated order, and in the present scarcity of good new concert-pieces for the baritone voice, should be in general request. The more familiar we become with the song, the more we find to admire in it.

"*The Flower she loves*" (Mr. Harrison) is, in a word, one of the freshest and most engaging ballads with which we are acquainted. The melody is as insinuating as the harmony is elegant and expressive.

"*Could Life's dark Scene*" (Miss Louisa Pyne) is the most exquisite little song in the whole opera, and one of the most exquisite we remember. Expression in so limited a sphere could scarcely be carried further.

The only vocal "concerted piece" in the selection with which we have been favoured is the fine and eminently dramatic duet between Ruy Blas and the Queen—"Madam, if I have striven well"—in the third act of the opera—the same which contains the very original, melodious, and well-developed phrase beginning thus:—



Two of the instrumental pieces only have reached us. The first and most important is the "Grand March" from the *finale* to Act 3—a showy, brilliant, and pompous military strain, which can hardly have failed to win attention at the theatre, and here is so carefully adapted for the pianoforte, that it lies within *reach* of the most unpretending executive force, which will doubtless add to the number of its admirers. The second is the quaint and charming mazurka, transposed (with no evident advantage) from F sharp minor to A minor.

We are still in expectation of the Tarantella and the overture, in the instrumental department; the delicious romance in F sharp minor—"In the stillness of night" (Miss Louisa Pyne's first air)—the fresh and graceful part-song for the Queen's ladies—"We have wandered through the gardens"—and a great number of almost equally attractive pieces, solo and concerted, in the vocal.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

	METZLER AND CO.			
GOODBAN (H. W.)	"Un Ballo in Maschera"	...	...	(ditto).
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	NOVELLO.			
CRAMER (John)	"Agnus Dei"			(Vocal).
	J. WILLIAMS.			
TOD (Melville)	"L'Espoir Schottische"	...	...	(Pianoforte).
Ditto	"The Sphynx Polka"	...	...	(ditto).
Ditto	"Weihnachts Polka"	...	...	(ditto).
Ditto	"In Memoriam" ...	...	...	(ditto).
Ditto	"The Bluebell Valse"	...	...	(ditto).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

November 7.

The sort of success which Glück's *Alceste* has attained at the Imperial Opera, and of which I endeavoured to give you a notice in my last, continues unabated, indeed rather increases. The audiences are swelled by the presence of many earnest lovers and eager students of musical art not only from the provinces of France (departments is the right expression, as the *Saturday Review* unnecessarily remarks), but from abroad. To these of course this great work is an interesting and no doubt to some extent profitable field of study;—to the dilettante, however, and the ordinary public, who require to be pleasurably excited, or folded into a web of powerful interest—as I before intimated, it is nought. The Opera has done, nevertheless, a worthy thing in producing *Alceste*; the resources of such an Imperial establishment cannot, indeed, be better employed than in presenting to the public, independent of the money question, the acknowledged models of art, and, indeed, in some cases mere antiquities only so long as they are something more than simply curious. But, if *Alceste* were played regularly once a week, for some time to come, it would draw on each occasion a large enough audience of that select kind to which it addresses itself, to repay a great part, if not all, the expense, of its production.

The new ballet by Mad. Ferraris, *L'Etoile de Messine*, is definitively announced for the 15th of this month. It is out of the hands of that mystic weaver of footsteps, the "choregraph" Borri, and is on the stage for rehearsal, which is the next stage to its being on the stage for performance. It is to be played as an after piece to *Alceste*, alternating in this service with a two act production, announced as forthcoming by Signor Alary,—the desecrator of *Don Giovanni*. Mr. Gounod's new opera, *La Reine de Saba*, is said to be in process of study, the first three acts having been read at the piano last week. M. and Mad. Gueymard, however, have had their parts for some time, and are said to be already up in them. The following is a list of the principal characters of this opera, the book of which is by MM. Carré and Barrière, and I add the performers to whom they have been cast according to present arrangements:—

King Solomon, M. Belval; a sculptor in the temple, M. Gueymard;

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a young sculptor, Mlle. Hamakers; the Queen of Sheba, Mad. Gueymard; a confidant to the Queen, Mlle. de la Pommeraye.

There are besides three workmen in the temple who bear a strong resemblance to the three anabaptists—in the *Prophète*, I mean, of course, and not in the *Pantagrueliad*—precious fragments of which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD some time since, leaving all true matagrobolisators to sigh for the remainder. Said anabaptistish craftsmen are allotted to MM. Marié, Coulon and Grisy.

I told you in my last of the production of *Marta* at the Italian Opera here, and how the chief female character had been played by a *débutante*, Mlle. Volpini, who made a favourable impression on the audience, as the stereotyped phrase goes. I have now to record that the favourable impression remains undiminished and rests on something more than the indulgence of the public on a first night and more especially towards a lady. Not that "the Volpini" is an artist of the highest class — nor that she has drawn the next prize in the lottery of theatrical life by being a lovely woman. But she most unquestionably asserts a claim to place No. 3 by the possession of a voice of soothingly agreeable quality, which she manages with a nice taste and thorough consciousness of the extent of its resources, while there is in all she does a charm not to be described and as little to be resisted, — and which extending to the person actually produces the impression of physical beauty. If I were a woman I should like to have this kind of charm as well as positive beauty of features — for what a reserve it is to fall back upon, should the small-pox, for instance, open its masked battery and destroy your principal force! Well then the new Marta will do. Signor Delle Sedie gets more and more firmly established in the good graces of the Parisian public, and great expectations are entertained of him in *Il Barbière*, which he is to do next — poor Beneventano of the swelling port having been, as I informed you, politely evicted. This it is to be over-puffed;— if you have not ballast — I speak morally, of course, and not of the "too too solid flesh" — you are blown into infinite space. Sig. Mario, need I say, is well again, and the stereotyped "*ægrotat*" is again removed from his name. He sang in *Marta* the other night quite marvellously. What is this curious ailment which leaves no traces behind it and yet is so malignantly sudden in attack, and overwhelmingly prostrating in effect? Why does not the Academy of Sciences propose for a prize a treatise on this inscrutable complaint? What is its origin? is it the *auri sacra fames* or the *aura sacra famæ*? Physicians, moralists, mystic seers, perpend, perpound! "The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale" — no, certainly not a nightingale — a croaking bull frog, rather — one that blows itself to convulsions not to swell into an ox but to counterfeit the sweet piping of Philomel. "Hop dance cries for two white herrings! Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee!" I allude to that most unmelodious of Princes who must have attuned his ears to discord by the constant utterance of that avalanche of conflicting consonants — that prolonged compound of sneeze, cough and eructation — which he is pleased to consider a name, and, no doubt, to rejoice in as a noble one. Poniatowski — Poniatowski — who will deliver me from Pon — no, I can't write it again! Having at the Grand Opera produced a most humorous work in five acts, he has now as a pendant endowed the Opéra Comique with a lugubrious, funereal and most ponderous trifle called *Au travers du Mur*, which is only more endurable in so much as it is shorter. The muse of comedy was never so insulted. And were one forced to sit out such a production more than once, *melancholia*, in its most rooted form, must ensue.

Death has again robbed the French stage of one of its most prized artists, and the theatrical profession of a most amiable and esteemed member. Leclère, the comedian of the Variétés, died last Tuesday week, after a short illness. He played so recently in London, during M. Talexy's management of the St. James's, that it is not necessary to describe his merits at any length. His forte was in delineating the lower class of bourgeois, with all their solidity and absurd pomposity of phrase, clothing the most abject platitudes. He was what we call a thoroughly legitimate actor, and his humour never degenerated into buffoonery. His death is an undoubted loss to the dramatic art, which, as times go, can but little afford it. The respect in which Leclère was held was testified in the numerous body of fellow-actors and literary men who attended his obsequies, which were conducted with all due honours. Beyond this sad event I have no theatrical news worth recording; except indeed it be that we are to have another attempt to interest the Parisians in a company of German actors. The Salle Lyrique is to open on the 11th with a series of German plays. The troop is a comic one, and its chief reliance will be on the talents of its manageress, Madame Ida Bruning, who, with what justice I cannot say, has been called the Déjazet of Germany. Such an appellation seems indeed a contradiction in terms, so opposite is the French esprit which the celebrated successor of Sophie Arnoult so brilliantly represented to the peculiar notions entertained by Germans generally both of wit and humour. For my part I do not believe the affair will answer, however great the intrinsic merits of the artists who are about to appeal to the public of Paris. In England, although the language is cognate to ours, and a knowledge of it more general among us, German plays (even German operas) do not answer. The French will laugh at the harsh sounds of the German accent, and being particularly jealous of what they regard as their exclusive privilege to be funny or witty, no foreigner has any chance of making them laugh except in derision.

The first of the series of popular concerts of classical music, in imitation of those at the St. James's Hall, which I told you were about to be given under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, has taken place. M. Pasdeloup, you are aware, is the founder of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes*, and is a very fit person for the direction of the present undertaking. The popularisation of good music, in which the French had been long far behind us, has lately, so far as regards vocal music, made immense strides in France, through the Orpheonist societies, of which M. Delaporte has been so active and successful an organiser and stimulator. It remained to render the instrumental music of the great masters of composition equally familiar; and the present enterprise may be regarded as a first and very important effort in that direction. Well, this first concert, it must be admitted, as far as the programme goes, its execution, and the attention with which the large audience gathered together received it — they filled the spacious arena of the Cirque Napoleon — is of most favourable augury for the success and influence of the movement. As many as 6000 persons were present at the opening concert, and this fact certainly testifies to the existence of an enormous public in France who take an earnest and elevated view of musical art. I confess I did not anticipate this result, and — *Messieurs les Français, je vous en fais sincèrement mes compliments. C'est beau! C'est très beau!* The progamme of the next concert exhibits a tendency, I am sorry to observe, to take liberties in interpreting the word "classic," in the composite significance of which term, I take it, one essential ingredient is a strict adherence to the exact text, and perfect integrity of the master's work. It means the work — the whole work — and nothing but the work. Now, in this second programme we have two violations of this golden rule, which unobserved makes the use of the word "classical" a false pretence. First, we have a fragment of a concerto for the violoncello by Molique. Why a fragment? Fragments let us have of great works, by all means, when the whole has disappeared; but wantonly to mutilate Apollo of Belvidere or Venus of Medici, in order to show us a nose or a thumb, which may or may not be beautiful, as it harmonises or not with the remainder of the figure — such an act is barbarous, and not to be classed among civilised and civilising proceedings — therefore not "classical." Next we have the *Invitation à la Valse*, by Weber, "*orchestrée* par M. Berlioz." With all due respect to M. Berlioz and his powers of orchestration, this annexation of himself to Weber is not "classical," excepting so far as it reminds us of Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector round the walls of Troy. Weber is classical; but not Weber cum Berlioz. So Berlioz may possibly be considered classical; but, if it were not, Berlioz cum Weber, paradoxical as it may seem, would be even less so. A musical composition is not like a treatise of law, and capable of subsequent engraftings by other and later pundits. Coke upon Littleton, and Stephens's Blackstone, have not their parallels in the Temple of the Muses, or "Kolley Kibber" and Tait might have a place elsewhere than in its obscurest crypts. Dixi.

In London you all are familiar with the Flemish breed of horses; their stalwart proportions, drawing the drays and carts of Barclay,

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Meux, or Hanbury, are the pride of the London streets. But as yet you know not whether the Flemish jackass is of equally Brobdignagian stature. Well, I am led to conjecture that he is even more monstrous. *Onager elephantinus* would be a proper title for him, judging purely from his bray, of which a contemporary has furnished us with a specimen. The quadruped calls himself for the present *Le Guide Musical Belge*, and putting his head over the hedge, which for the present makes two kingdoms of France and Belgium, shakes his long ears on which he rests his title of musical guide, we suppose, opes his jaws, and hee-haws bravely to an effect which I will not repeat *in extenso*. It is enough to say that he pretends to describe how the principal nations of Europe listen to music. The English, he says, talk when the music begins, and leave off in the pauses; the French talk all the time, through pause and performance; the Italians listen only to a tenor or a prima donna; and the Germans deliberately dwell upon its flavour, digest and meditate over it. What the Belgians do he omits to say, perhaps because he is afraid to class the Belgians among the nations of Europe. In so far his long ears belie him, and for this modesty and discretion he shall go without further punishment. But let him not attempt satire again, or stray from his native pasturages—his Brussel sprouts of homely dullness, or the stripes of our indignation shall transfigure him into a very zebra.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The Singacademie lately held its annual general meeting, and elected its officers for the ensuing year. Prince George Czartoryki was elected president, and Herr Stagmayer chorus-master, by eighty-one votes out of eighty-two, a pretty good majority. The first concert of the Society will take place in the Redoutensaal, on the 15th instant, when the programme will include choruses by J. S. Bach, Lotti, Durante, Benevoli, Eccard, Calvisius, Michael Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Blumner, as well as a "bass-arioso" with chorus out of the last-named composer's new oratorio, *Abraham*.—You may, possibly, recollect another Society here called the Bachverein, which was founded by the late Herr Fischof, and which Herr Selmar Bagge made an ineffectual attempt to keep up. It appears that a quantity of music belonging to it remained, after its dissolution, in the hands of Mad. Mauthner—in whose house, by the way, its first meetings were held—and, also, of Herr Bagge. The lady has since died, and her heirs have presented the Singacademie with the valuable music in her possession. In consequence of this, Herr Bagge, too, has made the Singacademie a present of the rest of the music which formerly belonged to the Bachverein, and which had long been lying in his house.—The committee of the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde have just issued their programme for the ensuing season. It has met with almost universal approbation, but the Society will have to exert themselves to the utmost, in order that their efforts this year may not be eclipsed by what they have already done. After a series of victories, the danger of a diminution in the favour of the musical public is not so distant as people are inclined to believe. The spirit of rivalry, too, which has of late years given such a reassuring and hopeful impulse to musical Vienna, is evidently on the increase, so that the old Imperial city no longer merits, as far as music is concerned, to be stigmatised as an "intellectual Capua."

Schubert's charming operetta, with Castelli's amusing *libretto*, has at length been given at the Opera-house, under the double title of *Die Verschwornen* (*Der häusliche Krieg*). This opera, as I informed you at the time, was just revived last year by the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde, and most warmly welcomed. It was not as successful as it should have been at the Opera-house, not from any shortcomings in the music, nor want of talent in the *libretto*, but simply because the performance was, for several reasons, not what it ought to have been. For instance, it was a mistake to cast the part of Astolf to Herr Erl, who has long since ceased to be a satisfactory representative of youthful lovers. The *mise-en-scène*, moreover, was bad, and the chorus, with their stupid conventional attitudes and groupings, anything but delectable to behold. It is but just to say, however, that, as far as regards the musical getting-up of the operetta, Herr Dessoff had done all that lay in his power to ensure a hit, but, as we say here, "Der Mensch denkt; Gott lenkt." I must state, by the way, that, with the exception of Herr Erl, the artists were well suited to the parts assigned them, and both sang and acted with great spirit.—In the course of the last fortnight we have had two performances of *Les Deux Journées*, the German for which is, *Der Wasserträger*, in which Herr Beck is particularly good, and well supported by Mlle. Hoffmann, Herren Mayerhofer, Erl, Lay, Walter, and Liebisch. The orchestra, under Herr Dessoff, played with great spirit.

Paris is not the only capital which has taken to building new theatres. Although not going into bricks and mortar — or rather stone and mortar, perhaps — to lodge the Muses of Poetry and Music, on so grand a scale as her sister on the banks of the Seine, Vienna, also, will soon have a new Imperial Opera-house. Without counting those appropriated to the Court, there will be ninety-eight boxes, each box being calculated to hold six persons. Thirty-six of these, including those for the court, will be on the first tier. The house will, in addition to this, contain 690 reserved seats (of which 430 will be in the pit), 930 unreserved seats, and standing room for 500 persons more; for, as your readers are no doubt aware, there is in all German theatres a large vacant space at the back and round the sides of the pit, where when it is not too full, the spectator may walk about as at a Promenade Concert. Thus the new edifice will hold conveniently 2740 persons, while the present Kärtnerthor-Theater can contain only 1650. There will be four galleries. By not having a fifth tier, not only will the height be more in keeping with the breadth, but the theatre will be far superior in its acoustic qualities.

Leipsic.—Herr Hauptmann has received the Guelph-Order from the king of Hanover. The following was the programme at the second Gewandhaus concert: overture to *Les Abencerages*, by Cherubini; concert-aria by Mozart, sung by Herr Schnorr von Karolsfeld; concerto for the piano, by Schumann, played by Herr Dreyschock; songs by Schumann, and nocturne by Dreyschock. Second part: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat major. Annexed is the programme of the third concert: Part I. Symphony No. 3 (C minor), by Spohr; Aria, "Ah perfido," Beethoven; Concerto-allegro, for violoncello, composed and played by Herr R. Davidoff. Part II. Overture to *Medea*, by Bargiel (first time); Cavatina from Bellini's *Sonnambula*; fantasia on one of Schubert's waltzes, by Servais, performed by H. Davidoff, and overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.

Stuttgardt.—Herr Eckert has commenced his duties as Capellmeister by getting up Auber's *Gustave III.*, which had not been performed for some twenty years. Hitherto he has afforded great satisfaction by the zeal and activity he has displayed in his new office. By the way, the public has now been made acquainted by Herr Kücken himself with the reasons which induced him to resign his office as Capellmeister. He felt grieved at a second Capellmeister, in the person of Herr Eckert, being appointed without his knowledge, and, so to say, behind his back. He looked upon this as a personal insult, and, in order to avoid being exposed to such in future, sent in his resignation on the 26th of September, and, on the 30th, received official notice that it had been accepted.

St. Petersburg.—The foundation of a Conservatory of Music by the members of the Russian Musical Society has at length received the sanction of the proper authorities. Herr Rubinstein has been requested to undertake its organisation and management. This has induced him to abandon the idea of making a professional tour for the next three or four years, and to return at once to the banks of the Neva. The new Conservatory, fashioned on the model of the Conservatory at Paris, will not only provide a complete course of instruction in all the branches of vocal and instrumental music, as well as of composition, and every accomplishment for the concert-room, but will adopt proper measures for the æsthetical and scientific education of the pupils. An "Operatic School" will constitute an integral and prominent part of the institution. It is moreover intended to establish, at some future time, schools for drama, ballet, and scene-painting.

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THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

BERTON.

HENRI MONTAN BERTON, born in Paris on the 17th September, 1767, was a son of Pierre Montan Berton, conductor of the orchestra at the opera, and composer. Like Méhul, Cherubini, and Lesueur, Henri Berton wrote at the same time for the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, and he is therefore not so strictly within the scope of this history as the early composers whose biography I have written in some detail, namely, Monsigny, Grétry, Dalayrac, &c.

He had lived amidst the world of music from his infancy, and at six years of age could read off a sonata at sight. At an early age he went into the orchestra over which his father presided, as a violinist, and it was by accompanying the masterpieces of Glück and Piccini, far more than from the few lessons of harmony he obtained from his associates in the orchestra, that he gained his musical education.

At fifteen he fell in love with the *prima donna*, Mlle. Maillart, who from a ballet dancer had risen to the position of principal singer at the Opéra. A son was born to them, who bore the name of François Berton, and became a composer of some promise, but died prematurely of cholera in 1832.

Henri Berton had adapted music to a libretto entitled, *La Dame Invisible*, and was anxious to know whether what he had produced had any merit in it. Mlle. Maillart undertook to show it to Sacchini, who, detecting in it the germ of a genuine talent, consented to give the young artist some advice. Thanks to this patronage, Berton was enabled to get several oratorios, the result of his handiwork, executed at the Concert Spirituel. Finally, in 1787, an Opéra Comique, called *Les Promesses de Mariage*, and shortly after *La Dame Invisible*, which he had re-touched since it was first written, were produced by him. After bringing out a few insignificant works, he produced at the Comédie Italienne, on the 23rd August, 1790, *Les Rigueurs du Cloître*. The success of this work, the libretto of which was written by Fiévée, was marked and well deserved. The score commences immediately after the overture with a brilliant and spirited duo between Lucile and the Count, "Ah! de grâce." The chorus of nuns, "Ah! quel scandale abominable," is comical and effective; the *allegro agitato* of Lucile in the second act: "Où fuir?" and the chorus, "Grand Dieu, reçois ce sacrifice!" are extremely pathetic, and fully answer the intention of the composer.

After this Berton gave forth several works, which met with an indifferent reception. During the reign of terror the taste of the public scarcely affected comedies interspersed with songs, and the only pieces which attracted were those on patriotic subjects, and slight productions inspired by passing events, which cost their authors but little pains, and were only performed a very limited number of times. The most popular writers would no longer take the trouble to write libretti with any care. Meanwhile Berton had given up his connection with Mlle. Maillart, who still reigned supreme at the Opéra, troubling herself very little about her former friend, who had got married, and having a family to maintain was in the most straitened circumstances. Unable to obtain a subject he resolved to write one himself, and thus establish a twofold claim to the authorship of *Ponce de Léon*, an opéra comique in three acts, performed for the first time in 1794, and obtained a considerabe *succès d'estime*, but which did not produce sufficient money to rescue him from his embarrassments.

In 1799, Berton, while living in a garret furnished with severe simplicity, was called on by a then celebrated writer of words, who had collaborated with him on a former occasion, *Le Nouveau d'Assas*, played in 1791, being their joint work. This was the poet Dejaure.* He had brought with him the libretto of *Montano et Stéphanie*, which was accepted at the Favart, and had been offered to Grétry, who had, however, then given up writing, and replied, "You require a musician who is still of an age to feel the influence of passion, and has yet experience of the stage. The man who fulfils at once both these conditions is little Berton. Take my advice, take your book to him, and he will give you back a chef-d'œuvre." This prediction was well verified; Berton fell in love with the subject he had to treat, and his score was finished in a month. It was in very fact a masterpiece. The intelligence of dramatic effect and the originality of style which assign to Berton a separate place among the musicians of France shine in it to an eminent degree. In order to enter more completely into the poem he had to set to music, Berton endeavoured to represent the characters to himself as actually present, and he himself says of a situation which he had to conduct by means of music in the introduction,—"I had to make five principal characters act and speak. So I chose out five large corks: the first to the left of the spectator was Stéphanie; the second Léonati; the third Salvator; the fourth Montano; and the fifth Altamont. The small corks which I placed behind these represented the officers and the persons of their suite. This exact statistical diagram of the picture which I desired the stage to present was of great assistance to me, for by bringing forward or throwing back this or that personage, when any one of them appeared to have been too long silent, I more completely identified myself with the interest and the eminently pathetic character of this fine dramatic situation."

The first performance took place on the 26th of May 1799, and was crowned with immense success, notwithstanding the fearful uproar which burst forth on the appearance of the singer Solié upon the stage in the garb of a priest. The riotous shouts of the republicans drowned the voice of Gavandau, who played the part of Montano, as well as that of Jenny Bouvier*, the representative of Stéphanie. It was found necessary, however, to withdraw the piece, which was only performed thrice. The causes alleged for this sacrifice are stated by a contemporary critic to have been "because it required the presence upon the stage of personages wounding the susceptibility of republican eyes and ears." It was not revived until 1804, when Dejaure was dead, and Legouvé made some changes in the third act which were deemed necessary. Among the pieces of music in this work which deserve mention, besides the fine overture, which Berton wrote on the very day of performance, are "Oui, c'est demain que l'hyménée," the melody of which is broad and full of sentiment; the graceful duet "Venez, aimable Stéphanie!" and the trio "O mes enfants." But the palm over all is to be given to the finale with its celebrated crescendo, which never yet failed to carry away the audience.

After *Montano*, Berton's best work was *Le Délire*, in one act (1799), which exhibited the faculty possessed by this composer of throwing a varied colouring over his music, and adapting its style to the subject he was handling.

Two works, very different in merit, succeeded each other in 1802 and 1803: 1st, *Le Concert interrompu*, in one act, and containing two pretty soprano airs, "Jeunes beautés, craignez les tristes chaînes," and "Oui, fuyez loin de mon âme;" 2nd, *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, which, of all Berton's operas, has been most frequently revived. The composer has studiously sought, and often with felicitous success, to give a local colouring to this score. We have only to read the first and second acts to perceive this to be the fact, for they are marked with an original oriental character, while the second act sparkles with *provençal* gaiety.

In 1806 Berton adapted music to Elleviou's opera, *Dellia et Werdi Kan*. In the same year also he produced the score of *Les Maris Garçons*, so full of easy gaiety, and an excellent type of the French comic opera. Elleviou, in singing, "Pour triompher de la beauté," in which he was admirably seconded by Martin, invariably brought the house down.

In 1809 Berton brought out *Françoise de Foix* in three acts, containing a trio, "A mon aspect," which was much applauded.

In his later operas we miss the fire of *Montano et Stéphanie*. His mind had grown dull under the effect of a succession of misfortunes, for his career had been anything but a prosperous one. He had survived his reputation, though it is even now great. At any rate his pieces ceased to be in vogue, and the disappointment

* Jean Elie Bendenc Dejaure, born in 1761, died December 5, 1799. He was the writer, as will be seen hereafter, who most commonly supplied words to R. Kreutzer.

* Jenny Bouvier was the daughter of a violin player in the orchestra; she sang with taste, but her voice was feeble.

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was bitter to him. His old age was rendered sad and gloomy by the continued poverty which clung to him through life. To go back to the time when Dejaure sought him out in his attic, and brought him the libretto of *Montano et Stéphanie*, he was in the deepest despair, and on the point of giving up the subject which had captivated his enthusiasm, from the want of a few francs to buy music paper with. A friend procured him work of a slavish description, which enabled him to keep life and soul together until his opera appeared; but scarcely had his work won the favour of the public, than the republican government prohibited its performance. Ever afterwards it brought him in scarcely anything.

At a later period, in 1820, when he was quite forgotten, in order to bring his name back to the memory of the actors, Berton gave up the copyright of his work to the Opéra Comique, then managed by an association of artists, for a life annuity of three thousand francs. But the theatre failed, and Berton was robbed of his last resource. He died in April, 1842, having lost every one of his children.

MAD. GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

(From our own correspondent.)

The artists seem to derive as much pleasure from their tour, as they afford the public by their performances in the different towns they visit.

Travelling evidently agrees with them, and apparently tends to develope their individual resources of fun and amusement: all they have, in fact, to think about, provided their voices are in good tune, the cares and petty annoyances incidental to travelling being thrown upon the shoulders of the managers, whose particular task it is to pay railway fares, hotel bills, and to find the means of doing so.

If the curtain were to rise after Norma had made the last unavailing appeal to her stern parent, or Amina had done rejoicing so wildly over Elvino, Norma would very probably be found in capital spirits, enjoying a *bon-mot* with Oroveso, or receiving a warm embrace from Adelgisa, who had been waiting for the Diva to finish the opera, in order that they might go home in the same carriage to the hotel; and Amina might be seen skipping merrily to her dressing-room, delighted with the success of "Ah! non giunge."

Good humour pervades the party generally. A passing cloud of anxiety may darken the radiant brow of the Diva, if the daily letter from her family in Paris should happen to be delayed. The telegraph is then quickly brought into requisition—a message transmitted requesting immediate explanation of the silence, and before the answer is received, or even time elapsed for the despatch to have reached its destination, the anxiously awaited letter makes its appearance, bringing back smiles and sunshine by the good news it contains. In such moments of uncertainty and expectation, the whole party exert themselves to mitigate the anxiety of the prima donna. One starts off to the post-office, another to the telegraph-station, messengers are sent to the theatre, inquiries are made in every possible direction where the missing letter might have strayed. Ciampi is invaluable on such occasions. He is the buffo *par excellence* before the public as well as among his *compagnons de voyage*, who sometimes try his patience by the practical jokes they play off upon him. Orders are given to "boots" to wake him at the most unseasonable hours. "No. 40 to be called *at* five o'clock," is written upon the porter's slate, in the hall of the hotel, according to which instruction, the pleasant dreams of Ciampi are disturbed by the most tremendous knocking at his door, which does not cease until "boots" is satisfied at having done his duty. Occasionally great pains are taken by some of the most mischievous of the set (which, strictly speaking, includes all of them), to prepare a surprise for the *buffo comico*, in the shape of a bed commonly known as apple-pie. When such a plan is in progress it is necessary to divert the attention of the intended *bénéficiaire*, and he is prevented by some means or other from going to his room until the arrangements are completed. To enjoy the result of their operations, the *compagnons de voyage* assemble, "with stealthy step and bated breath," in the corridor near to their victim's chamber. They wait in silence. Presently growling, indicative of wrath, accompanied by sundry mysterious sounds, is heard from within the room. "Che diavolo! che cosa è 'sta roba!" is the sentence first indistinctly heard. The conspirators betray themselves in a laughing chorus, and Ciampi opens his door threatening all with vengeance on the morrow. His troubles are not, however, at an end, for notwithstanding that he has succeeded in remaking the bed, he has not removed the fire-irons which have been cunningly concealed therein, and with which he comes violently into contact when he lies down. "Per bacco!" he screams, "è troppe forte!" an assertion which is answered by shouts of derision from the demons of torment outside, who, now that their machinations have had the desired effect, retire triumphantly for the night. But Ciampi will have his revenge, and very likely will completely turn the tables upon the ringleader of the conspirators for the following two or three days. The performances, during the past week, will have been

Monday, Nov. 4, *Norma*, and last act of *Sonnambula*. Tuesday, Nov. 5, *Don Giovanni*—Theatre Royal, Shrewsbury.

Wednesday, Nov. 6, Evening Concert, at Chester.

Thursday, Nov. 7, *Norma*, and last act of *Sonnambula*, at Liverpool.

Friday, Nov. 8, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Saturday, Nov. 9, Acts from *Don Giovanni*, *Sonnambula* and *Barbière*—Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Strange, to say, *Don Gionanni* does not seem to be so attractive to the supporters of Italian Opera in the provinces as *Norma*. The latter invariably draws the most crowded houses, perhaps attributable to the fact of its being more identified than any other opera with the name of the eminent prima donna, and this being the last opportunity of seeing her in the *rôle* she has made so entirely her own. Nevertheless, it is surprising, considering the fame of Mozart's masterpiece, and how seldom it is given in its integrity out of London.

Brilliant success has attended the party wherever they have appeared. Great interest has been excited by the announcements of the operas for the first time, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, an experiment under the dramatic licence which has recently been granted to the indefatigable manager of the oratorios and popular concerts hitherto given in the same locality.

The Hall has been adapted to the performances; a stage erected, and appropriate scenery painted, so that the operas will be represented quite as effectively as in any theatre, while greater perfection in the *ensemble* than has as yet been heard in Manchester may be expected.

Letters to the Editor.

MEYERBEER'S BIRTHDAY.

Sir,—Your last week's impression contained a remarkable effusion from the pen of a gentleman professing to give the exact date of the above-named composer's birth-day.

With the logic and grammar of that effusion I have nothing whatever to do. The date 1791 is however not correct, and without attaching so much importance to it as A. H. appears to do, I think it is just as well to have correct data upon which future historians may base their calculations. Meyerbeer was born in 1794; but the day and month are unknown to me, to all his biographers, and, judging from his silence on the subject, most likely to himself.—Yours, &c. JOHN TOWERS.

"Opera Habitué" is anxious to know if any arrangement is in progress for the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre next season? Is there any chance of Mr. Lumley becoming once more the lessee?

[Lumley, you're wanted.—Ed. M. W.]

Sir,—Will you tell me Signor Giuglini's address in London? Do you know if Mlle. Tietiens will sing at any of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts during the ensuing season? Will the above-mentioned singers appear in Italian Opera in London before next season? Hermine.

[To the first question—not knowing, can't say; to the second—we hope, *yes*; to the third—we believe, *no*.—Ed.]

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BRESLAU.—Herr de Ahna, the violinist from Coburg, has been playing compositions of Ernst and Bassini with success. He has produced a favourable impression. The operetta of *Fortunio's Lied* is the principal attraction, for the moment, at the theatre.

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich concerts began on the 22nd ult. with Haydn's *Creation*. Mad. Rübsamen-Veith, from Cassel, Herr Schneider, from Wiesbaden, and Herr Becker, from Mannheim, were engaged to sing the solos.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

DIRECTOR — MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

IN announcing that the Fourth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts (established Feb. 7th, 1859) will commence on the evening of Monday, Nov. 18th, the Director has again to tender his thanks for the liberal and unremitting support with which his undertaking has been honoured, and again respectfully to solicit its continuance.

The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal—an appeal based no less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm—that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to eleven, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-two concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon, &c., the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weelli, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinto, Hummel, Weber, Schubert Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France, and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, and engagements contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore, equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favour will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the first (sixty-third) concert, as may be seen by the subjoined, combines a due admixture of both elements:—

PART I.

Quartet, in A minor, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello ... MENDELSSOHN.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)
Song, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west" (*Comus*) ... ... ARNE.
Song, "Se il padre perdei" (*Idomeneo*) ... ... MOZART.
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7 ... ... BEETHOVEN.

PART II.

Sonata, in G, Op. 62, for pianoforte and violin ... ... DUSSEK.
Song, "The three ages of love" ... ... E. J. LODER.
Song, "Zuleika" ... ... MENDELSSOHN.
Quartet, in F major, No. 48, for two violins, tenor and violoncello ... ... HAYDN.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)

*** First violin—M. VIEUXTEMPS. Second violin—Herr RIES. Viola—Mr. WEBB. Violoncello—M. PAQUE.
Pianist—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.
Vocalists—Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA and Mr. WINN.
Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

The quartets are now heard for the first time at St. James's Hall, and consequently for the first time at these concerts. That of Mendelssohn belongs to the astonishingly fertile period of his early youth which gave birth to the quartet in E flat (op. 12), the quintet in A, and the octet in E flat (all of which have been given more than once at the Monday Popular Concerts), and immediately preceded the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first published orchestral symphony (in C minor) and the first pianoforte concerto. Like the earlier quartet in E flat, it contains a quaint middle-movement—this time not "canzonetta," as in the other, but "intermezzo"—in which one of the most individual phases of Mendelssohn's genius is vividly predicted. Among the eighty-two string quartets of Haydn, all that need be said here of the one in F major, is what has been said so often of so many of its companions—"that it is one of the very best and most genial of the numerous family." Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone—a bright example of *his* early genius—will doubtless be recognized by a large part of the audience as an old and valued acquaintance; Dussek's in G, for pianoforte and violin (the fellow of the one in B flat, which has taken such a stand at the Monday Popular Concerts), as a more recent one, losing nothing by closer familiarity. This sonata was first performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski, at the twenty-third concert of the third season, July 1st, 1861; and, as it possesses the same genuine and brilliant qualities as its better-known companion, promises, like that companion, to win back all the popularity in the present day which it can hardly fail to have enjoyed in the zenith of its composer's fame. The vocal music must speak for itself.

The reception accorded last season to M. Vieuxtemps justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Vieuxtemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the second (Nov. 25th), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

*** In the course of the ensuing series of concerts, the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and beginning of the present century.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

IN a musical sense the season of the New Exhibition promises to be more interesting and more important than that of the old Exhibition. Everybody believes beforehand that the year of grace 1862 will eclipse that of 1851 in all that relates to the glorification and furtherance of Music. The notes of preparation already sounded seem like flourishes that directly herald such a result. The great Handel Commemoration of 1851 at the Crystal Palace, with large reinforcements in the band and chorus, and with serious modifications and improvements in the construction of the orchestra, will be repeated, and will constitute the special feature of the season. Even now the Festival is announced, and the sixteen hundred amateurs that make up the metropolitan contingent of the choir have been summoned by Mr. Costa to Exeter Hall for preliminary rehearsals. The success of the Handel Commemoration in the Great Exhibition Year was not likely to be overlooked by the general manager, Mr. Robert Bowley, who is so keenly alive to the interests of the Crystal Palace, and who never loses an opportunity of turning chances to the best account. That the performances this year will surpass those of 1851 we have every reason to expect. From the increase of the choral and orchestral forces a vast deal may not be anticipated. In the disposition of the orchestra and the prevention of the sound from being lost in the surrounding aisles much may be effected. At present the addition of numbers to the singers and players will but lead to confusion and tumult. What should be done we cannot advise, but that something must be done to keep the sound within a certain area, and render it audible in more than one position we feel convinced.

What is intended to constitute the particular musical feature in the new building at Kensington Gore has not transpired, beyond the performances of the new pieces written expressly for the inauguration by Auber, Meyerbeer, and Sterndale Bennett. If nothing else, however, be presented, no small interest will attach to the execution of these original works by such eminent composers.

Of the Italian Theatres almost all is yet surmise. That Her Majesty's Theatre will open for the season we have no doubt, but whether under the management of Mr. Lumley or some other *impresario* we cannot say. Should this time-honoured establishment unclose its doors, not only will several of the recognised stars of Italian song shine conspicuously — among whom we need hardly name Mlle.

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Titiens and Signor Giuglini — but a new artist, of the highest talent, histrionic and vocal, is expected to appear in the person of Madame Galetti, about whom Italian journals and Italian audiences are extremely enthusiastic. Madame Galetti is described as a singer of the Pasta school, with a powerful mezzo-soprano voice and great tragic powers — just such an artist, in fact, as is wanted in the present day. At the Royal Italian Opera unusual interest attaches to the rumour — well founded, we believe — of the engagement of Sophie Cruvelli (Madame la Baronne Vigier), who has yielded to Mr. Gye's entreaties to leave for awhile her domestic retirement, and will appear in several of those parts which she may be said to have made her own some years since; such as Fidelio, Elvira in *Ernani*, Abigail in *Nabucco*, &c. &c.

The prospectus of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, just issued, contains some interesting particulars. The performances will take place in the Hanover Square Rooms, a site which, for many reasons, we consider better adapted to the celebrated choir than St. James's Hall. Several novelties will be produced, among which we may mention Handel's Chandos Anthem, "The Lord is my light," which has not been executed in public since 1786, when it was given at the Ancient Concerts, and Sebastian Bach's motett for double choir, "I wrestle and pray." On the whole, Mr. Henry Leslie seems determined to keep pace with the exigencies of the time and the occasion, and we have little doubt that the performances of the choir will, as they have done for several years past, be reckoned among the most striking and finished musical achievements of the season.

Some talk there is of Drury-Lane being opened with English Opera, and even with Italian Opera. Mr. E.T. Smith, we understand, has made an offer to Miss Louisa Pyne to appear in a series of operas during the season. If Miss Pyne does not accept, he may be driven to Italy for his musical company. One thing is certain; Mr. Smith will not be idle in so tempting and exhilirating a juncture. as the Exhibition year.

The Monday Popular Concerts, which commence the winter season on Monday week, will, we have no doubt, be extended farther than last year into the summer. The performances of these admirably conducted concerts, with their rich and rare variety of music of the highest order, cannot fail to create a greater interest than ever, and, indeed, as they are entitled to do, divide attention with the choicest and most *recherché* entertainments provided elsewhere.

To conclude for the present,—we have advanced enough to prove that the forthcoming season is full of promise, and that the musical art, if not directly represented at the Great Exhibition, is likely to uphold its prestige and its pre-eminence, in spite of the fact of its being all but ignored by the Committee of the New Palace. Let music not despair because circumstances are adverse and directors are ignorant. ***Magna est musica et prevalebit!***

IT is scarcely forty years since, even among musicians whose position demanded that they should be thoroughly educated in their art, anything like an intimate acquaintance with the works of Sebastian Bach was a fact of uncommon occurrence. To many the old master was known by name alone. Only a very few persons were acquainted with certain of his productions, and even those persons not unfrequently attached nothing more than a historical value to what he had written. The majority of German musicians had almost entirely forgotten one of their greatest and most important masters, without ranging themselves more particularly under the banners of any more modern composer.* Let it not be said that Beethoven became, immediately afte Sebastian Bach, the popular hero of the period. Although, even during his lifetime, he had no lack of admirers and sincere followers, there were many, on the other hand, who could not reconcile themselves to the eccentricities and oddities which marked the last period of Beethoven's productive activity. Those who, for such reasons, did not then worship him, inclined as a rule much more to Haydn and Mozart than to the old "Cantor" of the Thomaskirche at Leipsic, whose long-tailed periwig, strange to say, was, in the eyes of many, the image of his "rococo-music." It is true that, by musicians who, in their day, really understood Haydn and Mozart, the influence exercised upon the writings of the latter by Sebastian Bach was not ignored. It is also well known that, in the course of their education, Haydn and Mozart were made acquainted with Sebastian Bach's compositions, although it cannot be denied each of these masters pursued a path of his own, and only now and then walked a short distance with old Sebastian. Beethoven† is, in our opinion, more nearly allied than his predecessors to Bach, although, in virtue of his creative powers, he asserted his freedom from any authority, recognising it only when it in no ways impeded the lofty flight of his fancy and his invariably genial aspirations. To this we attribute the fact that even Beethoven did not effect as much for the full and universal appreciation of Bach's works as he might, and that in his time there were many who did not feel inclined to accord the great contrapuntist and church composer that rank to which he had a just claim. Hence an intimate acquaintance with Bach's works was still rare in Beethoven's time, and hence at that period we actually find Bach's disciples only among musicians scattered here and there as organists and directors of Singacademies, or such as had been fortunate enough to know some of Bach's own pupils, and by them have been inspired with a taste for his music.

Things looked decidedly better when Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy appeared upon the scene. With him a new era commenced for the Bach-school. Excited thereto by his master, Zelter, he became more intimately acquainted than any

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* Thibaut, in his work, *On Purity in Music* (page 9), says—"Thus our so-called virtuosos, musical directors, and teachers, steal carefully away from what is old, and endeavour, by every means, to bring into disrepute the endless musical treasures of which we can boast, and they succeed only too well." At page 34 of the same work we read, "There is not the slightest chance for church music so long as we are compelled to admit that organists, such as our Apel, Ett, Rink, Umbreit, are to be regarded as rare phenomena. To what have our organists reduced us? To nothing more or less than this: that every half-judge of music but too frequently leaves the church, thoroughly disgusted at the musical trifling and bad taste of what he has heard." A similar opinion was pronounced at the same epoch by Carl Maria von Weber. At p. 70, vol. III. of his posthumous works he utters the following complaint: "The art of performing Sebastian Bach's compositions *effectively*, is, probably, altogether lost, since the enjoyment to be thence derived does not lie on the surface, while, on account of the richness of the harmonic structure, the external melodic contour does not stand out with that prominence which our vitiated ear requires."

† It was more especially at Vienna, in Van Swieten's house, that Beethoven became acquainted with Sebastian Bach's works. The music played was almost exclusively that of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the great Italian masters, up to Palestrina, Beethoven seldom missing a performance. The company frequently kept on playing far into the night; and there is a story current that old Van Swieten would very often not allow young Beethoven, whom he had taken under his especial protection, to leave the house until, in addition to everything else, he had played him some half-dozen fugues by Sebastian as "an evening blessing," or parting benediction.

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other composer of modern times with Bach's works. Even when only twelve years of age, endowed with a truly miraculous power of reproducing the longest and most complicated compositions, Mendelssohn would play any fugue of Bach from memory. His love and partiality for Bach increased to such a degree, as he attained the ages of boyhood and manhood, that he felt it incumbent on him to use his great official influence, in various ways, for the Bach-school of music. Who is not acquainted with his efforts to procure a worthy performance in public of some of Bach's previously unknown compositions? Was it not Mendelssohn, also, who erected, in honour of the old master, at Leipzig—the principal scene of Bach's labours—a monument, thus giving his veneration material consistency? And is not the early death of this gifted master all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as, had the period of his labours been prolonged, he would have exerted himself still more to promote the study of Bach? But let us cease regretting;—even in this respect the labours of Mendelssohn brought forth a splendid harvest. While it is now almost universally acknowledged as absolutely indispensable that every thoroughly educated musician should be acquainted with Sebastian Bach, and have studied the inmost meaning of his compositions, no musical school of any importance neglects the great fugue-writer, and no Singacademie omits to perform his works,—nay, several have, during the last forty or fifty years, produced them very often, and thus facilitated the appreciation of his worth by the professional and non-professional public in an equal degree.

In the first rank of the institutions which can boast of having promoted and spread a love and knowledge of Bach's music, stand the Singacademie of Berlin, and that at Breslau, under the direction of Mosewius *; Stern's Verein, at Berlin; Riedel's, at Leipsic, &c. Connected with the foregoing are, also, those musical associations which perform exclusively Bach's music (like the Bach-Verein, founded at Vierling's suggestion, and conducted under his management, in Berlin and Frankfort-on-the-Oder), or disseminate better editions of his works, like the Bach-Society in Leipsic, the object of which is eventually to publish a complete edition of all that has proceeded from the old master's pen. While mentioning what has been done, in recent times, to diffuse a feeling of appreciation for his music, we must not forget the very great services rendered by the most celebrated teachers of musical composition. Thus, thanks to all these combined efforts, such a pitch has been attained, that the number of musicians who can appreciate and perform satisfactorily Bach's works is becoming greater every year; a result, by the way, in which the music-schools founded, during the last thirty years, at all the principal centres of musical intelligence (such as Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Cologne, Dresden, London, and even Paris), have had their share. In all probability, Weber would no longer, at the present day, give utterance to the complaint, that the art of performing Bach's compositions effectively was lost, since first-class organists now enable us to hear his most difficult works for the organ, rendered in a style which cannot leave a doubt on our minds that the performer thoroughly understands them;—nay, even first-class violin-players already take a pride in studying his violin sonatas, which, difficult as the latter are, they not unfrequently master skilfully and happily. These are all convincing proofs that the old master is beginning to make his way, and that, in many circles, musical taste is not at such a low ebb as several persons have thought themselves called upon to assert. In conclusion, we cannot help expressing a wish that Sebastian Bach may some day find a biographer who shall, as Otto Jahn has done in his biography of Mozart, critically sift the materials at his disposal, and fashion them into an artistic whole. Forkel's book on the *Life, Art, and Productions of Sebastian Bach*, although a valuable addition to the literature of the period at which it was written, will not do for the present age. The great activity recently manifested in this department, more especially, of musical literature, induces us to indulge in the hope that we shall not have to wait much longer for a comprehensive work on Sebastian Bach and his productions. For many musicians such a book has become a pressing necessity.

A. T.

* Mosewius occupies a very high place among those who exerted themselves to spread a taste for Bach's music. He founded the Breslau Singacademie, where he produced many of Bach's works, and, both by tongue and pen, has greatly extended the comprehension of them.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARKE is, we are given to understand, engaged upon the composition of an opera, the libretto of which is from the pen of a well-known and popular writer. It is not impossible that the opera, if completed, may be produced at one of the principal metropolitan theatres early in the season. Mr. Scotson Clarke, who, as a pianist and composer, has obtained a considerable share of publicity, is also a diligent professor of the organ, for which he writes and upon which he plays with equal readiness.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first of a series of vocal and instrumental performances, in which the musical frequenters of the Crystal Palace during the winter months have found such varied and healthy enjoyment, took place on Saturday afternoon—Herr Auguste Manns conductor. These concerts have taken as firm a hold in their way as the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's-hall, and upon equally solid and legitimate grounds. That they now form a conspicuous attraction among the many attractions of the unique building in which they are held is universally acknowledged; and that the eminent position they have attained in the estimation of all true amateurs as—*bonâ fide* "classical" performances, carried out in the same spirit of enterprise and good faith with which they were originally instituted—is mainly attributable to the untiring exertions of Herr Auguste Manns, who directs them with such energy and talent, will not less readily be admitted. Herr Manns, indeed, besides having gained a musical reputation for the Crystal Palace, has earned an honourable place for himself by the side of the few whose proceedings exercise any visible influence on the progress of the art in this country. His Saturday Winter Concerts have done already a world of good, and are likely to effect as much more. They are essentially "Philharmonic" in style and purport, like the time-honoured entertainments which next year are to celebrate their Jubilee in Hanover-square, or the famous subscription concerts at Leipsic, Paris, and Berlin; and, though the means of development are at present somewhat restricted, there is no reason whatever why they should not be gradually extended, until all the conditions of a philharmonic concert on a grand and comprehensive scale are realized. The symphony, in the hands of Herr Manns, has been the most effectual instrument of success. "The symphony, the whole symphony, and nothing but the symphony," is now, as it was from the first, his motto, and so long as he adheres to the policy it suggests his concerts must continue to increase in respect ability and importance; for, with the advantage accruing from the same body of players incessantly practising together under the same conductor, it is manifest that the execution of the great orchestral works must, year after year, gain something both in precision and refinement. The programme of Saturday's concert was on all points attractive, and in its prominent features uniformly consistent with the plan which has elicited the unqualified approval and sympathy of those who prefer good music to indifferent, and who condemn that which is bad, no matter under what pretext (commercial, or as with a cynical and unwarranted contempt for the great public, it is sometimes denominated, "conciliatory")

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it may be brought forward. If any composition by a great master could persuade the "masses" into the firm belief that an orchestral symphony effectively performed is the highest and purest source of musical enjoyment, it is undoubtedly Beethoven's No. 2 in D major—an inspiration from beginning to end, a sort of "last look" at all that had gone before, and a magnificent prophecy of the new ideal art-world which the unrivalled genius of its composer was destined to create. From this symphony to the overture, called *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, by Méhul—a composer who, while French, was too solid, conscientious and independent (like his contemporary, the "Italian Mozart," Cherubini) to win the favour of Napoleon I. in art, very frequently prone to despise what he was incapable of understanding,—although the respective dates of their production were not very far apart, it was almost equivalent to travelling backwards half a century, so much was Germany at this particular period in advance of France as a musically productive nation. Nevertheless, this hunting overture of Méhul (whose *Adrienne* and other operatic preludes are well worth the attention of Herr Manns) is a masterpiece in its way — full of spirit, bright in colouring, and rich in melodic invention. Of the romantic overture to Weber's *Oberon* (like Beethoven's symphony and Méhul's overture, in the key of D major) nothing need be said; while of the so-called *Jubel* overture, by M. Flotow, which came at the end of the concert, nothing could easily be said that would be worth discussion. Suffice it that the band, directed by Herr Manns, maintained its well-earned reputation in all four pieces, and played so well as to afford promise of a rich and varied feast of orchestral harmony for the winter season.

The singers were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington—who, besides a somewhat hackneyed air by Haydn, introduced a new song, *à la valse*, the composition of Herr Manns, which she gave with so much brilliancy that she was called upon to repeat it; Miss Susanna Cole—who in a *cavatina* by Rossini, and a ballad by Macfarren ("The beating of my own heart") showed herself a mistress of two very opposite schools, her proficiency in the last of which, to judge from the "encore" awarded by the audience, was most heartily appreciated; and Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, whose pure classical style and fervid expression—still remembered, in spite of two years' absence — were displayed with the utmost effect in an exquisite air from Handel's *Acis and Galatea* ("Love in her eyes sits playing"), and in a characteristic song from his own pen, entitled "Are they meant but to deceive me?"—which exhibited more than one touch worthy the composer of that deservedly popular romance, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Altogether the concert was thoroughly appreciated by an audience less numerous than would undoubtedly have been the case had the weather been more propitious.—*Times*.

Provincial.

About the miscellaneous concert which took place on Tuesday evening week we make a transcript from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

"There was a larger attendance at the concert last evening, and particularly in the boxes and body of the hall. In addition to Mad. and Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti, as principals, there were included in that category Sig. Piatti, solo violoncello, and Mr. H. Blagrove, violin. Mad. Goldschmidt sang splendidly, and we may remark, that her reception was of a more enthusiastic character than on Monday, and there was a greater evidence of appreciation of her powers. Her first essay was in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and she gave it with enchanting pathos and expression. In Mozart's ronda, "Il Re pastore," she had ample opportunity for the display of her execution, of which she availed herself to the admiration of the audience. The well-known 'Bird Song,' and the 'Swedish Echo Song,' both of which may be said to be essentially her own, were executed with brilliancy of style and peculiar effects that reminded us more than anything she sang of the palmy days of Jenny Lind. Each was rapturously applauded; and at the close of the 'Echo Song,' there was almost an ovation by orchestra and audience, who rose *en masse* and cheered her, which she acknowledged by waving her adieu. One of the best features of the concert was the duet from *Lucia*, sung by her and Mr. Sims Reeves. The same remark will apply to the trio 'Fia gratia al ciel,' from *Fidelio*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang even better than he did in *The Creation*. He gave Molique's beautiful song, "When the moon is brightly shining," splendidly, and was encored, with which demand he for once condescended to comply, and was absolutely cheered as he returned to the orchestra. Sig. Belletti shared largely in the honours of the evening. His rendering of the air 'Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore,' from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was a most finished vocal effort, and the pure style in which he executed the florid passages, stamped him as an artist of the first rank. The song was re-given. Sig. Piatti's performance consisted of two fantasias, in which he displayed marvellous execution, and great purity and delicacy of tone. In Beethoven's Choral Fantasia the vocal portion was not characterised by sufficient steadiness. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's part song, "Praise of Spring," well, with the exception of the trebles being a little flat; but in Mr. Goldschmidt's 'Summer evening,' there were several hitches, and the piece is of too classical a style to be appreciated by a general audience. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Figaro* were creditably given by the band."

The Shrewsbury Philharmonic Society inaugurated its eleventh season on Monday, the 21st ult., as we learn from *Eddowes's Journal*:—

"The Shrewsbury Philharmonic Society inaugurated their eleventh season by one of the most brilliant concerts they have ever given. At intervals of years we have had the immortals Lind, Piccolomini, Sophie Cruvelli, Grisi, Novello, Alboni, and Castellan, as the attractions of the inaugural concert of the society, but never has a greater success been achieved by the society or by the artist than was witnessed by the audience on Monday night, when the appearance of Mlle. Patti on the orchestra was the signal for one of the most enthusiastic ovations which we ever remember to have witnessed. The little *prima donna's* first piece was the duet with Mr. Weiss, 'Dunque io son,' during the first bars of which she showed to the audience that they were listening to an artiste with prodigious vocal facility, with an *attaque* unrivalled, a *fioriture* as faultless in conception as in execution, an enunciation as distinct as expressive, and a finish such as we have never before heard, not even in Persiana. Add to this a face in which the artiste shone forth radiant, an expression naïve and charming in the extreme, and a diminutive but elegant figure, and the effect which Mlle. Patti has caused upon the polished audiences of the metropolis or the less refined masses of our large manufacturing towns is at once and easily accounted for. In a word, the success was transcendent. Mr. Weiss—England's glory as a genuine bass—exerted himself prodigiously; in fact, he had the lion's share of the work. He sang, among a host of other things, his own song, 'We were boys together,' and supplemented the achievement by giving as an encore his 'Village Blacksmith.' We must not omit to say that Patti, by special request, sang 'Sweet Home,' a ditty which in even mediocre hands is charming. To Mr. Walter Hay and the committee of management the public are deeply indebted for one of the most splendid and intellectual entertainments musical annals can boast of."

A Correspondent from *Hastings* writes as follows:—

By what I gather from the natives of this place it appears that musical entertainments are not very well supported, and the indifferent attendance at Herr Liebich's soirée last week seems to warrant the assertion, the Music Hall being anything but well filled, despite the attractive names of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Signor Piatti, being held out as an inducement. The latter artist being unfortunately unable to appear, and the want of adherence to the time announced for opening the doors, and commencing the performance (which seems so frequent a feature of provincial concerts), did not put the audience in a very good humour, although applause and encores were not wanting. A child three years of age, son of the concert-giver, who, I am given to understand, is a local professor, was set down for a pianoforte duet with his father. Knowing that your opinion coincides with my own, and the reflective portion of the public, on the subject of such precocious exhibitions I content myself with chronicling the fact.

If musical entertainments are not encouraged, performances, which can in no sense be said to be either musical or entertaining, seem to find their supporters; for from early morn to dewy eve (and a great deal later) open air concerts are rife, the materials and executants being many and various. Of course, there is the inevitable German brass-band, of some ten or a dozen individuals, with caps of a uniform pattern, and the equally inevitable band, brazen enough though it consist of but a clarionet and ophicleide, each asserting its independence by playing in a different key. Other minstrels are there, boasting of nothing uniform but their discord. An elderly Frenchman with only one arm,

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thrumming a cracked guitar, and with an equally cracked voice chanting a lugubrious ditty, to which an unfortunate dog grotesquely attired walketh about moodily on his hind legs; a family of Swiss, dressed in the conventional costume of their country, comprising father, mother, daughter and two sons playing, and very well too, upon instruments called by the paterfamilias, melophon, of which he styles himself professor and inventor, said melophon somewhat resembling in appearance an overgrown guitar with a huge protuberance where the strings are ordinarily placed, and the finger-board covered with an eruption of pimples, after the fashion of a concertina, the internal mechanism being worked by a handle moved saw-wise, backward and forward, by one hand, while the other hand produces the notes from the key-board. In addition to playing overtures, waltzes, &c., the mother and daughter sing songs in German and French patois. As a remarkable instance of what one has to submit to here I may mention, that one of the mixed bands the other evening favoured me with a set of quadrilles, of which the first figure was based upon "Beautiful Star," and the last compounded of "I wish I was with Nancy," and—Mendelssohn's Wedding March! After this you will not be surprised when I tell you that they played a most trivial waltz, which was solemnly ushered in by "See the conquering hero comes!" C.

We have abridged the following from the *Brighton Herald*:—

"The concert of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, was attended by a numerous audience. M. and Mrs. Bond were assisted by Miss Leffler, Mr. H. Whitehouse, and Herr Pollitzer. The chief feature of the concert was the appearance of Mr. G. Herbert Bond, a son of the *beneficiares*, as a public singer. This gentleman has gained laurels elsewhere, but had not appeared in Brighton. He sang, 'If with all your hearts,' from *Elijah*, and 'Then you'll remember me,' both of which he executed in a style to prove him a very promising singer. He possesses a rich voice; his style and expression are pleasing; and he throws animation into his words. He was encored in both his solos. He also took part in two quartets, in a duet with Miss Leffler from *Il Trovatore*, and also with Mrs. Bond in 'Parigi, o cara,' from *Traviata*. Mrs. Bond's rendering of 'With verdure clad,' was all that could be desired. In the quartets and in the duets with her son, Mrs. Bond's voice was also heard to advantage. Miss Leffler's pleasing voice and easy style were suited to the air of 'O rest in the Lord,' from *Elijah*. This lady also sang Wallace's 'Gentle Troubadour' in a charming manner. Mr. H. Whitehouse sang Callcott's 'Last Man,' and Leslie's 'Speed on, my bark,' with considerable taste. Herr Pollitzer was warmly applauded for his execution of a fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, his own composition. The first part of the concert was devoted to sacred and the second to secular music. It concluded with the *Miserere* scene from *Trovatore*, a party of local amateurs assisting in the chorus. The concert was skilfully conducted by Mr. Bond, who also played a pianoforte solo. The concluding recital of Mr. Kuhe took place at the Pavilion on Wednesday afternoon. The compositions were Beethoven's andante in F; Heller's improvisata, 'On song's bright pinions;' Weber's Rondo brilliant; two compositions of Moscheles; a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without words;' an impromptu (in A flat) and a valse (in E flat) by Chopin; and a fantasia, on *Mosé in Egitto*, by Thalberg. To this wide range of musical illustration Herr Kuhe added a study of his own composition, called 'Silberstrahlen' (silvery-shower), which will, without doubt, become a general favourite. Where all was distinguished by skill and taste, it is difficult to mark a preference; but the andante in F, the 'Silberstrahlen,' and the compositions of Chopin struck us as best. The vocal services of Signora Badia, who made her first appearance this season, were fully appreciated; her style of singing the national songs of Italy is full of grace and spirit.

Our MANCHESTER correspondent informs us that at Mr. Charles Hallé's second concert, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was given. The performance is criticised by the *Manchester Guardian* as below:—

"The following artistes were engaged:—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Armstrong, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, with a newly-organised chorus of 200, composed of Manchester professionals and a body of amateurs, the united body taking the designation of 'Mr. Hallé's Choir.' If *Judas* may be accepted as a sample of their ability, the talented maestro is at the head of a choral body upon which he may safely rely in the production of his choral concerts (of which the one last night was the first of eight); the performance of the choruses of *Judas*, and two or three of them are of a character to try the best-trained chorus, showing not only accurate knowledge of what was wanted, but also power to accomplish it. The opening chorus of lamentation, the heroic response to 'Arm, arm ye brave,' 'We come, we come,' and the curiously-mixed chorus 'Hear us, O Lord,' at the close of the first part, in which supplication and firm resolve alternate with each other, and the response to 'Sound an alarm,' 'We hear the pleasing dreadful call,' were all given with energy and effect. The band was thoroughly up to the mark in the accompaniments, and Mr. Walker rendered efficient aid on the organ. Miss Banks in 'Pious Orgies,' 'O Liberty,' and 'Ah, wretched Israel,' was everything that could be desired; her beautiful voice, skilful vocalisation, and expression combining to make them pleasing and interesting in the highest degree; at the same time it was impossible not to feel that her powers were altogether inadequate to express the burst of exultation embodied in 'From mighty kings,' or the bounding joy of 'So shall the lute.' Miss Palmer had not much to do, but that little was well done, indicating a great advance since last we heard her. This advance is especially observable in her elocution, which is clear and emphatic. As examples we may point to the two recitatives 'O Judas, O my brethren,' and 'Down with the polluted altars.' Miss Armstrong rendered efficient service in the ducts and in the trio, 'See the conquering hero comes,'—the chorus of which we may state in passing was enthusiastically re-demanded and repeated. Mr. Thomas, in the air, 'The Lord worketh wonders,' was vigorous and effective. Mr. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, and sung with more than his ordinary power. His first air, 'Call forth thy powers my soul and dare,' was given with much vigour and expression; so also was the second, 'How vain is man;' but his greatest effort, one in which he fairly outdid himself, was 'Sound an alarm.' The really splendid manner in which this song was given, called forth an amount of enthusiasm from the large audience rarely witnessed. It was in vain that the chorus endeavoured to make themselves heard in the succeeding chorus, 'We hear the pleasing dreadful call.' The audience would hear nothing but Mr. Reeves. The conductor made the signal to the chorus to stop, and the great tenor immediately gave the song again, with as much vigour and effect as before. This great song fairly belongs to him, there being no other tenor that can hope to rival him in singing it."

The third Concert seems to have been as well attended as either of its predecessors. The following is an extract from the report of the same contemporary:—

"Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* opened the concert. We could not detect one fault in its execution. Nor less creditable to the band was the dashing performance of the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, which opened the second part. Mozart's Jupiter symphony was the special work assigned to the orchestra. The whole performance, and especially the last movement, reflected great credit on the orchestra. In Berlioz's *Ballet des Sylphes* the determined encore was well deserved. To speak of Mr. Hallé as a pianist is to repeat oft told praises. This evening he seemed even more than to maintain his reputation. His execution of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was marked by a vigour and delicacy only equalled by his conception of the composer's meanings. Such an union between composer and player is as perfect as it is rare. The closing movement was a brilliant achievement. Countless melodies, like rays of light radiating from one common centre, flash and sparkle from the instrument — the eye pursues in a vain effort to overtake the flying fingers — now dashing down in cascades of sound, now like falling snow descending noiselessly on the keys. The two Morceaux, by Chopin and Heller, in the second part, were given in Mr. Hallé's most piquant manner, exhibiting unrivalled delicacy of touch — delicate even to dantiness. A perfect storm of applause, and a tumultuous encore resulted, in reply to which Mr. Hallé gave one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'

"The vocal element at these orchestral concerts is not prominent. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington's selections were favourably received. Her unusual facility in vocalising was exhibited in 'Variations,' by Adam, a French composer. Let us close with a warm compliment to M. Lavigne, for his brilliant and telling fantasia on the oboe. The airs from *Traviata* narrowly escaped an encore. Mendelssohn's March to *Athalie*, fitly closed this brilliant concert.

"At the next concert Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' is to be given, and Mr. Hallé will perform Mendelssohn's 'Rondo-Brillante,' in B minor, and Thalberg's grand fantasia in 'Mose in Egitto.'"

PRAGUE.—The committee for building a new national theatre here, have come to the determination of commencing operations in the spring.

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Berlin. — At the Italian Opera, a number of new-comers have been introduced as candidates for public favours during the last week. Among them may be mentioned Signora Rideri, who appeared as Norma, in scenes from *Don Pasquale*. The general opinion is that her voice is far too small and thin for the stage, but admirably adapted for the stage concert-room. Her *bravura* singing took the house by surprise. Another fair *débutante* was Signora Tiberini, who made her curtsey in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her style was much admired, particularly her execution of an introduced cadence in the mad scene, where she alternates with the flute. This was a masterpiece. Her voice itself, however, failed to give satisfaction. Signor Tiberini was not successful either as Edgardo or Count Almaviva. The popular favourite is Signora Trebelli, whom the local critics place in the same rank as Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, &c. — Herr Wachtel has left the theatre in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt, after fulfilling a most successful engagement, and Mlle. Augusta Qeisthardt has gone there to fill up the place he has left vacant. It is the intention of the gentleman to drop the German singer for awhile, and appear, in a day or two, as a full-blown Italian at the Victoria Theatre. The lady has captivated most hearts by her impersonation of Rosa in Fioravanti's opera *Die Dorfsängerinn*. She was effectively supported by Mlle. Härting, Herren Winkelmann Abich and the other members of the company. By the way I may mention that the members of the band and chorus serenaded Herr Wachtel, the other morning, at his hotel, as a mark of their appreciation of his kindness in suggesting and singing at a benefit got up for the band. — The Sisters Marchisio have left the Italian Company for the present and proceeded to Hanover and Magdeburg. They will, however, shortly return. — Spontini's widow, who is very advanced in age, and who resides in Paris, is now here. She came to be present at the representations of the opera of *Nurmahal*. Herr A. von Kontski, also, the pianist, from Wiesbaden is here. So much for the Past and Present. As far as the Future is concerned, you must know that the new season of the Singacademie will be inaugurated to-night, the 2nd inst., by a mass of J. S. Bach. The next works on the list for performance are Haydn's *Creation*, Blumner's *Abraham* (an oratorio) and Handel's *Solomon*. About the middle of this month, Herr Hans von Bülow will commence a series of concerts, at which he himself will, of course, metaphorically if not literally, play first fiddle. — *From an occasional Correspondent.*

Mayence.—An organ concert was lately given in the Stephanskirche, by Herr Lux, to an audience of at least 2000 persons. Herr Lux performed a prelude and fugue by Bach, a fugue of his own composition, and three fantasias also of his own composition, namely, one on a romance by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; one on the prayer from *Der Freischütz*, and one on "O Sanctissima." He was ably supported by the Verein für Kirchenmusik, who sang the "Ave Maria" of Arcudelt (died 1570), two songs from Schneider's *Weltgericht*, and Haydn's motet "Des Straubes eitle Sorgen."

ST. JAMES'S HALL—PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN'S PROMENADE CONCERTS, commencing this evening at 8 o'clock. Band of eighty performers. Vocalist, Miss Augusta Thompson; Cornet-à-piston, Mr. Levy; Flute, Mr. S. Pratten.

The Programme will include — Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Song, "Could life's dark scene," from the new opera, *Ruy Blas*, Howard Glover — Miss Augusta Thompson; Herzen Waltz, Prince G. Galitzin; Waltz, Arditi—Miss Augusta Thompson; Russian quadrille, Galitzin. &c.

Admission: Promenade, 1s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Stall, 5s.

MR. SAINTON begs to announce that he will ARRIVE in London for the winter season on the 19th of November. All communications respecting pupils and engagements to be addressed to his residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MAD. SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that she will RETURN to town for the winter season on the 18th of November. All communications respecting pupils and engagements to be addressed to her residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in town. All communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to him, Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, Brompton, S. W.

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Hope Villa, Torquay, October 1861

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 14.

A FRENCH musical critic of some note, who delivers himself in a contemporary on the subject of the revival of *Alceste*, has made some remarks which curiously coincide with those of your correspondent, published almost simultaneously. "It must be granted," he says—

"That to the national theatre of the opera it in right belongs to assume the part of conservator of great classical works. Like as the French theatre (Théâtre Français) a certain number of representations are allotted to the works of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Voltaire, even so the stage of the Imperial Academy of Music should be on certain evenings reserved for the old masters in that kind, for Rameau, Piccini, Glück, and Spontini. The subvention paid to the opera, as well as to the Français, imposes this office upon it as a duty; and in music as in literature our youth needs to be moulded by contact with consecrated masterpieces and with pure and primitive forms."

That, in point of fact, no state can be justified in subsidising a place of amusement on any other ground must be obvious, and equally so that the attainment of such an end deserves alike the consideration of all states — despotic or constitutional — but more the latter than the former, because with the latter the arts generally run greater risk of deterioration and even neglect, for reasons too abstruse to enter into at present. The French critic winds up his observations with this exordium, to which all who have considered the subject will append a mental "hear, hear!" "Away, then, with all petty considerations of receipts and subscriptions. The Opera will live whether or no, because it is a theatre as national as the Comédie Française itself. Who knows, moreover, whether the public may not acquire a taste for these retrospective performances? Orpheus is there to witness, if needful, that such a fact may be." If I quote a gentleman sagacious enough to have been writing down at the same moment thoughts almost identical with those which were occurring to my own mind on the same subject, it will, I doubt not, be attributed to egotism on my part by your candid readers, rather than the humble desire to seek corroboration for opinions which, being formed on many subjects in which I am not so well versed as I should wish, and often heartily expressed, do not inspire me with all the confidence I may seem to feel in them. Nevertheless, I will cite the same authority again, and this on a point which I have not yet noticed, nor, truth to confess, till just now thought of, but on which, nevertheless, I shall have something to say quite impromptu, and with all that freedom from bashful restraint proper to an "Our correspondent." He speaks of the comparative artlessness of melodic writing as exhibited in the works of Glück, compared to the present state of things. "*Certes*," he says, "melody has made an immense stride" (melody *strident* would be a good heraldic blason for some modern musicians), "since the day of the illustrious protégé of Marie Antoinette. She hath accustomed herself to walk straight" (straitened, haply), "to count her periods and her measures as verse counts its hemistiches. From the young girl she was of uncertain and hesitating gait, she hath now become a grown-up woman, endowed with every description of beauty, possessed of every seductive grace. But what a charm, what simple grandeur, existed in that very melodic irresoluteness, and how frequently, though the general colouring may pall in the comparison, to make up for it the expression is of double force." To these very judicious observations, I would add, that not only has melody grown up into a mature woman capable of walking straight and resolutely, but that she has used her power of resolute walking to diverge with shameless front from the path of continence and rectitude — has become, in too many instances, a reckless *Traviata*, whose dangerous blandishments have led, and are yet destined to lead, many an estimable youth irrecoverably astray. Who will reclaim her? If it be to be done, possibly holding the picture of her former innocent self constantly before her may have some beneficial effect. I don't think the Wagnerian process will do; for, hitherto his preaching to the poor misguided girl has simply tended to make an idiot of her, and sent her howling and gibbering through the wilderness.

Last week the Opera produced *Guillaume Tell*, to continue what are absurdly enough called the *débuts* of M. Faure. This term is applied indistinctly to a series of first appearances on any stage, to a series of first appearances on any particular stage, and to a series of first appearances after an absence, or at the commencement of a fresh season. I see no reason for using the word out of its original sense—a first appearance on any stage, or in a particular city where the artist was not previously known. These subsequent and extraneous applications of the term are only some of the multifarious and odious contrivances invented to swell the self-importance, — sufficiently *boursoufflé* — inflammatorily swollen as it is — of performers. But to return to M. Faure. Greatly as the sterling qualities of this artist are admired, as regards the bold clearness of his voice, and the finish of his style, he is blamed here, as I understand he was likewise in England during his late engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, for the disastrous excesses into which his ambition leads him, by prompting him to wander beyond the natural, or rather the well ascertained, compass of his voice, as well as to generally exaggerate its power. Bogs and quagmires lie in the way of such errant spirits, and when they fall into them sympathy is the last thing they meet with. On the whole, eminently fitted, as by his fine voice and finished execution, this artist is for the grand arena into which he has with justifiable, and it may be said, justified ambition, cast his gauntlet, he may yet cogently ask himself whether he has done wisely. We are no admirers of the satanic maxim, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven;" but a man may consider whether, for the sake of art, as well as for his own reputation, it were not better to remain in a humble sphere, and there set an example of comparatively absolute perfection, than to seek a wider and higher field, where, in order to assert and maintain his claim to be numbered in the list of first-class champions, he must resort to efforts which compromise that equilibrium of his powers and qualities, and mar the harmony of effect, without which there is no art high or low. Did the example of M. Roger serve for nothing, who returns, after years of doubtful combating under the heavy panoply of the Grand Opera, to wield the lighter accoutrements and weapons of the minor list, where he earned his knight's spurs, glad to find that—though he is short of his due complement of hands,—in his audience there is not one less to welcome back the truant, and weave again his laurel crown, somewhat the worse for wear. On Friday last the *Trouvère* was given, and that in the most satisfactory manner, which will occasion no surprise, when it is added that the cast of the four principal chrracters fell upon Mad. Tedesco, Mlle. Sax, and MM. Mideot and Bonnehée.

At the Italian Opera, *Marta* has given way, as she must be content to do in all respects and for all time, to *Don Pasquale*. This graceful offspring of a master, in his happiest and most graceful mood, lives in the memory of most of us, allied, as it seems, quite indissolubly, with the memories of Grisi, Lablache, Mario, Tamburini. But only works of

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an inferior stamp are completely dependent on the greatness of their interpreters, and such is not *Don Pasquale*. Mlle. Marie Battu and MM. Zucchini, Belart and Delle Sedie were barely up to the mark, yet the music they had to sing floated them merrily along like so many quite golden fruit of the Hesperides. Of Signor Delle Sedie it must be said that he would have far outshone his companions, but that his music was too low for his voice. By marvellous tact and skill he surmounted the difficulty. No doubt when he is more firmly established in the public favour, following the example of other great artists, he will economise his pains and transpose the score. By the way a very just estimate of this singer's merits has appeared in the *Moniteur*. It is signed M. de Rouvray, a name which by the initiated is pronounced as if it were written *Fiorentino*. The *Moniteur* alone is privileged to act on the principle of "what's in a name?" The laws which Napoleon III. makes he disdains to set the example of observing. But as *M. Fiorentino* is waiting to say his say, *je lui cède la parole*:—

"An artist of such excellence that not from Italy come many like him, and out of France none at all, the *débutant* appears to us to have been trained up in that grand and admirable school which disdains to sacrifice expression, style and taste to effects of coarse reverberation of sound or goat-like vibrations to feats of strength and evolutions of the throat. He knows what he is saying, a rare matter! He is gifted with common sense, an extraordinary merit! His phrasing is correct, the production of tone pure and natural; his diction of irreproachable purity, and his accents never jar against each other; his action, measured and sober, accompanies and sustains his singing; he has the air neither of begging for "bravos" nor of challenging the spectator.

No doubt his is not one of those prodigious voices which, by their beauty, their freshness, their *timbre*, relieve the artist fortunate enough to possess such a one from all further trouble. Each of his victories is the result of searching study and consummate art; he leaves nothing to chance; always master of himself he restrains his emotion within due bounds, equally aloof from either of the two extremes into which the majority of artists are betrayed,—icy coldness or headlong bursts and convulsions of fiery zeal. He never confounds one style with another; dramatic and touching in serious music, playful, light and supple in the buffo style, he assigns to each phrase its proper colouring and value. Lastly, all his pieces do not finish off with the same *point d'orgue*; he has a choice of cadences remarkable for their variety and freshness, perfectly adapting themselves to the air to which they form as it were a brilliant peroration and a bright crown. The sensation produced by so rare a subject, and one so completely in contact with the common run of singers, may be easily conceived. Delle Sedie, was extremely applauded, adopted by unanimous consent as one of the most valuable acquisitions of the Théâtre Italien."

The following letter from Meyerbeer to the celebrated French critic, Jules Janin, has appeared in the papers here, and may prove interesting to your readers:—

"Your last letter was directed to me at Kœnigsberg while I was still in Berlin, where I am working like a youth, notwithstanding the three score and ten years kindly allotted me erewhile by people whose liberality seemed to me to be without limits. As it is not till the 18th of this month that I am expected at Kœnigsberg, where I am to organise the grand Court concert, I have time to answer you, and I shall tell you at once how astonished I was at the little sympathy and forwardness (*empressement*) which the name of Rameau has elicited among you; he was, nevertheless, one of the glories of your Opera; one of your masters in the art of music; he afforded you a relief from Lulli and prepared the way for the advent of the chevalier Glück.

"Thus his family had every right in the world to meet in Paris itself with that assistance and support which have not been refused on several repeated occasions to the descendants of Racine, to the grand daughters of the great Corneille. To a certainty, had I been in Paris, I should have *incognito* paid 200 francs for my stall, and I rely on your kindness to forward that sum to those good people who must be so unhappy at finding themselves deceived in expectations so justly founded. I send you at the same time a written authority for M. Gazot, the author's agent, by which I renounce all my dues for the fragments of my operas played on the benefit night of the illustrious and unfortunate family of Rameau.

"Why are you not at Kœnigsberg for the day of the coronation? Why are you not even simply at Berlin? What splendid musical festivals are in preparation! As for me it is my pleasure as well as my duty in the office I hold to compose the Grand March which will be executed at Kœnigsberg at the moment when the royal *cortège* proceeds from the castle to the church for the coronation. I intend in addition to write a hymn, which is to be executed on the day of the King's, our sire's, return into his good city of Berlin. Add to this that I have promised to compose an overture for the grand concert of the four nations which the London Exhibition is to give next spring in the Crystal Palace at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

"This is what detains me here, what has occupied me this autumn, and will occupy me this winter and the beginning of next spring; but, my dear friend, if God will grant us to live, we shall meet again, I hope, next year, relieved of all anxiety in that hospitable city, that gentle Spa, all resonant with the plash of fountains and the murmurs of green oaks. — Your affectionate MEYERBEER."

If post boys never die, no more do sirens, being of no mortal clay compact; but the difference is this, that whereas the one grows older and more tiresome every year, the other sings as freshly and sweetly year after year as when first encountered by that musical Ulysses Auber, as anybody may bear witness if they will visit the Opéra Comique, where Roger is now calling himself Marco Tempesta, and Mlle. Marimon goes for the nonce by the name of Zerlina, and few have ever more gracefully justified their claim to be so identified. To this artist we would also address the same remonstrance as to M. Faure, to rest satisfied with the possibilities of her voice, and not to seek to do things which are not within its limits.

Mad. Cabel is sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to resume her duties at the Théâtre Lyrique, consequently the long-promised revival of *Jaguarita* will now take place forthwith.

There has been nothing done worth recording in the theatrical world, save a new comedy in three acts, entitled *Les Parens Terribles*, by Mads. Belot and Journault at the Odéon. It is one of those attempts so fashionable now of placing before us the minute and absolute realities of life; but the result of the attempt is a caricature, rather than a faithful picture. There has also been a new vaudeville at the *Variétés*, in which the veteran Arnal has just made his re-appearance. It is called *Les Voisins de Molinchart*, and Arnal's part is said to be very good in it. The company of the Gymnase have been summoned to play at Compiègne.

I hear from St. Petersburg that the Italian company there, of whom Signors Tamberlik and Graziani and Mlle. Lagrua are the chief stars are meeting with the most brilliant success. When are you to hear the last-named much-talked-of *prima donna*? Has she made a vow never to visit London, as Mad. Goldschmidt is said to have done with respect to Paris? Or are her terms beyond the means of Mr. Gye, even assisted by the wealth of his repudiated partner, Colonel Knox? Why is this? I pause for a reply.

AIGRE DOUX.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—It is the intention of Herr August Buhl to give four concerts illustrating the history of pianoforte music, from the time of Scarlatti and Couperin to that of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt.

ZURICH.—Herr Alfred Jaell is at present here. On leaving he will make a professional tour through Switzerland, and then, about January proceed to Northern Germany and give concerts in Berlin, Hamburg, Hanover, Dresden, Leipsic, &c.

MUNICH.—All the principal singers at the theatre are ill. In consequence of this the opera of *Don Sebastian* had to be postponed the other day. The members of the Musical Academy gave the first of a series of concerts on the 1st of November, at the Royal Odéon.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE first public performance of Spontini's revived opera, *Nurmahal*, took place on the 25th ult., in the Royal Opera-house, after having previously been given on the 23d, in the presence of their Majesties, the King and Queen, and a select audience of reigning princes, ambassadors, diplomatists, extraordinary plenipotentiaries, and the host of chamberlains, equerries, *et hoc genus omne*, who, in greater or less numbers, are to be found at every German court. It would have been impossible to put the opera on the stage with greater splendour. O, shade of Farley, famous among stage-managers, and great in the getting-up of Easter-pieces, why wert thou not there! I ask the question, perhaps, unadvisedly. You may have been there, after all. Some one or other of your friends, given to spiritualism, may, peradventure, have rapped you to the gay gathering, or, if he has not already done so, he may still take a hint from this letter. Venerated spirit, I can assure you that *Nurmahal*, as a spectacle, is well worth looking at, with its cascades of real water, its splendid scenery, its astonishing changes, its marvellous electric-light effects, and its gorgeous processions. Everything is redolent of Eastern luxury and grandeur. Even Calcott or Beverley, Grieve or Telbin, might learn something from their German colleagues. It is, as every one admits, a great pity that the subject of the piece, which is an admirable one in itself, should have been so clumsily handled. As it is, it drags its slow length along in the most wearisome and uninteresting manner during three mortal acts. In this opera, as in many others which I could mention, the working out of the story and the development of the characters, which should be the first consideration, are degraded into matters of the most subordinate importance — if, indeed, they are looked upon as being of any importance at all — and sacrificed for mere show and glitter. The action is continually stopped to afford the stage manager an opportunity for showing off the legs of his ballet-girls to the best advantage, or for parading a more than usual number of the gentlemen called "supers" before the float. The consequence of this is that the attention of the public is not sufficient fixed by the various characters in whom no real interest is taken by any one. For these reasons, I think — and I am confirmed in my opinion by the sentiments I have heard expressed by many most competent judges, as well as by the published criticisms of some of the first critics here — that *Nurmahal* will not keep its place in the bills for any very long period, but soon be quietly consigned once more to obscurity. With regard to the music, it is no secret that even the most devoted friends of the composer confessed, in his life-time, that this was one of his weakest compositions. A writer of one of the principal musical periodicals published here observes that, in addition to its other defects, "the music is distinguished, from the beginning to the end, by a degree of excitement and an amount of eagerness to employ, whenever there is the slightest chance of doing so, the most unusual orchestral resources; that there is no end to the noise; and that the auditor involuntarily asks himself whether certain pieces were written by a master or a mere learner." With all this, however, we must not fail to acknowledge what is good. The ballet music, and choruses with ballet are, as a rule, treated with great grace and freshness. The whole of the finale of the second act, too, shows plainly the hand of an experienced master. The slumber-scenes, as they are called, in the third act, are exceedingly beautiful. The opera was well cast. Mlle. Lucca, as Nurmahal, sang and acted with great energy and excellence. Mad. Harriers imparted unexpected importance to the insignificant part of Zelia, just as Signor Tamberlik lends an importance, which it never possessed before his time, to the part of Pollio in *Norma*, or, to leave opera an instant for drama, just as Macready convinced every one who witnessed his impersonation of Friar Lawrence, that the latter was by far the finest character in *Romeo and Juliet*. Such is the power of real art. But the gem of the evening was, perhaps, Mlle. de Ahna's Namuna. Compared with this young lady's performance — a high standard, I grant — the efforts of the gentlemen were not first rate. Herr Woworski's voice is not equal to the music of Dschehangir. Herr Fricke displayed abundance of zeal as Bahar, but, unfortunately, did not invariably sing in tune, a defect which, as you must admit, does not produce a favourable impression in opera. Herr Betz, although possessing a fine voice, made nothing of the part of Atar. Herr Solomon, as Mullah, and Mlle. Münster, as the Genius, were satisfactory, which, by the way, is more than can be said of the chorus, who have many shortcomings to answer for. Herr Dorn is entitled to great praise for the manner in which he got up the opera.

It may, perhaps, interest you to know the cast of this work, when first produced at the Royal Opera-house in 1822. It is as follows: — Nurmahal, Mad. Seidler; Zelia, Mad. Schutz; Namuna, Mlle. Eunicke; Dschehangir, Herr Bader; Bahar, Herr Devrient; Atar, Herr Blume; and Mullah, Herr Hildebrand.

Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was given a few nights ago, and, as usual, filled the house to overflowing. Pit, boxes, galleries, were all filled with delighted spectators, who expressed their satisfaction in the most unmistakable fashion. The performance was exceedingly good, every one concerned exerting himself to the utmost of his abilities. Mad. Köster and Herr Formes were grand as Valentine and Raoul, respectively, and achieved a tremendous triumph in the fourth act. They were called on, at its conclusion, three times, to such a pitch had they excited the enthusiasm of the audience. Mad. Harriers-Wippern was a highly pleasing, if not quite perfect, representative of Marguerite de Valois. This lady would do well to impart a little more vivacity to her acting. Mad. Bötticher was the page; Herr Fricke, Marcel; Herr Salomon, St. Bris; and Herr Betz, Nevers. The choruses and orchestra were admirable.

Mlle. Geisthardt is still "starring" at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre with great success. As I have before remarked—at least, I fancy I have—she possesses a strong, full, powerful, and pleasing voice, which she knows how to use to the best advantage. In my opinion she is one of the best *German* bravura singers of the present day. The next novelty at this theatre will be a comic opera, entitled *Das Gespenst* (*The Ghost*), composed by Herr Ad. L'Arrange, son of the manager of the Cologne theatre, where it has been already successfully performed.

The concert season will soon have commenced in earnest. Already are the walls decorated with posters, and the columns of the papers full of advertisements, announcing concerts of all kinds and descriptions.

According to report, the new Order of the Crown (Kronen-Order), of which, as you are, no doubt, aware, Meyerbeer has received the Commander's Cross, has been conferred on Herr von Herzberg, director of the Royal Dom Chor. Herr Anton Rubinstein has left for St. Petersburg. Signora Trebelli, I am very sorry to tell you, is ill, and, in consequence — as I am not sorry to tell you — Mlle. Barbara Marchisio has sustained the part of the heroine in *La Cenerentola* at the Royal Opera-house. By the way the Italian company at the Victoria theatre have commenced their season. I have not, as yet, had leisure to go and hear them, but will do so at the first opportunity, and let you know what I think of them. The following are engaged: Signore Artôt (for six weeks only), Cordier, Majo and Dori. Tenors: Signori Stechi-Botardi, Malgieri, Herr Wachtel. Baritone: Signor Merly. Basses: Signori Nanni, Odizeni; and bass-buffo, Signor Mazatti. Signor Bosoni is the musical director. The chorus, according to report, is doubled. I see it announced in the musical periodicals here that, in addition to Meyerbeer, Auber, and Verdi, Sterndale Bennett has been requested to write one of the pieces for the Grand Exhibition in London next year. Is this true, or is it merely a *canard*? I trust, for the sake of good music, and the lovers of good music, that, in this instance, report is correct.

I regret to say that, for the present, I have exhausted my budget of news; but, as I stated a few lines previously,

> The concerts are coming, oh dear and oh dear!
> The concerts are coming, oh dear!

and, when they have set in with regular winter severity, I shall send you more "copy" than you may perhaps choose to insert. *En attendant*,

VALE.

FRANZ LISZT has been in Paris. Very few have heard him play. He played at the Tuileries, at Count Walewski's, Mad. Erard's, Halévy's and Charles Gounod's. At the Tuileries the Empress asked for Chopin's "Funeral March," the favourite piece of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. Liszt acceded to the request, when her Majesty's tears came thick and fast and she left the apartment overcome by emotion. At table the Emperor observed, incidentally: "It seems to me sometime that I have lived a hundred years." Whereupon Liszt quickly rejoined, "That does not astonish me, because — *vous êtes le siècle*." The Emperor forthwith decorated the smart pianist with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Rossini is reported to have said: "*Liszt dit toujours qu'il ne joue plus, moi je trouve qu'il joue trop.*" However as everything of this kind is attributed to Rossini, the authorship of the "*bon mot*" is doubtful.—("Fudge" from the fudging "*Signale*," edited by Mr. Mustard.)

KÖNIGSBERG.—In commemoration of the late coronation, the Sing-academie have had a grand concert at the new hall in the Börsengarten, where the entertainment given by the town took place. It is said that Herren Laule and Grimm intend giving concerts this winter.

STETTIN.—Herr Kossmaly's Symphony Concerts have commenced for the season; they have now been given for ten years, and afford the greatest delight to all lovers of high-class music. The royal coronation was celebrated at the theatre by a grand performance of *Le Prophète*.

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LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.*

No. 7.

(*See* MUSICAL WORLD, *Nov.* 2.)

London, Aug. 3.

THE Opera of Covent Garden, after prolonging its season through a great many "extra nights," outlasting all the concerts for about a month, will close to-night with a performance of the *Prophete*, I am not dying to hear that again, and had rather let last evening's fresh impression be the last of my operatic memories in London. For then we had something worthy to conclude a "season;" something to remember the opera by so satisfactorily, that one cares not to have that memory overlaid by anything of Meyerbeer or Verdi. It was the opera of operas, the one which wears best with true music-lovers — and with no public more than with that of London—*Don Giovanni*. This shall be my last, as it had been my first, opera in London — the alpha and omega, and likewise the middle of my Covent Garden record. Eight times has Mozart's master work been given here since the commencement of the season, in the first week in April, and every time to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

And such an audience is a sight to see! From the hospitable box in the corner by the stage your eye commands the whole; you look down on the brilliant rows of comfortable "pit stalls," *guinea* seats, all elegantly occupied, which take up the whole width and depth of the parterre, except a starveling segment in the very rear, where thirty or forty stall-less people can have "pit" *pur et simple*, the condensed quintessence of it, for *seven shillings*; a few feet higher, the enclosing circle of "pit boxes," nodding and smiling and fanning with beauty and with fashion; then, just below you, the "grand tier" of nobility, et cetera, a sacred circle, closed to the non-elect, a broad, bright zodiac that hoops the heavens round at mid height, beginning over the way there with the Royal box, which (to the credit of all concerned) is distinguished from the others only by its width, and not, as on the continent, by tawdry display of crowns and other gilding, to remind you that the house and the fulness thereof are the King's or the Grand Duke's; then lifting your eyes (or lorgnette) to their natural level, you may contemplate another circle of which you are a happy atom, called the "first circle" (of mere humans), and which vies in animated charms with either sphere or circle of the blest below, whether they be noble or be human: and then upward to another lustrous circle; and uppermost of all, most noteworthy of all, and most significant, a great space opening far back behind the sun (read chandelier), row rising behind row as far as glass can reach, all densely packed with heads, like seeds in the capsule of a sunflower, the "amphitheatre," where sit the people. There are the real lovers of *Don Juan:* these taste an immortality in Mozart's music; it hath a zest of present heaven for them, and causeth their faces to shine; there is more meaning than we think in the theatrical cant term "gods of the gallery." Not that other portions of the house were dull or inaccessible to Mozart, or that musical motives were not the ruling ones in more than one of the fashionable constellations hanging in those circles, but the focus of appreciative response and enjoyment was evidently up there among "the gods;" and it is a curious fact, and creditable to English musical taste, that on the *Don Giovanni* nights, the *Tell* nights, &c., the amphitheatre is always crowded, while the *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and that sort of thing, are taken under the more exclusive wing of rank and fashion which "subscribe" and call for such. A *Don Giovanni* night is emphatically a people's night. What I have chanced to witness has, I am told, been equally characteristic of the entire season; of the seventy-four performances, the eight of *Don Giovanni*, the nine of *Guillaume Tell*, the five or six of *Il Barbiere* have been those which have seen the amphitheatre and all the cheaper places the best filled. Of course the attraction of favourite singers—especially of the rising star, the "bright particular," young Adelina Patti, has also had its influence on the popular tide, apart from the intrinsic interest of the composer and the piece. But most preferred to hear and see this gifted maiden as Zerlina, as Rosina (in spite of some defects), or as Amina — in three operas whose charm *as music* never can wear out — to being made patient with the platitudes of *Marta* and *La Traviata* by the redeeming personality of such a pleasing little body. And who compose the crowd up there? Partly, largely no doubt, the Germans, who seem to be almost as numerous in London as in New York; for they have heard Mozart's great work more times in their life perhaps than any other class, and therefore love it better; but also a great many, a majority of English born. It is no mob, answering to the "ground-lings" of the theatres of old; they are well-dressed, respectable and polite people; the front rows indeed present a goodly show of elegance and beauty. There are three grades of seats there, at prices of 7*s.* 5*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

The theatre itself is well suited to the display, as well as to the convenience, of such a brilliant audience. Although it is said to be architecturally inferior to the house that was burnt down and which it suddenly replaced, and although the auditorium has no peculiarly artistic aspect, yet it is spacious, elegant, light, cheerful, well ventilated and comfortable. The stage arrangements of course are on a very grand and complete scale, and vie with those of any other theatre in Europe.

And now for *Don Giovanni*. A magnificent orchestra, to begin with; and such a rendering of the overture, that no one could choose but listen and be penetrated, filled with the rich music and with unwillingness to lose a single note of what would follow. There is no orchestra in Europe more complete and choice in its material, or which gives out a more rich and beautiful *ensemble* of tone. The quality of the instruments, of the strings especially, is remarkably fine; every player is a virtuoso and happy in the possession of an instrument worthy of him, such as contributes a pure, warm, sympathetic tone to the euphonious whole. Such fine violas, cellos, double-basses, violins, taking the mass of them together, I think I have heard nowhere else, unless it were in Dresden, and there not so many of them. The average style of performance, too, at least in point of spirit, brilliancy, precision, power, richness of colouring, is not surpassed in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna. The only fault is, that it rolls on in the glory of its full tide too triumphantly sometimes, and does not readily and instinctively subdue itself to the singer's voice. It is a brave orchestra, however, in the good senses of the word. And it has Michael Costa for conductor, who is a monarch in his way, and whose celebrity requires no justification. His air of quiet self-possession and authority, his ease and dignity of manner, albeit mingled with a little Neapolitan conceit, always give assurance. Although an Italian, long experience has made him cosmopolitan in music—has be not written an oratorio quite *à la* Mendelssohn? We have heard his *tempi* sometimes criticised; and so it has been with I dare say all conductors, not excepting Mendelssohn; and they do say that he is prone to hurry music which he does not like—a weakness which, considering how much trash he has at times to preside over, can be easily excused. The Verdi-ites, however, take it seriously. But, as the most nearly related sects in religion or politics quarrel the most sharply, so it is no wonder that South Italian and North Italian musicians do not belong to the same "mutual admiration society," and that Milan and Naples each regard the other as a Nazareth whence no musical good thing can come. But Costa not only possesses in himself the secret of musical expression, the true tradition of the Italian *cantabile;* he is a complete musician, and hence, on neutral ground, at least, in the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., you can rely on his intelligent and conscientious and even *con amore* rendering. And to this neutral ground belong also such works of universally acknowledged genius as Rossini's operas, for it is a cheering fact that, as far as regards real masterworks of *genius*, all controversy of "schools" is soon forgotten; it is only while the lesser deities reign, while second and third-rate composers occupy the stage, while Meyerbeer and Verdi, Donizetti and Flotow, and Auber and Balfe, &c., are in question, that we hear or care about the Italian and the German school, the new school and the old school, and what not. At all events, *Don Juan* is not an opera that would be likely to suffer under Costa's hands; it is a feast always for musicians like him and the members of his splendid orchestra; and doubtless every individual of those eighty or ninety knows every note of it by heart and could have played it through without a sheet before him. Of course the overture was played with unction. A good overture, as played by the Covent

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

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Garden orchestra is not a thing to go unheeded; it enforces attention; people cannot talk through it until the singers come.

And what a cast! In the *ensemble*, orchestra, chorus, stage effect, &c., the London opera may have competitors in other cities; but not in the principal singers; London wealth and musical ambition draw and keep here the greater number of the best. As Donna Anna we had Mad. Penco, a bright and spirited Italian woman, with considerable dignity of person, and face resembling Tedesco, only not so fleshy. She has a good rich, even quality of voice, and sings all in an artist-like and well-schooled manner; not a great singer, but one in whom such a part does not essentially suffer. Grisi took Donna Anna in a preceding performance, and, worn as her voice is, and obliged as she was to transpose some of the music, she was really superb in it. She will never come upon the stage here again to sing it less well, having at last really taken her farewell both at the Opera and at the Crystal Palace. The Elvira this time was indifferent: a young and pretty figure with a bright and pretty voice,—Mad. Ortolani-Tiberini. Mad. Csillag, her predecessor in this *rôle*, made, on the contrary, the most effective, finely conceived and ladylike Elvira I have ever seen upon the stage. Csillag has rather an unmanageable organ, and is hardly a finished singer; but there is soul and passion in her every tone, look and motion; an artist in a high poetic sense, who never fails to interest. But the chief delight and admiration of the audience was "little Patti," as the clever little witch and coquette of a peasant bride, Zerlina. And justly so. It was the most charming of all her charming impersonations; decidedly the most fascinating Zerlina, musically and dramatically, I have seen since Bosio. It would be folly to expect in her the perfect singer we have lost in Bosio; yet she sang all the music simply, with pure style and expression, and with most felicitous and characteristic touches. The voice, which we had feared was growing old too fast from too much work in public, and too little time for rest and private study, had a delicate, fresh bloom upon it, that was delightful. It was only once, I think, that she indulged in an unmeaning cadenza or "embellishment" on Mozart's perfect melody; and that, probably, was the fault of some adviser; she seldom deviates from good taste and artistic truth where she is allowed to go alone; her instinct seems unerring. In recitative, in the easy, conversational Italian *parlando*, she is singularly fine for such a child. Her acting of the part was full of life and nature, amusingly original, the by-play incessant, and helping out the significance of every scene in which she was on the stage. For instance, the wonder and delight with which she (and her Masetto with her) gazes round on the splendours of Don Juan's ball room, and the timidity with which she sinks into the luxury of one of those incredible chairs! Best of all, her exquisite coquetry in "Batti, Batti," with her offended simpleton of a bridegroom. Happy for her here to be so exquisitely mated! Happy for the public too! Is not that a nice cast indeed, in which the commonly considered small part of Masetto is given to no less an artist than Ronconi? In his hands it becomes really a great serio-comic part. His voice to be sure is *passe*, painfully "dilapidated" (to use a common figure of critics, who seem to suppose that voices are built up like stone walls, or put together like mosaics). But as a singer he is thoroughly an artist; and as an actor, especially in comdey, he is inimitable and irresistible, as full of the quick "heat lightning" of suggestion as if he were always improvising his part under a happy inspiration. Yet it may be a question whether he is not prone to run it into too broad farce. But he contrives to maintain his dignity with refined publics, and no one thinks of Ronconi as a buffoon. He has earned and is not likely to forfeit the character of artist, and is mentioned as among his peers with Mario and Tamberlik and Lablache, &c. Such an old Masetto and such a young Zerlina were natural provocatives of many happy, unexpected traits of naturalness and humour.

It would be superfluous labour for me here to enter into a detailed analysis of Patti's *Zerlina*, or of any of the parts, since the Journal of Music has no doubt copied some of the very just and graphic remarks of the *Times* and other London critics. A few words only of the other leading singers. The Don Giovanni was M. Faure, a refined, effective baritone, who always sings and acts well, and whose impersonation of that most difficult rôle has more life and gentlemanly ease, is more free from absurdity, vulgarity, overdoing or underdoing, than any one that I remember. Not a great singer, but a sterling and invaluable one for parts like Tell and Don Giovanni. The familiar figure of Carl Formes was the first to greet us when the curtain rose. His Leporello is after the common German fashion, capital in all the earlier scenes, but altogether too farcically grotesque in the last scene to comport with the sublime terrors of the supernatural visitation and the music. He sang as we have heard him "on the other side." The old commander, the Man of Marble, was most impressively represented by Signor Tagliafico, who seems to be clever in all sorts of parts suited to a baritone, or even ponderous basso. The Don Ottavio was Tamberlik,— next to Mario the greatest of all the Italian tenors I have heard; but very different from Mario. His chief power lies in strong, declamatory, impassioned, heroic parts; he is greatest in the *Tell* music, or as Jean of Leyden, in the *Prophet*. His voice is not as well preserved as Mario's, not as fresh and juicy, by no means as fine in its whole compass; but the tone is very resonant and marrowy and manly when he chooses, and he has the art to save his strength so as to strike with certainty in the important crisis. His "Il mio tesoro" was very admirable; but his best service was in the accompanied recitative dialogue, and in the interwoven *ensembles*, where his rich crisp tone always tells, and contributes its full worth to the harmony. He has a manly presence and a gentlemanly action. Such an Ottavio is not a nobody, and certainly Mozart has not given him the music of a nobody to sing.

The chorus, the *mise en scène*, ballet, and general treatment of the opera as a whole was splendidly complete, and worthy of such orchestra, such singers, such audience—and prices! I missed the usual inconsistencies and dead, unmeaning places in the action and stage presentation — usual, I mean, in America. The thing was a consistent whole; and more than ever did *Don Giovanni* seem to me the *universal* opera, typical of the whole story of human life. It has spun itself into altogether too long a story in this letter, so I must leave *Guillaume Tell*, the *Barbière*, &c., with a general summary, to another.

D.

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER.—The first of a series of six subscription concerts was given at the above new Music Hall on Wednesday evening, the 6th instant, by Mr. William Carter, a professor of the pianoforte. The programme was well devised and rich in matter—indeed too rich, we are inclined to think, for any but a strictly classical concert—comprising for the graver pieces, Mozart's quartet in G minor, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello; Beethoven's trio in E flat, Op. 1, for piano, violin, and violoncello; and the Moonlight Sonata of the same composer —enough in all conscience of instrumental music for one miscellaneous concert — together with a "Grand Duo" for piano and harp, by Herr Oberthur; two solos on the harp and two on the piano — more than enough in verity to weary the most rampant admirers of piano or harp, notwithstanding the excellent playing of Herr Oberthur and Mr. William Carter on their respective instruments. The vocal music commanded the services of Mlle. Florence Lancia, who sang the cavatina "Ah! fors 'e lui," from *La Traviata*, and Mr. Frank Mori's new and popular song, "A thousand miles from thee;" Mad. Weiss, who gave Mr. Hatton's "Her heart was in the song," besides taking part in duos, &c.; Mad. Laura Baxter, who introduced Mr. Balfe's ballad, "If I could change as others change," and the song of the goat-herd, from *Dinorah*; Mr. Weiss, who sang his own "Blacksmith" and Mr. Edward Loder's "Martin, the man at arms;" and Mr. William Evans, who sang, "My own, my guiding star," from *Robin Hood*. All was good, but decidedly best were Mlle. Lancia's two songs, which were vociferously applauded. Mad. Laura Baxter's songs, too, were honoured with emphatic demonstrations of approval. A strong word of commendation must suffice at present for the performance of the Herren Albert, Otto and Ferdinand Booth, very young artists, who play respectively on the violin, viola, and violoncello, and to Mr. Frank Mori for the admirable manner in which he accompanied the vocal music.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Meyerbeer's Geburtstag. In berliner Blättern findet sich folgende (auch in die Kölnische Zeitung vom 23. September übergegangene) Notiz: „Meyerbeer wird am 23. September 70 Jahre alt" u. s. w.—Der berühmte Meister ist aber am 5 September 1791 geboren, wie Gathy in seinem kleinen Künstler-Lexikon richtig angibt. Gassner nennt in dem seinigen nur das Jahr 1791 ohne Datum; das neue „Universal-Lexikon der Tonkunst" von Ed. Bernsdorf, bei J. André in Offenbach verlegt, kümmert sich nicht um den Tag der Geburt des berühmtesten Componisten unserer Tage und lässt ihn gar erst im Jahre 1794 geboren werden!

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

DIRECTOR — MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

IN announcing that the Fourth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts (established Feb. 7th, 1859) will commence on the evening of Monday, Nov. 18th, the Director has again to tender his thanks for the liberal and unremitting support with which his undertaking has been honoured, and again respectfully to solicit its continuance.

The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal—an appeal based no less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm—that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to eleven, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-two concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon, &c., the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinto, Hummel, Weber, Schubert Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France, and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, and engagements contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore, equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favour will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the first (sixty-third) concert, as may be seen by the subjoined, combines a due admixture of both elements:—

PART I.

Quartet, in A minor, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello ... (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)	MENDELSSOHN.
Song, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west" (*Comus*)	ARNE.
Song, "Se il padre perdei" (*Idomeneo*)	MOZART.
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7	BEETHOVEN.

PART II.

Sonata, in G, Op. 62, for pianoforte and violin	DUSSEK.
Song, "The three ages of love"	E. J. LODER.
Song, "Zuleika"	MENDELSSOHN.
Quartet, in F major, No. 48, for two violins, tenor and violoncello ... ... (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)	HAYDN.

*** First violin—M. VIEUXTEMPS. Second violin—Herr RIES. Viola—Mr. WEBB. Violoncello—M. PAQUE.

Pianist—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

Vocalists—Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA and Mr. WINN.

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

The quartets are now heard for the first time at St. James's Hall, and consequently for the first time at these concerts. That of Mendelssohn belongs to the astonishingly fertile period of his early youth which gave birth to the quartet in E flat (op. 12), the quintet in A, and the ottet in E flat (all of which have been given more than once at the Monday Popular Concerts), and immediately preceded the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first published orchestral symphony (in C minor) and the first pianoforte concerto. Like the earlier quartet in E flat, it contains a quaint middle-movement—this time not "canzonetta," as in the other, but "intermezzo"—in which one of the most individual phases of Mendelssohn's genius is vividly predicted. Among the eighty-two string quartets of Haydn, all that need be said here of the one in F major, is what has been said so often of so many of its companions—"that it is one of the very best and most genial of the numerous family." Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone—a bright example of *his* early genius—will doubtless be recognized by a large part of the audience as an old and valued acquaintance: Dussek's in G, for pianoforte and violin (the fellow of the one in B flat, which has taken such a stand at the Monday Popular Concerts), as a more recent one, losing nothing by closer familiarity. This sonata was first performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski, at the twenty-third concert of the third season, July 1st, 1861; and, as it possesses the same genuine and brilliant qualities as its better-known companion, promises, like that companion, to win back all the popularity in the present day which it can hardly fail to have enjoyed in the zenith of its composer's fame. The vocal music must speak for itself.

The reception accorded last season to M. Vieuxtemps justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Vieuxtemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the second (Nov. 25th), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

*** In the course of the ensuing series of concerts, the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and beginning of the present century.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 *Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

THE Royal Academy of Music has at last met with an antagonist. A new school has just been founded at St. James's Hall, under the title of "The London Academy of Music." The prospectus looks formidable and imposing. Dr. Henry Wylde is Principal; Herr Molique, Professor of Harmony and Composition; Sigs. Schira and Manuel Garcia are appointed heads of the Italian vocal classes; Herr Janza appears as teacher of the violin, M. Paque of the violoncello and Herr Oberthur of the harp; Sig. Maggioni is set down as instructor of the Italian language; and Mr. Ryder of the Princess's Theatre is engaged to give lessons in elocution. Other professors, in various branches, we are informed, are in contemplation; while a governor and superintendent for the ladies loom in perspective. The special object of the new Academy is to impart "a complete musical education to vocal and instrumental students, by means of the best London professors, on the moderate fees of the Continental institutions." This, although it might have been more euphoniously expressed, is sufficiently clear. The best musical instruction, at the cheapest charges, will, no doubt, prove a *desideratum*, cannot fail to excite attention, and must end in receiving universal support and patronage. The appointment of Dr. Wylde, as principal, or head of the Academy, is perfect guarantee that there will be no lack of energy in the management; while the engagement of Herr Molique, as Professor of Harmony and Composition, proves that the very highest talent in the most important department has been secured.

For further particulars we must refer those interested in the matter to the preliminary announcement which appeared in last week's advertisement, pending the issue of a complete prospectus which may be shortly expected. In the meanwhile we feel called upon to make a few remarks respecting the establishment of a school which aims at indoctrinating the youths and maidens of England in every branch of a musical education, and in competing with, if not endeavouring to supersede, a well-grounded and time-honoured institution, which has found favour in the highest quarter, and which has never wanted a helping hand from those who could best afford to give it.

We cannot pretend to throw dust in the eyes of our readers. They as well as ourselves know that the London Academy of Music has been started in direct opposition to the Royal Academy of Music—just as the New Philharmonic

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Concerts were intended to rival the Old Philharmonic Society. Dr. Wylde is the great musical reformer of the day, and no doubt thought that the old Conservatory in Tenterden Street was capable of being improved upon. So we think; but since reformation involves greater difficulty and more responsibility than conservation, it behoves the director of the New Academy to be heedful that he promises no more than he can carry out, and that the changes and innovations he contemplates on the old *régime* may be such as everybody can understand and appreciate. If better teaching be proffered at less charges in the London Academy, the inevitable result will be that the Royal Academy must succumb, in spite of *prestige*, and the power that years and acquaintance never fail to confer. If, on the other hand, the instructions indicate no improvement, and the terms are not more economic, the elder conservatory must triumph. In short, the amelioration must be obvious and positive to effect any good.

It seems somewhat strange that while, in the furnished programme of the new Academy two Italian singing-masters are named, no name of an English master appears. Is there any dearth of English vocal teachers in the metropolis? or is English singing at a discount? We could supply some half-a-dozen eminent names as a satisfactory answer to the former question; while the establishment of the Royal English Opera of late years and the rapid rise of Music Halls in all directions, if proof were wanted, would demonstrate that the national song is more in favour than ever. We must suppose, then, that the English vocal teachers are included in those "other professors in various branches," upon whom Dr. Wylde has not yet affixed the seal of his selection. In the prospectus of an English Academy, however, it would have read better had the Italian masters been overlooked.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

AT the *fêtes** which formed part and followed the coronation, of the King of Prussia at Königsberg, music occupied a prominent position. This was as it ought to be, for to music belongs the task of rendering those sublime feelings which words are unable to express.

I must first speak of the Coronation March, the composition of which, at the express desire of the king, was confided to Meyerbeer. Let us transport ourselves for an instant to the scene of the solemnity—the vast courtyard of the palace of Königsberg, with its Venetian marts, dressed out in the colours of the various provinces of the kingdom, and distinguished by the grandiose flights of steps, at the top of which stood the throne. The people, the members of the different trades and professions, with their flags and emblems, and the soldiers drawn up on each side of the way from the covered gallery, and connecting the palace with the church, formed a crowd which filled every available nook and corner. In the church, a host of officials; the representatives of foreign powers; and the foreign princes with their suites, awaited the commencement of the ceremony. All of a sudden, the murmurs of this brilliant assemblage were drowned by the pealing of bells, and the cheers of the crowd collected outside. This was succeeded by silence both within and without, while the bands played the March, to the sounds of which the royal procession descended the flight of steps on its way to the church. Two military bands—infantry and cavalry—performed this work, worthy in every respect of so great an historical solemnity. The march resembles, as far as form is concerned, the "*Fackeln-Märsche*," from the same pen. It is composed of three themes, followed by as many trios. After, so to speak, haranguing each other, the two bands end by uniting in a most majestic *crescendo*, in which Neidhard's Hymn holds a prominent place. The *finale* is harmonised as admirably as the national hymn in the celebrated opera of *Struensée*. I cannot award a higher eulogium to this magnificent march than by saying that even the grandeur of the surrounding spectacle in no way diminished its effect. Severe indisposition had prevented the composer from going to Königsberg, but the king rewarded him in a fitting manner, by forwarding him the Cammander's Cross of the new Order of the Crown, founded on the occasion of the Coronation. The march was played the entire time the procession was proceeding from the palace to the church, as well as on its return.

For the ceremony in the church, the cathedral singers had been ordered to attend from Berlin. They were 80 in number; 25 sopranos, 25 altos, 10 tenors, and 10 basses. They had been provided with new costumes, consisting of red tunics and caps, edged with various silver braid. During the service, they sang Mendelssohn's setting of the 100th Psalm, the liturgy, with the melodies of the Greek church, choruses by Mendelssohn and Bortniansky, Jomelli's "Domine, salvum fac regem," and the psalmody. Everything was admirably executed.

The Königsberg *fêtes* were brought to a conclusion on the 19th, by a Court concert, given in the famous "Muscovite Stall" of the palace. The entertainment consisted exclusively of German music. The overture to *Egmont*, the triumphal choruses of *Judas Maccabæus*, Mozart's "Ave verum," the scene in the infernal regions from Glück's *Orfeo*, Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensée*, the chorus: "*Voilà le Jour du Seigneur*," by Conradin Kreutzer, Mendelssohn's march of the priests from *Athalie*, and, lastly, Handel's Coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest," were included in the programme. In the place of Meyerbeer, Herr Taubech, conductor at the Royal Opera house, Berlin, conducted the concert, for which more than three thousand persons received invitations.

With regard to the *fêtes* at Berlin, I must direct attention, in a musical point of view, to the gala representation at the Opera house and the concert at Court. Nothing can be more splendid than the aspect of the Berlin Opera house. At the very first glance, the house strikes the visitor as if it had been built expressly for such royal *fêtes*. One hardly dares enter it clad in the usual modest costume of everyday life. On the evening in question, all the places had been taken by the King. No one was admitted unless invited by the Grand Chamberlain, and thus, for this once, the ladies could be admired in full ball costume, even in the highest places of the house. Spontini's *Nurmahal* was performed. There is nothing new to be said about this work, which is one of its composer's very best. The magnificence of the scenery and costumes was in keeping with the splendour of the Court and its guests.

It was Meyerbeer who conducted the concert given in the White Hall of the palace. The following was the programme:—

Festival Overture, by the Count von Redern; Fantasia on themes from *Norma*, by Thalberg, for two pianos, performed by Herren de Kontski and von Bülow; Coronation Hymn, by Meyerbeer; Cavatina from Mercadante's *Giuramento*, sung by Signora Trebelli; duet from Rossini's

* From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

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Semiramide, sung by the sisters Marchisio; *Scherzo* for orchestra from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and finale of the third act of *Ernani*, sung by Signore Marchisio, Brunetti, Signori Pancani, Montanari, Squarcia and Agnesi.

It is superfluous to state that the honours of the evening were lavished upon Meyerbeer's hymn. This new composition is conceived in a majestic and solemn style. The words are by Dr. Köster, who is, as you are aware, one of the best modern German poets. The hymn commences with a chorus of maidens and youths, which precedes a recitative for the tenor. This is followed by a sextet for three male and three female voices. The last *morceau*, one of the most successful in the whole work, is distinguished by its suave and graceful melodies, as well as by the ingenious combination of six voices. Then comes a piece perfectly novel in its form, and for which we cannot hit upon any title altogether exact. We have the eight provinces of the Prussian monarchy, each, in a solo recitative, offering its homage to the King, while the orchestra accompanies them with a march, which seems to indicate their triumphal entry into the Royal capital. The *morceau* goes on continually *crescendo*, until after the words of the eighth province, the chorus, representing the people, bursts out into a song of joy. At the same time we hear, in the distance, a second chorus chanting the hymn of "God save the king,"* while the orchestra continues to play the march which has accompanied the recitatives. Thus three themes are at last united in a most grandiose and moving ensemble. The presence of their Majesties, of course, prevented the audience from displaying their enthusiasm. During the interval between the first and second part of the concert, however, the King, going up to Meyerbeer, shook hands with him warmly, and assured him he had never experienced deeper emotion than while listening to this patriotic composition. I have been assured that the Queen had deigned to be present at the rehearsal in the morning, and had spoken to the composer, in the most flattering terms, about his work and his health. I must add that the hymn was admirably sung by Mesdames Köster, Jachmann-Wagner, Böttcher, Herren Formes, Kruger and Fricke.

I have already informed you that the King bestowed a fresh mark of his favour on Meyerbeer by sending him the Commander's Cross of the new Order of the Royal Crown.

S.

THE REV. R. R. CHOPE, B.A., formerly of Upton Scudamore, Warminster, has been appointed curate of Brompton, London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—*Robin Hood* and *Lurline* have been decided "hits," and Madame Guarabella, in the heroine of the former, has achieved an inimitable success. Of both performances and of the fair debutante's claims to popular favour, we are prevented from saying more this week, but shall speak at length in our next impression. We may state just now, however, that Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* will be performed—revived immediately, and alternated with the operas of Messrs. Macfarren and Wallace.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD—has returned from the continent. She was to perform last night at a concert given by Mrs. Martha Blundell, at Brighton.

MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—"As a proof of the estimation which this distinguished vocalist holds," writes the *Liverpool Albion*, "the members of the Philharmonic Society of this town, we mention with pleasure that she has arranged to give them a private concert on the 10th of next month."

A YANKEE PRIMA DONNA.—A Miss Kellog is highly spoken of by the American papers as an operatic singer, whose performances in New York have caused considerable attention. This young artist, we hear it rumoured, is in treaty with Mr. Gye for an appearance at Covent Garden next summer.

* Or, rather: "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz.*"

MAD. GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE operas in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, went off with great *éclat*. Whether from some misapprehension on the part of the public, the attendance at the first performance was not so great as might have been reasonably expected. When, however, it became generally known that the operas were given with the scenic appliances and effects incidental to a dramatic representation, and that the ensemble was more perfect than had perhaps ever before been heard in Manchester, public curiosity was excited, and the Hall was crowded upon the second and third nights. *Lucrezia Borgia* was the opera announced for Friday, Nov. 8th. The Free Trade Hall has long been noted for its fine resonance, and it was more than usually evident in this instance by the power and purity of tone exhibited, not only by Mad. Grisi but by the rest of the vocalists engaged. Mad. Grisi's singing of certain portions of "Come è bello" was as fine as ever, and she was greatly applauded. In the great scene with the Duke and Gennaro, the trio was beautifully given, and the acting, not only of herself, but of her companions, very fine, calling down enthusiastic applause, which did not cease until they reappeared before the curtain. In the last scene, where Gennaro dies, and she throws herself in despair upon the body, there was not the mere conventional stage trick but one of the purest touches of nature. At the conclusion, she was called before the curtain, amidst great applause and cheers from the audience. Mr. Swift made his first appearance in Manchester on this occasion. His manly figure, voice pure in tone and fine in compass, took the audience by surprise. We rarely remember a vocalist making a more decided impression on a first appearance. Such a tenor, comparatively unknown, was not expected, and we are sure he will become a great favourite in Manchester. His "Di pescatore" was sung not only with good taste but with feeling also, and his singing in the concerted music was altogether musicianlike. Signor Cresci was the Duke, and possesses a really noble face and voice, and sings with fine expression. He was much applauded throughout the performance. We must not overlook Mad. Lemaire, who, as Orsini, sang and played as a true artist. Her singing of the celebrated Brindisi, "*Il segreto*," met with a storm of applause, and was most warmly encored. She forms a most valuable portion of the company. The orchestra consisted of nearly thirty performers, including a portion from the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, at the head of whom is the talented violinist, Mr. Carrodus; and the whole admirably conducted by Signor Vianesi. From first to last during the performance there was not a single blunder, which, considering the difficulties of the situation, is most creditable. We think there would be few present who did not consider the experiment a successful one. Of the performance on Saturday, 9th, the *Examiner* and *Times*, Manchester paper, speaks in the following terms:—

"Instead of a complete work, we had on Saturday selections from various operas, including *Don Giovanni*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which drew a large attendance, evidently gratified by the performance throughout. Mad. Grisi had less opportunity for the display of her peculiar artistic qualities than in the *Lucrezia* or the *Norma* (the latter of which is to be given this evening); but whatever she attempts is always accomplished with the evidence of the highest skill. The scene in *Don Giovanni* where Donna Anna describes the brutality of the libertine, and the beautiful 'Miserere' scene from *Trovatore*, were remarkable for their dramatic effect. This latter scene was rapturously encored, the compliment being deservedly shared by Mr. Swift, whose singing of the air 'Ah! che la morte,' proved not only a fine quality of voice, but good taste and feeling. Under judicious management, Mr. Swift has evidently a fortunate career before him. Signor Ciampi and Signor Cresci are both vocalists and actors of no ordinary merit, and whether in Leporello and the Don, or in the Dottor Bartolo and Figaro, they exhibited considerable appreciation of character and high musical attainments. The aria of Bartolo has not often been given more effectively than by Signor Ciampi, whilst the 'Dunque io son,' by Signor Cresci and Mad. Lemaire, it would be difficult to improve, whether as regards vocalisation or dramatic power. Indeed Mad. Lemaire has given evidence on this occasion of remarkable ability. She was the true peasant in *Don Giovanni*, the lively coquette in Rosina, and all that could be desired in Orsini, which she played with more than usual energy on the previous evening. There is something very like genius in this lady, and she has secured a position in our musical city. The last scene of *La Sonnambula* introduced Mlle. Dario, a very

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young singer, who, we are informed, makes her *début* in this town. She is interesting in appearance, and has been judiciously instructed, overcoming by this means a certain want of power. Mlle. Dario sang the 'Ah! non credea' with a nice feeling, and showed also considerable facility in the execution of the brilliant finale, 'Ah! non giunge,' though we should have preferred a stricter adherence to Bellini. There is much promise in this young artist. We ought not to overlook the services of Signor Fallar, more particularly as Basilio, in which character he gave the celebrated 'Calunnia' very creditably. The band and chorus were quite up to their duties; and we heard but one opinion as to the general impression made by the performances throughout the evening. We deed scarcely name the importance of such a violinist as Mr. Carrodus, in the position of leader, nor the invaluable services as conductor of Signor Vianesi, who stands so high in the estimation of all musical men. With much individual talent, the most important feature in this troupe is its admirable combination, accompanied by an evident desire to work together with the true artistic spirit."

On Monday, 11th, Mad. Grisi took her farewell of the Manchester public in *Norma*. Though suffering from a cold, she refused to disappoint her many admirers, who had crowded the Free Trade Hall, and exerted herself to the utmost. For pathos and intense beauty of vocal declamation, she never excelled her delineation of the priestess in the last act; and when the curtain passed before the scene, by cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the audience demanded another sight of their long-established favourite. She was obliged to appear before the curtain twice, and each time received a perfect ovation. Mr. Swift assumed a part which the profession generally think most arduous, that of Pollio. He played with remarkable conscientiousness, and his voice resounded with that manly intonation which we have before noticed. His acting equalled his singing. By his acting each evening, Mr. Swift has taken a position in Manchester which, we feel confident, he will be able to maintain. Mad. Lemaire made an excellent Adelgisa. Her voice blended well with that of the prima donna in the duets; and throughout the opera she was effective in all she undertook. Signor Ciampi was a fine Oroveso, his deep bass voice being very telling. The chorus on each of the three evenings was superior to what might have been expected in an undertaking which, to a certain extent, was experimental. Of the band we must speak in the highest terms; and as warm must be our commendation of Signor Vianesi, the conductor. The opera went perfectly from beginning to end, and was the theme of praise with all the musical men present. Without any great attempt at scenic effect, the decorations of the stage in the several scenes were appropriate and efficient. From the extensive patronage with which this experiment has been met, we may anticipate that the future will not be without a repetition of such performances After the opera, Mlle. Dario appeared in the last act of *La Sonnambula*. At the close of the performance she was honoured with a call, no slight compliment in Manchester to so young an artist. The performances of the party during the past week will have been given in the following order:—

Monday, Nov. 11, *Norma*, and *Sonnambula*—Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
Tuesday, Nov. 12, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*—Theatre Royal, Preston.
Wednesday, Nov. 13, *Lucrezia Borgia*—Theatre Royal, Preston.
Thursday, Nov. 14, *Don Giovanni*—Theatre Royal, Liverpool.
Friday, Nov. 15, *Trovatore*—Theatre Royal, Liverpool.
Saturday, Nov. 16, Selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Sonnambula* and *Barbiere*—Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool.

LIST OF THE ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN:—Amor, Antoine, Aylward, Barrett, Behm, Betjeman, Browne, Burnett, Catchpole, Chipp, H. Daubert, Doyle, Engl, Folkes, Glanville, Guest, Hann, Harper C., Harper T., Harper Jun., Hausser (Anderson), Hawkes, Hill, Horton F., Horton J., Howell Sen., Howell Jun., Howell, A. Hughes, Jones S., Kelly, Kreutzer, Lazarus, Levy, Levy, Jun., Love, Mann, Mount, Orchard, Ould C., Ould E., Oppenheimer, Owen, Payton, Pollitzer, Pratten F., Petitt, Pratten R. S., Reed, Seymour, Simmons, Smith H., Standen, Sutton, Salzmann, Thirlwall, Thomas, Tourneur, Trust, Ward, Waud, Watson W., Webb, Wells, White, Zerbini, Conductor Mr. Alfred Mellon.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first chamber concert for the winter season took place on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., at the Academy, in Tenterden-street. These entertainments must not be confounded with the more ambitious orchestral morning concerts organised by the institution. The chamber concerts were only commenced in the term before last, but their success is already established, The crowded state of the rooms, indeed, cannot be taken as a criterion of their success, for they are so sadly limited in space, that they never afford sufficient accommodation for the numerous friends of the pupils who are anxious to test the improvement of their *protégés*. The rooms, indeed, which were sufficient for the requirements of the Academy at its origin, forty years ago, are now quite inadequate. The instrumental part of Wednesday night's programme comprised a quartet by Mozart, ous piano and strings, a MS. pianoforte duet by H. C. Bannister, another by Mr. Walter Macfarren, and a set of three charmingly graceful duets for violin and pianoforte *concertante* by Herr Molique — in which pieces Miss Brinsmead, Miss Augusta Ball, Miss Thomson, Mr. J. Hill, Mr. F. Westlake, Mr. Harper, and Mr. G. H. Thomas were all efficient, while Mad. de Grau distinguished herself in an effective *allegro de concert* by Charles Mayer. Miss Robertine Henderson, the reigning *prima donna* of the Academy pupils, was deservedly encored in a graceful MS. "*gondoliera*" by Herr Pauer; and Miss Westbrook sang with unimpeachable expression another new setting, and a very elegant one, of Mr. Monckton Milne's favourite ballad, "The beating of our own hearts," by Mr. Bradbury Turner, the able and industrious conductor of these chamber concerts. Miss Armytage rendered Agatha's romance, "Einst traumte," from *Der Freischutz*, exceedingly well; nor were Miss Bramley's singing of Edward Loder's "Invocation to the Deep," and Miss Walsh's ballad, "The Mother's Grief," of her own composition, undeserving of praise. The duet, "O lady moon," given by Miss Robinson and Mr. Wallace Wells, was scarcely adapted to test their *ensemble* singing, the voices being so little combined; but in all the choruses selected the general proficiency of the pupils and their careful training were abundantly proved. In the characteristic ballad from *Robin Hood*—"The hunters wake," very well sung by Miss Frewitt, and cordially encored, the quaint choral burden was given with capital effect.

Provincial.

A Correspondent writes from Nottingham as follows:—

"The fifth season of chamber concerts was opened on Friday, the 8th inst. with the subjoined programme. The instrumental pieces were executed with great vigour and precision, and proved the careful study bestowed upon them by the executants. By way of experiment, vocal music will be introduced during the present season, and promises to be an attractive feature. The audience, although not numerous, comprised all the devotees to music of a high order. The programme was as subjoined:—Part I.: 'Trio, in E flat,' for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby, Hummel; Four-part Song, 'Autumn Song,' Mendelssohn. Part II. 'Duo, in E flat,' for violin and piano, Messrs. H. Farmer and White, Marschner; Four-part Song, 'The Vale of Rest,' Mendelssohn. Part III. 'Quartet in E flat,' for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Kirkby, Myers, and T. L. Selby, Spohr.

We read in the *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth) the subjoined:—

"There was a good house last night to witness the performance of *Faust and Marguerite*, and the curtain fell amidst the unbounded applause of the audience. Between the pieces Miss Kate Ranoe sang her well-known song, 'Crabbed Age,' with the flute *obbligato*, most beautifully. Her warbling at the end of the song vied in sweetness with the charming delicacy of the flute which accompanied her, and her well sustained and sweetly prolonged trills drew down enthusiastic applause. A ballet divertissement entitled *La Danse des Nations* followed, and we had some remarkably pretty dancing — Scotch, Spanish, a Polka Militaire, a double hornpipe, by Mlle. Louisa Lauri and Mr. John Lauri, and a splendid finale,—all excellent in its way, and especially that of the two last named. *The Bonnie Fish Wife*, a capital afterpiece, brought the entertainments to a close."

A *Belfast* paper has the following:—

"Yesterday a large number of ladies and gentlemen, and several professors of music in Belfast, assembled at St. Malachy's Church to hear a selection of music played by the organist, R. Sutton Swaby, Esq.—The organ is by Telford, has three sets of manuals, and a pedal organ. The se-

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lection was as follows:—1. Offertoire (No. 5), (Lefebure Weby); 2. Slow Movement (Haydn); 3. Andante (Beethoven); 4. Toccata and Fugue (D Minor), (Bach); 5. Overture (Athaliah), Handel; 6. Romance (Mozart); 7. Fugue ("The Giant"), (Bach); 8. Sancta Maria and Marcha Religioso (Meyerbeer). Each of the foregoing pieces was played beautifully; and the contrasts of the soft and loud stops were classically marked. Bach's Fugue in D Minor was executed without a fault. The audience were highly pleased with the music, and Mr. Swaby was warmly complimented by his numerous friends."

The Rochester, Chatham and Stroud Gazette gives us particulars about the fifth annual Concert of Herr Kappey, the Bandmaster of the Royal Marines, given on Wednesday week at the Lecture Hall, Chatham:—

"The attendance was such," writes our contemporary, "as only entertainments like Herr Kappey's can produce. Mlle. Anna Whitty sang 'The Angels whisper,' which was encored. Mrs. Tennant too was encored in 'Within a mile of Edinboro' town.' Herr Formes caused a great sensation. His portly form, his flowing locks, his Teutonic features, and his magnificent voice, were all impressive and suggestive. Mr. Tennant has developed greater powers than he formerly displayed. M. Ole Bull and his violin seemed alike possessed with the spirit of fun. His variations in the 'Carnival of Venice' rivalled those of Paganini, and his *personnel* contributed highly to the effect. Mr. Berger, the pianist, played a composition of his own, '*Les echos de Londres*,' with the greatest animation. But the most original feature of the entertainment was a new 'Potpourrie,' by Herr Kappey, in which, starting with 'Rule Britannia,' he introduced a selection of popular airs and glees, interspersed with vocal accompaniments. A choir sang with the band, 'The Red Cross Knight,' 'Here's a health to all good Lasses,' &c., with remarkable effect. The playing of the band in this piece and the opening overture was superb. The solos were given in excellent style, and a rapid passage for cornet and clarionet was beyond all praise. But the skill of the musician was best shown in the manner in which the several melodies were introduced and harmonized, and in the mode in which he gathered up the chords of the National Anthem and Rule Britannia, and wove them into a brilliant finale. The applause was unbounded; and well indeed was it deserved by a musician who embraces the most complete control over his forces. The band of the first Division of Royal Marines possesses a high character, and its continued efficiency is proved every day, and more publicly displayed every year at these annual Concerts."

From the *Manchester Guardian* we transcribe the annexed account of the fourth of Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert:—

"Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which was the most prominent feature of the concert, from its picturesque beauty and rich variety, is pretty certain to charm an audience whether learned or unlearned in the art. The band brought out the various beauties of this fine composition most admirably. The performers fully understand one another, and play with great precision, power, and beauty of intonation. The wind instruments are especially excellent. The overtures to *Semiramide*, and (Rossini and Auber) *Zanetta*, and the March from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, were all played in superb style. Mr. Hallé was, of course, thoroughly *au fait* in the pianoforte solos. Mendelssohn's Introduction and *Rondo Brillante* in B minor, a composition full of genius, was played with remarkable fire and spirit, the accompaniments imparting a beauty to it not found in Thalberg's solo, though this last (*Mosè in Egitto*) was received with great enthusiasm by the audience, and an attempt was made to get the accomplished pianist again to his seat, an honour he felt obliged to decline, owing to the lateness of the hour. The other instrumental solo of the evening, that of Mr. Lazarus (an air from the *Puritani*) was also a masterly performance, and elicited much applause. Mlle. Agnes Bury, the vocalist of the evening, will be recollected by many of our readers as forming part of a German Operatic Company which performed here a few years since. She returns now, however, with improved powers, and made a corresponding impression. She gave an air from *Figaro* 'Ernani involami,' and a song by Balfe, with great expression, delicacy, and finish. The last named elicited an encore, which was complied with as far as the repetition of the concluding portion of the air; while Lieder by Mendelssohn and Grell were both sung with feeling and taste."

The Jenny Lind Goldschmidt party has penetrated as far north as Newcastle, the local papers of which town give lengthy accounts of two concerts, the one consisting of an oratorio, the other miscellaneous, which took place on Thursday and Friday in last week. From the *Northern Daily Express* we extract the following:—

"We have heard of a Jenny Lind night at Exeter Hall, as being something of an extraordinary character, requiring almost superhuman strength to withstand, as something in fact with which was associated the idea of the compression of large bulk into a small amount of space. If such be the case, then certainly we can for the future boast of a Jenny Lind night in Newcastle. Long before the time for opening the doors of the New Town Hall, they were besieged by parties anxious—as, of course, everybody is anxious on such occasions—to secure a front seat. When the doors were opened there was a general rush for the much coveted place. The hall was rapidly filled, and never was enthusiasm more justly merited, or more cordially bestowed, than was accorded to the gifted cantatrice when she made her appearance on the platform, leaning on the arm of her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. The applause was loud and continued, in which the band and chorus took part, and for which she gracefully bowed her acknowledgments, first to her patrons, the audience, and then to the choir. Mr. Sims Reeves followed immediately after, and shared the delight with which the people of Newcastle, as there represented, welcomed the two greatest singers in the world. Never, perhaps, since the erection of the hall, has so large, influential, and enthusiastic an audience assembled within its walls. Every available nook and corner was filled, even to the very orchestra itself, the band and chorus on this occasion being unusually strong, and certainly a more pleasing and more imposing spectacle could scarcely be imagined.

"We question whether ever Madame Lind Goldschmidt rendered those passages of *The Creation* which fell to her share with greater effect and charm. Her execution of the air 'With verdure clad,' was sublime; and the plaintive sweetness with which she warbled the reference to the 'nightingale's' delightful notes affected many present to tears. In the 'Marvellous work,' there appeared a slight huskiness of voice and tremulousness of manner; but in 'On mighty pens,' she more than once brought out her exquisitely clear upper C with fine effect. At the end of the piece, where she took the concluding cadence an octave higher than written, the effect was electric, and the applause overwhelming, the band and chorus joining in most vociferously. Nor was she less successful in the concerted pieces, either as ducts or trios. As proof of this we may refer to the terzetto, 'Most beautiful appear,' the trios 'The Lord is great,' and 'On thee each living soul awaits;' and her duets with Signor Belletti in the third part, 'By thee with bliss,' 'O star the fairest,' and 'Graceful consort.' The earnest and devotional feeling imparted to these was perfection.

"Never was that prince of English tenors, Mr. Sims Reeves, in better voice. His rendering of the recitative and air, 'In native worth,' was chaste and finished, the difficult passages being given with an ease, grace, and precision which enraptured the audience, and produced a long and continued round of applause, which he gracefully acknowledged, but could not be drawn into repetition. In the concerted pieces both he and Signor Belletti shared the applause bestowed upon their performance.

"The band and chorus, stronger in point of numbers than any we have previously heard in oratorios here, had likewise the additional attraction of being thoroughly up in their respective parts. When we add that Mr. Rea presided at the organ, our readers will be of opinion that a more competent cast could scarcely have been employed upon the *Creation* than that of last night."

The *Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser* furnishes an elaborate and interesting report of the miscellaneous concert, from which we can afford space for a very brief extract only:—

"The second evening of Mad. Lind Goldschmidt's reappearance in Newcastle Town Hall was not a whit less brilliant, in point of attendance, than was the first. Every part of the hall, with the exception, perhaps, of a few chance seats on the tiers of the orchestra, was closely packed, and packed, too, by a fashionable and critical auditory. Seldom, indeed, does the occasion occur when the wealth and beauty of the northern metropolis are so fully and fairly represented as on last evening. The programme for last evening, if of a less exalted cast, was of a considerably more varied character.

"PART I.—Motett, 'Ave Verum,' Mr. Rea's choir, Mozart; Duo (Elisa e Claudio), Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti, Mercadante; Scena ed Aria, 'Ma la sola,' Bellini; Violin Solo, on a Theme of Beethoven, Mr. H. Blagrove, De Beriot; Aria, 'Sorgete,' Signor Belletti, Rossini; Duo, Theme and Variations, pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. Goldschmidt and Piatti, Mendelssohn; Duet 'Sulla tomba,' Mad. Goldschmidt and Mr. Sims Reeves, Donizetti.

"PART II.—Rondo, for voice and violin (Il re Pastore), Mad. Goldschmidt, violin Mr. H. Blagrove, Mozart; Ballad, 'My own, my Guid-

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ing Star,' Mr. Reeves, Macfarren; Fantasia on Themes from 'Linda di Chamouni,' violoncello, Signor Piatti, Piatti; Terzetto (Roberto Devereux), Mad. Goldschmidt, Mr. S. Reeves, and Signor Belletti, Donnizetti; Part-Song, 'The Healing Flower,' O Goldschmidt; Part-Song, 'On a Lake,' Mr. Rea's choir, Mendelssohn; Tarantella, 'La Danza,' Signor Belletti, Rossini; Ballad, 'John Anderson my Jo,' and Norwegian melody, 'Echo Song,' Mad. Goldschmidt.

"Mr. Rea's choir took a somewhat prominent part in the concert; and if on the score of appearance alone, the ladies and gentlemen of the choir are deserving of compliment. But they are equally entitled to commendation for their performances. Mozart's 'Ave Verum' was a tasteful performance. The appearance of Sims Reeves was the signal for a warm ovation, and as Signor Belletti was in admirable voice, their duet was sung by both artists in unexceptionable style. The aria selected for Madame Goldschmidt was admirably adapted for displaying to perfection her rare vocal qualities. After the violin solo by Mr. H. Blagrove, and the aria nobly sung by Signor Belletti, Messrs. O. Goldschmidt and Piatti performed a duet on the piano-forte and violoncello. The skilful fingering of Herr Goldschmidt was heard to the greatest advantage in this, as in the ordinary accompaniments to the vocal performances; while amateurs must have been delighted with the masterly manipulation of the violoncello by Piatti, and heard the dulcet notes that he produced from the instrument. If Madame Goldschmidt be accepted as the primary vocalist of the evening, Sims Reeves being of fame scarcely secondary, may fairly take the next rank; therefore the performance of a duet by these eminent artists was justly regarded as one of the most interesting items in the programme. Nor could expectation be raised too high for realisation in such a case; and it may suffice to say that part first of the concert was brought to a delightful conclusion by the harmony of soprano and tenor, each of too rare a quality to be frequently heard combined. Sims Reeves is now almost as strictly identified with Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, as is the Little John of tradition with the Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest; and the ballad of 'My Own, My Guiding Star' is inseparably associated with his name. This was sung in tones so refined, and with pathos so delicate, that the listener was for the time entranced and spell-bound by each succeeding note; and when, at the conclusion of the song, the charm was broken, there was such a unanimous demand for an encore, that the singer had really no alternative but to repeat the performance. The introduction of 'John Anderson my Joe' was a compliment to this north country; the latter reminded us of the home of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. It was her concluding song at the Assembly Rooms in 1856, and now, as then, was, to our thinking, rather better expressed than it would have been by an accredited native of the land o' cakes. The 'Norwegian Echo Song' was given in the Norwegian dialect, and in this language of a country closely connected with her fatherland, Madame Lind Goldschmidt warbled the conluding notes of this her third concert in Newcastle."

The Athenæum Concert, given at Sheffield recently, is thus alluded to by the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—

"There were two features worthy of special mention, the appearance of Mlle. Anna Whitty and M. Ole Bull, neither of whom have been heard in Sheffield. Mlle. Whitty's voice, which is of the soprano quality, is completely under control. Her style is easy and graceful. The Rondo of Paesiello, '*Nina pazze pen amore*,' gave scope for the display of her leading characteristics. It was received with a determined encore. Her singing of 'Somebody is waiting for me,' was equally successful. Mrs. Tennant is a singer of established reputation, but was evidently labouring under hoarseness. Herr Formes, who, if we mistake not, appeared for the first time in Sheffield, made an immense impression. His voice is of surprising quality, and in the lowest notes is full and sonorous, and peculiarly effective in slow passages. He was vociferously encored in the ballad, 'In sheltered vale.' Mr. Tennant's songs were well received. Ole Bull we consider to be the greatest violin player the world has heard, save Paganini, and it is doubtful which of the two, if they could be heard together, would command the greatest admiration. His intonation in double stops, in which he executed a complete duet, embracing every shade of expression and nicety of tone; his double harmonics, which are in themselves a feat of execution, so true, so fine, so delicate; his dexterous fingering and the rapidity with which he executed the bizarre and extraordinary sounds of the 'Carnival,' as well as the majesty and dignity with which adagio movements flowed from his bow, all alike stamp him as the greatest maestro living. Those who have not heard Paganini or Ole Bull do not know of what the violin is capable. His rendering of the 'Mother's Prayer' was exquisite as an illustration of pathetic melody, while in 'Di tanti palpiti' he was equally happy in illustrating music of a more sprightly character. This was re-demanded, but the artist substituted a few bars of music more quaint and original than anything we previously heard."

From our own Correspondent at Belfast we learn that—Mr. R. Sutton Swaby gave an organ performance at St. Malachy's on Friday last, when a most respectable audience, including several professors of music, assembled to hear his excellent playing of the following programme:—Offertoire (No. 5), Lefebure Weby; slow movement, Haydn; Andante, Beethoven; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach; Overture to *Athaliah*, Handel; Romance, Mozart; Fugue (the Giant), Bach; Sancta Maria and March Religioso, Meyerbeer.

The Anacreontic Society opened their season on Tuesday, for which occasion they secured the Sainton-Dolby party. The Classical Harmonists open their season on Thursday, the 21st, with Mlle. Anna Whitty, Herr Formes, Ole Bull and party. To the latter society the honour has been conferred of opening the new Ulster Hall, which event is expected to come off either a little before or after Christmas. The building is nearly completed, and its beautiful proportions and excellent arrangements are the admiration of all who see it. To the architect, Mr. Barre, the profession are much indebted for his careful attention to their requirements and comforts

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The Violet.	Where is my Mother?
The Cuckoo.	Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.
Spring Song.	The Little Disaster.
The Song of the Grass.	A Spring-tide Welcome.
The Emigrant Boy.	Song of the Fisher-boy.
The Bonnie May.	King Christmas.
Tell me what the Mill doth say.	Little Kit.
O, gentle, gentle Summer Rain.	The Joys of Youth.
Speak gently.	Evening Devotion.
Merry-go-round.	A Lullaby.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 39—No. 47 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

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E. WILLIS FLETCHER, author of the words, "His Eyes," published in the *Musical World*, Aug. 17th, 1861, will oblige by sending his address to Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, or to J. L. S., 10 Great Marlborough Street.

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Reviews.

A second instalment of Mr. Howard Glover's new and successful opera, *Ruy Blas* (Boosey and Sons)—*en attendant*, we hope and presume, a still further instalment,—lies before us. *Ruy Blas* looks just as well on paper as it sounds from the stage and orchestra; and, as we have already insinuated, the arrangements being in almost every instance effectively done, the instrumental accompaniments lose less than is too frequently the case by transference to the keyboard of the piano.

First and not last (why not?) we are charmed to welcome under its new physiognomy the Duchess of Alberquerque's quaint and characteristic little song, "When a husband's care must fail," which certain critics, and among them, by the way, some who hold their heads the highest, have unscrupulously, and unsupported by any argument to be deduced from the notes of either piece, declared to be a plagiarism from Bertha's romance in the *Barbiere*—"Cerca Moglie." We shall not specify these *aristarchi*, but advise them gently to examine first Rossini's song, then Mr. Howard Glover's song, and place a finger on any bar in the one which shows any kind of resemblance to any (pass the three "any's"—one at least twom' "any") one bar in the other. So much, then, the more genuine is the claim to admiration of the more modern effusion.

No less pleased are we to find included in this new batch the very graceful, melodious, and ingeniously-constructed romance and trio, "Beauteous lady, list my strain"—in which Oscar, the page ("why?" asks the *Times*,—and "why?" asks the *Musical World*—must an operatic page be as a matter of necessity styled "Oscar?"), expresses in piteous verse his admiration and passion for the Queen, and in the sequel is reproached in indignant terms for his temerity and insolence, not by the Queen, who, like other mortal women, is more or less sensible to flattery, but by her watchful duenna, the Duchess before mentioned (the Duchess of Alberquerque, we mean, not of Before-mentioned).

Another welcome acquisition is the first "scena" of *Ruy Blas*, "Ambition's early dreams had flown," which, in spite of its somewhat fragmentary form, is musically interesting from end to end, contains melodious phrases enough to make at least three scenas, and is everywhere thoroughly expressive of the sentiment that moves the heart of the aspiring valet and future Prime Minister. This is the scena which commences with the same quaint and beautiful point for wind instruments which first attracts attention to the overture, and now derives additional interest from being associated with the king (or queen) of instruments, the human voice.

Last, not first, we are not surprised, nor are we sorry (if not altogether exultant) to receive the fifth edition of Miss Louisa Pyne's ballad, "A sympathising heart," for which (or we are mistaken) the publishers have made engrave new plates, or, at any rate, for which (or we are mistaken) they ought.

In the instrumental departments we find—first a "transcription" of the ballad "A Sympathising Heart" for the pianoforte, by M. Emile Berger ("*to* Miss Rose Higgins"). This consists of an introduction, one page in length—too good to be so short; a modest and faithful arrangement of the melody, with the additional and too infrequent advantage of preserving the key of the composer's own choice; and the whole terminating with a graceful variation in the arpeggio form, in the course of which the enunciation of the melody is, for the most part, co-intrusted to the thumb and remotest digit. This piece will find, we have no doubt, a multitude of admirers, inasmuch as it lies within reach of the most moderate executive capacity.

Secondly, we have to acknowledge a *fantasia brillante* on some of the most conspicuous melodies—from the fluent and experienced pen of Mr. Brinley Richards. The airs selected by Mr. Richards are "The flower she loves" (Ruy Blas); "Gaily have the jocund hours" (choral introduction to the first act); "Home of thy youth" (ballad for the Queen); and, as finale, "Why then such loving care?" (florid rondo sung by the Queen in the third act). These are knit together with the masterly clearness which we have been taught to expect from the arranger, compiler, or fantasist, whichever we may call him, and otherwise so happily conducted that the fantasia is not only showy, brilliant, and effective, but forms a lucid and consistent whole.

COLOGNE.—The members of this justly-celebrated Society gave a grand vocal and instrumental concert last Tuesday, under the direction of their talented conductor, Herr Franz Weber. For the first time the programme bore the heading, "Under the Patronage of his Majesty William I. of Prussia." A part of the receipts were set aside for charitable purposes. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerrages*, were exceedingly well played by the town band. In the first part, the members of the Verein sang three songs (by Franz Otto, C. M. Von Weber, and Felix Mendelssohn) and Lenau's "Sturmesmythe," set for a chorus of male voices and a full band, and composed expressly for the late grand festival at Nuremberg, by F. Lachner, and, in the second part, Wolfgang Müller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," set to music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller.

To the great delight of all lovers of male choral singing, the Verein once more distinguished itself by the style in which it gave the various pieces set down for it. The term "precision" is far too weak to describe the perfect exactitude with which all the members, as though they were but one man, gave the most delicate touches of light and shade, and that, too, with the most faultless intonation and purity, free from anything even approaching harshness; in a word, the singing of the Verein afforded every one an artistic treat, which was the best possible proof of the zeal and earnestness with which the members devote themselves to their task. The two festival compositions had been well rehearsed, and were, consequently, executed in a most admirable manner. Lachner's work is an unusually taking composition, and testifies to the profound skill of its composer; the hand of an old and experienced *maestro* is visible throughout. The instrumentation is first-rate, and must mollify even those who object to a full band with male choral singing. Now, it strikes us that the employment of stringed instruments, especially violins, is exceedingly appropriate in the accompaniment of male choruses, because they tend to act as a relief to the lower male voices, and thus prevent the latter from appearing too sombre and monotonous. Ferdinand Hiller's cantata has simply an accompaniment of brass instruments, which is, undoubtedly exceedingly well adapted for large masses. Mendelssohn, for instance, had only a brass accompaniment for his work, "An die Künstler," which he composed for the grand German and Flemish Vocal Festival in Cologne. As a matter of course, this style of writing does not produce a good effect in a small room, simply because it produces—too much. The Cantata is a valuable addition to the compositions we already possess for male voices. The first and last strophes, in which the poem is naturally adapted to the requirements of the composer, are most effective and full of dash. But the work is, as a whole, too long, a fault occasioned, despite certain highly clever thoughts, principally by the middle portion, which Herr Hiller could hardly have treated save, as he has done, in a declamatory style. With

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regard to the words, we would simply observe that it is a difficult task to compose music to an abstract of the history of Germany.

Mlle. Amalie Bido had been invited by the committee to perform the instrumental solos, which constituted one of the chief attractions of the concert. This amiable young lady is making such rapid advances on the road to real fame, that it is rather a difficult task to follow her, in all her triumphs, through the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia. She played Vieuxtemps' violin concert, No I.; the first movement before, and the last two movements after the three songs. She was at first a pupil of Mayseder, in Vienna, but, as she owes her progress in the higher branches of the art to the Belgian school, her selection of the works of Vieuxtemps, Léonard, &c., springs from a kind of reverential feeling, which we cannot help respecting, especially, as Vieuxtemps' work, already named, by its style of composition, by the extravagant length of the whole, and by the spinning-out of certain enormously difficult passages, renders the achievement of success a task which is by no means easy for the artist. Mlle. Bido's play is distinguished by purity and volume of tone, by perfect power in overcoming all technical difficulties, and by a degree of vigour and endurance for which we should hardly have given one of the fair sex credit. Mlle. Bido differs most favourably from ordinary *virtuosos* by the partiality she displays for what is really serious and noble in art. The way in which she performed Beethoven's Romance, in the second part of the concert, convinced us most satisfactorily of her ability to conceive and interpret classical music of the very highest kind. R. F.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Opera House the programme for the last week has included, among other pieces, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. It will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that the representation of such a work as this is anything but a triumph for the grand lyric establishment of the Hapsburg capital. Some of the characters are respectably supported, but, as a whole, the performance is, as I have already intimated, far from satisfactory. In the first place, Herr Esser, although a good practical musician, is not the man to conduct Mozart's music. He is far too plodding and dry for the task. With regard to the singers, Herr Draxler is quite out of his element—a regular fish out of water—as Figaro, the joyous, the careless, light-hearted, and astute. The same may safely be affirmed of Mlle. Liebhart as the page, Cherubino, although it is but an act of justice to state that she sings every note set down for her. What is wanting is soul and spirit. I cannot say much in praise either of Mad. Ellinger as the Countess, or Mad. Dustmann as Susanna, a part formerly sustained by Mlle. Wildauer. The other characters were played and sung rather better. But if Mlle. Liebhart does not make a good page, she is admirable as the coquettish farmer's wife in *Das Klöckchen des Eremiten*, a part in which she has made a decided hit. Mlle. Wildauer plays Rose Friquet, but her appearance is not youthful enough, and her acting wants individuality. The male personages are well represented by Herren Mayerhofer, Walter, and Hölzel. I have just witnessed the *début* of a new tenor, Herr Morini by name. He selected the character of Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, for his *coup d'essai* before a Viennese public. He certainly was not a failure, but as certainly he is not the man to figure as first tenor at the Imperial Opera. He has many qualities to recommend him, but he fails in one most essential particular, which is nothing more or less than his voice itself. It is really painful to hear him attempting to "pump up" the higher notes. I am very apprehensive that Herr Morini is not destined to take possession of the vacant tenor-throne.—Herr Hans Schläger, the newly appointed director of the Mozarteum in Salzburg, has just left this capital. The Männergesang-Verein, whose chorus-master he had been for many years, got up an entertainment in his honour, on which occasion the Committee presented him, as a mark of respect, with a valuable ring, set with turquoises, diamonds, rubies, and amethysts, representing the colours of the Verein.—*From an occasional Correspondent.*

HOMBURG.—The new theatre is commenced, and will be completed by next summer.

BRUNSWICK.—The new theatre, built by Herren Wolff and Professor Ahlburg, is situate on the further side of the ramparts, opposite the Steinweg, and is surrounded on three sides by the ducal park. By the demolition of some houses, and the alteration of others, the Steinweg has been so widened, that it now leads directly up to the theatre. The arm of the river Oker, which runs just before the latter, has been bridged over, and thus hidden. The foundations of the building are of slabs of dolomite; the outer walls of stone, quarried at Lutter, near the Baronberg; and the inner ones of brick. The theatre is 258 feet (German) long, 164 feet broad, and 110 feet high, from the cellars to the roof, which is covered with zinc. Opposite the Steinweg is a covered way with a balcony; at the back of the latter is a group representing two sphinxes holding a lyre, on which a swan is sitting. This is intended to typify the union of poetry and music. On either side are the masks of Tragedy and Comedy. In addition to the Duke's entrance, which is covered with a cast-iron roof, there are eight doors for the admission of the public, three for the members of the company, &c., and two leading to the residences occupied by the various officials and servants. The entrances to the pit and to the first and second tiers of boxes, are under the balcony on the west front, while those to the third tier and the gallery are on the north side, but so arranged that all the tickets are procured from one large pay-place. The staircases to the first and second tiers lead as far as the gallery, in case of need. All the corridors, staircases and vestibules are fire-proof. The stairs are formed of sandstone and iron. In case of fire, the audience part of the house can be cut off from the stage by an iron-wire curtain. The stage is 88 feet deep and 84 feet wide from wall to wall. The proscenium opening is 46 feet broad. The ducal state box is in the middle of the first tier. The various tiers are supported on cast iron columns, decorated with gold ornaments on a white ground. The curtains and cushions of the boxes are red. The house, which will hold about 1500 persons, is lighted by a chandelier with 150 gas-burners. On the ceiling are the Muses, painted in fresco. There are about 1200 gas-burners altogether in the house, which is heated by steam. Every precaution has been taken against fire.

MUNICH.—Herr Christian Seidel, a promising young composer, died here on the 18th September.

DRESDEN.—Glück's *Iphigenia auf Tauris* has been revived with the most cheering results. Everyone is delighted with the manner in which it has been produced, and is loud in praise of the conductor, Herr Rietz, for the care and energy he bestowed upon the rehearsals. Mad. Bürde-Ney, as Iphigenia; Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, as Pylades; and Herr Miterwurzer, as Orestes, were all that could be desired, and were frequently rewarded by the applause of a house crowded to the ceiling. Herr Degele was not, by any means, suited to the part of Thoas. The orchestra, chorus, and ballet contributed their fair share to the success of the revival.

FLORENCE.—Miss Allen Macleod, who will be recollected as a very charming concert singer, has recently made her appearance at the Pergola Theatre with unequivocal success. She sang in the Puritani, and is spoken of in the most eulogistic terms by the Florentine critics. As an actress Miss Macleod seems to have evinced a talent equal to that she is so well known to possess as a vocalist.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S CONCERTS.

A "MOZART NIGHT" was given on Wednesday, and attracted an unusually large attendance. So successful indeed was the performance, that it was repeated wholesale last evening, and again brought a crowd. The selection from Mozart included the Symphony in C, No. 1; the pianoforte concerto in C; overture to the *Zauberflöte*; and songs, "the very Angels weep, dear," and "Batti, Batti." The symphony is too seldom heard; if it cannot bear comparison with the *Jupiter*, the G minor, or the E flat, for power and grandeur, it is lovely throughout, and is as fresh as the song of a lark. It was most admirably executed, under the energetic direction of Prince Galitzin — who seemed as thoroughly *au fait* with classic music as with the lighter compositions of the modern school —and was, perhaps, the symphony best calculated to interest and enchain a mixed audience like that assembled at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. The overture, too, was played with remarkable fire and precision, and Miss Julia Woolf did her best to recommend the power and beauty of the pianoforte concerto to her hearers. Miss Augusta Thompson gave both the songs with much point and neatness. The second part was miscellaneous. Among the choicest features were a quadrille on Russian airs and a valse called "St. James's," both the composition of Prince Galitzin, and both to be counted among the most spirited examples with which we are acquainted of modern dance music. Another capital contribution to the repertory of Terpsichore was a new galop entitled "the Reindeer," written by Mr. Louis Diehl, descriptive of "sledging" in Russia, in which the crack of the whip and ringing of the bells play a prominent part. The galop pleased immensely and was loudly cheered at the end.

A Grand Ball is announced for Wednesday next.

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DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(*Written expressly for the* MUSICAL WORLD AND DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC *by* ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)—*continued from page 677.*

Mad. Corri-Dussek, wife of J. L. Dussek and daughter of Corri the musicseller, was born in Italy — married —died.* She was one of three (or four?) sisters, all of whom gained more or less reputation in England and on the continent. One of them was so much of a singer as to be taken by the "Great Cat—Little Cat—Great Catalina" (as the comic song of that day had it, to the exceeding indignation of the said "Great Cat—Little Cat—Great Catalani") to the continent to sing in her concerts. Of course, any adequate notice of these sisters—and they seem to be worth one—can only be drawn up from English authorities. According to Gerber and the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung* (Dec. 15, 1802), Mad. Corri-Dussek was at that time in the first rank in London as a singer, pianist, and harpist—being in the former capacity *prima donna* in the professional concerts. She was also a composer, and Gerber gives the following list of works which had come under his notice in the catalogues of the firm Corri and Dussek :—

Three Sonatas for pianoforte, Op. 1; three do. for harp, Op. 2; three do. do., Op. 3; three do. pianaforte, Op. 3 (?); three do. for pianoforte, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Duchess of York's Waltz; German Waltz for the Harp; Rondo for do.; another Rondo for do.—Queries: Did Dussek desert his wife, or she him? Had they children? Who was Olivia Dussek, authoress of an arrangement for pianoforte and harp of "Rule Britannia?" (see "Harmonicon," vol. ii. p. 8). From a communication by Mad. de Fouche, of Brighton, it appears that Mrs. Dussek married the tenor Morant as second husband.

Franz Benedict Dussek, brother of J. L. Dussek, was born at Czaslau, March 13, 1766. According to Dlabacz, he was equally great as violinist, violoncellist, and pianist. "Already in his tender childhood," says Father Dlabacz, "he was so thoroughly taught the elements of music by his discerning father, as very often to take his father's place at the organ, when the latter was necessarily absent. Supplied with all needful musical knowledge, he some years later entered the service of the Countess of Litzau (Litzow), pupil of his father, with whom he also made the so profitable journey into Italy. There he found opportunity for higher culture, made the acquaintance of the principal Italian artists, and performed with applause in a great many concerts upon the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, gaining thereby, at Mortara and at Venice, engagements as concert-master in the opera-houses, with a handsome salary. Having passed some years thus, he returned to Germany as a perfect artist, and was engaged in the cathedral at Laibach, first as violinist and then as organist. In 1790 he was still there in the latter capacity, and paid a visit to his parents in Czaslau, where he gave his friends many a beautiful proof of his musical powers. He has written many concertos, sonatas, and solos for his three instruments, which thus far, however, have remained in manuscript."

Such is the scanty account given by Dlabacz.

Gerber (New Lexicon) gives his name by mistake as Franz Joseph, and says merely that he was then residing in Milan, "where several of his vocal compositions had become known," and that in Leipzig had just appeared from his pen a trio or notturno for three flutes, and a sonato for pianoforte and violin.

The *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung* (Feb. 18, 1801), contains a long notice of music in Breslau, in which this sentence occurs:—"In the orchestra of the theatre the most notable are Herr Dussek (the younger), a good composer, and at present the first director; Herr Janetzek, a fine violinist, and second director," &c. Dussek could not have remained long in Breslau, but when he left the place I cannot determine; in fact, he disappears from the ordinary books of reference until 1816, when the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung* of July 17, in a long article upon Italian theatres and composers, produces his name once more. Here is the passage:—"Herr Dussek, a Bohemian, and brother of the deceased Parisian pianoforte composer and virtuoso, produced at the last carnival in Venice a very fine *farsa seria*, 'L'Ombra, ossia il save dimento,' which pleased exceedingly. This talented artist has been for more than twelve years in Italy, and has composed nearly an equal number of operas and farces for Turin, Milan, and Venice, all of which had more or less success. At present he is in Venice, in the position of capellmeister to the Austrian regiment of infantry known as the Davidoritch—a very profitable situation. I neither know Herr Dussek personally nor anything of his music; but so much is certain, that here he is a great favourite, and Herr Orlandi, the composer, described him as a man of very superior talent. For instance, he had been known to compose overtures on the day when the operas were to be given without scoring them, but writing the parts separately, and giving them at once to the orchestra. *Relatu refero.*"

Some months later (March 12, 1817) the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung* gives us in its Milan correspondence a "List of Operas composed by Herr Franz Dussek," with the remark that "this talented artist plays almost all instruments skilfully."

Opere Buffe.—La Caffetiera di Spirito; Il fortunato Succeso; La Feudataria; L'Impostere; Voglia di dote e non maglie; Il Trombetta; Matrimonio e Divorzio in un sol Giorno.

Opera Seria.—Roma Salvata.

Farse.—Il fortunato Succeso; L'Incantessimo; La Ferita mortale; L'Ombra, ossia il save dimento.

In which list it will be noticed that the same title appears in one case both as an "opera buffa" and as a "farsa." The correspondent adds, that Dussek had also produced several pieces of instrumental and church music.

It is true that these are scanty notices of a man who, at a time when Winter, Simon Mayer, Guglielmi, Paer, Nicolini, Cherubini, Coccia, Vaccai, and their contemporaries, were still writing for the Italian stage, was popular enough to have engagements annually at Turin, Milan, or Venice, for the composition of operatic works; but is it not strange that the writer who noticed him in Schilling's Lexicon (vol. ii. 1840), could only give the following paragraph?

"Dussek, Franz Joseph (should be Franz Benedict), brother of Johann Ludwig Dussek, but an artist of less importance, lived at Milan, and published there several minor compositions, such as trios, sonatas, &c., for flute and pianoforte, which however did not succeed so well as his vocal compositions, which consist of songs of all kinds, romances, canzonets, also a few ballads more ambitious in form, &c. Nothing more is known of him, but that is no loss to the history of music."

Veronica Rosalia Dussik-Cianchettini, sister of the preceding, was born at Czaslau in 1771, and taught singing and the pianoforte by her father. After being favourably known in Bohemia, her brother called her over to London, where she appears to have gained a good deal of reputation, and where any one anxious about her subsequent history must naturally seek it. Dlabacz gives 1795 as the date of her emigration to England; and as in the few notices of London musical matters, which are to be found in any authorities previous to that date, she is not mentioned, it is natural to suppose him correct. In Spazier's *Berliner Musicalische-Zeitung*, July 6, 1793, for instance, the Professional Concert is noticed, and it is said, "the principal soloists are Dussek, who makes a great sensation here; Mad. Dussek (formerly Miss Corri) is the principal singer; Mad. Storace, a good actress on the English stage, sings here also," &c.; but no mention is made of Fraulein Dussik.

She married Pio Cianchettini, a music dealer in London, not long after. In the autumn of 1804 she was in Leipzic, and the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung* (Oct. 17) gives us this much about her and her doings:—

"Mad. Dussek-Cianchettini, pianiste, sister of the celebrated composer-virtuoso, played a concerto of her brother, not without skill, and another; as also a quartet of her own composition; her little *five-year-old* son also played several little pieces very prettily."

March 16, 1805, she gave a concert in Berlin, at which she gave a concerto of her own composition; her brother, his great concerto in G minor; and the child, with his mother, variations for four hands upon "God save the King."

Franz Duschek (properly Dussek), the friend of Mozart, was born at Chotieborek, in the circuit of Königsgrätz, in Bohemia, Dec. 8, 1736. He was the son of poor parents, and the notices of his birth in various authorities make it at least probable that they were peasants, in something like the condition of serfs, on the domain of the Sporck family. Dlabacz quotes from a Prague

* Dates not supplied in the MS.—(ED.)

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newspaper, which calls Duschek "a subject of Herr Johann Karl von Sporck, Count of the Empire." This count put him to school — why this peasant boy rather than others is not mentioned — or, at all events, "had him taught reading, writing, and music, and then sent him to study at the Jesuit seminary in Königsgrätz. Here, however, he remained but a few years, because his well-formed and sound body was so disfigured (verunstaltet) through an unlucky fall, that he saw himself forced to give up study, and seek his fortune alone in music. His Mæcenas, however, did not desert him. He called him to Prague, had a masterly musical education given him, and made his wonderful skill in teaching known to the high nobility of Bohemia. He was one of the first to introduce a delicate and pleasing style of pianoforte playing. He has been the teacher of most of our young nobility, and has formed several of our musicians. Among the latter are Kozeluch and Massek (Maschek), and his (own) wife Josepha, so much admired also in countries outside Bohemia." (Dlabacz).

Gerber adds a particular or two in the few words devoted to Duschek in the New Lexicon: — "Count J. C. von Sporck took him up a poor peasant boy, on account of his good musical talents, and sent him to Vienna to Wagensail. Here young Duschek made such improvement that, upon his return to Prague, he was not only then considered the best pianist there, but retained this reputation through life."

A correspondent of Cramer's "Magazin," dating August, 1783, notices him as deserving the first place among the "best composers and worthiest men of Prague." "He has lived here," says he, "for many years as professor of music, and has educated many skilful pupils. His principal instrument is the pianoforte, which he plays as one of the very first artists. His compositions mostly 'go upon this instrument.' He has set many excellent pianoforte concertos, quartets, trios and sonatas, which have been well received everywhere. He has also, as you perhaps know, composed many symphonies for the full orchestra, with or without obbligati instruments, quartets, and the like. Various and entirely new works, which as yet have come into nobody's hands, are to be had of him at a reasonable price. His new pianoforte sonatas, for four hands, are particularly fine. Besides his talents as an artist, he is everywhere known as an honest and, in every sense, great virtuoso, and as a man of noblest, worthiest character, free from all pride and selfishness. He embraces every opportunity for benevolence, exhibits ever a noble and magnanimous spirit, is very fond of society, and has often been a father to the unfortunate and deserted.

There is, of course, little to relate of a man living in the exercise of his profession. Two or three visits to Salzburg with his wife, where he became acquainted with the Mozarts, one of these visits being when *the* Mozart was but a child, an occasional journey to Vienna and Dresden — such seem to have been all the interruptions to his uniform course of life. When the Mozarts were in Prague they were much with the Duscheks — I think they stayed at their house; at all events, they often come up in Mozart's letters and in the history of his visits there. He died on the 12th of February, 1799. In the obituary notice of him which appeared in the *Leipzic Musik-Zeitung*, there is nothing to add to the foregoing. His relations with Mozart are fully enough discussed in the biographies of the latter.

Josepha Hambacher Duschek, wife of the foregoing, was born at Prague, March 7, 1753. She was the pupil of her husband, and became distinguished both as a singer and as a pianist. Gerber, writing before 1790, says, "she was not only distinguished in Prague for her beautiful voice and excellent method, her bravura singing both in German and Italian, and her very fine recitative in both these languages, but was before most of her sex in her taste and insight in vocal composition, and by her masterly pianoforte playing."

Cramer's Prague correspondent (*Magazin der Musik*, i. 998), writing in August, 1783, when she was thirty years of age, is quite enthusiastic about her and her husband. He calls her "one of our first female musicians, who surpasses many of the Italians both in power and in artistic qualities—both in delivery and method. She combines with a round and full voice a style pleasing, beautiful, and highly cultivated. In difficult and passionate bravura singing she has such facility, that every hearer must acknowledge her worthy the first place in the service of the most splendid court. Her recitative, both German and Italian, cannot be surpassed in expression and correctness by the first Italian songstresses. She composes also, and, in case of necessity, with little preparation, very correctly, and for all sorts of voices. She plays the pianoforte masterly. The house of these two worthy virtuosos is one of the favourite rendezvous of musicians here, and is open to all who are distinguished in art or science. Every stranger artist is received at their house, and is introduced by them into society. Every Friday they give a private concert, and all strangers (artists) are invited. Large offers have been made her to join the opera in Vienna, but the Duscheks prefer their still quiet life to a theatrical career, and remain in Prague, where they are honoured and admired by all friends of music."

Out of Prague she was not rated so high, although her concerts seem to have been always well attended. Jahn (Mozart, vol. iv. pp. 285 *et seq.*) gives a sketch of her, and cites some of the opposing opinions; especially that of Leopold Mozart, who did not like her at all as a singer. Schiller and Koerner's father are also quoted.

Mozart's reception by Duschek in Prague, in 1789, and by Mad. Duschek soon after in Dresden, is described by him in letters to his "Wifeling Stancere," which are given by Jahn (vol. iii. 476—478).

As early as 1777 when the Duscheks were in Salzburg, Mozart wrote for her the air, "Ah! lo prevedi," and a rondo; and when in Prague, to bring out *Don Juan*, the recitative and aria "Bella mia fiamma." It was this air which he composed in durance vile, as his own son has stated, which puts an end to the old story of some nobleman having locked him up in a room to get an air from his pen. The relations between the Duscheks and the composer were such that a joke of this kind might be perpetrated without causing hard feelings (Jahn, iv. 304).

When Beethoven was in Prague, in 1796, he composed the "Ah, perfido" for her; at all events, in a concert which she gave in Leipzig, in 1798 (if my memory serve), she sang an "Italienische scena und aria, componist für Mad. Duschek by Beethoven," which must have been this one.

In 1800 (printed April 23) the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung's* Prague correspondent writes, "In the art of singing, the celebrated Josepha Duschek still stands at the head. She is in this branch still our first female artist." When about fifty years of age she ceased to sing in public, as we see from this passage in the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung's* Prague letter (Sept. 3, 1806): "Since Mad. Duschek—an artist in the full significance, who, in a more favourable position, would long since have filled all Germany with her fame—closed her public career, Prague has had to do without the advantage of a good native singer," &c. When she died I have not been able to learn, but it is stated that she lived to be quite aged.

In addition to the Dussiks, Dusseks, and Duscheks already sketched, one more appears in the musical journals of 1831—5. whose name is variously written Duchek, Düsseck, and Duscheck. He was, and for anything I know still is, a concert flutist, who played publicly in Prague, Munich, Stuttgard, Zurich, &c. What his parentage was I have no means of knowing.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.*

No. 8.

(*See* MUSICAL WORLD, *Nov.* 16.)

London, Aug. 10.

WHAT I have said of *Don Giovanni* will give some idea of the superb style in which great operas have been presented this year in the theatre at Covent Garden. At least it will confirm what most have read about it—if, indeed, there has been any disposition, or any chance to read the musical journals at all during a rebellion and struggle for our Union, and for all that freemen hold dear. But I have spoken only of one opera among the eight or ten that I have heard. A yet more memorable experience, considering how comparatively rare have been the chances to hear such a work, was Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, which I had finally the good fortune to hear here

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

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twice, after having missed it everywhere upon the continent. The impression this great work has made this season in London, shows how mistaken was the indifference with which it was dismissed after two or three performances some years ago in Boston, and never again revived or called for, except by a few now and then of the more earnest music lovers, who are ever in the minority. It was pronounced heavy, tedious, too much abounding in great choruses and complex ensembles, and not allowing sufficient prominence to individual singers (for the crowd always think more of what is personal), too clumsy in its dramatic structure to be saved by even the best of music, and so on; it drew a full house once, and the public fell off the next time; there was in fact too much in it, too much musical matter, too many ideas, too much subtle beauty, too much truth, to win the lazy admiration of those who get all they want in the simple and direct plots and climaxes of Donizetti and Verdi. The *habitués* of modern Italian opera found such a work as *Tell* as "slow," and foreign to their tastes as a grand symphony or an *Israel in Egypt* oratorio; and the ephemeral critics, who never lack opinion and assurance, did not hesitate to pronounce the masterwork of the greatest lyric genius that Italy has ever produced, a failure! Those who had studied and who knew the music apart from the performance, knew that the failure lay in the performance, and in the unprepared sense of the audience, and not in the composition. But *Tell* was laid upon the shelf and not again attempted, any more than was *Fidelio*, while the *Trovatore* continued in perpetual demand. And so it ever has been in England until this season just past. Probably it never had such justice done it in the presentation before. But now that it has been seen and heard with competent singers, superb orchestra and chorus, perfect scenery, ballet, &c., now that it has been thoroughly learned and mastered, all co-operating *con amore* in a complete ensemble, the London public have at once recognised its beauty and its grandeur, the rare originality, the rich and exquisite invention, the fresh, true local colouring of the music. Nine times during the season has *Tell* been given, and always to the most crowded and enthusiastic houses. It takes its place now among the prime favourites, the standard works, like *Don Giovanni* and the *Barbiere*, and will have to take its turn in every coming season. To the credit of English taste—is it not?—and to the justification of a genuine great work of genius against the superficial fashions of the day.

The last performance was in every respect magnificent. Those lovely choruses of the first act, so fresh and pure in their expression, so free from cheap sentimentality, from what is common place, and from what is overstrained, so natural, yet of such wondrous art, so thoroughly Swiss in tone and sentiment, where else in Italian opera, and in how many German operas, is there anything comparable to them? What has Meyerbeer done, with all his ingenuity, all his wealth and novelty of instrumentation, that can charm and go right to the heart, filling us with genial warmth, and bathing every sense in morning freshness, like unto these? You can never grow weary of their sound. It is like walking through the Alps themselves, and sailing on the blue lakes. More than ever, since I have been in Switzerland, have I felt how truly all that nature is reflected in Rossini's marvellous tone-pictures; how its very atmosphere and echo, its lights and shadows, its essential characteristic, which all travellers feel and no one can express—at least not better than Schiller, who was never there—have impressed their subtlest and most delicate vibrations as it were upon the sympathetic medium of his music. Constantly, while upon or about the Lake of the Four Cantons, would snatches of these Rossini melodies and choruses float unconsciously into my mind. And *vice versâ*, the singing of them, on the rich background of so glorious an orchestra, and such poetically complete and truthful scenic suggestion, brought back the real scene, the real breath and touch of mountain presences, in the most vivid manner. A stereoscopic view is nothing to it; that gives the outward form, but this gives the soul of Alpine nature.

I need not say how finely all the choruses were sung. And what an exquisite and holy charm was breathed in all that music of the wedding episode, where the three couples of young mountaineers are united by the good old pastor in the presence of their kinsmen and neighbours, and amid those eternal hills! How faithfully the music mingles the sense of peaceful happiness and sad presentiment! The chorus is positively religious. The dance which follows, hardly less so: lovely as it is, and full of grace and novelty, it is yet a minor strain, and seems to anticipate the trials and tragedies in store for the peaceful and free-souled dwellers of those picturesque and wholesome vales. All the music of this part is innocence and chastity itself, and full of unaffected love and piety. Passing to the great act, the second, where the patriots (we will not call them "confederates" *now!*) of the three cantons meet at Rütli, we have perhaps the grandest and most sustained climax in all lyrical music. Some of the passages are worthy of Beethoven. The trio of the three leaders; the triple chorus, into which tribe after tribe enter as they arrive in their boats (first seen afar on the moonlit lake), or down the mountain passes; and, finally, the oath of federation, with its tremendous orchestral accompaniment—those double basses speak like a voice from Horeb—are thrillingly sublime, delivered as they were on this occasion. The only things in opera to be compared to this grandeur are, perhaps, some passages of Glück, and in the last part of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—and yet these are too different in character to be compared to it. The charmingly Swiss prelude to this act, too, was made thoroughly appreciable, both musically and scenically. I did not suppose it possible to put upon the stage so beautifully true an image of Swiss scenery; and when the groups of old and young descend the mountains, towards the moonlit lake and the little church with lighted windows on its edge, amid chimes of bells and all the mountain sounds, and ringing horns of hunters nearing and receding on the other shore, it requires but little imagination on your own part to find yourself back there.

Of the last two acts, which were judiciously abridged, I need not speak; for everybody knows that there is a great fault in the dramatic structure, the plot of the piece, whereby the climax of its interest is over with the second act. Much fine music remains, though; and wonderfully fine is all the music of the dances in the festival in Gessler's presence in the square of Altdorf. Pity only that it was not all given. When one sees graceful and characteristic dancing to *such* music, he cannot help wondering what it would be to witness an entire dramatic ballet, such as lasts through an evening, wholly set in motion by music so significant and full of genius, instead of by such unmeaning prettiness of poor Frenchy melody as are commonly danced to.

The principal singers were all good. In the first place Tamberlik, who was the Arnold. A glorious tenor, although past the prime. No man could be better suited to this noble part, both to its wooing and to its heroic side, but more particularly to the latter. He is the greatest of declamatory tenors (I must except Sims Reeves in the oratorios). No other has such crisp and manly resonance in the recitative. Every tone stands forth so round, distinct, and positive—the musical "large utterance" of the gods. The tones, too, are pure gold in their substance; warm, rich, sound to the core. He is very great in the superb bursts and climaxes of the principal arias, "O, Matilda," in the second act, and in the patriotic rally in the last act, where he makes the famous *ut de poitrine* so effectively—whether it be really a chest tone with him or not. His performance was thoroughly inspiring that night, and carried all before it. But in the purely singing style, sustained *cantabile*, he is not to be compared to either Mario or Reeves. M. Faure made an excellent Tell, as he did Don Giovanni. Sig. Polonini made the part of the old Melchthal remarkably impressive; and Herr Zelger, a giant of a German, with a ponderous *basso*, did good justice to the music of Walter. The picturesque and difficult little high tenor part of the fisherman, who opens the first scene, singing as he mends his nets, was beautifully given by Sig. Neri-Baraldi; and Tagliafico, the baritone, of Protean cleverness in all sorts of characters, was Gessler. The ladies have less to do in *Tell* than in most operas; love, here, must be secondary to country. The part of Matilda was filled, in the former instance, by Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, a serious, quiet-looking Frenchwoman, who sings very nicely as to style and method; and the last time by the pretty young wife of the tenor Tiberini, *née* Ortolani, of whom I have before spoken. The brave boy of Tell, rejoicing in the name of "Jemmie," was very well personated by Mad. Rudersdorff, who has plenty of bright execution, with a rather worn and uninteresting voice.

* * * * * *

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Sept. 6. Another interruption!—for the European tour is over, and the preparations for departure, besides the intervention of the Birmingham Festival, have stolen away the opportunities of writing. This letter, therefore, which was waiting for completion, must go off as it is. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIRMINGHAM.—We shall be very happy to receive any report, guaranteed by our correspondent.

C. T. H.—(*Edinburgh*). We shall be glad to receive the compositions.

PETER. "Pen and Paragraph."

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—There is a preface to certain "*Hefts*" of national songs, with accompaniments by Beethoven, published recently by Peters of Leipzig, and edited from MSS. in the Royal Library at Berlin, by Franz Espagne, who now has charge of the musical department of that institution. It may seem rather late to be making notes upon something which appeared nearly a year ago; but as it never met my eyes until a few days since, owing to my absence from Germany, the delay must be excused. Although not yet fully prepared to go into the history of Beethoven's national song arrangements, nor feeling called upon to correct every error which I detect in the constantly increasing Beethoven literature,* still, on the general ground, that every one able to do so is bound to correct mistakes and misapprehensions which affect the reputation of others, especially of the deceased, and that too as soon as possible, I make these few notes: for M. Espagne—of course unintentionally—has done the late George Thomson great injustice in some of his remarks upon that gentleman's publications of national songs and melodies.

Not to do M. Espagne injustice, in turn, here is his preface translated entire:—

"The songs which appear in this publication are taken from the original manuscript of Ludwig von Beethoven, which, in the year 1846, passed from the possession of Professor Schindler into that of the Royal Library in Berlin. This MS. contains in all seventy melodies of different nations, arranged for one, two, and three voices, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; of these a few appeared in the '25 Schottischen Lieder, op. 108,' published by Schlesinger; others in the collections of English, Scotch, and Irish songs, published by G. Thomson in Edinburgh, the rest still remaining unprinted. Those in Thomson's collections are, in regard both to text and music, not only incorrectly printed, but altered and abbreviated at will. To give but two examples; in the song, 'Charlie is my darling,' the last eight bars are omitted, and in the 'Miller of Dee,' the last fifteen, so that both end in a minor instead of a major key. Besides, Thomson's collections have long since disappeared from the book trade, while in Germany, owing to the high price, they were never widely diffused. Hence there has long been a want of a correct and complete edition of these arrangements, which Beethoven undertook with so much zeal. (The number already known to me is 157.)

"That this has not been long since undertaken, especially with the still unprinted songs, is owing mainly to the circumstance that in the MS. of the composer the text is always wanting. Now, though there is no difficulty in finding the words to single well-known airs (as Nos. 1, 3, 4, of the first, and No. 1 of the second "*Heft*"), yet it was by no means easy to find them for the old Irish and Scotch melodies, and most difficult indeed to obtain those belonging to such as are superscribed by Beethoven, 'German,' 'French,' 'Spanish,' 'Portuguese.' To many of the old Irish airs the original texts are lost; also to many of the Scotch. As Thomas Moore wrote new songs to 124 Irish airs, so Thomson procured for a great number of popular melodies new songs from Burns, William Smyth, Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, Thomas Campbell and others. A part of these lay before Beethoven, while engaged upon the melodies; others not, as appears from the composer's directions for the "*tempi*" and execution, his notes as to the number of stanzas, and especially from the rhythm.

"Whenever doubts as to Thomson's texts came up (as in case of almost all the airs to which Moore wrote songs), I have sought in older collections of Scottish, Irish, &c., popular melodies, for the most part printed in the last century, the original text, which, owing to the difficulty of obtaining such materials, has proved no small labour.

"The translators of the English texts, Herr Hüffner and G. Pertz, have made a special point of retaining the original rhythms, so as to give the completest possible imitation of the originals; and I hope that their efforts, compared with those of others in the same field, will be found decidedly successful.

"The deciphering of Beethoven's MS. was a task of no small difficulty, especially certain passages, which had been repeatedly corrected, crossed out, or altered with lead pencil. But the experience of several years, during which these and other MSS. of Beethoven have much occupied me, has made me sufficiently master of their peculiarities. I have added nothing but a few necessary directions for execution—have changed nothing but a few false notes, evidently arising from haste in writing.

"My particular thanks are due to Herr Professor Jahn for his kind loan of a copy of forty songs carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and to Professor Schindler for his friendly communications upon several matters involved in my work.

"FRANZ ESPAGNE."

"*Berlin, Dec.* 1860."

In perusing the foregoing, we cannot avoid the inference that the writer has never seen a complete copy of Thomson's publications; or if he has, that he has not read with due care the prefaces to the three collections. Else, how could he have failed to know that all the songs published by Schlesinger are among the thirty-nine (out of 300) arranged by Beethoven, and printed in Thomson's Scotch songs? And how, too, could he have spoken of Thomson's "English" songs, there being no such collection? It is, however, with the charges against Mr. Thomson that we now have to do—strictures which, it is hoped, will be clearly seen to be undeserved, and based upon mere mistake and misapprehension. These strictures are twofold in character: those which relate to the text, and those upon Thomson's treatment of Beethoven's instrumental accompaniments.

As to the text, M. Espagne evidently supposes the collections of Mr. Thomson to be antiquarian in character and purpose. This, however, was not the case. Mr. Thomson was neither a publisher nor a musician by profession. He was simply an enthusiastic admirer of Scotch national melodies, and so much of a musician as to have composed him-

* What a task that would be in relation to the last new volumes of Lenz!

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self some very beautiful airs, of which No. 215 of the Scotch collection is an example. His object was to rescue from oblivion the old national airs by giving them *new texts*; the character of most of the old songs being such as to exclude them from cultivated circles. Here are his own words:—

"To furnish a collection of all the fine airs, both of the plaintive and the lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones, — to obtain the most suitable, and finished accompaniments, with the addition of characteristic symphonies to introduce and conclude each air; — and to substitute congenial and interesting songs every way worthy of the music, in the room of insipid or exceptional ones, were the great objects of the present collection."

But while it was an express object of the publisher to give to the old melodies new texts, he had so much regard for the archæological side of the question as to print in every case possible the old title of the air, thus giving to the antiquary the necessary clue to the old text where any existed. If M. Espagne had, therefore, a complete set of Mr. Thomson's volumes at his command, he would at once have seen what text belonged to each melody (in all cases of British and Irish airs), and not found it necessary to consult the collection of Thomas Moore, which *was but an imitation of Thomson's work, and subsequent to it.* Moore did himself for his old national melodies what Thomson engaged Burns, Scott, Byron and others to do for them,—that is, write new texts.

As to the texts, then, the question resolves itself simply into this, viz.:—has a collector the right to give a new text to an old melody? The success of both Thomson's and Moore's collections shows how the public has judged on this point. Moreover, as the antiquarian interest has been principally begotten by that success, and as our language has been enriched by a vast number of beautiful songs,—100 from Burns alone, and more than that number from Moore, called out in this manner,—I submit that praise rather than blame is to be awarded to the generous Scotchman who so largely sacrificed time and labour during half a century, and who paid Beethoven alone more than 550*l.*, nearly all of which was on account of his share in the publications under notice.

But a more serious charge against Mr. Thomson is that of not having printed Beethoven's arrangements in their integrity, and of altering and abbreviating the music at will. To this it would be a sufficient reply to say that M. Espagne has never seen the manuscript from which Thomson printed. But as this might seem to be rather evading than answering the charge, the following facts are added, to prove that no single manuscript, either in Beethoven's hand or that of his copyist, is a sufficient basis for such an assertion.

1. A proof of this is to be seen in the very MS. in the Berlin Library, in which the Scotch air, No. 10 in Schlesinger's publication (203 Thomson) in E flat, is found to be in F.

2. Another proof may perhaps be seen in the following citation from a letter of Beethoven to Thomson:—"Comme les trois exemplaires de ces cinquante trois chansons écossaises que j'ai vous envoyé il y a longtemps se sont perdu, et avec eux la composition originale de ma propre main, j'étais forcé de compléter mes premières idées que me restaient encore dans un manuscrit, et de faire pour ainsi dire la même composition deux fois."

3. Several of Beethoven's arrangements were found to be unsuited to Thomson's work, and the melodies—in one case *nine* at once — were sent back to Vienna to be recomposed. Beethoven executed the order, wrote them a second time, and was paid in full as for the original arrangements.

4. Beethoven, in some cases, sent Thomson two different arrangements of the same air—and here is a citation from a letter to this point:—"J'ai composé deux fois le No. 10 des derniers dix airs. Vous pouvez insérer dans votre collection lequel de deux vous plaire le plus."

5. Thomson was so scrupulous in his determination to do Beethoven no injustice in printing his arrangements, that, in those days of difficult communication between Great Britain and the continent (owing to the "Napoleonic ideas,") he was at the great trouble and expense of sending the two volumes of Irish airs in print to Vienna, to receive there Beethoven's last corrections. These corrections were made, sent to Edinburgh, and the plates corrected accordingly.

6. As to the "Charlie is my darling" and "the Miller of Dee," it may be replied, in general, that Mr. Thomson, a Scotchman and an enthusiast for his national songs, may be supposed to have been a better judge than the German Beethoven, whether these songs should end in a minor or a major key. But I will add that in my carefully made thematic list of all the songs printed in Thomson's collections, with Beethoven's accompaniments, neither of these two is to be found. One might easily have been overlooked —hardly both of them. I think, upon examination, it will appear that Thomson has printed these songs with the accompaniments of Haydn or some other composer.* At all events, from the considerations above given, it is clear that M. Espagne goes too far, when he makes these two songs the basis of so severe a charge against the late Mr. Thomson.

Again, M. Espagne says, a part of the new songs written for Mr. Thomson's publications lay before Beethoven while at work upon the melodies, and a part did not; and then he proceeds to prove the latter part of the assertion. He has here taken much needless pains, for a glance at the correspondence shows that *no texts* were sent to the composer. The reason was this, that as new songs were to be written to the melodies, it was necessary that the music should first be complete, as the poetry was to be adapted to the music—not the music to the poetry—a method of proceeding which, after it was explained to Beethoven, received his hearty approval, as is clear from the last of the following citations from his letters.

To the letter announcing that in eight days the first forty-three airs will be published and ready to be sent to Edinburgh, there is the following postscript:—

"Une autre fois je vous prie aussi m'envoyer les paroles des chansons comme il est bien nécessaire de les avoir pour donner la vrai expression Ici on me les traduira."

Again, the next year, after finishing another set, he writes:—

"Je voudrais bien avoir les paroles de ces airs écossaises, pour en faire usage en Allemagne, des que vous les aurez publiez en Ecosse. . . . . Je vous prirais de m'envoyer les paroles notées sur la simple mélodie."

At a still later date Beethoven goes so far as to threaten to arrange no more of the melodies unless Thomson sends him the texts. This called out a letter from the publisher (which is lost, unless a copy is retained in Edinburgh), in which the matter was explained. This is clear from the following passage in Beethoven's reply:—

"Pour la reste j'approuve fort votre intention de faire adapter les poésies aux airs, puisque le poëte peut appuyer par le rhythme des vers sur

* I was indebted to Mr. R. E. Lonsdale for a complete set of Thomson's volumes. As I have no object but truth in this matter I should be thankful, if any one will consult the work, and give the fact in relation to these two songs whether for or against my view.

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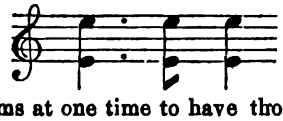
quelques endroits que j'ai élevé dans les ritornelles, par exemple, dans l'une des derniers ou j'ai employé les notes de la mélodie au ritornel."



Thomson seems at one time to have thought of adding a volume or two of other national melodies to those which he published, and to have written to Beethoven about it. The following passage from a letter of the composer, viewed in connection with the arrangements of such airs, found among his papers, seems to prove this:—"*Quant à chansons,*" says he, "*de divers nations, vous n'avez que prendre des paroles en prose, vous y réussirez parfaitement. Quant à vos autres propositions,*" &c. &c.

I conclude by expressing my thanks to M. Espagne for undertaking a work which I urged upon him in January 1860, and the hope that he will recall his preface and insert a new one in its place. A. W. THAYER.

IT would now seem altogether superfluous to assert that the Monday Popular Concerts are among the surest and best aids to the advancement and dissemination of good music. Each succeeding year has demonstrated the power they exercise in promulgating a sincere admiration and a refined taste for all that is real and beautiful in the art; and universal opinion has decided that no superior school exists in England for obtaining a knowledge of the graver works of the masters, or of directing that knowledge to a more beneficial result. At no former period, however, could the Monday Popular Concerts have proved of greater utility than the present, or their services have been more earnestly required to act as a counterpoise to the unwholesome influence engendered in certain establishments purporting to instruct and amuse the public through the instrumentality of music. Those brilliant and lordly temples, falsely erected to the Muses, yclept Music Halls, have proved the greatest enemies on record to true art. They foster a spurious taste and an unhealthy feeling, and do a thousand times more injury to the cause of music than the direst hostility. When the youth of London resort to these free-and-easy places of amusement, where they can enjoy their pipe, their glass and their song in unison, at charge of the smallest possible fee, they insensibly lose all interest for higher entertainments, even though a real appreciation of what is good may be latent in their composition, and work themselves into that state of semi-brutishness that would be satisfied with the dullest music interpreted by the most incompetent singers. Under the influence of such strong stimulants as tobacco and alcohol, criticism falls asleep, and taste dies a natural death. The sublimest inspirations and the most worthless efforts are inseparable and indistinguishable, and noise and vociferation become the only desideratum. And how have managers brought things to this pass? One or two popular names are required to attract a crowd to the hall. No further heed is taken; bitter beer and tobacco accomplish the rest. Even the "popular" artists may have won their celebrity by any other means than the strictly legitimate. One may play the fiddle in the most remarkable manner, standing on his head; a second may transcend by singing through his nose; a third may recommend music by gesticulation rather than vocalisation; a fourth excel in blacking his physiognomy; a fifth in the rapid clattering of bones, &c. All artists of this eccentric kind are immense favourites, are extravagantly paid, and are invariably received with greater applause than Mario, or Adelina Patti. Now, when we remember that some twenty or thirty of these flaunting gin-and-music palaces are every night, Sunday excepted, offering their tinsel attractions to the listless youths and fragile maidens of the metropolis, need we be surprised that true places of art entertainment are deserted, and that music stands in need of some counteracting influence to protect the community from imposition and to knock the impostor on the sconce? It would be absurd to attempt to put down Music Halls. Let them burn in their own sphere. They have perhaps their uses, and may help to thin gambling houses, and entice "gents" to less objectionable places of recreation than those they might otherwise frequent. We only find fault because the directors pretend to have music executed in a creditable manner, which is not the case, and because the performances create a false taste in weak minds, which can never be eradicated. The mischief these saloons do is incalculable, and we should, therefore, hail with delight the establishment of concerts like the Monday Popular Concerts in the neighbourhood of every one of them, assured that in the end good music would prevail against ebon complexions, acrobat accompaniments, bones and banjos.

The Monday Popular Concerts have their distinct mission, and are carrying it out with every prospect of eminent success. Let no music hall dare to come within the sphere of their attractions. Before their steady and pure light its false lustre would grow pale, and expire like an ignis fatuus before the full glory of the risen day.

MLLE. PATTI.—At Dublin, this young artiste has recently had quite an ovation; the horses being taken out of her carriage by the crowd as she left the Theatre Royal. They dragged the vehicle from the theatre to Morrison's Hotel, several mounting to the roof and others clinging to the back. The shouts of the populace followed them to their destination, and when they arrived there, they begged, or rather insisted, that Mlle. Patti would address a few words to them from the balcony. This she very graciously agreed to do, and presenting herself in the balcony, notwithstanding the drenching rain, she thanked her Dublin friends cordially for their generous patronage, and showered upon them the bouquets she had previously received from the audience.

MADEMOISELLE PATTI left London on Tuesday for Berlin, where she is engaged to appear at the Royal Opera House in a series of Italian operas.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK GRAHAM, son of Mr. T. Graham, organist and choirmaster of the parish church at Wigan, has been unanimously elected to a similar appointment at the parish church of Holywell, in Flintshire, out of *thirty-nine* candidates.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a general meeting held on Monday evening at Messrs. Broadwoods' the nights on which the concerts for the ensuing season of the above society are to be held, were arranged to take place as follows:—March 10, 24; April 7, 28; May 12, 26; June 9, 23; the Jubilee on the 14th of July, 1862.

MR. MYERS'S EVENING WITH TOM MOORE.—On Monday evening, at the request of the Committee of the Working Men's Association, Mr. Myers gave a reading of his interesting "Evening with Tom Moore," at Stormont House, to a most appreciative audience. It was gratifying to see the avidity and intensity with which every anecdote and incident connected with Erin's greatest bard were listened to. It was read so distinctly, earnestly, and graphically, that it was frequently applauded in the course of its delivery. Mr. Myers had the assistance of Mr. Morant, Mr. East, and Mr. Aspull, who accompanied the songs and glees with his usual tact and skill. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Anketelle of Ladbroke-square, who, in a speech of considerable length, commented with much historic ability upon the state of Ireland, from the time of King John, through the Cromwellian period, the rebellion of 1798, to the present tim . The motion was seconded by Mr. Pitman of Ledbury-terrace, who observed that a repeti-

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tion of the glee of "Row, brothers, row" would be another addition to the gratification they had received. It was immediately complied with, and the vote of thanks was awarded with acclamation to Mr. Myers and the gentlemen who so kindly assisted him. —*Bayswater Chronicle.*

CONCERT OF THE BROTHERS BOOTH.—We were much pleased to find Westbourne Hall well filled with a fashionable audience on Monday week, when the Brothers Booth gave their first grand concert. These young and talented candidates for musical fame have been for some time located in our district, and have silently and surely worked their way, not more by their musical abilities than by their modest and unassuming manners, and their evidently amiable dispositions. The whole concert was given with an éclat worthy of note. One of Beethoven's trios (Op. 2) was played *con amore*. The variations were well brought out and displayed the respective powers of the brothers to great advantage. Herr Lehmeyer's tone and touch were much admired, as well as his conception of the part assigned to him. Mrs. Alexander Newton sang "Qui la voce," with an artistic finish that reminded us of former days, when she was more before the public. The solos for violin, violoncello, and guitar were beautiful in style and character; that for violin, from *Beatrice di Tenda*, being peculiarly distinguishable, as well for executive facility as breadth and purity of tone. Messrs. Kiallmark and Lehmeyer, on the pianoforte played their respective parts with great effect. Both received warm and genuine applause. The vocal music was ably sustained by the Misses Mascall, Mr. Reilly, and Mr. George Tedder, the latter of whom sang with great force and vigour the "Death of Nelson," as well as a new ballad by Ascher, called "Alice where art thou?" The words of this ballad are eminently poetical and beautiful; while the melody is just one of those that "take and imprison the rapt soul in Elysium." Though Mr. Tedder was suffering from severe cold, he sang with equal taste and feeling.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE introduction of Mr. Macfarren's opera of *Robin Hood* into the repertory clearly points out that the directors are determined to secure the best works for their theatre, and that novelty is not to be depended on as the sole attraction. In transferring *Robin Hood*, however, from Her Majesty's Theatre to Covent Garden, the loss involved by the substitution of any other artist for Mr. Sims Reeves would be almost incalculable. Mr. Henry Haigh has a fine voice and is no incapable actor, but we cannot pronounce him the *beau idéal* of the celebrated outlaw. Mad. Guarabella, on the other hand, made a worthy successor to Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in Maid Marian, and won a legitimate triumph. Mad. Guarabella possesses a capital soprano voice of the brilliant kind, vocalises with great fluency, and has both dramatic fire and taste in abundance. She is a striking rather than a finished singer, and for that reason commands greater attention. No success could be more legitimate and universal than that of the fair *débutante*, and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison may congratulate themselves on the acquisition of an accomplished artist. If the cast of *Robin Hood* at Covent Garden has lost its chiefest ornament in Mr. Sims Reeves, it at all events retains in Mr. Santley as the Sheriff, and Mr. G. Honey as the Sompnour, two of the characters which enhance the attractions of the performance in an eminent degree. The re-engagement of Mr. Santley and Mr. George Honey was a wise, indeed a necessary, step on the part of the management. The restoration of the part-song in the third act, omitted after the first night at Her Majesty's Theatre, was considered a decided improvement, as was also the addition of the original trio in the first act. Altogether, the performance of *Robin Hood* at Covent Garden is entitled to warm commendation.

The revival of Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* does not demand so detailed an account, since the principal characters, except in one instance, have undergone no change, the exception being Miss Jessie M'Lean as Ghiva, in the room of Miss Leffler of last year, who replaced Miss Pilling of the previous year (1859), when *Lurline* was first produced. On the first night of the revival, Mr. Santley being indisposed, Mr. H. Corri took his place as Rhineberg, while Mr. Eugene Dussek undertook the Gnome, *vice* Mr. H. Corri. Mr. Wallace's music has lost none of its charm and grace, while Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison are as admirable as before in their respective parts of Lurline and the Earth-lover. On Tuesday evening, Miss Jessie M'Lean being indisposed, Miss Leffler kindly and readily undertook the part of Ghiva.

An operetta in one act entitled *the Toymaker*, words and music by Mr. George Linley, was produced on Tuesday last. The piece is founded on the French operetta *La Poupée de Nuremberg*, the music by Adolph Adam. The music is pleasing, and was well recommended by the singing of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. Henry Haigh and Mr. George Honey.

The performances of *Ruy Blas* have been resumed, and the opera is now being given twice a week, in alternation with *Robin Hood* and *Lurline*.

Mr. Balfe's new opera is in active rehearsal, and is expected to be ready about the end of the month. A new operetta by Mr. Tom Taylor (words) and Mr. Frederick Clay (music) is in preparation.

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

SIGNOR GALVANI having terminated his Dublin engagement with Mlle. Patti, has rejoined the party, and again taken the position of primo-tenore, a position which in his temporary absence has been so very successfully filled by Mr. Smith.

Signor Galvani pleased greatly in Dublin, where the repertory in which he appeared was perhaps more suited to him than that of the operas requiring a robust tenor. There are few tenors who can boast of knowing so many operas of such entirely different styles as Signor Galvani. He acquits himself artistically in all.

The Count in *Il Barbiere* perhaps affords him better opportunity for the display of his peculiar vocal and dramatic talent, than almost any other part. He acts and sings it admirably, and with the serenade especially, in which he accompanies himself upon the guitar, invariably produces great effect.

The performances this week have been as below:—

Monday, 18th, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*—Tuesday, 19th, *Don Giovanni*—Wednesday, 20th, *Selections from Trovatore, Traviata* and *Barbiere*—St. George's Hall, Bradford.

Thursday, 21st, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*—Friday, 22nd, *Don Giovanni*—Theatre Royal, Leeds.

Saturday, 23rd, Grand Evening Concert, Hull.

The operas at Leeds will have been the last performed by the party before proceeding to Dublin, and positively the last time Madame Grisi appears on the stage in England. On their way to Ireland, the artists will sing at concerts in Scotland, and commence, as announced, a short series of operas at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Tuesday, December 3rd.

On this occasion Miss Ellen Conran will make her first appearance in her native city since her return from America, and after an absence of nine or ten years. From the very flattering accounts of her career in Rio Janeiro and the United States, great expectations have been raised of the ability of the new *prima donna*. Since Catherine Hayes, Miss Conran is the only "genuine Irish girl" who has appeared upon the Italian stage. Her reception from her warm-hearted countrymen may easily be expected to be enthusiastic. Miss Conran will make her *début* as Adalgisa to Madame Grisi's Norma.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE first concert of the fourth season was fully up to the standard of what the musical public have been accustomed to expect from these entertainments, which, through good management and liberal enterprise, have in a very brief space of time attained such a height of popularity. It is unnecessary to add anything to what has been written about the origin of the Monday Popular Concerts, or about the general objects for the promotion of which they were established. A short extract from the prospectus issued by the spirited director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, may, nevertheless, serve as a recapitulation of what has already been accomplished, and will be perused with the greatest satisfaction by the patrons of music, inasmuch as it does not contain one word of exaggeration: —

"It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal—

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an appeal based no less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract — that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to 13, during the second to 27, and during the third to 24. The programmes of these 64 concerts (to which must be added 11 held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon, &c. the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinto, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France, and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, engagements having been contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's-hall throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts was, therefore, equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day."

The "Lecture" on the present occasion, the 65th in London, brought, as usual, a vast crowd of amateurs to St. James's-hall, and proved as delightful as any of its predecessors. Although, shortly after the commencement of the last movement of the final quartet, "Professor Vieuxtemps" was compelled to give out a strong hint that music, and especially good music, was intended to be heard, and could only be heard properly in the absence of disturbing elements, a more attentive audience has rarely been assembled. We should be the last to advocate any official or officious meddling with the privilege of "those who pay" to sit out just so much and no more of an entertainment than may afford them satisfaction; but we cannot but think that the subjoined "notice," included in the "analytical programmes," suggests an expedient the due observance of which would not only be easy in itself but meet every emergency.

"It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption."

Now, as something like a majority of ten to one were anxious to hear the quartet to the very end, it was hard that their enjoyment should be interfered with by a noise of receding feet, when such an interruption might have been rendered altogether unnecessary had the very reasonable petition above cited been complied with. That the feeling was unanimously in favour of Mr. Vieuxtemps when he arrested the progress of the finale was shown by the loud and prolonged plaudits that greeted him for this act of artistic courage from every part of the hall. The programme was as follows: —

Part I. — Quartet in A minor, Op. 13 (strings) Mendelssohn; song, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," Arne; song, "Se il padre perdei," Mozart; sonata, in E flat, Op. 7 (pianoforte) Beethoven.

Part II. — Sonata in G major (violin and pianoforte) Dussek; song, "The Three Ages of Love," E. J. Loder; song, "Zulcika," Mendelssohn; quartet, in F major (strings) Haydn.—Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Each piece in the foregoing being a *chef d'œuvre* in its way, and the whole so well balanced that one work formed an agreeable relief to the other, the selection was one of varied and continuous interest; so much so that in the course of a performance two hours and a half in duration there was not a dull moment. Perhaps among all the extraordinary achievements of Mendelssohn's early youth, the quartet in A minor—which begins and ends with the expressive little ballad, "Ist es wahr?"—is the most extraordinary. The first and last movements are more than remarkable enough to have been produced by one so young; but the *adagio* and *intermezzo* (the first of the Mendelssohnian "scherzos"), viewed under the circumstances, are really prodigies. Throughout the quartet we cannot fail to observe the strong influence exercised by Beethoven's later writings on the mind of the young composer; and, perhaps, if we except Schubert's quartet in the same key, no composition on record presents (without plagiary, be it understood) so many features in common with the so-called "Posthumous" quartets of the author of *Fidelio* as this very work of Mendelssohn. Its first introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was a brilliant success. The "*intermezzo*" was rapturously encored, and every movement applauded with enthusiasm. M. Vieuxtemps (first violin) never played more magnificently. By this one performance—which exhibited intellectual culture and executive proficiency in equal proportions—he justified all the praises that have been lavished on his talent, and stamped his reappearance among us as a legitimate artistic triumph. He was most admirably supported by Herr Ries (second violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and M. Paque (violoncello). The cheerful and masterly quartet of "Papa Hadyn," with which the concert terminated, was forcibly contrasted with the more passionate and soaring inspiration of Mendelssohn, was just as finely played, just as warmly received, and showed that the powdered wig of the staid sexagenarian when covering a head full of poetry could exercise as great a charm in its way as the flowing locks of the aspiring and romantic youth.

M. Hallé was the pianist, in stating which we have said enough to convince our musical readers that the beautiful sonata of Beethoven (played, as usual, from memory) was given throughout with the facility of a practised master and the reading of a profound musician. The favour which this gentleman enjoys with the public was manifested in the tremendous burst of applause that awaited him on his appearance in the orchestra, and was renewed at the end of every movement of the sonata. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the execution, by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps, of the fresh and vigorous sonata of Dussek, for the rescue of which from unmerited oblivion the director of the Monday Popular Concerts is as fully entitled to the gratitude of musicians and lovers of good music as for the same good office rendered some time since to its companion (in B flat), belonging to the same "Op. 69," which now, after half a century of silence, is probably as often heard in public as any composition for pianoforte and violin extant. Mr. Chappell may be reminded that there is a trio in F, and also a quartet in E flat, from the same pen, which have not yet been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The vocal music was capital. Mademoiselle Florence Lancia (her first appearance at these concerts) is an artist in the truest sense of the word. In the fine air of Ilia, from Mozart's *Idomeneo* (to which the great composer makes special allusion in one of the interesting letters to Leopold Mozart, his father), and in Mendelssohn's plaintive "Zuleika" (No. 1), she elicited, by her chaste and expressive singing, an equal measure of sympathy and applause. In the first she seemed a little nervous; but in the last she was completely mistress of her powers. Mr. Winn, one of our most talented and improving bass-singers, was also deservedly successful, not only with the genial and melodious air from Dr. Arne's *Comus* (which has a touch of Handel, his giant contemporary, about it, but with the poetical ballad of Mr. Loder. The task of accompaniment at the pianoforte was, as from the first institution of the Monday Popular Concerts, undertaken by Mr. Benedict, to replace whom with advantage would be simply impossible. At the next concert (November 25th) the programme is to be exclusively selected from the works of Mozart.

Provincial.

The *Manchester Guardian* has the following:—

"At Mr. Charles Hallé's last concert in Free Trade Hall the overture and incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* formed the chief attraction. Mr. Hallé has once or twice before introduced this beautiful music, but never with so admirable a band. From the character of the work it must be obvious that the means brought to bear upon it with a view to its full realisation must be of no common order, and we pay Mr. Hallé's band no ordinary compliment when we say that they did realise the composer's conceptions in a degree that reflects the greatest credit upon them. The *scherzo*, the *nocturne*, the movement representing the search of Hermia for Lysander, and the 'Wedding March,' were all represented with great intelligence and skill. The vocal music was allot-

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ted to Miss Banks, Mrs. Warren, and a chorus selected from Mr. Hallé's choir, who performed their parts worthily. Two movements from Hummel's Septet stood next in importance to Mendelssohn's work. With a pianist of Mr. Hallé's calibre, supported as he was by six such accomplished performers on their respective instruments as MM. De Tong, Lavigne, Grieben, Baltens, Vieuxtemps (violoncello), and Waud, the *scherzo* and *andante* were sure to lose nothing; and the only feeling at the close was that of regret that the whole composition had not been played. The overture to *Oberon*, and the *Sirène* (Auber), were all that could be desired. Mr. Hallé's two solos—S. Heller's Wanderstunden and one of Liszt's *Valses Caprices* (or Schubert) — he has often given before, but never better. With what poetry he invests Heller's little composition, and how brilliant and varied the *valse!* The oboe solo of M. Lavigne was fully equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors, which is saying no little. Miss Banks sang three pieces with her usual care, finish, and delicacy, 'Come per me sereno,' especially showing considerable fluency as well as expression. Mr. Hallé intends, at the next concert, to introduce the whole of the music to *Der Freischütz.*"

The *Brighton Guardian* writes of Herr Derffel's "Second Pianoforte Recital" thus :—

"The second of Herr Derffel's 'Recitals' took place on Thursday afternoon, and, though the programme contained less attractive because less well-known compositions, the performance was equally striking and admirable as on the occasion of the previous 'Recital.' In music of so high a class as Herr Derffel makes his study, the ear requires the education of years to appreciate the execution of such intricacies of art and sound, and therefore the Sonata in E minor, Op. 90, and the Fantasia, Op. 77, were less effective than more familiar favourites would have been, though the interpretation of their beauties by Herr Derffel was so masterly as to leave nothing to be desired. A selection from Mendelssohn's *Songs without words* was exquisitely played. We hardly know which to praise most, the Presto in E No. 3, book 3, with its fire and vigour, or the *Duetto*, so full of feeling and expression. One of the richest treats was Chopin's *Grand Polonaise* in E flat. 'La Campanella,' by Taubert, was a most brilliant and charming 'étude,' and the 'Recital' terminated with Beethoven's *Mercia alla Turca*, from the *Ruins of Athens*. Signor Pietro Fortuna was the vocalist, and was encored in the 'Tarentella' of Rossini, the brilliant accompaniment of which was delightfully played by Herr Derffel."

Mr. John Towers, musical critic of *The Brighton Gazette*, gives a long and interesting report of Mrs. Martha Blundell's concert, from which we extract the following :—

"Mrs. Blundell, organist of St. Andrew's Chapel, Waterloo Street, gave her annual concert last Friday evening, at the Town Hall, on which occasion she was honored with a numerous and fashionable attendance. The star of the evening was Mad. Arabella Goddard, who has reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a pianist. Only two pieces were put down for her. In the first she played two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* — in E flat, No. 1, Book 6, and in A major, No. 6, Book 5. In the second part she performed a solo of Liszt on airs from *Rigoletto* (better suited to the 'classical taste of the Brighthelmstonian *dilettanti*'), in which she poured forth all her great powers of execution, displaying an amount of mechanical skill rarely heard in the present day. The working-up of the crescendos was equal to anything we have ever heard, and finely contrasted with the delicacy she displayed in the piano passages. Whether we regard the rapidity and clearness with which she ran the chromatic scale, her powerful double octaves, the lightness of fingering with the right hand, sweeping over the keys with almost lightning rapidity, or the shower of notes she occasionally produced — they were alike astonishing, and at once stamped the artist as a performer of transcendent talent. All this was accomplished without the slightest apparent effort, and we need scarcely say that her hearers were enraptured, and the exccutant was rewarded with an unmistakeable encore. Mad. Goddard obeyed the request, and then treated her hearers to some variations on Scotch melodies. Some of the upper notes we could compare only to the trickling of drops of water. She retired from the platform amidst a storm of applause. The *fantasia* of Liszt is immensely difficult. It was, we believe, the last composition of Liszt, and M. Edouard de Paris was the first to perform it in England, at his concert last year. M. de Paris was one of the conductors of the concert, and played a fantasia of his own from *Martha*. Though late in the evening, he was listened to with very great pleasure, and received a full share of applause. The only other instrumental soloist was Signor Regondi, who performed two solos on the concertina and one on the guitar. A greater genius than Regondi, as an instrumentalist, never lived, but we have sung his praises so often that we have no more words to express our admiration of his wonderful talent. He was immensely applauded. Mad. Badia contributed two or three pieces; though her voice may be deficient in roundness of tone, she is an artist in the fullest sense of the word. Mrs. Blundell gave a recitative and rondo of Paesiello. Her voice was scarcely equal to the recitative, the mezzo being too weak to produce effect, but in the rondo some of her upper notes told very well, and she was much applauded at the close of the piece. She also sang, with considerable expression a ballad called 'The Forsaken.' Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Benedict's recitative and scena from *Undine*, 'From worldly cares and toils afar,' in a manner that would have done credit to Giuglini. Mr. Lawler sang Mozart's 'Qui sdegno,' from the *Flauto Magico*, with considerable expression and depth of tone. Some concerted pieces were given, and Signor Badia took part as a conductor."

A Correspondent from Cheltenham sends us the following :—

A Concert was given at the Assembly Rooms on Monday evening last, by Messrs. Hale and Co.; Miss Anna Whitty, Miss Reeves, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Formes made up the vocalists, and M. Ole Bull and M. Emile Berger the instrumentalists. The performance was excellent throughout, and the audience were thoroughly pleased. Miss Whitty sang a brilliant rondo of Paesiello's with great effect. She has a capital voice and a good style, with a dash of the dramatic in her singing, which commends it strongly. Miss Reeves, too (Mrs. Tennant, if I mistake not, wife of the popular tenor, Mr. Tennant, and sister of the great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves), sang very charmingly Mr. Hatton's ballad, "The Sailor's Wife," and the old Scotch song, "Within a mile o' Edinbro' Town." Herr Reichardt sang three songs of his own composition—"The golden stars," "Are they meant but to deceive mē," and "Thou art so near." The last was encored unanimously. These songs indicate a genuine mine of tune in the admirable German tenor, who is now turning his newly-discovered talent to eminent advantage. "Thou art so near, and yet so far," has become one of the most favourite songs of the day, and we feel confident the popularity of Herr Reichardt as a composer will not halt with that. "The golden stars" is a highly attractive air of a solemn and abstract character; while "Are they meant but to deceive me," is a sort of Mazurka Polonoise highly attractive and catching. Herr Reichardt sings these songs to perfection. His style is purity itself, and if some tenors can surpass him in power and quality of voice, few, indeed, display such artistic capabilities, and such fine feeling and expression. Herr Formes, of course, was the great gun of the concert. His magnificent voice and very grand singing were exhibited in the air from the *Zauberflöte*, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," and in a ballad of his own composing, called "In sheltered vale," both of which were applauded to the echo. Among the *ensemble* pieces, a new trio by Signor Randegger, entitled "I Naviganti," capitally sung by Miss Anna Whitty, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Formes, is worthy of especial mention. M. Ole Bull played two pieces with wonderful mechanical skill and immense effect; while M. Emile Berger, in addition to accompanying all the music, played his own pianoforte solo, "Les Echos de Londres." There was a very large attendance.

From the *Western Morning News* of Plymouth we learn that :—

"Miss Julia Bleaden, Messrs. Alfred and Henry Nicholson (oboe and flute), and Mr. G. Collins (violoncello), gave a concert, at the Globe Hotel Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening. Both music and singing were excellent; in fact, superior to anything ever heard here. A rather curious occurrence took place whilst Miss Bleaden was singing 'Ye banks and braes;" the gaslights began suddenly to dance, and after continuing to jump and flicker for some two or three minutes, the lights were extinguished, but did not leave the audience in total darkness, for the moon, which was at full, shone brilliantly into the room. A fantasia on the violoncello was played by Mr. Collins."

TRIESTE.—Meyerbeer's *Prophet* was produced at the Opera House on the 17th inst. The *mise en scene* was not such as to meet with the approbation of the audience. A rebellious sun that refused obstinately to shine at the right moment, and when it did, gave but a spasmodic illumination, excited loud expressions of discontent. Mad. Csillag and Signor Negrini, who sustained respectively the principal soprano and tenor *rôles*, were immensely successful and greatly applauded whenever they appeared, the audience apparently wishing to show that they fully appreciated the talent of these artists, while they condemned the false economy of the management.

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MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing Ascher's new Song, "Alice, where art thou?" at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, on the 4th, and at Bamfield House, Fulham, on the 11th December.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK'S Pianoforte Recital, at the West London College, 72 Bayswater Road, will take place on Tuesday evening, December 10th, at 8 o'clock.

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MR. MELCHOR WINTER will sing Ascher's popular Song, "Alice where art thou?" at the Grand Concerts at Godalming and Camberwell.

MADAME MELCHOR WINTER will play (by desire) Emile Berger's popular Fantasia, "Les Echoes de Londres," and Kühe's "Logie o' Buchan, at Westbourne Hall, Dec. 5.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Balfe's celebrated Song "The Banner of St. George" (Defence and not Defiance), at the Willis's Rooms, Dec. 14.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his new Songs, "The Golden Stars," "Are they meant but to deceive me," AND BY DESIRE, "Thou art so near and yet so far," at a Grand Concert at Brighton, on Dec. 6.

RANDEGGER'S NEW TRIO, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), Will be sung on the 10th at Islington by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Morgan, and Signor Ciabatta; and on the 14th December, at Willis's Rooms, by Mlle. Parepa, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Thomas.

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CONTENTS.

ACT I.

No.			VOICE.	s.	d.
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1.	Chorus	"Here's to wine, and here's to beauty." - -	-	4	0
2.	Duet,	"Hate, hate." - - - - - - - - - -	T. B.	3	0
3.	Duet,	"I would ask a question" (Comic) - -	S. B.	4	0
4.	Song,	"My own sweet child." - - - - - - -	B.	2	6
5.	Aria,	"What glorious news" (Comic) - - - -	B.	3	0
6.	Recit. & Chorus, with Solos,	"Let us haste." - - - -	Sopran.	3	0
7.	Solo & Chorus,	"By earth and air." - - - - -	Male Voices.	3	0
[8.	Concerted Piece,	"What do we see?" - - - - - - - -	-	8	0
8A.	Duet,	"Oh, father, pity!" - - - - - -	S. B.	3	0
8B.	Duet,	"Oh, reflect ere you decide." - - - -	S. B.	3	0
9.	Cavatina,	"Pretty, lowly, modest flower." - - - -	S.	2	6
10.	Finale, Act I.	- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	-	6	0
10½.*	Ballad,	"Bliss for ever past." - - - - -	S. or B.	2	6

ACT II.

11.	Recit. & Romance,	"How peal on peal of thunder rolls." - -	B.	2	6
12.	Trio,	"By the tempest overtaken." - - -	T. B. B.	3	0
13.	Trio,	"My welcome also to this roof." - -	T. B. B.	3	0
13½.	Cabaletta,	"Can it be, do I dream?" - - - - -	B.	2	0
14.	Duettino,	"Let the loud timbrel" (Unison.) - - -	T. B.	2	0
14½.	Recitative,	"Nay, do not run away." - - - - - -	-	2	0
15.	Air,	"Though we fond men all beauties woo." -	T.	2	6
16.	Duet,	"Thou weepest, gentle girl." - - -	S. B.	3	0
17.	Drinking Song,	"Let others sing the praise of wine." - -	T.	3	0
18.*	Ballad,	"The Paradise of Love." - - - - -	S.	2	6
19.	Finale, Act II.	- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	-	9	0
19A.	Trio,	"What man worthy of the name." - -	S. B. B.	3	0

ACT III.

19½.	Entr' Acte	- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	-	2	0
20.*	Ballad,	"Hail, gentle sleep." - - - - - - -	T.	2	6
21.	Concerted Piece	- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	-	10	0
22.	Ballad,	"A loving daughter's heart." - - - - -	S.	2	6
23.	Concerted Piece	- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	-	6	0
24.	Rondo, Finale,	"With emotion past all feeling." - - -	S.	3	0

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THE "PURITAN'S DAUGHTER." New Opera, by M. W. BALFE, Libretto by J. V. Bridgeman, to be immediately produced at the Royal English Opera, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. The whole of the music is ready and will be published the morning after the first performance.

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NO. 129 ALBANY STREET, REGENT'S PARK.—Superior Furniture, Valuable Library of Books, scarce Engravings and Portraits of Musical celebrities, Service of 200oz. of Plate, Ornamental Articles, Picolo Pianofortes, and Effects, by order of ROBERT BARNETT, Esq., who is retiring to the country. Messrs. KEMP have instructions to Sell by Auction, on the Premises, on Wednesday, December 4, and following day, at 12 o'clock, the Valuable Effects, including brass and other bedsteads and bedding, marble-top washstands, Duchesse dressing tables and the usual chamber appendages; well made Rosewood drawing-room furniture, a capital Rosewood winged book case, chimney and console glasses, stained glass, rare old India china, ornaments and cabinet bronzes, set of dinning tables, library ditto, about 1000 vols. books well bound, in good condition, and principally standard works; a choice selection of music in old English operas, glees, Madrigals, &c.; fine oil paintings, including original portraits of Dibdin (believed to be by Zopherine), "Dragonetti Shield," the great English composer (by Harrison), and a variety of curious items interesting to the musical world.

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nov. 28, 1861.

GLUCK'S *Alceste* continues to attract the truly musical public, not only from all parts of France, but from the principal cities of Europe; and so marked and evident is the attraction which it exerts, that special trains are organised for the purpose of enabling the inhabitants of the various departments to pay a visit to the Imperial Opera and return to their homes at a small cost and without delay. This exemplifies a curious feature in modern theatrical history, which is, that the theatres of the capital, both in France and England, are now almost entirely supported by country visitors. The influence, therefore, exerted on them formerly by the taste of the *élite* of the intellectual part of the nation supposed to reside in the metropolis is swamped by this ever-changing and indiscriminate multitude. Hence the manifest decadence in the quality of the dramatic productions of the day. Why is music by the same general causes a gainer, and evidently in the ascendant as regards quality? A nice question this for æsthetical and philosophical analysis. But to return to Glück. An interesting letter has just been published, addressed by the great classic to "l'Anonyme de Vaugirard," under which name Suard was wont to address the public. Here is a translation of this epistle:—

Monsieur,—When I had learned to regard music not only as the art of amusing the sense of hearing but as one of the most powerful means of touching the heart and stirring the feelings, and that I consequently adopted a different method of writing, I turned my attention to the stage, I sought to attain power and grandeur of expression, and I especially endeavoured to connect all the separate parts of my works as one whole. I saw arrayed against me the singers, male and female, and a great number of professors; but all the intellectual and lettered world of Germany and Italy without exception quite compensated me by their praises and by the marks of esteem which they bestowed upon me. This was not the case in France. If indeed there are some men of letters here whose support should certainly console me for the loss of that of the rest, yet a great number have declared against me.

It must be taken for granted that these gentlemen are more felicitous when they treat of other matters; for if I am to judge by the reception with which the public has been good enough to greet my works, the said public does not take much account either of their phrases or of their opinions. But what think you, Monsieur, of the late sally which one of them, M. de la Harpe, has made against me? A pleasant fellow is this same learned Doctor de la Harpe. He talks of music in a way to make all the singing boys of Europe shrug their shoulders with contempt; and he says "I require," and he says "my doctrine."

Et pueri nasum rhinocerontis habent. Are you not going to address a few words to him, Monsieur—you who have defended me against him with such marked success? Ah! let me entreat you, if my music has afforded you any pleasure, to put me in a position to show my connoisseur friends in Germany and in Italy, that there are among the literary men of France some one or two who, when treating of art, know at any rate what they are writing about.

I have the honour to be with great esteem and gratitude, Monsieur, your very humble and obedient servant,

CHEVALIER GLUCK.

We would like to see the answer of Suard to this characteristic letter. The musical critic who furnishes the composer's appeal to his defender promises some day to publish the response. M. d'Ortigues, if the public are good children, will give them this treat. So let us be patient and wait,

M. Dulaurens, a new tenor, who made his *début* in the summer of this year in *Guillaume Tell* and in *Robert*, has apparently been definitively engaged by the manager of the Imperial Opera, as he has been singing in the former opera with M. Faure. It is said that this engagement has been made at the cost of no little difficulty and expense. The Strasbourg theatre, it would seem, had established a prior claim to the services of the fortunate tenor, and after a trial the Imperial Opera have had to pay 20,000f., the forfeit stipulated in the articles of his previous engagement. He is very young, and has yet to work hard before he can take his stand as a really first-class tenor. At present neither his style of singing nor the quality of his upper notes entitles him to such a rank; but with pains and considering the opportunities now before him, much may be hoped for.

At last "Choregraph Borri"—that mysterious entity whose advent was to work a complete revolution in the world of pink muslin and *entrechats* by the marvellous novelty of his conceptions—has made himself manifest in the work on which he has been so long engaged—the ballet of *L'Etoile de Messine*, which was produced last week—and may be said to have quite fulfilled the prophecies which announced his superiority to all choregraphs his predecessors. In the first place, Choregraph Borri deserves a testimonial from all civilised communities in which ballet has hitherto been cultivated, for the simple act of banishing from his resources the male solo dancer, that abomination of abominations—that revolting libel on the sex with which he so shamefully equivocates. His place is taken by a woman,—a very pretty and graceful one in this instance,—Mlle. Schlosser, and, if she assume in her fantasy the male habit or a sort of Amazonian version of it, we are not shocked at the assumption, but take it as a compliment. The windings and interlacings customary between the principal *danseuse* and her partner, when the latter is one of her own sex playfully disguised, cease to nauseate, and the gushing joyousness of the ballerina's evolutions is not poisoned by that element of bitterness,—that *amari aliquid* in silken tights and flowing hair,—a male dancer. This, if nothing else, will endear the name of Borri to future generations. It is true that once or twice something very like a *premier danseur* whom we have before shuddered at under the name of M. Merante made his appearance, and pirouetted in a wild and abandoned manner; but this must have been a delusion, or an emanation from his indignant spirit, taking the likeness of his bodily self and protesting violently against the innovation. There is no necessity, I presume, to give the plot of this new ballet, which is much like all other productions of the same class. The scenery, however, and *mise en scène* are in many respects superior to the average of ballets in general. The groups and the dancers are in the highest degree ingenious and novel, and fully bear out the reputation of the ballet master by whom they have been devised. Mad. Ferraris eclipses all her former brilliant deeds, and shows herself both a *danseuse* of astounding gymnastic powers, combined with unfailing grace, and a pantomimist of real dramatic power. In short, *L'Etoile de Messine*, much as it has been talked about, has in no particular disappointed expectation. It may be brought forward as a token of the interest created by this work previous to its production, that the Maestro Rossini, who rarely visits a theatre, was induced to be present at the full dress rehearsal, when he was received with enthusiastic shouts and clapping of hands, and the orchestra played the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. To the composer of the music, Count Gabrielli, the greatest praise is due for the sparkling and graceful waltzes, polkas, and tarantellas which it introduces, and for the good taste with which he has sobered down the colouring of the whole, so as to challenge no rivalry, or attempt to divert attention from the splendour of the scene.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* has been reviving Halévy's opera of *La Jaquarita*, an event promised long since, but which had been continually postponed owing to the illness of Mad. Cabel, without whose exceptional powers of execution the revival would not have been compassable in the absence of any other prima donna capable of equal feats of vocal acrobatism. This opera is in fact one of the worst specimens of that odious *tour de force* school for which the Théâtre Lyrique became the arena from its commencement under Adolphe Adam, and to which, after an interval of pseudo Glückism, it now returns after the manner of the sow and the dog in the powerful figure of the Scriptures. Such perverted productions as these, in which the voice is treated as an instrument of brass or wood intended to obey merely mechanical impulses rather than the grand and noble organ of human emotion, have ruined all the best singers whom France has recently produced, and by all who have any regard for pure art ought to be energetically reprobated. Let the Blondins and Leotards astonish us with their physical agility—they are fit for nothing else; but let such singers as Marie Cabel delight us by the enforced beauty of their voices and the skill with which they can make them interpret the pure and undefiled language of music.

At the Italian Opera the production of *Rigoletto* has given the public an opportunity of judging of the extent of Signor Delle

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Sedie's dramatic powers by a test of no little severity, and he may be said to have triumphantly passed the difficult ordeal, for he surprised the audience by the power he exhibited both as actor and a singer. Mad. Alboni's impersonation of Maddalena, in which she makes up for the somewhat redundant charms with which she invests that treacherous damsel by her exquisite execution of the music, was as usual one of the principal features of the performance.

Mlle. Augustine Brohan, of whom an affection of the eyes has for some time mournfully bereft the Théâtre Française, has returned, and had the audience consisted entirely of sufferers optically afflicted as the bright and brilliant actress was erewhile, the sight of her would have effected an instantaneous cure. When she has sore eyes again—I hope she never may—let her look at her pleasant face in the glass, and set up a new school of medicine, on the principle of *ipsa ipsissimis curantur*.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

DESPITE the fact that Spontini's *Nurmahal* is certainly not one of his best compositions, and that even his admirers do not pretend to claim for it a very high position among works of art, its revival has proved a hit, and must, by this time, have brought an exceedingly large sum into the treasury of the Royal Opera-house. The magnificence of its scenery, the splendour of the dresses, the pomp and glitter of the processions in it, and the extreme care with which it has been put upon the stage, have created quite a sensation among the worthy Berliners, and the consequence is that they, their wives, and little ones, flock to witness it, and fill the house at every performance. Verily, *Nurmahal* has proved a trump card for Herr von Hilsen, Intendant of the Theatres Royal appertaining to his Majesty of Prussia. It will be repeated a great many times yet, I should say, before it is again shelved, *en attendant* another coronation.

We have had an excellent representation of C. M. v. Weber's last opera — the song of the dying swan — *Oberon*, to wit. The orchestra, under the direction of Herr Dorn, interpreted this romantic and ideal composition in a most beautiful and admirable manner. Their execution of the first few bars of the overture showed how they were going to play on that particular evening, for you must, of course, have observed that orchestras, "like one man," have their good and bad days, just as singers, actors, preachers, and all other persons who occupy a conspicuous place before the public, not forgetting learned dogs, educated pigs, talking fish and — precociously clever children, who sometimes execute with wonderful success and talent — so their parents, at least, think — the tricks and accomplishments they have been taught (for the express purpose, I firmly believe, of annoying their visitors), while, at others, they stick fast and disappoint all the fond expectations cherished by the authors of their being. I am sorry I cannot speak highly of those behind the float, as of those before it. The part of Rezia is not suited to Mad. Köster, and, although she is too experienced and talented an artist to offend, she certainly failed to please. Herr Krause was Scherasmin, but he is not always equal to the music of the part. As Oberon, the Fairy King, Herr Krüger acquitted himself satisfactorily, which is more than can be said — with truth, *bien entendu* — either of Mlle. Pollak, as Fatima, once *played* so well by poor Mad. Vestris, or of Herr Woworski, as the gallant Huon. The ballet and chorus were, as, with rare exceptions, is always the case, deserving of high praise.

The programme for the week in the way of Italian opera has comprised *La Cenerentola*, *La Traviata* and *Il Barbiere*. Signora Trebelli was the Cinderella, and anything more maidenly, more charming, more entrancing, than her impersonation, it is impossible to conceive. Play and vocalisation were alike incomparable; at least, so I think, and I am not the only one of that opinion. In fact, it would be difficult to find anybody of the contrary one. But the Royal Opera-house is not the only establishment in this capital which now boasts of Italian opera. On the other side the Spree, the transpontine Victoria Theatre resounds with the voices of Signor Lorini's company, of which, if I am not mistaken, *wenn ich mich nicht irre*,—pardon me a bit of German,—I forwarded you "a full true, and correct list," as they say on the race-course, some short time since. The opening performance consisted of portions of *Guillaume Tell*, the police having forbidden the representation of the opera in its entirety. On the second night there was a very scanty attendance, either because the public did not approve of the *pasticcio* presented to them, because their favourite, Signora Artôt did not sing, or because, finally, they have lately had more than enough of Italian operas. There was also every chance of a "row," in consequence of all the scenes mentioned in the bills not being performed. For instance, in the third act alone, the Tyrolienne, the quartet and the finale were omitted, without the slightest preparatory notice, and, when the curtain fell upon the tenor air, every one looked round with astonishment at his neighbour. But surprise speedily gave place to indignation, when the musicians tumbled out of the orchestra, taking their instruments with them. If the management treat their audience in this fashion again, I should say that it is far from impossible, nay, that it is extremely probable, they will soon not have an audience at all, and may quietly bring their season to a close at once. Herr Wachtel made a hit as Arnold, and thus fully justified the expectations of his numerous admirers. One great element of his success is the extensive range of his voice, which enables him to give all the high notes on which the composer relied for such brilliant effects. He was greatly applauded. Signor Merly sung the baritone part exceedingly well, but *played* it execrably. The consequence was that he quite spoiled the touching scene before the shooting of the apple. Signora Cordier (Mathilda) possesses a sweet and agreeable voice, but she has yet a great deal to learn before she can be called a singer. The two darkest spots upon the performance were the band and chorus. For grand opera they both require augmentation, and many more rehearsals than they appeared to have had.

The annual Mendelssohn Festival which Herr Stern, with his Association celebrated, as usual, on the anniversary of the great musician's death, gave proof, like everything Herr Stern undertakes, of a course of preparation as conscientious as truly artistic. Besides the vocal pieces, executed by the Association, Herr von Bülow was especially engaged for instrumental music. This year Herr Stern had selected some of the less generally performed of Mendelssohn's works. The night-song, "Vergangen ist der lichte Tag," arranged for chorus by Herr Stern, and the eight-part psalm, "Richte mich, Gott," afforded the most satisfactory evidence of what the Association is capable in the way of *a capella* singing. The song and psalm produced a deep impression. The choral pieces were varied by vocal solos. Mlle. Biondini, from the Italian Opera, Paris, sang an Italian air with telling effect. Mad. Wüerst sang two songs, and then there was a duet from the grand *Lobgesang*. Mlle. Strahl and Herr Otto did justice to it. There were three accompanied choral pieces. A finale to the unfinished opera of *Loreley*, wound up the concert. This finale is particularly interesting on account of the doubts which, as we all know, were entertained by the critics of the day, as well as by Mendelssohn himself, with regard to his power of composing operatic music. By the way, before concluding my account of this concert, I may mention that the pieces played by Herr von Bülow were the Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and Liszt's fantasia on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

You know that Herr von Konstki has gone to St. Petersburg. Before setting out he gave a concert in the Singacademie, to a very crowded audience. Besides a number of "show pieces," belonging to the modern virtuoso school, he played, in a very satisfactory manner, fugues by Bach and Handel. Signora Biondini sang two songs, and Herr Stahlknecht performed two charming original compositions for the violoncello.

Herr von Bülow has given the first of his course of three *soirées*; he has no one to help him, and whatever is put down in the programme is executed by himself. The first concert was a historical one, inasmuch it introduced to the audience, in chronological order, pieces for the pianoforte by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Paganini, Ehlert, and Raff. For a wonder, there was no work from the pen of Herr von Bülow himself, a fact for which, I frankly own, I found no difficulty in consoling myself; for, even as it was, the concert lasted two mortal hours, and *toujours Bülow* is too much of a good thing.

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The king has been somewhat active in art matters lately. He has bestowed upon Herr von Kontski the Order of the Crown, third class; he has given Herr R. Wüerst the large gold medal for Arts and Sciences; he has granted Herr August Schöffer the title of Royal Musical director; and he has accepted the dedication of a "Coronation Song"—a vocal quartet—music by Herr J. Urban, words by the Rev. Herr Hanstein. I wonder when we shall hear the last of the Coronation. *Parole d'honneur*, although I am by no means a man of disloyal sentiments, I am beginning to find it rather a bore.

According to report, J. Bott's new opera, *Actäa, das Mädchen von Corinth*, will very shortly be produced at the Royal Opera house. The part of the heroine will be sustained by Mad. Harriers-Wippern. Weber's *Euryanthe* is to be revived, with Mad. Köster as Eglantine, and Mad. Harriers-Wippern as Euryanthe. The ballet entitled *Die Liebeshändel*, with music by Gährich, is to be revived—"and that's all!" as Buckstone says, in *The Rough Diamond*.

SALVE.

THE NEW CONCERT-HALL AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

AFTER innumerable difficulties of all descriptions, the new Concert Hall, built by a Joint-stock Company, is so far completed as to be opened for public use. It has been erected by Herren Kayser and Schaffner, under the superintendence of Herr Burnitz, the architect, who carried out the plan sent in by a Hungarian *confrère*, Herr Skalniski, who gained the prize of 200 ducats awarded to the best design, and which had wisely been put up for public competition.

The following account of the building may prove interesting to our readers:—

Passing through a spacious vestibule, which contains the pay places, the porter's residence, and cloak rooms for some 1,600 persons, the visitor arrives at the grand stone staircase, the principal branch of which is 19 feet, and the side branches each 11 feet broad.

From a vestibule 42 feet broad and 16 feet deep, on the first floor, the visitor reaches the large concert hall, 150 feet long, 50 feet high, and 57 feet broad. Around it runs a gallery, under which are 26 boxes. The gallery is connected with the vestibule by a staircase 7 feet broad. Including the gallery, the hall is 177 feet long and 80 feet broad.

For the use of the singers at concerts there is a "podium," or platform, one part being permanent and the other removable at pleasure. Above it is the place of the orchestra; and opposite the latter, at the entrance of the hall, another gallery. Including the galleries, the hall is calculated to accommodate about 2,500 persons.

Both the hall itself and the galleries communicate with various cloak and refreshment rooms.

There is great facility of egress, since the nine outlets of the hall, besides being connected with the grand staircase, communicate with a so-called elliptic staircase, 7 feet broad, leading into the Schlessinger Gasse.

The principal building is surmounted by a flat roof, to which access is gained by a separate staircase, and from which there is a magnificent prospect. Besides the large concert room, there is a smaller one 36 feet broad, 62 feet long, and 36 feet high, and, also, placed over the carriage entrance, a third concert room, 45 feet broad, 57 feet long, and 25 feet high, lighted from above. The refreshment department is situate upon the ground floor, and comprises five rooms, one of which is 47 feet long and 27 feet broad.

The building was opened, on the 18th inst., with Haydn's *Creation*. Its acoustic qualities, as far as it is possible to judge from one performance, are satisfactory. The solos in the oratorio were entrusted to Mad. Zottmayer-Hartmann, Herren Schneider and Hill; while the choruses were sung by the members of the Cecilien-Verein and Rühl's-Verein.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been played in the new theatre, but met with only moderate success.

VIENNA.—On the 10th instant, Haydn's *Seasons* formed the attraction at the first Subscription Concert of the Gesellschaft der Musik freunde, under the direction of Herr Herbeck. The selection of this work afforded universal satisfaction. The soprano part was undertaken by Mlle. von Leutner, a young lady who is a stranger to Vienna. She possesses a pleasing voice, and, although deficient in anything like depth of feeling, acquitted herself, on the whole, in a very creditable manner. Herr Walter was the tenor, and Herr Panzer the bass. Both these gentlemen were deserving of praise, which is more than can be said of the chorus. The consequence was that the audience were by no means in ecstacies with the performance in its integrity, although they manifested in an unmistakeable fashion their delight with the work itself. The season of the Singacademie, under the direction of Herr Stegmayer, began on the 15th instant, when the following was the programme: "Magnificat," by Durante; "Crucifixus," by Lotti; "Festlied," by Eckert; "Christe eleison," by Benevoli; chorus, by J. S. Bach; "Tenebræ factæ sunt," by M. Haydn; "Ave Maria," by Mendelssohn; "Weihnachtslied," by Calvisius; Aria and chorus from Blumner's oratorio *Abraham*, and fugue, by Handel. The execution of the foregoing works satisfied all reasonable expectations. The hair-breadth precision, so to speak, which is necessary to give due effect to some passages in the choruses, is not easily attained by a *dilettante* society; for though, as a collective body, it may be fired with genuine artistic enthusiasm, still the members, individually, do not look upon their appearance at the weekly practice as an absolute duty which they have imposed on themselves. However, they had indisputably made considerable progress since last winter. It was evident that they had not been idle, but had determined, by conscientious study, to do justice to the programme, and the spirit in which it had been composed. The attendance of the public was very large, and their satisfaction warmly expressed. The pieces most applauded were the "Crucifixus," the "Tenebræ factæ sunt," and the "Ave Maria," which were encored.—The Philharmonic Concerts, also, have commenced for the season. On the occasion of the first concert, the other day, a long file of vehicles and a dense crowd of well-dressed pedestrians, wended their way, at twelve o'clock, to the Spitalplatz, for the purpose of paying their homage to the "divine art," and, also, if the truth be told, to the *nimbus* with which the title, Philharmonic Concerts, is surrounded in the Austrian capital. It is a strange fact, but ever since the time when Nicolai produced such a sensation with his Philharmonic Concerts, the designation has been musically sanctified or consecrated, and, at present, exercises upon half critics and ignorant lovers of music a certain charm which remains unimpaired, even should the performance be not moderately good. The half-critics bow their heads with due reverence directly the Kärntnerthor Orchestra begin tuning their instruments, while the ignorant lovers of music aforesaid, intoxicated with ecstacy, revel in a source of enjoyment which they share with the *élite* of the fashionable and intellectual world, and the classical value of which is almost officially guaranteed. The power of custom and fashion combine to procure for the Philharmonic Concerts an audience, which, if chemically analysed, would be found not overwhelmingly actuated by a genuine love of music itself. However, it is a great thing to be able to attract, and the fact of the public flocking so eagerly to listen to concerts of this description, must inevitably end in giving them a taste for good music for its own sake, and thus advance the cause of the art. Thus, what would be a mere foolish fashion, will result in a great and permanent good, at which every true and loyal friend of art must sincerely rejoice. The programme of the first concert was thus composed: Overture, Op. 124, Beethoven; Concerto for stringed instruments, by Bach; Aria, with violin *obbligato*, by Mozart; overture to *Anacreon*, by Cherubini; and symphony in C, by Schumann. The way in which the above programme was executed redounded to the credit of everyone concerned, more especially to that of Herr Dessoff, who discharged the duties of conductor with even more than his usual ability and self-possession. The audience appeared highly pleased, although not enthusiastic. It is not often that members of the musical profession, especially those belonging to the fairer sex, get into trouble for mingling runs, shakes and other *fioriture* with politics. They do so sometimes, it would appear from the following little episode. Mlle. Rübsamen-Weith is engaged at the opera-house in Cassel. Having nothing to do there at the time, she took part in the concert given at Cologne, in honour of the King and Queen of Prussia. On learning this fact, the Elector became exceedingly irate, and, in addition to a sharp reproof, inflicted a fine of 50 thalers upon the fair political offender! This mark of Electoral displeasure must, doubtless, not only have caused Mlle. Rübsamen-Weith to tremble in her *bottines*, but have struck terror even into the bosom of the King of Prussia himself.—*From an occasional Correspondent.*

MANNHEIM.—M. Gounod's *Fausto* has been played four times with success.

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LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.*

No. 9.

(*See* MUSICAL WORLD, *Nov.* 23.)

A LONG interruption! But, having recovered from the *rollings* of Leviathan, and having devoted a long and tedious episode to the monster—a readable story perhaps by way of change, but too subjectively told, I fear, in the effort to avoid repetition of the newspapers—I may now resume the record where it was rudely broken off. Or shall I say, my musical fruit gathering, after that equinoctial gale has shaken all the trees, until the late autumn only yields some dry and rustling leaves, to tell of green summer recollections! A ghastlier smile suggest itself:—is it not like grouping among antideluvian footprints, to go behind that Atlantic episode for musical impressions which it did its best to (literally) wash out? But, it may well be believed, one lofty chain of Ararats, those great Birmingham Oratorios, still reared their heads above the storm, and their bold image should survive the deluge.

Of Birmingham next time perhaps. We must first complete after some fashion, our notes of the summer operas at Covent Garden, of which we have told only the smallest, although the best part. The *Don Giovanni* nights have been dwelt on as a specimen of the fine way in which such master works are given in this theatre. Then *Guillaume Tell* was described as the freshest and most interesting event of the season. To me the next most interesting was the never failing old favourite, that sparkling spring of melodies which such as only the happiest genius is blessed withal, the same Rossini's early work, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as different as can well be imagined from the *Tell*. This delicious music was rendered from beginning to end, by singers, orchestra and all, with real *gusto* and with rare perfection. The overture was the genial and bright one which commonly performed, and which was originally written for another opera, called *Elisabetta*. The real overture to the *Barbiere* in B flat, I have only heard in Munich (where, by the way, the whole opera was charmingly performed, and with none the less fun and sparkle that the action was not coarsely overdone, and Figaro trusted more to his own cleverness than to the dimensions of his razor, &c.). The warm and rich sonority of Costa's orchestra, the remarkably good tone of nearly every instrument composing it, could reproduce the brilliant, richly blended colours of the *Barbiere* music to the life. The hero of the evening was Mario. Some of our Boston readers have known what it is to hear the exquisitely florid melody of Almaviva sung by him, as only be can sing it. That was many years ago — not quite a decade—but his voice retains still all its power and sweetness, all its freshness and its manliness, all its delicacy and flexibility. Indeed, the great tenor is yet in his prime, and sings, if possible, with more effectiveness and more expression than ever. What sounds can fall upon the mind more deliciously, bringing back summer night's enchantments, than his hurried notes of recitative and his inimitable air, "Ecco ridente," with which he serenades his mistress in the opening scene? They are warm drops of satisfying golden tone, pure luscious *tone*, that sink into the soul and make one happy only to recall them—or wretched, that memory is so poor until refreshed by the real rain. Mario sang also in this first act a second senerade, of much more deep and tender quality, usually omitted in most theatres:—and, indeed, who else could sing it. It is interrupted by snatches of Rosina's voice answering, or rather singing to herself, from within. The melody is most unique and beautiful; full of delicate and quaint divisions, which, naturally as they came to Rossini, seem not in his usual vein, and even suggested (it may have been momentary fancy) something of the old Bach flavour. The Rosina was Adelina Patti, whose acting of the part was girl-like, graceful, pretty—a Rosina in the bud, as it were — bright, natural and well conceived, but not fully charged with all the *espiègleries* which a riper actress finds play for in the character. Musically she achieved a new success in it, although liable to some deductions. Her voice requires transposition of much of the music which is suited to a low mezzo soprano. But the more serious fault was, that she took great liberties with the text, embellishing what is originally as full of embellishment as it well can be. Even if the most finished artists, like Sontag, Alboni, Bosio, may be allowed to riot sometimes in a music so suggestive of the mood, it was hardly good taste for so young a singer to begin with variations on Rossini. Herein Patti had been unwisely advised; left to her own instincts she seems seldom to err against good taste and fitness. This part, of course, afforded fine play for those bright points of vocalisation, those *staccato* sparkles in the upper octave, &c., which she commands in such perfection, and with which the mass of any audience is sure to be delighted. Yet, on the whole, with all its errors and short comings, how many more fascinating Rosinas can we find? Measured by the maturest standard it lacked much; for such a girl it was wonderful. In some quarters she has been visited by a too severe and sweeping criticism; it can do her no harm if it saves her from her own common places—that is to say, from too frequent trying over of her old and easy triumphs, and provokes her to be earnestly true to herself, still studying what intrinsically is fit in every case, and still a learner. Nothing is more fatal to the real progress of an artist, than to keep pressing certain springs (be they ever so ingenious and peculiarly her own) which she has found are sure to "bring the house down." But Patti has it in her to be much more than a mere *effect* singer, a mere vocal virtuoso. She already sings with character and feeling; she will do more and more so, if she is not injured by success.

The other parts were: Ronconi as Figaro, nothing could be funnier—fun improved perpetually. His once fine baritone is a ruin, but the singer's art and style are his unmistakably, and the man is so irresistibly clever, every moment of his presence on the stage is full of life, that he is a "chartered libertine," who must be allowed as much farcical extravaganza as he pleases to introduce—perhaps cannot help introducing—into the Factotum's part. Dr. Bartolo was very well done by Signor Ciampi, who has a solid, generous voice; and Don Basilio, though not the unctuous rogue of a Jesuit we have seen sometimes, was another instance of the many-sided stage ability of Signor Tagliafico.

This exhausts the more important list of operas which I had a chance to hear. I find mere pocket memoranda of half a dozen other evenings. Three of them chiefly owed their interest to Patti. One was Flotow's light and pretty, but soon wearisome, opera of *Martha*. I do not like the *character* for Patti. To think of her appearing tired of life, an *ennuyée* (my Lady in the first scene)! And the music, taking the opera as a whole, is just sickening-sweet enough, to make it hardly worth her while to spend her faculties in it. Yet she did sing it marvellously well — especially the "Last rose of summer," which hacknied melody the most finished singer could scarcely make fresh by a more pure, expressive rendering. Mad. Nantier-Didiée made a good Nancy; and Mario put all the charm of sweetness possible into the sentimental part of the lover. Tagliafico was Sir Tristram. Signor Graziani, as Plunkett, did not relieve the dullness of the music. Another character for Patti I could not like: the *Traviata*; who cares to see the fresh virgin bud transferred into the full blown rose of such false hot-house life! But in the Verdi-an brilliancies and bravuras she astonished by her execution; and she made the sadder scenes and melodies quite touching—so they say — I did not sit through all. Tiberini (tenor) and Graziani (baritone) did not co-operate very inspiringly. But in the *Sonnambula*, in Bellini's pure and natural melody, the freshest which he wrote, our "little Patti" was at home, and now more fitly placed. It is, next to Zerlina at least, the most agreeable of all her parts, her best success. The music was delicious as she sang it; and every one felt happier and better for it. The house was very full, for this time there was the double charm of Patti and of music worthy of her, music which does not lose its freshness. Her "Ah! non giunge" was of course a brilliant triumph, doubly so on repetition with quite happy variations.

If there were time, I might speak of the wonderful performance of Tamberlik in the part of the Prophet, whose crisp and telling tenor, splendid declamation, and thoroughly manly impersonation, are all that the part could require; also of Czillag's beautiful and impressive rendering of Fides — Czillag, whose inspiration and conception are always in advance of her command of her voice, but who is a charming lyric artist in spite of that. Of the splendour with which this great spectacle opera was put on the stage, too, something might be said. I saw, too, twice the new thing of

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

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Verdi, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Once at Covent Garden, when Mario not only sang delightfully, but looked most picturesquely, handsome rogue! in his Neapolitan fisherman's disguise. Penco, Didiée and Graziani in the other parts. Once at the Lyceum Theatre, which was opened for a few nights in June, expressly for the sake of trying this new work upon the public, and where the plot was most absurdly transferred to the colonial days in Boston, Massachusetts. (Some even asked if "Maschera" meant Massachusetts)! As for the music, it is neither the best nor the worst of Verdi's operas, and contains some of his most ingenious and unique things. But there were two, yes three, singers in it, whom it was worth while to hear. Mlle. Tietjens, quite young yet, has one of the largest, richest, purest soprano voices now existing, and her delivery is noble, as her whole appearance is lady-like and expressive of a true and generous nature. But more of her when we come to the Birmingham Festival. Signor Giuglini is a capital tenor for such music, and Mario himself did not surpass him in the most favourite tit-bit of the music. Then there was Signor Delle Sedie, who in the impassioned part of the dark skinned Secretary, a sort of musical Othello wrought up to jealousy, exhibited not only a rich and musical baritone, but a consistent intensity of pathos and of action, that was quite electrifying. It were no trifle to wrong such a man; the part seemed very real. M. and Mad. Gassier were also in that cast, so that it was indeed a very rich one.

Such was the amount of my experience of London opera. The Covent Garden manager, Mr. Gye, made a most successful season of it in a material point of view. He had several good turns of fortune to ensure that. In the first place, the failure of the plans at the rival theatre, Her Majesty's, gave Covent Garden the monopoly of opera, with power to avail itself of many extra nights. The same chance threw into Mr. Gye's hands the two capital and opposite attractions of the setting and the rising star, the farewell nights of Grisi and the début of Adelina Patti. Of the other wealth of this establishment in leading singers, chorus, orchestra and stage resources, I have already spoken. The programme of the season, after you deduct *Tell*, and the old standard favourites, *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere*, was by no means so rich, either in novelties or in undying classics, as one finds commonly in theatres of far smaller means in Germany, especially in Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Vienna. No opera of Glück, one only of Mozart, nothing (if I remember rightly) of Weber or Cherubini, not even the *Fidelio* of Beethoven—while, for newer things, Verdi and Meyerbeer are still harped upon, while *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are eschewed with holy horror. The English taste has its strong prejudices; but no audience is so untiringly devoted to a good thing, repeating it with the same zest for ever, after it is once throroughly accepted; witness the repetitions of *Don Giovanni*.

D.

COLOGNE.—At the second Gesellschaft's concert, in the Gürzenich, the following was the programme :—Part I. Overture to *Uriel Acosta*, by Schindelmeisser; Pianoforte-concerto in E flat major, by C. M. von Weber, played by Herr Isidor Seiss; "Opferlied" for one solo voice (Mlle. Lüdecke), chorus and orchestra, by Beethoven; "Othello-fantasia," by Ernst, played by Herr Jul. Grunwald; "Credo" and "Agnus Dei," from the *Coronation Mass*, by Cherubini.—Part II. Symphony in F major, No. VIII. by Beethoven. Herr Isidor Seiss, who has lately been appointed one of the masters of the Conservatory of Music here, was greatly applauded for his execution of Weber's concerto in E flat major, and Herr Grunwald met with an equally flattering reception. The great treat of the evening was the performance of the two movements from Cherubini's grand mass in A major, and the greatest praise is due to Herr A. Weber, who officiated—on account of the indisposition of Herr Ferdinand Hiller—for the manner in which he conducted this work, written by the composer at the age of sixty-five.—Herr Smétana, from Prague, lately played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, at the Musikalische Gesellschaft, where he produced a most favourable impression. This gentleman has, for the last six years, filled the post of conductor at Gothenburg.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Herr Rubinstein is engaged upon a new three act opera. The *libretto*, which report says is exceedingly good, is founded upon Moore's poem of *Lalla Rookh*, long a favourite subject of the composer.

PRINCE GALITZIN'S CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY night was devoted to Mendelssohn, when a first-rate selection was made, including the overture to *Ruy Blas*, symphony in A major, andante and allegro from the violin concerto, songs, "The charmer," by Mlle. Lancia, and "The first violet," by Miss Augusta Thomson. The symphony was capitally played; the first movement being perhaps taken too fast. The andante was played to perfection. Mr. Viotti Collins executed the allegro of the violin concerto much better than the slow movement. His quick passages were wonderfully brilliant and true. Why not have given the entire concerto? Mlle. Lancia, who made her first appearance at these concerts, sang "The Charmer" most delightfully, and created an evident sensation. This lady's taste is supreme, and her expression irreproachable. She is mistress, too, of all styles, as may be inferred from her success in pieces of such opposite characters as Verdi's "War Song," from *Attila*, and Mendelssohn's "Charmer." Miss Augusta Thomson, although hardly in her line in quiet chamber songs, gave the "First violet" with genuine artistic feeling. The second, or miscellaneous part, was brief, as it should be, and contained no point of special interest.

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

The excitement of the tour which, as far as the tourists are concerned, was somewhat beginning to flag, has been this week suddenly revived by an unexpected event—a railway accident, fortunately without any serious consequences, but sufficiently startling in its effect to afford the whole party a subject of conversation and discussion for a long time to come. They were proceeding from York to Durham, on Tuesday last, when the train by which they travelled came into collision, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, a few miles from Leamside, with some trucks carrying ballast. The shock was violent enough. Opposite neighbours were thrown into each other's arms,—Ciampi made a dive into the waistcoat of his *vis-à-vis* Galvani—the *petits-paquets*, Aspa's especial charge, and which he always so carefully stows away into the net-work placed for their reception in the railway carriages, flew wildly about, hitting every body on the head—there was a jerk, a jump, and a jolt, and the train came to a full stop, when the passengers, one and all, insisted upon getting out. "Apri la porta!" shouted Ciampi as soon as he could take breath, and no one coming to open the door, he scrambled through the window, his example being followed by the Diva herself, who made an exit from the next carriage in the same manner. The danger was over. Four trucks were thrown off the rails, and the passenger train evidently had the most narrow escape of sharing the same fate. It was impossible to continue the journey before the line was cleared of the *débris* of the trucks, which caused a delay of two hours. The rustic inhabitants of a cottage near the railway offered shelter and assistance to the travellers, some of whom, after they had satisfied themselves as to the extent of the disaster, stared in amazement at the stokers, and made signs of remonstrance to the guards, accepted the proffered hospitality, and crowding into the little parlour sat round the fire until the obstruction was removed, and they were told to take their seats again. They soon recovered from the fright, and began comparing notes and describing their different impressions of the shock. One thought it was all over with them, another that the engine had burst; this one had received a blow in his chest, the other declared his head was injured. After a short time, however, all apprehensions were allayed, and the result of the collision acknowledged by the party generally to be nothing more serious than a rather severe shaking. It had become known in Durham that an accident had happened on the railway Numerous reports were in circulation as to its result. According to some, all the passengers had been killed, the musical celebrities being among the number. The arrival of the train was awaited with anxiety. At the concert in the evening every member of the party was greeted most heartily in congratulation of the lucky escape they had had. The performance was attended by a numerous audience, and went off with great *éclat*. A national Italian melody, very skilfully arranged by Signor Vianesi for Mad. Grisi and the other artists in chorus, entitled "Giulia Gentil," has invariably great success at all the

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concerts in which it serves as a finale to the first part. The words are appropriate to the occasion of the farewell, while the melody is very pleasing.

The band and chorus left the party last Saturday, every member being presented by the kind-hearted Prima Donna with some souvenir of her Farewell Provincial Tour. The concerts this week will have been given thus:—

Monday 25th, York; Tuesday 26th, Durham; Wednesday 27th, Newcastle; Thursday 28th, Edinburgh; Friday 29th, Glasgow; Saturday, 30th, Edinburgh, morning.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE Third Concert of the Fourth Season.—Monday Evening, December 2, 1861, on which occasion Mr. Charles Hallé will make his last appearance, and M. Vieuxtemps his last appearance but two, before Christmas.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Grand Septet, E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Beethoven), M. Vieuxtemps, H. Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, J. Hutchens, C. Severn, and Paque. Song, "Swifter far than Summer's flight" (J. W. Davison), Miss Leffler. Canzonet, "Now summer has departed" (Dussek), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Sonata, in E minor, Op. 90 (No. 27 of Hallé's Edition), (Beethoven), first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Sonata, in G. Op. 69, (No. 2) for Violin and Pianoforte, "Monday Popular Concerts' Library," No. 2 (Dussek), Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Vieuxtemps. Song, "The young Nun" (Schubert), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Song, "The Savoyard's Song" (Mendelssohn), Miss Leffler. Quartet, in C, No. 39, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn), first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, MM. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

*** MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—DIRECTOR, MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—In announcing the Fourth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts (established Feb. 7th, 1859) the Director has again to tender his thanks for the liberal and unremitting support with which his undertaking has been honored, and again respectfully to solicit its continuance.

The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal—an appeal based no less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm—that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to thirteen, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-four concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spbor and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon, &c. the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinto, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c. and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France, and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, engagements having been contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore, equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favour will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the second (sixty-sixth) concert, as may be seen on another page, combines a due admixture of both elements.

The reception accorded last season to M. Vieuxtemps, justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Vieuxtemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the third (Dec. 2nd), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

*** In the course of the ensuing series of concerts the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and the beginning of the present century.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the quartet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co. Regent Street; Bradberry's London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co. 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104 Great Russel Street Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook, and Co. 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Ollivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street; Mr. Barker, West End, Hammersmith; Sanderson and Ward, 24 Upper Street, Islington; Oetzman, 27 Baker Street; H. Stephens, London Street, Cambridge Terrace; and

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—"Reappearance" is calculated, under different circumstances, to create great delight, or intense dissatisfaction—even disgust. The reappearance of a soldier after a hard-fought campaign—during which life was not more likely to remain than death to succeed—would, in all probability, cause infinite contentment to the object in whom he had invested his heart. The restoration of a great statesman, whose abilities had been rendered for a time useless by indisposition, would be hailed—by those whose inferior judgment had been in the habit of relying on him for counsel and advice—with evident joy and satisfaction. The reappearance of a near friend or relative, with whom we had been associated from childhood, would awaken in our breasts that inexpressible pleasure which so many have experienced. In fact, meeting any one who on a former occasion had produced an impression which absence for a length of time had failed to obliterate, would arouse the latent warmth of a man's nature, which the continued mingling with those of an exclusive and cold exterior too frequently renders frigid and repulsive.

Of all reappearances perhaps that of a woman who had been endowed by nature with a faultless voice, before an audience which, times gone by, she threw into the wildest enthusiasm—produces the most touching emotion. To witness the infinite variety of expression which is unconsciously employed in giving vent to the different degrees of delight which are experienced, alone conveys an idea of the extent to which the human feelings may be aroused. The heedless and dauntless manner in which ladies will force their way into an opera-house, content to arrive at the place for which they have sacrificed far more than their means would allow, minus half their dress, and with scarcely any life in their half-crushed bodies—there to stand for hours, exhausted—to get one glimpse or hear one note of the songstress at whose shrine they are sacrificing themselves.

The human voice, after having been trained to the perfection which many great artists have reached, seems to exert a most unaccountable influence over its hearers. It appears to people who do not interest themselves in these matters, or who are prevented by nature from so doing, almost fabulous how the senses of a human being can be thus surrounded, and, as it were, charmed, beyond the possessor's control. Music appeals more directly to the senses than anything, and, unlike other branches of art, brings

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with it less delusion. As Goethe says, "The worth of art is most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted: it is wholly form and power." Thus do we account for the extraordinary sensation caused by the reappearance of a vocalist, who, by her wonderful talent, penetrates to the innermost soul, and for the time charms away from her hearers the control of their emotions, till they burst forth in the most frantic applause. Some are to be found bathed in tears, others as if insane, so irresistible is the impulse which in many cases a sense of propriety would curb, but an unconsciousness of the position renders useless.

The reappearance of musical stars, whether vocal or instrumental, is allowed, only under certain conditions, without leaving an ineffaceable stigma on their career. An artist quitting the concert-room or stage with an unrevealed determination again to present him or herself for public favour, ought to be posted up in all operatic cities, like an offending mole, or a betting man, who does not keep his engagements, as a warning to all new comers against similar deception.

Take, for instance, the most memorable instance of this kind of thing on record — that of Mad. ——. No artist who has trod the English boards has received so much indulgence as this lady; and pray, has she deserved it? If you pay to see and hear the last of an artist, who by her great talent and dramatic power has risen to the highest point in the public favour, can any man assert that he is not sold? He has not had his money's worth! He finds, on examining her wares, that they are spurious! She has cheated him!—she is going to sing again!—he cannot now say that he heard her the *last time*. She has broken faith! and sinks in the public estimation in proportion. If —— could hear the opinion of some of her ardent admirers, who once little short of worshipped her, for her voice and splendid acting, she would doubtless give a trifle to be reinstated. Although hidden from the public gaze, the reflection can never cease to gall her, that she put to sea in a craft that served her well, and bore her through many an angry surge that tossed those struggling with her into cold oblivion—and how she abused it. She tried it too often. Your readers may call to mind that melancholy affair at Madrid. It is a lesson which rising artists should commit well to memory. Fortunately these cases are few and far between, as it is difficult to imagine even a woman, endowed with the genius which made —— so famous in her impersonation of Norma, finishing her brilliant career of over twenty-seven years by making such a "noodle" of herself. By such performances art is degraded. To see a girl's young and slender form, which once roused an audience to stultified enthusiasm, driven to death, till the haggard and worn aspect of the stage-underling is indelibly fixed on those once beautiful features—when she still attempts to call forth, from that gradually withering organ, those charming cadenzas which in bygone times brought her such rapturous applause—we can no more spare her. She is altogether blinded by her previous successes, and if she gets "more kicks than halfpence," at the termination of her career, she must blame no one but herself. She is, at this moment, dragging herself through the provinces to bid adieu to the English peasantry. Does she feel such a maternal interest in her old friends as all that; or is it only an indirect way of putting her hand into England's well-lined pocket? Surely she has had enough lucre showered on her, and enough applause.

In addressing a letter to her English patrons, she says "she has determined to bring her career to a close;" she should have said, "*again* determined." Further on she says, "In doing so I believe I am acting consistently." To be *continually* taking farewells is certainly consistent. She commences a system of deception, and consistently sticks to it. Since she first set foot on the stage she has performed some 900 times in London alone, spread over about twenty-seven operatic seasons. Such exertions in so noble a cause are worthy of a more artistic close. With an unpardonable thirst for notoriety she still pursues the course she has been advised to relinquish with honour. She declines, and prefers to remain croaking under the shadow of her old glory.

The reappearance of Madame ————, which took place on Tuesday, the 23rd of October, was occasioned by a different motive from those which on all occasions influenced Madame ———, although we may still condemn this style of thing, under whatever circumstances, judgment should be passed somewhat less harshly when an artist of the great repute of ———— comes forward by the desire of her friends, and a wish on her own part, to assist a charity. We cannot of course suppose that this lady reappears with the view of covering herself with fresh glory: this is simply an absurdity. In the first place, no one of any sense supposes she can sing as well as she did; and in the second place, if she could, it would not be thought so much of now as it was then. We cannot of course suppose that either Mr. ———— or his wife performed with the view of being remunerated, but we may have a strong idea that that gentleman does not see the peculiar advantage of doing the kind of thing for nothing. However, it is all over now, and we hope the "Charit" may rejoice over the result. Artists of any description certainly have a right to act as they please; but the system is radically wrong: they shut out rising "stars" from the hemisphere. They have had *their* day, and should retire, contented with what they have earned. If they, or their husbands, spend too rapidly, that is their affair; they have no business to come on again, whether to say farewell or not. Macready would not sully his name by such a thing; he had *his* day, and retired honourably, making room for those who had a prestige to establish. It is to be hoped that the British public may see, before long, the folly of encouraging this sort of thing. It damps the ardour of the rising generation to see those who have been looked upon as "shelved," coming back and snatching at the laurels preparing for those of the present day who may legitimately hope to win them.

A. C.

[Is not "A. C." a wag?—Ed.]

THE great success of the new entertainment now being given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews at the Boudoir Theatre in the Old Opera House, demonstrates that the field of speculation in that direction has not been entirely occupied, and that the means of amusing in monologue and dualogue has not been altogether exhausted. Since the days of the elder Charles Mathews, by whom that species of recreation had been invented, and indeed perfected at the commencement, the world has been overrun with single and double-handed entertainments, performed by actors who thought themselves overlooked on the stage; by vocalists who preferred concentrating all applause to themselves, instead of sharing it with their fellows; by literary men of fame and no fame; even by men of no calling, except that which invited them to exhibit themselves in public. The "At Home" of the elder Charles Mathews was of that kind literally to deter others from undertaking anything similar.

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Not only was he himself one of the greatest comedians of the day in an age of giants, but he was a profound humourist, and a scholar to boot, and as an anecdotist transcended even Percy wrapped up in twenty volumes. From such powers and such talents we can readily understand that few would have the courage to follow in so brilliant a wake; and consequently we find that the "At Homes" which succeeded the famous entertainment of Mathews—as we may suppose that fools will always rush in where competition shows its head—were utterly disregarded, or, at all events, left no trace behind them. Yates, we believe, did furnish some "Comic Evenings," which had many admirers in their day; but Yates and Mathews were contemporaries, and may be said to have rowed in the same boat. From Charles Mathews to Albert Smith—unless we make an exception in favour of the tenor singer, Wilson, with his popular "Nichts wi' Burns"—we remember no single entertainer working out a special reputation. Albert Smith supplied by variety what he wanted in interest. Half the globe was ransacked bodily to create surprise, and nature, part burlesqued, and part daguerreotyped, was made to sit smirking before simpering misses and hirsute "gents," to conciliate their insipidities. This was indeed the necessity of the times, rather than the bias of the entertainer. The elder Mathews, having to address himself to simpler tastes and keener understandings, spoke plainer, and had recourse to fewer themes. His audiences brought with them a finer relish for humour borrowed from theatrical representations. The entertainments of the present day, in short, are distinct exhibitions, which our forefathers would have hardly encouraged, probably not understood. It is, however, the test of an artist's power to please the living in all works except those which soar into the empyrean, and Albert Smith and Mr. Woodin are no more to be censured for conforming themselves to the puny requirements of the moderns, than Charles Mathews was for falling in with the better qualities and understandings of his audiences. That neither Albert Smith nor Mr. Woodin would have succeeded where Charles Mathews won renown, we believe; but this would arise as much from the difference of taste in the times, as from the difference of talent in the individuals.

Some persons, we dare say, who go to see "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews at Home," in the Haymarket, may come away disappointed, because their expectations will have been founded on what they had formerly witnessed at the Egyptian Hall, the Gallery of Illustrations the Polygraphic Hall, and various other places. Mr. Charles Mathews, the renowned son of a renowned father, goes far beyond all modern lecturers in the aim and purport of his discourse; and, as he has constituted truth the basis of everything, renders it more interesting, and endows it with greater vitality. It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that the element of fun is wanting in the new "At Home." On the contrary, it abounds, and is of the best kind. Exaggeration and caricature are to a great extent eschewed, but their places are well supplied by real mirth and exuberant vivacity. There is, besides, sufficient variety to satisfy all except those who have a mania for novelty, and to whom nothing is commendable unless the fleeting and the changing.

In his new entertainment, Mr. Charles Mathews tells the history of his life *ab ovo*. "Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice" is his motto, which he carries out to the letter. Never did autobiographer make a cleaner breast; never did narrator more entirely sink all considerations of personal vanity in his story; never was man confronted before a jury more determined to abide by a plain unvarnished tale! Indeed the world may be said now for the first time to have obtained a true estimate of the character of Mr. Charles Mathews. The story told nightly in the Haymarket leaves it impossible to doubt any longer. The hero has been for half his life the victim of untoward circumstances, imprudent indeed and improvident, as he does not shrink from acknowledging, but upright in all things, exerting himself under every difficulty, never depressed, ever gay, always tempting fortune with a smile, buoyant with every change, hopeful in the thickest gloom, and exhibiting himself under every aspect, in all tides and tempests, the Gentleman and the Man. Is not this history, apart from its amusement, worth knowing, worth studying? Is there not an exquisite moral, if we would only chew upon it, attached to this eternal acting of Atlas with the world on his shoulders? Is not this never-ceasing toil of brain and body the true type of Sisyphus rolling back the ever-returning stone? Is not the entertainment calculated to teach endurance as well as exhibit the realities of life, to make us better and wiser men by instructing us what we are to expect and who we are to trust? A good book indeed may be read by hearing Mr. Charles Mathews narrate his autobiography.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The rooms of this society, at 9 Conduit-street, were on Thursday evening filled with a company of ladies and gentlemen, met to inaugurate the opening of the fourth session, and also to hear a lecture on "Art Education," by Mr. James Dafforne. The prospects of such an institution as the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts must be a subject of interest, not only to artists, but to all persons of cultivated ideas, especially on the eve of an international competition in various industrial works which involve artistic consideration. We are, therefore, gratified to learn that those prospects are most satisfactory, the number of members having considerably increased since this time last year. In the course of lectures commenced last evening matters relating to all the arts, including music and the drama, will be treated by Dr. Chr. Dresser, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone, Mr. H. Ottley, Mr. A. Gilbert, Mr. J. A. Heraud, Dr. Jas. Peck, Mr. G. Montague Davis, B.A., the Rev. Hugh Hutton, and other gentlemen. It is also the intention of the council, in addition to the ordinary conversazioni, to give a special entertainment in honour of distinguished Continental artists who will visit this country in connection with the International Exhibition. Mr. Dafforne's lecture set forth the want of art-education in this country. He argued against the absurdity of neglecting to teach a child to draw, because it might not have exhibited a special taste for art—a reason which would never be admitted as against any other branch of education. The lecture was followed by an interesting discussion. The subject of next week's address will be "Decorative Art," and the lecturer will be Dr. Dresser.

BAYSWATER ATHENÆUM.—On Wednesday evening a lecture was delivered by Mr. Henry Ottley, at this institution, "On a new version of *Othello*, from a French point of view." A numerous audience was attracted, including many literary gentlemen. Mr. Ottley entered into a minute and critical examination of Mr. Fechter's personation of Othello, in the course of which he strongly condemned the wholesale omissions and mutilations of the text, and the extraordinary stage business which characterised the representation. The lecture was listened to with marked interest and attention, and elicited warm demonstrations of approval at the close. We understand that Mr. Ottley intends repeating the lecture in the course of the next few weeks in various institutions in and around the metropolis.

NEW PRINTING MACHINE.—A machine for printing music, and ensuring the constant repetition of the tones produced, is now on exhibition at Florence. It is said to have been invented at Padua, and executed for the Marchesa Barbo, to be affixed to one of Erard's grand pianos. Its construction is not made public, but it is said to be apparently simple and easy of application.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The promised Mozart-selection was given on Monday night, and how great was its attraction may be gathered from the fact that the shilling places were occupied by upwards of 1,000 persons, while the stalls and "reserved seats" were crowded. The programme was one of the richest that could be devised. It began with the string quartet in C major, the last of the famous set dedicated to Haydn, a passage in the opening *adagio* of which elicited from the celebrated Italian composer, Sarti, the oft-quoted interrogatory,—"*Si puo fur di più per stonare gli professori?*" Long after the death of Sarti, however, Beethoven, in his quartets, showed that even more daring harmony might be used by a real inventor, without the slightest danger of putting the performers "out of tune." The quartet of Mozart, a masterpiece in every sense, was played to perfection by M. Vieuxtemps and his associates—MM. Ries, Webb, and Paque. The first part terminated with the solo sonata in D major (1798)—"No. 108" in the "Thematic catalogue," of works written between February, 1784, and November, 1791 (the year of Mozart's death), which the author of *Don Giovanni* has left in his own handwriting, and which reveals a fertility almost unparalleled in art production. This was simply, naturally, and irreproachably rendered by M. Hallé, who was none the less in his element, and none the less at his ease for having the printed music before him. Like the quartet, the sonata was applauded whenever a pause in the performance allowed of the audience giving expression to their delight, and the great German pianist was recalled to the platform at the end of the "finale." The next instrumental piece—that which ushered in the second part of the concert—was the justly-renowned quintet in A, for clarinet (principal) and quartet of string instruments (1787), a work over the composition of which the Genius of Melody would seem continually to have presided. The performers were the same as before-mentioned, with the addition of Mr. Lazarus. The execution of the quintet was in all respects first-rate, as might have been guessed from the names of the executants; but what chiefly demands acknowledgment, and is, indeed, the principal reason on the present occasion for noticing the second of the Monday Popular Concerts, was the performance of Mr. Lazarus, not only the ablest professor of the clarinet this country can boast, but possibly the best to be found in Europe. Avoiding details, we may single out the second movement ("*larghetto*") of the quintet for special praise. In this a lengthened and exquisitely wrought-out melody is allotted to the clarinet, which—though here and there interspersed with graceful phrases in "dialogue" for the first fiddle (M. Vieuxtemps, of course)—makes of that beautiful instrument, as it were, the "familiar spirit" of the movement. It has been urged by competent authorities that no musical instrument so nearly approaches the human voice in wealth and purity of tone as the clarinet, and certainly Mr. Lazarus, by his use of it would lead any poetical theorist to become obstinately prejudiced on that point. His phrasing is as refined as that of any singer, his tone as satisfactory as it is artfully graduated, his mechanism beyond the reach of criticism; while the extensive compass of the instrument enables him to exhibit such variety as would appear to comprehend all the registers and qualities that endow contraltos and tenors, barytones and basses with their distinctive appellations—the only "timbre" denied it being that of the soprano, which essentially belongs, in one sense, to the flute, and in another to the oboe. A more faultless performance than this slow movement was never listened to; but in awarding to Mr. Lazarus the praise which is his fair prerogative, we must add, that M. Vieuxtemps, as "first fiddle," was, without hyperbole, "a Juliet to his Romeo;" and that the subordinate parts, for second violin, viola, and violoncello, were rendered by Herr Ries, Mr. Webb and M. Paque with a softness and delicacy that brought out the melody of the most conspicuous instruments so prominently, and at the same time so unobtrusively, as may be said to have realised the *beau idéal* of accompaniment. The restoration of the "mutes" (Mozart has written "*con sordini*" in his score) to the "strings"—the omission of which was reprehended, on the occasion of the first performance of this quintet at the Monday Popular Concerts—was an immense advantage to the light and shade ("*chiar 'oscuro*," as musicians prefer to term it), and indeed to the general sentiment and expression of the *larghetto* which was listened to with breathless attention and encored with rapture. The last instrumental work was the genial and vigorous sonata in D major (No. 10), for piano and violin, superbly played by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps—a composition which, though not in the "Thematic Catalogue," triumphantly proves (in the last movement especially) that Mozart could compose just as finely before 1784 as after it. The attention with which this was heard, from first to last, may in some measure be attributed to a notice now added to the premonitory paragraph alluded to in our report of a recent concert:—

"Between the last vocal piece and the sonata for pianoforte and violin an interval of five minutes will be allowed."

This afforded ample time for those who were compelled to leave early, and permitted the large majority (who happily had more leisure at command) to enjoy the performance of the entire sonata without disturbance.

Nothing could be better in its way than the vocal music. Mr. Winn, who had already so favourably impressed the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts, confirmed the good opinion he had elicited by his unaffected and sensible reading of a spirited and capital air from Handel's *Scipione*—No. 16 of the Italian operas composed by the immortal author of *The Messiah*; and also in Mr. Loder's thoroughly English ballad "The Three Ages of Love," which he repeated by desire. Mlle. Florence Lancia, on the other hand, changed (wisely we think) both her songs. Her first was now a graceful and genuine ballad by Mr. Frank Mori "Where art thou wandering, little child?" her second Spohr's delicious canzonet "The Bird and the Maiden," clarionet, "*obbligato*," Mr. Lazarus, both of which she gave with an artistic feeling and a perfection of style that enchanted all her hearers and obtained for her the honour of a "recall." Mr. Benedict presided with his accustomed talent as accompanist at the pianoforte.

For the next concert, among other interesting things, the whole of Beethoven's celebrated *Septet* for wind and string instruments is announced, together with a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven and a quartet of Haydn, both for the first time. The plan now adopted of having two new pieces (that is, pieces hitherto unheard at the Monday Popular Concerts) in every programme, cannot fail to meet with unanimous approval.

Provincial.

From our Belfast correspondent we learn the following particulars:—

"The Classical Harmonists opened their eleventh season with a miscellaneous concert, on the 21st, for which they had secured the services of Ole Bull and party. The hall was crowded in every part, and the concert was very successful. M. Ole Bull's reception was most enthusiastic, and his magnificent playing was fully appreciated. The other instrumentalist of the party was M. Emile Berger, who played his own effective piece, 'Les Echos de Londres,' in excellent style. Miss Anna Whitty was the prima donna, and her rendering of 'Non più Mesta' at once placed her on a good footing with the audience; this, as well as her succeeding song, 'Somebody's waiting,' being encored. Mrs. Tennant's contributions were, 'Voi che sapeti,' and 'Within a mile of Edinbro' town.' The latter was sung so archly, that it drew down one of the heartiest encores of the night. Mr. Tennant is a favourite here, and the way in which all his songs were received, must have been very gratifying to him. Mr. Wallace's 'Annie, dear, good-bye,' was encored vociferously. Herr Formes was in splendid voice, and sang 'In diesen heiligen Hallen' with surprising grandeur and power; and his own song, 'In sheltered vale,' most charmingly. The Society performed Mr. Henry Leslie's arrangement of 'Rule Britannia,' 'Down in a flowery vale,' and Mr. Benedict's 'Blessed be the home,' all of which were, of course, unaccompanied. On the following night, the Society gave another concert 'for the People,' with the same artists, when the hall was again pretty full. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Society for their earnest endeavours to popularise music, by giving first-class concerts at one shilling. To this Society is mainly attributable the erection of one of the finest halls in the kingdom—the Ulster Hall—and that upon it should devolve the inauguration, is, therefore, but fair and honourable to all concerned. The exact

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date of opening is not yet settled, but we believe it will be about the middle of January. Mr. George B. Allen is to conduct the festival. The Ole Bull party gave concerts in Dublin at the Rotundo (with great success), Enniskillen, Sligo, and Londonderry during the week, with Mr. Allen as their conductor."

The Cork Amateur Harmonic Society made a good display, if it did not provide a first-rate entertainment, in its opening concert of the fourth season, given at the Protestant Hall on the 21st instant. The *Daily Reporter* thus notices the performance:—

"The musical taste of our local public has rightly appreciated the first effort for the season of the amateurs, and welcomed their appearance with the approbation which they deserved. There was a very large orchestra comprising about fifty in number, assisted by the band of the 12th Regiment, and twelve lads belonging to the choir of the cathedral. The programme might have contained better selections, but too much cannot be expected from amateurs who have but inaugurated their fourth season. The concert opened with an overture by Mehul entitled *Les deux aveugles*, and was rendered in full chorus,* which produced a grand and powerful outpouring of harmonious melody, and its dying cadence at the close elicited a triumphant echo of applause. 'The Evening Star,' by Martin, followed, accompanied by the pianoforte, the violin, &c., and a few other instruments. Mr. Wm. Harvey, who displayed his vocal powers to their best advantage in Balfe's 'Fresh as a Rose,' won an encore. The glee of 'Chough and Crow,' from "*Guy Mannering*," was effective, as a trio, sung by Messrs. Harvey, Creighton and Hall, with orchestral accompaniment. The war song 'Banners waving,' by Werner, which Mr. Hackett sung in a masterly and correct style, was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Lambert deserves to be noticed for the song *Vieni la mia Vendetta*, the execution of which was most difficult. The concert was appropriately brought to a finale by the whole orchestra performing 'God Save the Queen.' The amateurs are deserving of patronage, and we need only wish that their success during the season may be as brilliant and encouraging as it was last night."

[*Does our contemporary mean in reality that the overture was sung by the chorus?—ED.]

An account of the second Philharmonic Concert, at Shrewsbury, is supplied from *Eddowes's Shrewsbury Journal*:—

"On Monday night the second of the series was given, and we had three notabilities in the musical world, Niss Anna Whitty, Herr Formes, and M. Ole Bull; also two other very good singers, and Mrs. Tennant, and the clever pianist, M. Emile Berger. The first-named lady is a sort of novelty, having been heard but very little on this side of the Channel. Her singing of 'Non piu mesta' showed the compass of her voice, and her controul over it; she also gave Mr. Walter Hay's 'Mignon's song,' from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. As a legitimate *basso*, Herr Formes is, to our thinking, unapproachable. The delicate strains of Ole Bull's violin were charming as ever. For the production of a clear, pure tone he is almost unequalled, and his feats of dexterity are nearly marvellous. Mr. and Mrs. Tennant sang in a very pleasing style; the pianoforte solos were artistically played by M. Emile Berger; and we think the most fastidious must have been greatly pleased with the concert."

The performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hallé is thus enlarged upon in the *Manchester Guardian* of November the 22nd.:—

"No wonder that a German musician like Mr. Hallé should desire to have the music of *Der Freischütz* worthily performed, which in any theatre, except the large metropolitan ones, is next to impossible. In provincial theatres the thing becomes a burlesque. Two or three mediocre principals, a chorus of ten or a dozen, and a band inadequate to produce the special effects designed by the composer, must fail in giving a proper conception of the opera. On the other hand, omission of the dramatic element of any opera, thus reducing it to a "recital," must have a damaging effect, and especially so in a work like *Der Freischütz* which is essentially melo-dramatic, and in which spoken dialogue takes the place of the recitative of grand opera. It will be observed from the following 'cast' that special care had been taken to secure efficient principals:—

"Agatha (Agnes), Mlle. Parepa; Annette (Ann), Mad. Rudersdorff; Bridesmaid, Mlle. Corelli; Max (Rodolph), Mr. Wilbye Cooper; Caspar, Mr. Weiss; Ottakar, Mr. Montem Smith; Kuno and Killian, Mr. Allan Irving.

"Mr. Hallé's choir, numbering 180 to 200, represented the chorus making, with the band, a total strength of something like 250. Such a performance of Weber's great work has rarely been given in England, certainly not in Manchester. Mlle. Parepa sung the music of Agnes admirably. Nothing was wanting, power, delicacy, and expression being always at command. The grand scena, and the less familiar but beautiful air, 'Though clouds by tempests,' were models of vocal art. Mad. Rudersdorff was perfectly at home in the music of Ann, and was in no wise inferior to Agnes. The charming duet in the second act, 'There rogue,' by both ladies, and the trio with Rodolph, were in every respect equal in point of excellence. Mr. Cooper has scarcely energy enough for the music of Rodolph. In the expression of the gentler emotions, as 'Through the forests,' he was highly satisfactory. The music allotted to Caspar, was well rendered by Mr. Weiss; the bacchanalian song and the revenge air being both most effectively given. The chorus acquitted themselves satisfactorily. We could have wished the laughing chorus given with a little more hilarity. The hunter's chorus was enthusiastically encored. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the band for the manner in which they gave the picturesque accompaniments."

From the same journal of a more recent date we make extracts of a lengthy article on Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt's Concert, which also took place at the Free-trade Hall.

"Many are asking why is Mad. Goldschmidt again exchanging a happy retirement for golden showers, or the bubble of applause? The question may be considered pertinent or impertinent, according to the spirit of its conception; suffice it she is here, and again exerting those powers which, of old, gained her a position she seems, to a large extent, still enabled to maintain. In the midst of her fame Mlle. Lind becomes Mad. Goldschmidt, and we are taught to wait patiently, and be thankful for these occasional visits, 'few and far between,' with which she vouchsafes to favour us. On the present occasion Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti complete the vocal trio; whilst amongst the solo instrumentalists are Mr. Henry Blagrove, Signor Piatti, Mr. Goldschmidt, and Mr. Hallé. Last night Haydn's *Creation* was selected—one of the oratorios in which, as Jenny Lind, she sang in the old Free-trade Hall in 1849. Perhaps this is a class of music more happily adapted to the particular gifts of Mad. Goldschmidt, whether we refer to quality of voice or artistic feeling. She seems to be thoroughly impressed with the grace of its melody; whilst, among other powers, there is a certain amount of the imitative faculty, of which she successfully avails herself, an experiment which some of the strictly legitimate school might condemn, but which we, of the heterodox party, accept as perfectly in keeping with art. The upper notes fall upon the ear with much of the silvery quality as of old, and there is, to a considerable extent, the same sustaining power as would be noticeable to many in the air 'With verdure clad,' into which she threw her acknowledged genius, and a fancy always in good taste. The same may be said of the great song 'On mighty pens,' to the interpretation of which she has always brought a reading peculiarly her own, and that, strange to say, no singer has attempted to imitate. This fairly drew forth the enthusiasm of the people, an attempt at an encore being, however, suppressed. The first song given by Mad. Goldschmidt, 'The marvellous work,' indicated, more forcibly than any other effort during the evening, the blemish to which we have ventured to allude, and as the voice warmed into the music—if such an expression may be permitted—there was a decided approach to the fine quality of past years—always so telling in concerted music—and this, again, was crowned by depth of expression which, in our estimate, makes up at all times for a multitude of defects. Signor Belletti sang with considerable judgment, and with that purity of voice and correctness of intonation for which he is noted. Of Mr. Reeves we have little to say that has not been said in our columns for many years past whenever occasion called his singing into question. His declamation of the recitative, 'In splendour bright,' was true to his dramatic instinct, whilst his energy and refinement—so rarely combined by our modern vocalists in general—fully sustained a great and well-deserved reputation. The band and chorus did all honour to the composer, and Mr. Goldschmidt conducted the oratorio in a musician-like manner, throwing into it truthfulness of character, and working out the chorusses, in more than one instance, with a spirit that showed a due appreciation of his task."

The Nottingham Chamber Concerts, we learn from our "exchanges," progress in a highly satisfactory manner. The following is from a correspondent:—

The second concert of the season (the 37th of the series), took place on the 22nd inst, when the subjoined programme was presented:—Part I. Marschner, "Quartet," for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello,

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—Messrs. White, Henry Farmer, Myers, and T. L. Selby (first time). Mendelssohn, song, "The First Violet,"—Mrs. Gadd.—Part II. Kaliwoda, "Quartet in G," for two violins, tenor, and violoncello,—Messrs. Henry Farmer, Kirkby, Myers, and T. L. Selby.—Part III. Bache, song, "Farewell,"—Mrs. Gadd. Mendlessohn, "Duo, in D," for violin and pianoforte,—Messrs. Henry Farmer and White (first time). Marschner's quartet (Op. 167 in B flat) may probably not have been intended by the composer for the concert room. It is rich in pleasing melody, without pretension, and as an opening piece well suited to fix the attention of an audience. It was well associated with Kalliwoda's quartet in G, and Mendlessohn's "Sonato," Duo in D (Ferdinand David's arrangement for violin instead of violoncello). The pieces were all exceedingly well performed, and elicited the warmest acknowledgments from the audience. Mrs. Gadd, who kindly lent her services, sang with good taste, and that purity and correctness for which she is so justly admired. These entertainments might be denominated "The Nottingham Monday Popular Concerts,"—only that they take place on Fridays.

A NEW INCIDENT IN "NORMA."—Fechter, it would appear, is not alone in his novel stage renderings. Last night a most humorous, though in a sense disagreeable, incident occurred in the Queen's Theatre, in the opera of *Norma*. In the ninth scene of the second act, where "Norma" reproaches "Pollio" for his infidelity, and where the latter rushes after the former towards the gong, Mlle. Titiens, in her impatience to strike the "sacred bronze," that "a new victim" might be revealed to the assembled Druids, Bards, and Warriors, by some mischance brought the mallet in contact with the nasal organ of Signor Giuglini, as "Pollio," and made a bleeding victim of him on the spot. The accident was not observed till a minute or two afterwards, when the signor, from loss of blood, had to retire. The fair cantatrice, evidently much disconcerted, could not proceed, and the curtain suddenly dropped, greatly to the astonishment of the audience, few of whom had noticed the occurrence. Mr. Wyndham immediately appeared, and explained that a slight accident had occurred to Signor Giuglini; and in a few minutes the signor presented himself again, and, with the blushing priestess, brought the opera to a brilliant close.—*Caledonain Mercury.*

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VOL. 39—No. 49 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

NOTICE.

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MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, December 11, 1861. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists: Mlle. Parepa (her first appearance in Croydon), Miss Eyles, and Mr. Vernon Rigby.

Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mr. George Russell; Violin, Herr Pollitzer; Flute, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten; Violoncello, M. Paque. Conductor, Mr. J. G. Callcott.

Part I.—Grand trio in C minor (Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello), Mr. George Russell, Herr Pollitzer, and M. Paque (Paque). Scena, "Fra Poco" (*Lucia*), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Donizetti). Aria, "L'Addio," Miss Eyles (Mozart). Solos (Pianoforte), "Reverie" (Stephen Heller), Grande Valse in A flat (Chopin), Mr. George Russell. Scena, "Ernani, Ernani," Mlle. Parepa (Verdi). Fantasia (Flute), *Marie Stuart*, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten (R. S. Pratten). Ballad, "Barbara Allen," Miss Eyles (Traditional). Duo, "Tornami a dir" (*Don Pasquale*), Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Vernon Rigby (Donizetti). Solo (Violin), "Fantaisie sur *Lucia*," Herr Pollitzer (Pollitzer).

Part II.—Trio in D major, No. 2 (Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, by desire), Mr. George Russell, Herr Pollitzer, and M. Paque (George Russell). Song (MS.), "The Swan's Melody," Mlle. Parepa (George Russell). Fantaisie (Violoncello) sur *Il Trovatore*, M. Paque (Paque). Song, "My own, my guiding star," Mr. Vernon Rigby (Macfarren). Fantasia (Flute) on English airs, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten (R. S. Pratten). Song, "Cradle Song," Miss Eyles (W. Vincent Wallace). Valse, "Il Bacio," Mlle. Parepa (Arditi). Solo (Pianoforte), "Illustrations du *Prophète*," Mr. George Russell (Liszt).

The Pianoforte by Broadwood and Sons.

Prices of Admission.—Reserved Seats (including the Front Row in the Gallery) 5s.; Family Tickets (to admit five) £1 1s.; Unreserved Seats in the Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats in the Body of the Hall, 1s.

Tickets and programmes to be obtained of Mr. Thomas Weller, Watchmaker and Musicseller, 2 High Street, Croydon, where a plan of the hall may be seen, and places secured.

ST. JAMES's HALL.—A GRAND PERFORMANCE of HANDEL's ORATORIO the MESSIAH will take place on Tuesday evening, December 10, under the direction of Dr. WYLDE. Full orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Vocalists, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Emily Spiller, Mrs. Merest (late Maria B. Hawes), Mr. George Perren, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Organ, Mr. George Lake.

Tickets at popular prices. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 1s.; at Mr. Austin's ticket office, St. James's Hall; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; and at the principal music-sellers'.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE SISTERS MARCHISIO. January 2nd, 1862.—Mr. LAND begs to announce a GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Thursday Evening, January 2nd, when the celebrated Vocalists Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio (Soprano) and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio (Contralto), from the Grand Opera, Paris, and the principal Continental Theatres, will have the honour of making their first appearance in this country.—Further particulars will be duly announced, and to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Wood's, 201 Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; and at Mr. Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street.

The provincial tour with the Sisters Marchisio will commence on January 6th.

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MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK will give a Recital of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music, at the West London College, 72 Queen's Road, Bayswater, on Tuesday, December 10, 1861, at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists—Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Billing.

The Programme will include Compositions by J. S. Bach, Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, Benedict, Chopin, Howard Glover, Henselt, Hummel, Mendelssohn, and some new Compositions by Mr. Scotson Clark.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK will play "The Baby's Song," composed for the pianoforte by Howard Glover, at his Pianoforte Recital at the West London College, on Tuesday next.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will play, among other pieces, his Romance "Ethel," and a capriccio by Handel, written for the Princess Amelia.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Balfe's celebrated Song "The Banner of St. George" (Defence and not Defiance), at Willis's Rooms, Dec. 14.

MLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing Frank Mori's new Song, "A thousand miles from thee," at the Beaumont Institution and at Willis's Rooms, on the 9th and 10th, and at Romford on the 19th December.

RANDEGGER'S NEW TRIO, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), Will be sung on the 10th at Islington by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Morgan, and Signor Ciabatta; and on the 14th December, at Willis's Rooms, by Mlle. Parepa, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Thomas.

MAD. RUDERSDORFF will sing Frank Mori's Ballad, "Mary the Sempstress," and Randegger's New Trio, "I Naviganti" (The Mariners), at Liverpool the 7th, and Islington the 10th December.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in town. All communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to him, Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, Brompton, S. W.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that the THIRD of a SERIES of SIX SOIREES MUSICALES, for the practice of vocal concerted music, sacred and secular, will take place at her residence, 50 Bedford Square, on Thursday, Dec. 19th.

Terms at Cramer's, Regent Street; Leader's, Bond Street; and of Mrs. Andrews.

MR. SWIFT begs to announce that his tour with Mad. Grisi being finished he is at liberty to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, &c., excepting on the 23rd and 25th of December, when he will appear at Clifton in a grand concert, and at Manchester in the "Messiah."

Applications to be addressed H. Jarrett, Esq., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing Ascher's new Song, "Alice, where art thou?" at Bamfield House, Fulham, on the 11th December.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—A Grand Performance of the MESSIAH to a Military audience on Thursday, 12th inst., at Exeter Hall,

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THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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CONTENTS.

ACT I.

No.			VOICE.	s.	d.
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3.	Duet,	"I would ask a question" (Comic)	S. B.	4	0
4.	Song,	"My own sweet child."	B.	2	6
5.	Aria,	"What glorious news" (Comic)	B.	3	0
6.	Recit. & Chorus, with Solos,	"Let us haste."	Soprani.	3	0
7.	Solo & Chorus,	"By earth and air."	Male Voices.	3	0
8.	Concerted Piece,	"What do we see?"		8	0
8A.	Duet,	"Oh, father, pity!"	S. B.	3	0
8B.	Duet,	"Oh, reflect ere you decide."	S. B.	3	0
9.	Cavatina,	"Pretty, lowly, modest flower."	S.	2	6
10.	Finale, Act I.			6	0
10½.*	Ballad,	"Bliss for ever past."	S. or B.	2	6

ACT II.

11.	Recit. & Romance,	"How peal on peal of thunder rolls."	B.	2	6
12.	Trio,	"By the tempest overtaken."	T. B. B.	3	0
13.	Trio,	"My welcome also to this roof."	T. B. B.	3	0
13½.	Cabaletta,	"Can it be, do I dream?"	B.	2	0
14.	Duettino,	"Let the loud timbrel" (Unison.)	T. B.	2	0
14½.	Recitative,	"Nay, do not run away."		2	0
15.	Air,	"Though we fond men all beauties woo."	T.	2	6
16.	Duet,	"Thou weepest, gentle girl."	S. B.	5	0
17.	Drinking Song,	"Let others sing the praise of wine."	T.	3	0
18.*	Ballad,	"The Paradise of Love."	S.	2	6
19.	Finale, Act II.			9	0
19A.	Trio,	"What man worthy of the name."	S. B. B.	3	0

ACT III.

19½.	Entr' Acte			2	0
20.*	Ballad,	"Hail, gentle sleep."	T.	2	6
21.	Concerted Piece			10	0
22.	Ballad,	"A loving daughter's heart."	S.	2	6
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Ditto "The golden stars"	ditto	2	6
Ditto "Good night" (cradle song)	ditto	2	6
Ditto "Thou art so near and yet so far" ...	ditto	3	0
Herr Formes' "In sheltered vale"	Formes	3	0
Ditto "O'er the sunny sea"	Mori	2	6
Mr. Weiss, "The Knight's Vigil"	Weiss	3	0
Mr. Santley's "The Sullote War Song"	B. Richards	3	0
Mad. Sainton-Dolby's "Days that are no more"	Blumenthal	3	0
Ditto "The Lady of the Lea"	Smart	2	6
Mlle. Florence Lancia's "A thousand miles from thee" ...	Mori	2	6
Mad. Laura Baxter's "The Fairy's whisper"	Smart	2	6
Ditto "If I could change"	Balfe	2	6
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(Sung by Miss Anna Whitty, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Formes.)

The above popular songs have been sung at the Birmingham and Hereford Musical Festivals, the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, and Hanover Square Rooms, and numerous Benefit Concerts, during the season, and are now being sung by the same vocalists with immense success on their musical tours throughout the Provinces.

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"THE ECHO SONG," for Voice and Piano. Composed by JULES BENEDICT.

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EMILE BERGER'S NEW PIANO SOLO, "LES ECHOS DE LONDRES."

This new fantasia was composed expressly for M. Ole Bull, Herr Formes, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Anna Whitty's provincial tour. It has been played by Mr. Emile Berger (as well as the transcription of Ferrari's popular serenade "Vieni, Vieni") every where with the greatest success, and has invariably been encored.

"The introduction of the two popular melodies, 'Gentle Annie' and 'Dixy's Land,' was a happy idea of Mr. Berger. The audience were delighted, and the applause was so great that the talented pianist was obliged to return to the platform and repeat the fantasia, to the great delight of the audience."—*Sheffield Paper.*

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NEW VOCAL TRIO for Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor and Bass, "I NAVIGANTI" (the Mariners).

With Italian and English words. Composed by ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

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HERR REICHARDT'S NEW SONG, "ARE THEY MEANT BUT TO DECEIVE ME?"

Mazurka-Polonoise.

The Poetry adapted by JOHN OXENFORD.

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The *Times* says: "Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, whose pure, classical style and fervid expression—still remembered, in spite of two years' absence—were displayed with the utmost effect in a characteristic song from his own pen, entitled 'Are they meant but to deceive me?' which exhibited more than one touch worthy the composer of that deservedly popular romance, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

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MR. GEORGE FORBES' New Compositions for the Pianoforte—

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BLUMENTHAL'S new Compositions for the PIANOFORTE, "The days that are no more," Madame Sainton's popular song, transcribed, price 3s. "Un petit Cadeau," Bluette, 3s.

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR FERRARI begs to state that the New Edition of his Work, "The Voice and Singing" (The Formation and Cultivation of the Voice for Singing), is Published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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Reviews.

"*Two Studies for the Pianoforte*"—dedicated to G. A. Osborne—LINDSAY SLOPER, Op. 19 (Ransford and Son).

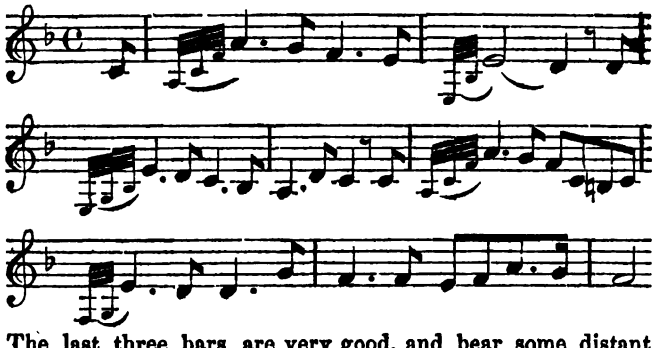
These are professedly intended as supplementary to Czerny's "*Vélocité*," and as such will be found eminently practicable (practise-able) and useful. The first is a study for "thirds," the second for "octaves." Both reveal the hand of a master. Mr. Lindsay Sloper might with advantage produce more in this way.

"*Introduction to 'the Octoroon'*"—JULES BENEDICT (Boosey and Sons).

An arrangement for pianoforte *solus* of the interesting and picturesque orchestral prelude performed nightly by the band at the Adelphi Theatre, as overture to Mr. Dion Boucicault's new drama of *The Octoroon*.

"*La Dame du Château*"—Dr. A. S. HOLLOWAY (Augener and Co).

The composer styles this little piece (in which there occurs a good deal of crossing of hands) "*Fantaisie élégante*," and on that account probably has dedicated it ("by permission") to a lady of title. The theme, upon which he has built some variations not strikingly new, is as subjoined:—



The last three bars are very good, and bear some distant resemblance to something by the French composer, *Méhul*, in his oratorio-opera of *Joseph*. None the worse for that.

"*The Murmur of the Ocean*"—waltzes—by OWEN HOPE (Boosey and Sons).

An extremely pretty, if not extremely original, set of waltzes; and, what is just as rare, extremely well written. Will that do, Mr. Hope?

"*Fleur de Seville*;" "*Sul Mare*;" "*Fête Bohémienne*;" "*Silvery Shower*"—*pour piano*—W. KUHE (Chappell and Co.)

But for the unmeaning absurdity of the titles, there would be nothing but praise for these bagatelles, which are not merely pleasing, but, for the most part, very neatly composed. They are, perhaps, somewhat too difficult for their pretensions; perhaps, however, *not*—a matter of opinion either way. We prefer "*Fleur de Seville*" (*capriee espagnole*), because, although a trifle spun out, and containing many repetitions, it really has—in the second part (pages 4, 5) especially—a touch of the Spanish character; and "*Sul Mare*" (*barcarolla*), because, with nearly equal success, it has caught the Italian—besides being decidedly the prettiest piece of the four. "*Fête Bohémienne*" (*morceau caractéristique*) may boast of a quaint and attractive little "trio:"—

And "*Silvery Shower*," or "*Silberstrahlen*" (*caprice étude*), while of a similar pattern ("arpeggios" for both hands, in alternation—the dexter thumb taking the melody) as some fifty others, is as good as five and twenty out of the fifty, and not much worse than the majority of the remaining twenty-five. The type, nevertheless, is fairly exhausted.

"*Souvenir de L'Ambiêve*"—*pour piano*—A. G. GITS (Cramer, Beale, and Wood).

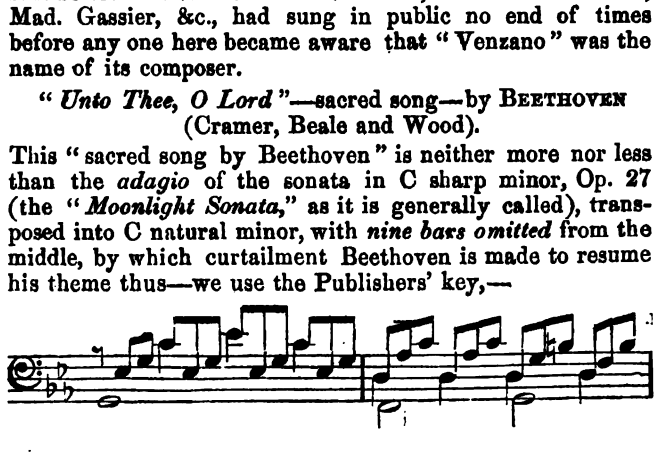
We were never at Ambiêve; but, to judge by the "*Souvenir*" of Herr Gits, it at least cannot be a very *original* place. Seriously, there is not one objection that could fairly be brought against this *valse*, except the now-a-days so very frequent one, that it does not present the shadow of a fresh thought. Brilliant it is, no doubt, and correctly written, as such things go; but why written at all—unless by reason of the necessity of every one composing who can note down what comes into his head with fluency—we are unable to guess. The best part is the trio, in A flat (page 2), where the "canto" is given to the hand sinister, while its companion and superior (novel expedient!) is diligently employed upon a "running passage."

"*Il Bacio*"—*fantaisie de salon, pour le piano*—*par* HAROLD THOMAS (Cramer, Beale and Wood).

Mons. Harold Thomas has made a dashing and effective "*valse*" ("*de salon*" of course), much in the style of the "*Souvenir*" of Herr Gits (just noticed), out of the well-worn theme of Sig. Arditi's well-sung (by Mlle. Tietjens, &c.) "Il Bacio"—a voice-waltz after the manner of the still better known "*Valse de Venzano*," which Mad. Bosio, Mad. Gassier, &c., had sung in public no end of times before any one here became aware that "Venzano" was the name of its composer.

"*Unto Thee, O Lord*"—sacred song—by BEETHOVEN (Cramer, Beale and Wood).

This "sacred song by Beethoven" is neither more nor less than the *adagio* of the sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27 (the "*Moonlight Sonata*," as it is generally called), transposed into C natural minor, with *nine bars omitted* from the middle, by which curtailment Beethoven is made to resume his theme thus—we use the Publishers' key,—



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instead of in his own manner, thus (still the Publishers' key):—

The reader may be curious to know with what words this new version of one of the most pathetic inspirations of the great master are wedded. We subjoin them *in extenso*:—

"Unto Thee, O Lord Most High, do we give thanks—
Yea, unto Thee do we give thanks, O Lord.
O! hear us, Lord!—forsake us not,
For Thou art God, and God alone.
Unto Thee, O Lord, do we give thanks,
Give thanks unto Thee.
O! hear us! have mercy!"

Here the nine bars are missing.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, and magnify Thy name,
For Thou art great, and dost wondrous wondrous things.
Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer,
For Thou art full of compassion and mercy and truth.
Unto Thee, O Lord, do we give thanks.
Forsake us not."

There is no name on the title-page, except that of "L. v. Beethoven." Perhaps———— but never mind. (It could hardly have been the late John Cramer—"Glorious John"? No, it was not "Glorious John;" that's certain.)

"*The Echoes of Killarney*"—reminiscence for the pianoforte; "*The Echo of Lucerne*"—transcribed for the pianoforte; "*What are the Wild Waves saying?*"—do. do.—by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Robert Cocks and Co.)

The last of the above has already been noticed. With the first and second Mr. Richards has been more than usually happy in the exhibition of that peculiar grace which invests his easy pieces with such a genuine charm. "*The Echo of Lucerne*" is an absolutely faultless resetting of poor Jullien's tuneful and thoroughly "Swiss" inspiration; while in the "*Echoes of Killarney*" Mr. Richards has been scarcely less successful with that beautiful Irish melody, "The Boys of Kilkenny" ("The Meeting of the Waters"), which could not have been presented, by a *bonâ fide* composer for the pianoforte, in a more modest and yet attractive dress.

DRESDEN.—The performance of Glück's *Iphigenie in Tauris* has proved so successful that the management have determined to revive *Iphigenie in Aulis* and *Alceste* as well. Mad. Marie Therese Rietz, wife of the Capellmeister, died on the 13th ult.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The celebrated German tragedian, Herr Dawison, has been engaged for one month at the Théâtre Royal. He receives 7000 silver roubles.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Hagen has just celebrated his 25th anniversary as Capellmeister. The Duke of Nassau has presented Herr Carl Formes with the medal for Arts and Sciences.

SCHWERIN.—At the pressing request of Herr von Flotow, the Intendant of the Ducal Theatre, Herr Richard Genée, of Mayence, has consented to undertake the direction of the Opera, as well as of the Subscription Concerts, during the winter season, in consequence of Herr Aloys Schmitt being so ill as to be under the necessity of retiring awhile from the exercise of his official duties. Headed by Herr von Flotow, all the male members of the operatic company lately serenaded the Grand Duke. After three cheers—Herr Steiner marking the time—had been given for his Royal Highness, the inner court yard of the palace was illuminated by Bengal lights. His Highness sent for the heads of the various departments of the theatre, and thanked them warmly for the mark of esteem they had shown him.

Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, U.S., and *not* Miss Alice P., daughter of H. P., Esq., is the lady whom the correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* regretted not to have heard in London. Miss Adelaide P. is a favourite in the American cities in such parts as Azucena, in the *Trovatore* and Madelina in *Rigoletto*, and the best new England singer of "He was despised," and songs of that class in Handel's oratorios. She was indebted in part to the generosity of Madame Goldschmidt for the pecuniary means of completing her musical education in France and Italy. I am not a critic of vocalists, and therefore it is of little importance that few songstresses give me so much pleasure as Miss Ada. Phillips.

A. W. T.

"WELL-PAID."

SIR,—Your humorous correspondent A. C., speaking, I presume, of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, says, "We may have a strong idea that that gentleman does not see the peculiar advantage of doing the kind of thing for nothing."

At two concerts recently given here by Madame —— and Mr. Hallé, the receipts are said to have been 1400*l.* plus 1600*l.* equal 3000*l.*, with two-thirds of which sum Madame was modestly contented (deducting therefrom 300*l.* for her London assistants). This may give A. C. an idea "whether, &c."

TANNHAUSER.

Manchester, Dec. 3.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A second chamber concert by the students was given at the rooms of the institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on Wednesday evening, to which the friends and patrons of the Academy were invited. There was a large attendance—too large indeed for the meagre convenience offered by the locality—and many who could not gain admittance to the rooms were compelled to stand in the antechamber or the lobby, and hear as well as they could. The concert, a mere trial performance, was on the whole more than usually satisfactory. Beethoven's Trio in B flat, for pianoforte, clarionet, and violoncello, was played by Mr. W. S. Bambridge, Mr. A. Williams, and Mr. H. Harper. The pianist, Mr. Bambridge, does infinite credit to the teaching of his master, Mr. W. Dorrell, one of the ablest professors of the day. Kuhlau's Duet Concertante, in E minor, for the flute and piano, by Mr. T. R. Ratcliff and Mr. Bradbury Turner, was another good performance. Mr. Ratcliff has a fine tone, excellent mechanism, and is, indeed, full of promise. Mr. W. Masom's performance of Weber's well-known Polacca in E flat is also entitled to honourable mention. Mr. Masom's execution is clear, and but for a slight monotony in his style, his play would be highly commendable. We were much pleased with a duet on two pianofortes by Miss Walsh and Mr. H. R. Eyres, pupils of Herr Pauer. These young artists played together *à merveille*, and created quite a sensation. Miss Walsh, we believe, won the second medal for piano at the competitive examination last year, and at the last concert of the season proved herself no incapable composer, in a song which won unanimous applause. Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 12, for violin and pianoforte, was capitally executed by Mr. F. J. Amor and Mr. T. W. Walstein. Mr. Amor has already, on more than one occasion, had our good word for his sterling violin playing. His coadjutor also has evidently talent. A part-song, "The Traveller's Return," sung at the end of the first part, is from Mr. Walstein's pen.

The vocal music was allotted to the Misses C. Westbrook, Robertine Henderson, Ibbotson, Armytage, Flewitt, and Bramley; Messrs. Wallace Wells and Rudkin. The ladies were superior in every respect. We cannot greatly praise the selection. The "Spinning-wheel" quartet, from *Martha*, is out of place in a concert-room. The very good singing of Misses Westbrook and Bramley, and Messrs. Wallace Wells and Rudkin, however, procured it an encore. Miss Armytage displayed a fine *mezzo-soprano* in the canzonetta "Santa Lucia," which, nevertheless, found out the defects of her organ and her style. Miss Robertine Henderson is perhaps a little too ambitious to shine in the bravura line, although

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she made a famous "hit" in Adolphe Adam's "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman?" The finale to *Euryanthe* — a favourite piece at the Academy — well executed by the students, the solo parts intrusted to Misses Robertine Henderson and Ibbotson, and Messrs. Wallace Wells and Rudkin, brought a very excellent concert to an end.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE members of this great society, the foremost of its class in Europe, and therefore in the world, began their winter season on Friday night, 29th ult., with a programme of the highest attraction. Whatever the vicissitudes attending other public entertainments, the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society always seem to flourish; and, indeed, the day would be a gloomy one for art and its followers when an institution carried on with such well-directed energy, in a spirit of unselfishness probably without example, and for the promotion of such a truly noble end, should cease to prosper. Thus every lover of music—more especially of the music of Handel and that of the few masters who have striven, with a genius, a faith in the good work, and an earnestness of purpose most nearly kindred with his own, to raise the dignity of the art by devoting its exercise to the purest and loftiest ends—must have been gratified to see old Exeter Hall crowded in every part on the occasion under notice, and have heartily wished, at the same time, that the edifice itself—the only one in London fitted to receive the Sacred Harmonic Society and its patrons—could boast many more *desiderata* than it can actually lay claim to as a music hall, and as a building for the accommodation of the public.

The programme comprised the music written by Mendelssohn for Racine's religious drama of *Athalie*, and the "Dettingen 'Te Deum.'" That a piece so familiar as Handel's Anthem of Victory—his fifth and last setting of the "Te Deum Laudamus"—would be in all respects well given by a body possessed of such resources as the Sacred Harmonic Society, and with so safe and excellent a singer as Mr. Winn for the bass solos, might have been accepted beforehand as a matter of course; but the enormous advance the members of the chorus have been able to make in the more modern, difficult, and comparatively little-known work of Mendelssohn is entitled to some record in detail. The audience—evidently assembled with the conviction that a rare treat was in store—were in high spirits, applauded the principal singers, and Mr. George Vandenhoff, who was to recite the poem, as, one by one, they took their places in the orchestra, and honoured Mr. Costa, the conductor, with what is conventionally termed an "ovation." The result fully justified anticipation, for, on the whole, the music of *Athalie* has never been so finely performed on any previous occasion since its first introduction to the English public (in 1845, at the Philharmonic Concerts).

The overture—not without reason its composer's chief favourite, inasmuch as it is, at any rate, the grandest he has left—was magnificently played; although the fellowship of harps might to good purpose have been doubled, or even trebled, in number, at the last movement, where the *corale* with which the overture modestly opens is so brilliantly reproduced in another key, as a climax. The first musical scene, for chorus and solo voices (two sopranos and a contralto), which shows the "elect"—in defiance of the wrath of Jezebel's congenial daughter, who, now supreme over Israel, has reared an altar to Baal—praising and glorifying the true God at the doors of the Temple, scarcely fell short of perfection. The chorus, "Heaven and the earth display"—the broad and well-defined theme of which, by its frequent apparition, knits the whole together, and begins and terminates with equal solemnity a masterpiece of musical structure—could not have been delivered more emphatically. But perhaps the most striking display was the remarkable passage, "O Sinai," in which Mendelssohn, by the simple expedient of choral "unison," combined with orchestral accompaniments as impressive as they are original, has proved himself worthy to approach a subject no less sublime than the Divine wrath, reflected through the natural phenomena of earthquake and tempest. Choral singing more evenly balanced, firmly sustained, or strictly in tune, has rarely been heard. In the solo parts, too, Miss Louisa Pyne (first soprano), Miss Serle (second soprano), and Madame Laura Baxter (contralto), did good service, more especially in the trio, "Ye who through servile fear."

In the second musical scene, which opens with the beautiful passage, "What star in its glory upriseth," for sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, alternately in separate unisons, and then combined in one, the chorus — although their task is now more trying, because the portions assigned to them belong to a plan considerably more varied and intricate — hardly less merited unqualified approval. The passage, "Behold, Zion, behold!" was certainly taken too fast for the efficient utterance of the words; but with this objection criticism must stop. To name no other particular point, we may single out the splendid *corale* — "They, Lord, who scoff at Thee" — the enthusiastic outburst of the faithful, first given out in unison and next in full harmony, with elaborately contrived orchestral accompaniments throughout, as a thoroughly grand and impressive performance. Here the effect of the harmonised verse at the end was equivalent to that of the full unison in the opening chorus already named. The argument of the second scene begins with the homage paid by the people to young Joas (Jehoash), son of Ochozias, the object of Athalia's jealousy, and rightful heir to the throne, whom they liken to Samuel, coming forth as of old, "to comfort Israel." This gives rise to the duet, "Ever blessed child," for women's voices, with chorus — a sort of pendent to "He waited for the Lord" in the *Lobgesang*, and for melody and depth of expression ranking, like that, among the most genuine inspirations of Mendelssohn. The solo performers in this duet — Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Serle — were all that could be desired; while the *piano* singing of the chorus was beyond praise — the concluding passage, "O, how blest are they!" being breathed rather than uttered, and wholly realising the poetical idea of the composer. Madame Laura Baxter displayed equal intelligence and vocal ability in the alto solo, "Alas! that all by virtue sainted," and in "Behold, Zion, behold," although, the time of the first being taken too slow, and of the last too quick, it was not always easy for her to preserve the necessary close alliance with conductor and orchestra. In the deeply pathetic passage "The sinner's joys decay," which brings the second scene to an end — not less a wonderful example of vocal expression than a marvellous piece of orchestral colouring — it would not be fair to draw any distinction between the performance of the solo voice (Miss Louisa Pyne) and that of the chorus; both being as nearly as possible faultless.

As the interest of the story culminates, so does the expressive power and invention of the composer; and thus the third scene, which involves the most solemn and important incidents of the drama, is more striking in a proportionate degree than either of its precursors. Our task at present, however, is not to discuss the plan, or dwell upon the extraordinary merits of the illustrations to *Athalie*, which have been more than once examined at length, but to describe the effect of their most recent performance. It is enough, therefore, to remind our readers that the third scene comprises the double prophecy by Joad (Jehoida), of the destruction of the old and the appearance of a new Jerusalem (in which is typified the advent of the Messiah) — both inventions of Racine, but consistently vindicated in his preface to *Athalie* — the antagonistic dialogue between the incredulous and credulous listeners to the words of the High Priest; the exquisite hymn, "Hearts feel that love Thee," for trio of women's voices, with chorus; and other passages of the highest beauty. This very imaginative and picturesque scene was almost uniformly well done. Even the ingenious example of choral part-writing, "Lord, let us hear Thy voice," in which the people prepare themselves for the prophetic revelations of Joad — a composition rarely heard to advantage, owing to the complexity of its divisions — was rendered with a smoothness and justness of intonation that scarcely at any one moment deviated "a pin's point" from the required level. The discourse of the High Priest is recited to the accompaniment of the orchestra and here, as all must agree, Mendelssohn has achieved a more singular triumph in the way of musical word-painting than in either of the Greek dramas of Sophocles (*Antigone* and *Œdipus Coloneus*) for which, as for *Athalie*, he composed choral and incidental music at the instigation of the late King of Prussia, who caused them to be represented on the stage of the Royal Theatre at Berlin. The *corale* for the trumpet solo (one of the most striking features of the orchestral design) — strict Lutheran, and con-

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sequently appropriate in a musical embodiment of the prediction of a new and purer faith—was played to admiration by Mr. T. Harper, whose tone and phrasing, to say nothing of his executive skill, indicate an artistic refinement not to be excelled. The band did its part admirably here as elsewhere. The dialogue between the credulous and incredulous auditors of Joad—in which the plaintive cry of the non-convinced ("O Zion, thou art doomed," &c.) is allotted with fine discernment to the piercing higher tones of sopranos and altos, while the response of the faithful ("Our Zion firmly stands," &c.) acquires double force through the contrast afforded by the breadth and vigorous firmness of men's voices—although the opening chorus in the minor key, "Promised joys! menaced woes!" (where doubt is first suggested) was taken at considerably too slow a time, was otherwise irreproachable. The trio with chorus, "Hearts feel that love Thee," which brings the third scene to an end—a model of expressive melody, unaffected sentiment, and graceful combination—was so delightfully sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Serle (who has no reason to fear being overheard), and Mad. Baxter, and so delicately supported by the chorus, who in the brief unaccompanied phrase, "The calm and holy rest" (a sort of glimpse at the forthcoming "Lift thine eyes to the mountains" in *Elijah*), outdid themselves, that the audience with one voice demanded a repetition of the whole, and there was nothing left but to accede—which Mr. Costa naturally did, with the best grace imaginable.

The fourth and last musical scene—where the High Priest declares young Joaz heir to the throne of David, and the "Holy cohorts" swear to defend his right—if not quite equal in sustained interest to the third, contains, nevertheless, some very remarkable passages, which offer good scope for the performers vocal and instrumental. First, the justly celebrated March, which, though taken decidedly too slow at the commencement, was otherwise superbly executed by the band—the deliciously fresh and tuneful trio (the "moving-bass" accompaniment to which was given to perfection by the gentleman who wielded the most conspicuous trombone) being particularly happy, and, by the accelerated speed it assumed, bringing about the resumption of the principal subject of the March with twice the pomp and vigour of the outset. Then the chorus, "Depart, ye Sons of Aaron"—where the people urge the warriors to strike in honour of their legitimate king—was done to perfection, a *bonâ fide* gradual "pianissimo" (in which, by the way, not the least noticeable point was the skilful management of the supposed receding trumpet, an instrument rarely amenable where such an effect is contemplated) being obtained towards the conclusion. From this point to the climax—including even the rhythmically capricious passage, "Where are Thy blessings, O Lord?" which was taken too rapidly for the words to be clearly intelligible—and, last not least, Miss L. Pyne's noble delivery of her last important solo ("Last of a race of kings"), all, with hardly a point excepted, was as correct and grand as could be wished, the repetition, with striking and interesting modifications, of the opening chorus, "Heaven and the earth display," the recurrence of which at this place gives a satisfactory completeness to the entire work, being as solemn and edifying as at the beginning. This performance of *Athalie*, in short, has won new laurels both for the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society and their vigilant and untiring conductor. Nor must Mr. Brownsmith, who presided with his accustomed zeal at the great (too "great") organ, be passed over without honourable mention. That Mr. George Vandenhoff's well-marked, pointed, and perhaps over-dramatic declamation of the text of Mr. Bartholomew thoroughly suited the taste of the audience, was shown by reiterated plaudits.

The *Messiah* (first ante-Christmas performance) is announced for December 13. The first great choral practice of the London Contingent of the Handel Festival Choir took place last night, when *Acis and Galatea* was to be rehearsed.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

A NEW opera from the pen of Mr. Balfe has now become one of the special requirements of the musical season. The public look forward to its production with curiosity and hope, and but too frequently the fortunes of the English opera are dependent on its success. Lucky Mr Balfe! who thus interests the musical world beforehand and enchains it afterwards, and holds, it may be, the existences of hundreds suspended from the nib of his pen! The triumphant career of our English (Irish) composer has, however, been honourably and consistently achieved and sustained. The favour bestowed on the composer of the *Siege of Rochelle* some quarter of a century since has never veered about, but has rather been confirmed and augmented with each succeeding year. New candidates for operatic honours have put in their claims from time to time, with greater or less results; but after due season the old liking has returned, and the old feeling has resumed its sway. Profounder musicians may have entered the arena of competition, and more conscientious labourers in the vineyard may have presented more carefully gathered fruits; but one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and as Mr. Balfe in his compositions aims to please the million in the first place, and endeavours to charm without effort, he has always the majority with him, who, after all, are the true judges in the matter, and can alone confer immortality. It is not the musicians but the multitude who have given lasting fame to *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, *Fidelio*, *Masaniello*, *Der Freischutz*, &c. An opera not addressed to ordinary comprehensions had best not be written at all, at least as far as regards publicity. No composer, we have a shrewd suspicion, ever wrote a work for the theatre who had not the pit and galleries in view as well as the boxes and stalls. If he had not he was an inconsequential workman, who did not do justice to himself or those who employed him, and who, in fact, attempted to impose on the world. Mr. Balfe is undeniably the composer for the people. His flight, long or short, is invariably beneath the clouds. He never soars into the empyrean with the eagle, which too often implies quitting the range of vision altogether, but is content with occupying the regions where the real song-birds tune their throats, not always, be sure, perched on a thorn with the linnet, nor hid in a thicket with the blackbird and thrush, but now and then mounting with the lark, never out of sight, and always

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

This is the secret of Mr. Balfe's immense popularity. He makes himself always understood, never goes beyond his depth, writes without the fear of scholastic anathemas, and prefers simplicity to profundity and elaboration.

The new opera produced on Saturday last, under the title of the *Puritan's Daughter*, created more than usual interest, inasmuch as it was rumoured that Mr. Balfe had at last procured a librettist worthy of his talent. A new book by a rational hand for Mr. Balfe was, indeed, a godsend, and a masterpiece was anticipated—need we add, has been been realised? Now that Mr. Balfe has shown himself eager to collaborate with an experienced writer and a scholar, we may look forward even to more brilliant achievements than the *Puritan's Daughter*.

The libretto is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, a gentleman well known in literary circles for his scholastic attainments, and also as a contributor to the stage in various departments of the dramatic art. The story is ingenious and simple, and not taken from any source with which we are acquainted. The period is that of Charles II. Wolf (Mr. H. Corri), formerly colonel of Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides," and some Puritans bound in the same cause, have received information that King Charles, accompanied by a small escort, intends making a journey from London to Dover. They conspire to fall upon the escort and carry off the King. A ship is required to convey Charles abroad when taken, to obtain which Wolf promises the hand of his daughter Mary (Miss Louisa Pyne) to Seymour (Mr. St. Albyn), a buccaneer. Seymour has a lieutenant Drake (Mr. Wallworth), who, under the cloak of obedience, waits to requite his captain for having formerly carried off his betrothed. The Puritans meet in a ruined chapel attached to Middleton Hall, where Colonel Wolf resides with his daughter and Clifford (Mr. Santley), his secretary. Mary Wolf and Clifford are attached to each other. Wolf has chosen Clifford for his secretary, though a Royalist, as his father and himself were friends in boyhood. At the meeting of the conspirators there are two unsuspected listeners—Mary Wolf, who has strayed to the secret door, and Ralph (Mr. George Honey), the comic character of the piece, who, having overheard Seymour observe he would find treasure in the chapel, meaning Mary Wolf, comes in search

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of concealed gold. The Puritans having sworn their oath of vengeance, hear a noise at the door. Seymour rushes off and brings in Mary. The Roundheads are furious at being discovered, and Seymour making known to them the atttachment between Mary and Clifford, they swear that Clifford shall die unless the girl marries Seymour. Mary, to save her lover's life, consents, and takes an oath never to speak of what she has witnessed. Clifford is distracted at learning from Mary that she is about to become the wife of another. Not being able to obtain any clue to this change in her feelings, he is maddened by jealousy.

In the second act King Charles (Mr. Patey) and Rochester (Mr. W. Harrison) seek shelter from a tempest in Middelton Hall, and are received by Clifford. When Colonel Wolf comes in, he perceives, to his surprise and delight, that the King is in his power. The hall is surrounded, and all chance of escape prevented. Clifford alone has leave to quit the mansion unquestioned. The Merry Monarch, who pays court to Mary, in consequence of a wager with Rochester that he would carry her off without discovering his rank, learns from her how unjust he has been towards Clifford, whose father lost life and fortune in his cause. Stung with remorse, he promises that Clifford shall be restored to his estates, and declares himself to be the King. Mary remembers the oath of the Puritans, and determines to save the King's life. She attempts to lead him off by a secret passage, but every outlet is guarded. She conceals Charles on the approach of Clifford, and when the young cavalier is about to take leave of her for ever, the King stands before them and endeavours to reconcile matters. Clifford, at first incensed, is ultimately assured of the innocence of Mary, and determines to effect the King's escape at the risk of his own life. Charles and Clifford change cloaks and hats, and the King passes through the guards.

In the last act, on the discovery of the King's escape, Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph are about to be shot, when the Royal troops, headed by the King, break into the hall; Seymour is shot by Drake, and the Puritans are led off to meet their deserved fate. All things are satisfactorily explained, and Clifford is united to Mary.

The opera commences with an overture as remarkable for the brilliancy of the instrumentation as for the felicity of the ideas. The horn movement, above all, with which it opens, is striking and melodious. The introductory chorus, "Here's to wine!" is extremely attractive, and pleased the audience on the threshold. The overture, by the way, was loudly applauded and repeated. The comic duet, "I would ask a question," for Ralph and Jessie (Miss Susan Pyne), is written in the composer's most fluent manner, and in his peculiar humorous vein. The ballad of Wolf, "My own sweet child," is after the sentimental pattern, with a florid *cabalietta* for Mr. H. Corri. The comic song for Ralph, "What glorious news is that I've heard," is one of the most original things in the opera. The opening phrase is suggestive of one of the Irish melodies, but all the rest is as new as it is attractive. The accompaniments are racy and full of variety, and the whole song is characteristic and replete with interest. The manner in which the popular air, "The power of love," is hinted at rather than brought in at the end is exceedingly happy. The scene where the Puritans take the oath of freedom, if wanting in grandeur and elevation, is grave and solemn, and towards the conclusion is particularly impressive. In the concerted morceau after the oath there are some happy and telling bits. Mary's appeal, "Wouldst thou see me perish?" is beautifully plaintive, the oboe being employed in the accompaniment with striking effect. So also Mary's response to the oath, "I swear by all I love," in which a wonderfully fine effect is obtained by one note sustained pianissimo by the choir, while the soprano voice is singing. The ballad for Mary, "Pretty, lowly, modest flower," is one of the gems of the opera. The leading phrase is beautiful, and the florid passages at the termination brilliant and effective. The duet for Mary and Clifford, which constitutes the finale, "Yes, thou must cease to love me," has many felicitous points. The opening movement is extremely melodious, while the Italian grace and flow of the *ensemble*, "Oh! dared I speak," is not likely to escape the least observant listener. Clifford's ballad, "Oh! would that I had died ere now," which follows, created, perhaps, the greatest sensation of the evening. Although a real Balfe-sentimental tune, it is new and beautiful, and will be heard all over Europe. With infinite tact and corresponding effect, the composer has made Mary repeat the air in form of a prayer, after Clifford has sunk stupefied into a seat.

The second act commences with a recitative and air of a bold character, "How peal on peal of thunder," for Clifford. The trio for Charles, Rochester, and Clifford, "By the tempest overtaken," is characteristic of the situation. The concluding motive is very sprightly. The terzetto, "My welcome also to this roof," allotted to Charles, Rochester, and Wolf, is a genuine inspiration. It is succeeded by a vigorous strain for Wolf, "Can it be, do I dream?" which is worked into a turbulent invocation. The duet, "Let the loud timbrel and the trump," would require another Tamburini and Lablache to give it full effect. The song for Rochester, "Though we fond men all beauties woo," is gay and spirited. The long duet between the King and Mary has many points of interest, but is uselessly elongated. The gratitude of the young girl would have been better expressed in two than two-and-thirty lines. Miss Pyne, whose singing was superlative here, never proved herself a more consummate mistress of the vocal art. Rochester's bacchanalian song, "Let others sing the praise of wine," given with great animation by Mr. Harrison, was one of the hits of the performance. The air is not merely catching, but haunting; the burden is irresistibly quaint; and the very essence of comedy is attained. The ballad, "How well I recollect the night," which Mary addresses to Clifford, is original and beautiful, and is sure to win its way to the highest favour. The duet which follows wants condensation. A charming terzetto follows, "What man worthy of the name," but its effect is dissipated by the long concerted piece which follows. The quatuor, "Erelong death, perhaps, shall lay me low," is noble and brief, as it should be in the situation. The close of the second act is solemn and striking. Mary, believing Clifford to be the King, laments over his fate; Clifford, aside, calls upon Heaven to give Mary strength to endure the coming blow; while Rochester, under the influence of Bacchus, in snatches of the drinking song, celebrates the good qualities of punch. This scena is conceived and developed with the highest art and skill.

The music of the third act is hardly of equal interest with the other two. The song of Rochester, "Hail, gentle sleep," is smooth and flowing. The scene involving the treachery of Seymour, the discovery of the King's flight, the baffled rage of the Puritans, the confession of Ralph, the examination of Mary, the doom of Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph, and the distraction of Mary, although interesting from a dramatic point of view, is not well adapted for musical purposes. It is too long, and, being all of one tone of sentiment, becomes somewhat monotonous. Certain unison passages given to the conspirators have a powerful effect, and the by-scene between Wolf and Mary, where the daughter pleads to her father for Clifford, is touching and beautiful. Uproarious applause is obtained nightly by Miss Louisa Pyne, in the ballad, "My father dear, though years roll by," in which the splendid singing and unusual energy of the lady completely electrify the audience. The finale is a rondo given to the soprano, brilliant and showy, and well calculated to exhibit the perfection of Miss Louisa Pyne's mechanism.

A more triumphant success than that achieved by the *Puritan's Daughter*, we do not remember at the Royal English Opera. To this success almost every artist in the performance more or less contributes. To Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Santley, the chief honours of the execution are due. We never heard Miss Pyne sing more superbly. Mr. Balfe, indeed, seems to have written instinctively to set off her voice to the greatest advantage. Mr. Santley, too, never sang more nobly or with greater effect. Mr. Harrison was exceedingly humorous as Rochester, and makes great fun in the drinking scenes, and is altogether admirable. Mr. George Honey has an important part in Ralph, and contrives to amuse the audience with his whimsicalities. Miss Susan Pyne must be complimented for undertaking a subordinate character like that of Jessie, to which, however, she imparts, by her mirth and sprightliness, no ordinary significance.

The band, under the zealous conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon, we need not say, is thoroughly up to the mark, and the chorus are excellent.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. (Tunbridge Wells.)—All right.
NEEDLY.—Good.
BRICK.—Erewhile.
J. G.—The paper will be put in hand in the first week of the ensuing year.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE Fourth Concert of the Fourth Season (and last but one before Christmas).—Monday Evening, December 9, 1861.—The Instrumental Pieces selected from the Works of MOZART; the Vocal Pieces from those of VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) MM. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque (Mozart). Song, "Vo far guerra" (*Rinaldo*), Miss Banks (Handel). Canzonet, "Sympathy," Madame Louisa Vinning (Haydn). Sonata, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone, Miss Arabella Goddard (Mozart).

PART II.—Sonata, in B flat (written for Mlle. Strinasacchi), for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps (Mozart). New Song, "Never forget," Miss Banks (G. A. Macfarren). Song, "On music's softest pinions," Madame Louisa Vinning (Mendelssohn). Quintet, in A major, for Clarinet, Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello (repeated by unanimous desire), MM. Vieuxtemps, Lazarus, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque (Mozart).—Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the quintet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish at about a quarter after ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL and CO., 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

AMONG composers for the organ, Bach, by unanimous consent, stands the highest: and of all his many contributions to the "King of instruments," the most universally admired are his pedal fugues. J. N. Forkel*, Bach's biographer, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Charles Philip Emanuel, the "Patriarch's" second son, although a diligent seeker after Bach's MSS. does not seem to have been acquainted with more than a dozen of the pedal fugues. In alluding to the "grand preludes and fugues with *obbligato* pedal†," Forkel remarks, "the number of these cannot be ascertained; but I believe that it does not exceed a dozen; at least, with all my inquiries for many years, at the best sources, I have not been able to collect more than twelve, the themes of which I will here set down. To these I may add a very artificially composed *Passacaglia*; which, however, is rather for two clavichords and pedal than for the organ."

Subsequent explorers have been more fortunate — adding to the treasures amassed by the industry and research of Forkel almost three times as much as he himself procured — and, among other things, some of the finest of the organ pieces. Kittel, a pupil of Bach, and organist of Erfurt—who had accumulated a very extensive assortment of the unpublished works, which was unfortunately distributed after his death — owned, together with other compositions for the organ, thirteen fugues, with pedal *obbligato*, among which we find the grand fugue in G minor, without prelude. The twelve, of which Forkel has given a thematic catalogue, are in C minor, A minor, G major, E minor, B minor, C major, D minor, C major, D minor, F major, G minor (not the one so frequently performed by Mr. Best), and the prelude and fugue in E minor, known to every organist. The set of Six Preludes and Fugues (*Sechs Præludium und secks Fugen mit Pedal*), published at Vienna as far back as 1801, were most probably selected from the Forkel and Kittel MSS. How many compositions of the kind Bach really produced it is impossible to guess; but, in all probability, the best of them are printed in the most recent German editions of Griepenkerl and others.

If any proof were wanting to show that Bach was one of the greatest organ players that ever lived, these "pedal fugues" would suffice. "His great genius," observes Forkel, "which comprehended everything, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible of arts, brought organ playing to a height of excellence it had never attained before his time, and will hardly reach again." "The admirable John Sebastian Bach," says another writer*, "has at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection; and it is only to be wished that after his death it may not decline, or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who still bestow any pains upon it."

"When John Sebastian Bach," says Forkel, "seated himself at the organ, which, when there was no divine service, he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First, he used this theme for a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops, for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards, followed Psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was attained by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or, according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinkin, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebas-

* Author of the "Complete History of Music," and other works.

† Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, page 10.

* Quanz, or Quantz—a celebrated player on the flute, who added a key and other mechanical improvements to the instrument. Quanz was a friend of Handel, and, besides his musical talents, wrote several treatises, which had great reputation in their day.

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tian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection."

The foregoing is only a paragraph selected from a long and interesting account of Bach's excellent qualities as a performer on an instrument he loved as much as the clavichord itself; and for which he wrote so many masterpieces. Although the organ fugues are more than a century and a quarter old, they possess all the charm of novelty. Nothing can possibly be more unlike our mighty Handel than his no less mighty contemporary, "the giant of Thuringia." Both the material and the machinery of the two men differ essentially: there is more variety in Handel, but there is more unity in Bach, a freer flow of rhythmic tune in the former, but greater depth of harmony and greater ingenuity of contrivance in the latter.

IN the new opera, *The Puritan's Daughter*, an attempt has been made to transfer the special interest heretofore invested in the tenor singer to the baritone. For the first time, we believe, in the history of the Opera, the part of the lover has been taken from the high voice and given to the low. Why Mr. Balfe should have acted in direct contradiction to all his predecessors, Italian, German, French, and English, seems unaccountable, and we cannot pretend to offer any solution to so difficult a problem. We may speculate, nevertheless, upon the fact of how far such a violation of all precedents is admissible under any circumstances, and what may be its ultimate effect on the constitution of operas.

From time immemorial—at least, since the male soprano went out of fashion — the tenor has been the recognised representative of the lover's part, which, in almost every instance, has been the principal male part. But not in operas only was this the case. In oratorios, cantatas, and in all character pieces, the most important music has been assigned to the tenor. Exceptions may be taken to the operas of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*, and the oratorio *Elijah*, since in these masterpieces the baritone or bass has been made the chief personage, and the tenor rendered subordinate. But in each of these examples the composer had been influenced to write for a special singer. Moreover, it must be remembered that in neither of Mozart's operas does the bass play the *real* lover's part, or sing the lover's music. Don Giovanni's most passionate strains, however beautiful, want the heartfelt tenderness which we find in the songs, &c., apportioned to Don Ottavio — witness the airs "Il mio tesoro" and "Della sua pace," and the duet "Fuggi crudele" — while the music of Figaro, the veritable lover of *Le Nozze*, has nothing of love in it whatsoever; at least, no tender appeal, no passion, no outpouring of the heart. *Le Nozze di Figaro* is an opera of pure intrigue, and the absence of the usual principal element is thereby in part apologised for. In *Elijah*, too, although the chief momentum of the music and its greatest features are intrusted to the bass voice, by far the two finest airs in the oratorio—"If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous"—are given to the tenor, proving in what superior account that class of voice was held by the composer. Rossini has written more than one opera in which the baritone or bass plays the conspicuous character, but not one in which the principal lover's part is assigned to that register of voice. Assur in *Semiramide* and Maometto in *L'Assedio di Corinto* are the leading personages in these operas, and both are basses; so, too, in the *Gazza Ladra*, Fernando is the bass and is of far more importance in a musical and histrionic sense than Gianetto, the tenor; but none is a lover in the real dramatic acceptation of the term. In fact, it comes to this; composers have discovered, and the world has endorsed the discovery, that the tenor voice is the most truthful exponent of love and tenderness, and that what is bold, energetic, and forcible, belongs by right to the grave voice. We certainly cannot call to mind any opera in any language, in which the bass is made to undertake the lover, and consequently must look upon Mr. Balfe's alternation of the parts as somewhat daring, if not hazardous. How it may end is entirely matter for speculation. An English opera without a tenor has ere this been written; but never, if our memory serve us right, one in which the tenor has been made subsidiary or secondary to the bass. Mr. Balfe is a first-rate authority, and nothing in operatic writing that has received his sanction and judgment is to be treated lightly. Of course the majority will treat his new arrangement of the voices as a serious innovation, while some, no doubt, will look upon it as an attempt to revolutionise opera. We ourselves hardly know what to think, until such time as a fair trial has been made. *The Puritan's Daughter* is likely to have a long run, and the career of that opera must satisfactorily determine how far the composer has been justified in departing from tradition and precedents, and aiming at reformation. We fear, however, it will not be easy to move the public from the recognition of not merely an authorised form, but an old established preference.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It having been generally reported in the music trade during the past week that persons from our house were sent to Covent Garden Theatre on the first night of *The Puritan's Daughter* to hiss that opera, and that it was owing to their united efforts that the encore to Mr. Harrison's drinking song was received in such a very unfavourable manner, will you allow me to give a flat contradiction to that report, and to state that only two persons (my brother and an assistant) were present on the occasion in question, and that neither one nor the other expressed in any way whatever any disapprobation of Mr. Harrison's song, or his performance of it? I am very anxious that this should be known, as I believe that the petty conduct which has been attributed to our house can have originated only in the mind of *one person* who is unhappily a prey to many delusions, which include one that every person he meets is his enemy, and is conspiring to overthrow him. The more natural way to account for the unpleasant sounds which were heard is, I think, the extreme length of an opera on the night of its first representation, and the impatient character of the rather boisterous public which makes a point of being present on the "first night" of every new work of importance.—I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

JOHN BOOSEY.

28 *Holles Street, 7th December.*

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley is expected to preside at the annual meeting of the Vocal Association during the present month. His lordship, who is always a liberal patron of the fine arts, has contributed greatly to the success of the Society, since he has consented to become the president, by the establishment of the annual *conversazione*, certainly one of the most brilliant and interesting of the season. The Society commences its rehearsals for 1862 under the direction of Mr. Benedict immediately after the general meeting.

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MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE party crossed over from Glasgow to Belfast on Saturday evening, and had a tolerably rough passage. Sailors would have called it "a dirty night" in every sense. It was dark and stormy, the wind howled and the waves were high—a combination very distressing in its effect upon the tourists, and which detained them some two hours longer than usual on the voyage. After a day's rest, however, they completely recovered themselves, and by their performance at the concert on Monday evening in Belfast, it seemed as if the sea-trip had been beneficial rather than otherwise. The concert was the most successful of the whole tour, and is thus spoken of in the Belfast *News Letter* of Dec. 3:—

"THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY—FAREWELL OF MADAME GRISI.—Last evening, the Anacreontic Society gave their second dress concert for the season, and the fact that Madame Grisi was engaged to appear for the first time in connection with the Society, and for the last in this town, attracted a most crowded and fashionable audience, that filled the Music Hall to inconvenience. Mad. Grisi has been so long before the public that any elaborate notice of her wonderful powers or of her successful career would be now altogether out of place. Perhaps no great artist has ever, for so long a time, maintained the supreme position which Mad. Grisi is only now surrendering with reluctance. The eminent prima donna took part in the canto 'Giulia gentil.' There was little demand upon our powers in this *morceau*, save in the long drawn-out note at the close of the chorus, and which was like a reminiscence of the oak scene in 'Norma.' The canto was encored vehemently, and the last verse was repeated. The larger portion of the audience were agreeably surprised by the first bars of the romanza from Flotow's *Marta*, "Qui sola, vergin rosa," but the initiated were aware that the gem of the opera is, in fact, the charming Irish melody, "The last rose of summer." It was indeed an unusual treat to hear Grisi sing this exquisite air. There was no profusion of ornament, no overlaying of the melody with unmeaning *roulades*—it was the old strain, pure and simple, given with a clearness of tone and a depth of feeling that it would be impossible to surpass. The applause of the audience, as the delicate concluding *tremolo* died away, was warm to enthusiasm, and Mad. Grisi, on reappearing, substituted "Home, sweet home," which was an equally great success."

Of Miss Conran, who made her first appearance since her return from the Continent on this occasion, the same paper says:—"Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of much sweetness and extremely flexible, capable of conveying the most delicate shades of expression. In the duet 'La ci darem,' from *Giovanni*, she sang sweetly and effectively, but it was in the *una voce* from *Il Barbiere* that her great effort was made. If there was a fault in this, it was that there was too rapid a succession of ornaments; but her *fioriture* are something surprising, and many of the most accomplished artists of the Italian school might envy Miss Conran's attainments in this respect. After both her appearances Miss Conran was deservedly recalled and warmly applauded; and to have won such plaudits singing beside Grisi was no light praise. Of the other lady artists, Mad. Dario sang "Ah forse e lui," from *Traviata*, with remarkable power. Mad. Lemaire sang Meyerbeer's 'Nobil Signor' very correctly and fluently, and was applauded. Signor Galvani, an exceedingly pleasing tenor, sang Donizetti's 'Com' è gentil,' and also did good service in many concerted pieces; and Signor Ciampi, a young basso profundo of great promise, and of evident talent, sang 'Largo al factotum' with all the effect of which that well-known buffo song is capable. In the trio, 'Pappataci,' from *Italiana in Algeri*, Signors Ciampi, Cresci, and Galvani sang so well as to win a hearty *encore*. Indeed, it was one of the gems of the evening; and the delicate tenor passages of Galvani, imitated by Ciampi's falsetto, at once surprised and delighted the audience.

"The members of the society played two overtures, *Don Giovanni* and *Oberon*. These were performed with remarkable *verve*, and *Oberon* especially told upon the audience. The vocal members sang Wallace's chorus, "Come away to the chase," with admirable effect; and Webbe's glee, "The mighty conqueror," was also well given. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," in which Mad. Grisi took a solo verse, and the whole strength of the society and the remaining artists joined in the chorus, the entire audience standing during the performance. At its close Mad. Grisi was warmly applauded, and bowed her acknowledgments to the company. The concert was conducted, in his usual efficient manner, by Herr Leo Kerbusch."

On Tuesday the party proceeded to Dublin, and commenced the series of farewell performances at the Theatre Royal with *Lucrezia Borgia*.

The reception which Madame Grisi met from her enthusiastic admirers in Dublin was cordial in the extreme. The applause lasted several minutes upon her making her *entrée* as the Duchess. Her singing throughout the opera was marked by its original sweetness and effect, while her acting seemed to have lost none of its former vigour and expression. She sang "Com' è bello" very much as of yore, while her "Il segreto" drew down rapturous applause and an immediate *encore*. In the second and in the last scene of the third act, her vocalisation was truly grand. Signor Galvani made a most favourable impression, and sang amongst others the solo "Di Pescatore" very effectively. Mad. Lemaire as Orsini evinced a great deal of ability, and Signor Cresi as Don Alfonso proved the possession of an excellent baritone, which he managed artistically. The choruses were full and effective, and the opera, as a whole, was admirably performed. During the acts Mad. Grisi was called before the curtain and enthusiastically applauded.

On Wednesday *Rigoletto* was given, Mlle. Dario making her *début* before the Dublin public as Gilda. Of this, and Miss Ellen Conran's return to her native city, we shall speak more fully next week.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—If the attendance at these entertainments is to go on increasing at the present rate, St. James's Hall will be quite inadequate to accommodate the multitude. The influx last Monday was enormous; not only had every stall its occupant, but the balcony, galleries, area and orchestra were all densely packed with an audience whose earnest attention and thorough appreciation were by no means the least agreeable incident of the evening. The programme was from "Various Composers," the instrumental part comprising the septet and pianoforte sonata in E minor, op. 90 of Beethoven; Dussek's sonata in G (op. 69, No. 2), for violin and pianoforte; and Haydn's quartet in C (op. 33, No. 3): the second and last for the first time at these concerts, in accordance with a plan introduced this season of always presenting two "novelties." The greatest attraction was undoubtedly the septet. The names of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Webb, Paque, and Severn, as violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass—with Mr. Lazarus, clarionet; Mr. C. Harper, horn; and Mr. Hutchins, bassoon—are a guarantee for the perfect execution of the septet, which was attentively listened to throughout,—the performance occupying some forty-five minutes,—and the *scherzo* rapturously encored. In the *Tema con Variazioni* each instrument seemed to vie with the other, and one hardly knew which to admire most, the composition or the performers, who were "applauded to the echo" on leaving the platform. *Apropos* of the pianoforte sonata (in which Mr. Charles Hallé displayed all his well-known executive power and thorough comprehension of the composer's intention), we must not omit allusion to a pledge from the director that henceforth the "Analytical Programme" will comprise a detailed analysis of the solo sonata, "with illustrations in musical type," at every concert, which will make these books all the more valuable to such as wish to obtain a thorough understanding of each movement. The sonata duet, Dussek (which had been already twice given), although perhaps not quite so catching at first hearing as its companion in B flat, was evidently well suited to the general taste; while Haydn's quartet, despite the concert being longer than usual, kept the majority of the audience in their places to the last. Mlle. Florence Lancia's charming voice and unaffected style were exhibited in Dussek's canzonet, "Now summer has departed," and Schubert's "Young Nun," the latter, by the way, most particularly characteristic of the composer of the "Erl King," and so well sung as to lead to an encore, which, nevertheless, was modestly declined. Mr. J. W. Davison's song, "Swifter far than summer's flight" (Shelley), and Mendelssohn's "Savoyard's Song," were both well given by Miss Leffler, Mr. Benedict accompanying the vocal music with his customary

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taste and ability. At the next concert Miss Arabella Goddard will make her first appearance this season, and Mozart's quintet is to be repeated "by desire."

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Mr. G. W. Martin, founder and conductor of this society, has invited 3000 soldiers from the various garrisons in the metropolis to a grand performance of Handel's *Messiah*, to be given by the members at Exeter Hall on Thursday next. The number in the chorus is over 700, and the number of instruments employed on the occasion will be nearly 100. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and a number of other military officers of the highest standing have offered their patronage and support. The concert is the first of a series which Mr. Martin proposes to give during the winter to the soldiers with the view of creating a taste for choral music among the men, thus providing them with a means of rational amusement during their leisure hours. The principal soloists will be Miss Elenora Wilkinson, Mrs. Merest (late Miss Maria B. Hawes), Messrs Wilbye Cooper, and Lewis Thomas.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA TO COME.—"Miss Austin, a lady resident in our own locality," writes the *Northern Daily Express*, in treating of Mad. Grisi's farewell concert at Newcastle, "and the pupil, we understand, of Miss Emily Grant, though apparently suffering from intense nervousness (natural to a first appearance), sang Mozart's impassioned aria, 'L' Addio,' with great purity of style and expression; and in Frank Mori's new ballad, 'A thousand miles from thee,' gave unmistakable evidence of the fine quality of her voice, and of her careful and excellent training in phrasing, production of tone, and general management of a class of organ usually requiring the most careful, artistic, and judicious attention. In both pieces she was most warmly received and applauded, nothing short of an encore sufficing in each case, which was doubtless quite as much due to the intrinsic merit of her performance, as it was prompted by the kind feeling of encouragement to a *débutante*. To the first encore she replied by repeating one of the stanzas of the aria, and to the latter, which was the more enthusiastic of the two, she but increased it when Sig. Vianesi played the symphony to Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart," and which, as sung by her, was not the least successful effort on her part of the evening. We have no doubt that Miss Austin will one day prove a refined and elegant vocalist."

Provincial.

The *Western Daily Mercury* of the 4th inst. publishes a long account of a concert given at Plymouth on the previous night, from which we extract the following:—

"Last evening Mlle. Anna Whitty, Herr Formes, M. Ole Bull, Mr. Emile Berger, and Mr. and Mrs. Tennant appeared and performed at the Mechanics' Institute before an audience which crowded the hall. It is long since so attractive a concert party visited the west, and under any circumstances the prospect of hearing, in addition to the celebrated Formes, and 'that magician of the bow'—Ole Bull—the newly arisen English prima donna, Mlle. Anna Whitty, must have drawn the musical world together in great force. The popular songstress comes among us with so many testimonials of the highest character from every city and town she has visited since her arrival in this country from the scene of her still greater triumphs, that expectation was on tiptoe. But, apart from this, Herr Formes is not to be heard in the provinces every day, and the opportunity of listening to his masterly interpretations is not one that many musical people can afford to lose. The fame of M. Ole Bull's performances on the violin is world-wide. The programme combined the varied talents of the performers with excellent taste. For instance, Mlle. Whitty sang, in the first part, Pasiello's exquisite rondo, 'Non più mesta,' her performance of which has so delighted every audience before which she has sung it, in the opera and the concert-room, during her recent tour, and, later in the evening, Mr. St. Leger's pretty love song, 'Somebody is waiting for me;' in addition to her part in several concerted pieces. Her voice was in good condition, and fairly open to criticism. Not to a single note of the 'Non più mesta' did Mlle. Whitty fail to give its proper importance and expression—yet she ran over the exceedingly difficult passages with which the composition abounds with all the graceful ease that characterised her performance of the simple English ditty afterwards. The first solo of the great basso was 'The Wanderer,' which he sang in German, with the alternating torrent-like impetuosity (!) and pathetic tenderness which belong pre-eminently to himself. In response to an encore, Herr Formes gave one of Mozart's humorous airs, with all the merry vivacity of a true Leporelli. In the second part, he sang his own beautiful ballad—'In sheltered vale'—in splendid style, accompanying himself upon the piano. Mrs. Tennant substituted 'Baby mine,' for 'Sweet spirit, hear my prayer,' in the early part of the evening, and afterwards was encored in a Scotch air, which she sang prettily. Mr. Tennant was encored in 'Far, far away, my love,' a new ballad by Charles J. Hargitt; and loudly applauded in 'Annie dear, good-bye.' Mr. Emile Berger's accomplishments as a pianist are of a high order. His execution is easy, spirited, careful, correct, and masterly. He performed two compositions of his own, indicative of considerable ability, a fantasia on popular airs, and a solo of less pretension, but containing some remarkably beautiful passages. The lion of the evening was M. Ole Bull, who was, at every appearance, greeted with tremendous cheers, and at every disappearance enthusiastically encored. The great violinist's first performance—Paganini's famous solo, 'Di tanti palpiti'—was beyond praise. It is impossible to describe the masterly interpretation of this solo. Now the performer was simply a violinist, and the next moment the tones that issued from the instrument were so flute-like that those who heard them doubted their senses. When they died away, the hall resounded with applause which could no longer be restrained, and M. Bull returned to amuse his admirers with a curious exhibition remarkable mainly because so foreign to the instrument upon which it was given. His next performance was an arrangement of 'Le Carnival' by himself. Again, the violin was the most wonderful of fiddles and the most delightful of flutes by turns; and, above all this, the artist's bow elicited from its strings such trills as only the nightingale and M. Ole Bull's violin can produce."

The *Manchester Examiner and Times* writes as follows respecting Madame Lind-Goldschmidt's second concert at the Free-trade Hall:—

"The second concert, a miscellaneous one, took place to an audience exceeding in numbers that assembled at the *Creation*. Mad. Goldschmidt had selected for her opening effort the scena and aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*, 'O! miei fedeli.' There are few vocal compositions, perhaps, more difficult; and it must not be disguised that the difficulty was apparent, even under the skilful interpretation of Mad. Goldschmidt, who has always possessed the peculiar faculty of disguising the means of art in its most minute expression. The conquering of these difficulties went to show how far the voice has changed in quality of tone from that charming freshness and brilliant facility that belonged to Jenny Lind in the zenith of her fame. The truth of conception, the great versatility of style, and, occasionally, those flashes of greatness which few have ever touched since the days of Malibran or our own Mrs. Wood, were there still; and an audience, worked up by these qualities (to many of them previously unknown), could afford to forgive a little faulty intonation. The duet with Mr. Reeves from *Lucia* may be put in the same category. Then came the rondo 'L'amero saro sostante,' with its quaintness of character, into which she threw a spirit quite her own, and marked by the old inspiration. Here Mad. Lind was finely supported by the violin solo obbligato of Mr. H. Blagrove, and took the opportunity of introducing one of those long-sustained *sotto voce* notes of which she used to make so much in the chamber scene of the *Somnambula*. There was great beauty in all this, and it was warmly applauded. In the 'Fatal moment,' the terzetto from *Robert le Diable*, with Mr. Reeves and Signor Belletti, there were pleasant recollections of the earliest of her triumphs, though the husky quality might be considerably observable. In the 'John Anderson,' and again in the 'Norwegian Echo Song,' where simplicity of expression, along with an unstrained delivery of the voice, were the leading characteristics, Mad Goldschmidt showed much of her former peculiar charm. These were, indeed, a treat to those who admire simple beauty rather than ornate elaboration, and were vociferously applauded. Mr. Reeves and Signor Belletti, we need scarcely say, did ample justice to the music set down for them. In the duet from *Lucia*, it is only fair to Mr. Reeves to add, that he decidedly carried away the best portion of the laurels, whilst in Molique's serenade, 'When the moon is brightly shining,' he excited the audience to the call for an encore, which, however, he succeeded in avoiding. Messrs. Goldschmidt and Hallé played Mozart's concerto for two pianofortes in E flat; but the audience were evidently there to hear singing, rather than instrumental performances, even when treated with a violin solo from Mr. Blagrove, and a violoncello solo from Signor Piatti. The fact is that the concert was too long under the circumstances of a great leading excitement."

Of the performance of the *Creation*, which took place

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the previous day, it is only necessary to mention its triumphant success, that Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt sang her very best, and that she was assisted by Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti.

From a highly interesting account of Mlle. Patti's performances in Italian opera in Dublin, which appeared in a recent number of the *Irish Times*, we extract as much as the crowded state of our columns can afford :—

"The series of operas which Mlle. Patti inaugurated," writes our contemporary, "came to a close with *Marta*, on Saturday evening. From the beginning the young prima donna has had a succession of triumphs. Nothing could be more brilliant than the talents she displayed, and the exhibition of the rich gifts bestowed on her by nature at so early a period. No great lyric artist to our knowledge has manifested so large a share of histrionic and vocal ability in mere girlhood. Only eighteen years old, yet singing with the highest culture, the most dazzling brilliancy and finish in every character, and acting with the tact and experience of one who had trod the boards for years; and possessing the fresh charm of girlhood, the grace of beauty, and the buoyancy of youth. Any one so fitted to enrapture the young, please the mature, and gratify the experienced in art, we have never witnessed on the stage. She sings the music of Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, Donizetti, and Flotow, with equal truthfulness, and frequently adorns their writings with *fioriture* appropriate and dazzling, executed with an ease which astonishes. If she has a fault in her vocalism, it is redundancy of ornament, and too frequent a recurrence of bird-like *staccati* passages. The part of Lady Henrietta, in *Marta*, is particularly suited to Mlle. Patti. Her acting is tempered by good taste; and the tact she displays in the by-play is worthy of all observation. Then her singing is distinguished by a truthful adherence to the text, enriched by ornamentation in keeping with the various themes, and softened by an expression pure and natural. To speak of some of her flights of song is now superfluous, as all who have heard them must have been equally delighted and amazed. This latter unique portion of vocal art she exhibited in 'The Spinning Wheel' quartet. In the Italian version of the 'Last Rose of Summer' she evinced a purity of style never excelled by any of her predecessors, while she put them all in the shade by her rendering, to an *encore*, of Moore's words to the same melody. She then gave 'Home, sweet home,' and to another re-demand, 'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town.' The Scotch *tune* she sings with unspeakable archness, and an originality of tone and manner which cannot fail to charm. At the termination she was greeted with acclamations, and left the stage laden with bouquets. As she emerged from the stage-door to her carriage, she was met by a cavalcade of the students of Trinity College — almost all Honourmen — who took the horses from the vehicle and drew her to the hotel, amidst deafening cheers. And thus ended the climax to one of the most triumphant successes within our memories."

The *Dublin Evening Mail* has a long article about the Ole Bull-Formes-Tennant Concerts given at the Rotundo on Saturday last, from which we supply the following :—

"The two concerts given on Saturday attracted large audiences. M. Ole Bull had not been heard here for years. Paganini's best disciple, he has preserved the effects of that great violinist, and those who hear him can form a notion of the wonderful talents of the original. Besides, M. Ole Bull has a speciality of his own full of charm, and manifesting a thorough mastery of the instrument. His playing of the 'Carnival de Venise' was in the style of his great predecessor; but 'The Mother's Prayer' was entirely his own, replete with beauty and feeling. 'Di tanti palpiti' showed he had preserved the traditions of the Italian *maestro*, while the 'Re cuerdo d'Albufera,' a *pastorale*, was another instance of the performer's manner, evincing delicacy, delicious intonation, and irreproachable phrasing. Herr Formes sang with all his usual fervour. 'In sheltered vales' is a composition of much beauty, and will make an effective teaching song for the chamber. Schubert's 'Wanderer' was given with ample expression, and 'Non più andrai' bravely. Mrs. Tennant possesses an elegantly-toned *mezzo-soprano* voice, almost approaching a *contralto*. Her method is good, and she must become an acquisition to the concert-room. We should like to hear her in sacred works, as the rich tone of her voice particularly fits her for that style of music. She sang Mozart's 'Voi che sapete' with much truthfulness, and in Hatton's song of 'Baby mine' also exhibited the same excellent training. As to Mr. Tennant, he has now shown that he can justly take a place amongst the best English tenors of the day. He sang with great purity Hargitt's ballad 'Far, far away,' Blumenthal's 'Evening Song,' and 'Annie dear, good-bye,' and was encored in all three. M. Emile Berger performed 'Les échos de Londres' on the pianoforte. Mlle. Anna Whitty sang 'Non più mesta,' and gained an encore. She also rendered 'The Angel's Whisper' with much expression, and Pasiello's 'Nina pazze per amore' with brightness. The latter was redemanded. There were a couple of concerted pieces given by the entire vocal party, and the whole performances were received with pleasure."

The *Leeds* papers are all very flattering in their reports of the recent operatic performances by the Milner-Cooper Company at the Princess's Theatre. The *résumé* of the *Intelligencer*, being the most concise and comprehensive, we submit it in *extenso* :—

"The Milner and Cooper Opera Company, consisting of Misses Annie Milner, Harriet Payne, Bronti (soprani); Mrs. Fanny Reeves (contralto); Messrs. Elliott Galer, Henry Weston, John Manley (tenors); Messrs. Henry Wharton, Oliver Summers, Raimond, and Aynsley Cook (baritone and basses), with Mr. H. C. Cooper, late solo violinist and leader of the Philharmonic Society, London, as director and conductor, have given a week's performances at this theatre. Our readers will recognise in the above names, musical talent of a high order, and the party being accompanied by a very efficient band and chorus, nothing was wanting to render the production of the several operas they appeared in complete and satisfactory. The following works were performed in the order named: —*La Sonnambula*, *Il Trovatore*, *Maritana*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Miss Milner, who is a native of Leeds, possesses a clear soprano voice, of extraordinary compass, and evidently cultivated to perfection by a close study of her difficult art. She is likewise an excellent actress, and we trust she has a long and brilliant professional career to look forward to. Mr. Henry Wharton has frequently appeared before a Leeds' audience, and we believe received a portion of his musical education in this town. His singing and acting justify all that was predicted of him. The rest are too well known to require any special notice; it is sufficient to record that one and all exerted themselves to the utmost to secure the satisfaction of the audience, whose expressions of approval each evening were a certificate of success. Mr. H. C. Cooper, as conductor and leader, contributed largely to the success of the pieces. The attendance, we are sorry to say, was not always so good as might have been expected."

The *Times and West Riding Express* are no less complimentary. The *Leeds' Mercury* gives a long report of the appearance of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, at a concert held in the Victoria Hall, under the auspices of the Leeds' Town Hall Concert Society, on Tuesday evening week. We subjoin a few extracts :—

"On no previous occasion have Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini been received in Leeds with more hearty appreciation. Mlle. Titiens, in the air from *The Creation*, 'With verdure clad,' displayed the great resources of her magnificent voice, and distinguished herself as an artist capable of taking the highest position in a style with which she had previously been but little familiar, and which belongs to the English rather than to the Italian school of art. In selecting 'With verdure clad,' she subjected herself to a comparison with her great compeer, Jenny Lind, who only a few days ago sang the same air in the same room, and nearly before the same audience, but the contrast was one from which she had no reason to shrink. Indeed, the styles of the two artists are so dissimilar as scarcely to allow of a contrast, and each may with perfect justice be said to hold the highest position of honour. The air 'M'appari,' from *Martha*, was beautifully sung by Signor Giuglini, and the first part was brought to a close with the 'Miserere,' from *Il Trovatore*, Dr. Spark accompanying on the organ, and Signor Arditi on the piano. In the second part, Mlle. Titiens sang 'La Stella,' composed for her by Signor Arditi, in which she was encored. A similar compliment was paid to her in 'Home, sweet home,' when she sang another *valse*, also composed for her by Signor Arditi. Signor Giuglini was encored in the serenade, 'La Donna e Mobile,' and gave with an exquisite pathos the air 'Then I'll remember thee.'"

DUBLIN.— (*From a Correspondent*). I was at St. Xavier's Chapel on Sunday last, and heard the following admirable selection of sacred music performed by Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft and family, and an excellent chorus :—Gloria chorus, from Haydn's seventh Mass; Sanctus, from Mozart's twelfth Mass; "Laudate Dominum," Mozart (sung in splendid style by Miss Kate Croft); "Splendente te," chorus, Mozart (solos by Miss Marie and Celia Croft); "Tantum ergo," Alban Croft (sung by Miss Kate Croft);

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"Laudate," Gregorian; and "Prayer and Funeral," composed by Mrs. H. St. Leger. Miss Kate Croft is a fine handsome girl, only eighteen years of age, with a beautiful soprano voice, of a charming silvery-toned quality, and an excellent musician. I think, from the specimen of her singing last Sunday, she is destined to fill the vacancy caused by Mad. Clara Novello's retirement from public life.—L.

SPOHR IN LONDON.

ONE morning, Spohr received a missive which was conveyed to him by his servant, Johanning, in much such terms as these: "M. Spohr is requested to be present at four o'clock to-morrow evening in the closet of the undersigned." Not being acquainted with the signature which followed, and the footman who had brought the letter being unable to inform him on what account his master desired to see him, the extremely susceptible artist replied, in the same laconical style, that he should not be disengaged at the hour appointed. Thereupon a second letter succeeded, couched in less imperative terms than the first. This time it was—"M. Spohr is begged to be good enough to honour the undersigned with a visit, to appoint any hour that may be convenient."

On the day following, Spohr stood face to face with an old man with silvery locks, whose countenance beamed with a friendly smile, and who had stepped out to the head of the staircase to receive him, but could speak no word of either German or French, while Spohr was equally unable to speak to him in English. After standing and looking at each other for some time with mutual embarrassment, the Doctor, that is to say the old man, settled it by taking the composer by the arm and conducting him into a large apartment, the walls of which were, so to speak, tapestried with violins; others, which had been taken out of their cases, were scattered about on the chairs and tables. The Doctor hereupon handing Spohr a bow, and pointing to one of these instruments, the celebrated violinist came to the conclusion that what was wanted of him was that he should give his opinion as to the value of all these fiddles. He had the patience to try them all, one after the other; and after having selected six, he again took them up, one by one, in order to pick out the best. It was by no means a light task, for there were an enormous number of them, and the Doctor handed them every one to Spohr in succession, without letting him off in a single instance. He had observed that our fiddle-fancier had cast the tenderest glances towards one in particular of these instruments, and that his countenance lighted up with the extremest joy every time the master's fiddle-stick was drawn across its strings, and to this very one he assigned the palm of superiority. The Doctor, enchanted at the verdict, not only treated the judge with an improvisation on the *viol d'amore*, but when Spohr bade him farewell, presented him with a five-pound note, which the musician laid upon the table, again shaking his head in token of refusal. But the Doctor did not let slip the occasion which soon after presented itself of being equal with him, and paid ten pounds shortly after for a ticket to his concert.

This concert was the most profitable which Spohr had ever given. Almost all the persons to whom he had had letters of introduction, and among them the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Clarence, took stalls, for which some of those wealthy noblemen paid in the most liberal manner. A large proportion of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts kept their tickets, and as the worst places cost as much as half-a-guinea, and the room, capable of containing about a thousand persons, was crammed, the receipts were magnificent. Add to this that the performers in the orchestra resigned their emoluments, in admiration for the talents of the concert-giver—"out of friendship for me," modestly says the latter. The event thus ushered in under such brilliant auspices was, however, marred by incidents of an alarming nature, and which had a calamitous effect on the health of Dorette, Spohr's cherished companion.

Here let the author of the memoirs speak in his own unaffected language:—"My concert took place on the 20th of June, the day on which Queen Caroline made her entry into London, on her return from Italy, to appear before Parliament to answer the charge of adultery. London was divided into two camps; the most numerous, which embraced the middle classes down to the lowest rabble, declared for the Queen. The city was in a state of violent commotion. The bills of my concert, pasted up at the corners of the streets, had disappeared under immense placards, commanding in the name of the people a general illumination of the city. Johanning came in with the intelligence, that any windows not illuminated would be smashed. My wife, who was, moreover, anxious about her first appearance, trembled at the scenes which were about to be enacted. I endeavoured as best I could to reassure her, and I succeeded. My new symphony was executed in a masterly manner, and was even more successful than when it was played for the first time. During the air of Handel which followed, 'Revenge, Timotheus, revenge,' I was in an adjoining apartment, tuning my wife's harp, and afterwards led her into the concert-room. Our duo was about commencing, the audience was subsiding into the silence of expectation and listening to the first chords of our performance, when, on a sudden, a fearful riot occurred, followed by a cannonade of paving stones against the panes in the windows in the adjoining room, which was not illuminated. The gas with which this apartment was lighted was quickly turned on. The mob, satisfied with the victory which had crowned this demonstration, moved onwards, vociferating cries of delight. All at last resumed their places, and tranquillity was sufficiently restored to permit us once more to begin. I was afraid lest emotion should have an injurious effect on Dorette's playing, and awaited her first chords with anxiety, but they sounded full and vigorous. Our success increased after each part of the duo, and at the end the applause seemed never likely to cease. As we descended from the platform, delighted with our triumph, neither of us had any suspicion that it was our last in common."

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VOL. 39—No. 50 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped / 5d. Stamped

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HERR FORMES begs to announce that he will RETURN to Town on the 20th instant.

All communications for Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett (MUSICAL AND CONCERT AGENT), at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

M. OLE BULL begs to announce that his Provincial TOUR will terminate on the 20th instant.

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MLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing Frank Mori's new Song, "A thousand miles from thee," at the Monday Popular Concert December the 16th

---

MLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing Frank Mori's new Song, "A thousand miles from thee," at Willis's Rooms THIS EVENING, and at Romford on the 19th December.

MAD. SAINTON DOLBY will sing Henry Smart's new Song, "The Lady of the Lee," at Mad. Albert's Concert at Westbourne Hall on Tuesday evening next.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in town. All communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to him, Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, Brompton, S. W.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Balfe's celebrated Song "The Banner of St. George" (Defence and not Defiance), at Willis's Rooms, this Evening.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that the THIRD of a SERIES of SIX SOIREES MUSICALES, for the practice of vocal concerted music, sacred and secular, will take place at her residence, 50 Bedford Square, on Thursday, Dec. 19th.

Terms at Cramer's, Regent Street; Leader's, Bond Street; and of Mrs. Andrews.

MR. SWIFT begs to announce that his tour with Mad. Grisi being finished he is at liberty to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, &c., excepting on the 23rd and 25th of December, when he will appear at Clifton in a grand concert, and at Manchester in the "Messiah."

Applications to be addressed, H. Jarrett, Esq., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

MAD. NITA NORRI will RETURN from her Provincial TOUR about the middle of January.

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HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS (The Queen's Concert Rooms).—The Proprietor, Mr. COCKS, of New Burlington Street, has the satisfaction to announce that the Restoration of these Rooms (unrivalled for their acoustic properties) is now approaching completion. The Establishments have been designed in a style suitable to the character of a building honoured for nearly a century past with royal patronage, the arena of the triumphs of the "Concerts of Ancient Music" and the far-famed "Philharmonic Society," and where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience, and conducted his Symphonies, composed expressly to be performed in these time-honoured Rooms. The decorations throughout the building are costly and elaborate, while especial attention has been paid to the greater convenience and comfort of visitors, by the addition of lavatories, &c. The external repairs, however, have been unavoidably postponed till the autumn of next year. The refreshment department is confided to an eminent restaurateur, but parties will be at liberty to provide their own refreshments. Engagements may now be made for Concerts, Balls, Soirées, Lectures, Bazaars, Fancy Fairs, Meetings, Sabbath Services, &c., dating from the first week in January next. On the completion of the restoration, the Rooms will be open for inspection.—Information as to terms and other particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., pianoforte manufacturers, and music publishers to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III.—London, 6, New Burlington Street, and 4, Hanover Square, Regent Street, W., Dec. 7, 1861.

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MADAME RUDERSDORFF and Mr. OLE BULL beg to announce that they intend making a tour through the provinces for Concerts and Oratorios, accompanied by first-rate Artists, to commence on Monday, Feb. 17th, 1862. Full particulars will be shortly announced. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett (Musical and Concert Agent), at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALBERT'S FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place on Tuesday, December 17th, 1861, at WESTBOURNE HALL, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. Vocalists, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Instrumentalists; Violin, Mr. Edward W. Thomas; Violoncello, Mr. Pettit; Piano, Madame Albert. Accompanyists, Messrs. Benedict and W. Dorrell.

Family Tickets to admit four to Stalls, £1 4s.; Ditto to Reserved Seats, 16s.: Single Ticket Stalls, 7s. 6d., and Reserved Seats, 5s. each; Body of the Hall, 2s. 6d., to be had of Messrs. Cocks and Co., and Messrs. Ashdown and Parry.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE SISTERS MARCHISIO. January 2nd, 1862.—Mr. LAND begs to announce a GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Thursday Evening, January 2nd, when the celebrated Vocalists Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio (Soprano) and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio (Contralto), from the Grand Opera, Paris, and the principal Continental Theatres, will have the honour of making their first appearance in this country.—Further particulars will be duly announced, and to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Wood's, 201 Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; and at Mr. Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street.

The provincial tour with the Sisters Marchisio will commence on January 6th.

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That sin might be forgiven,
And in an humble manger lay,
The holy Lord of heaven.
The guiding star above Him shone,
And shepherds hail'd the Holy One.
Hallelujah, praise our Lord!

"Arise, my soul, no longer mourn,
Rejoice in thy salvation;
In David's city One is born,
Who brings us consolation.
Betake thee to that Infant mild,
Thyself in innocence a child.
Hallelujah, praise our Lord!"

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THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Fourth Season, 1862.—The following is the proposed scheme for 1862. At St. James's hall:—Two Conversazioni, on Wednesday evenings, January 29 and July 2; Four Orchestral Concerts, on Wednesday evenings, March 12, April 30, May 21, and June 11. At the Marylebone Institution:—Two Trials of New Chamber Compositions, on Wednesday evenings, February 26 and November 12; Four Fellows' Meetings, on Wednesday evenings, February 5, March 26, June 4, and November 26. The Annual General Meeting of the Society (Fellows and Associates) on February 5. Conductor of the orchestra, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Members' tickets for 1862 are now ready for delivery at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s., No. 201, Regent Street. Any reserved numbered seat not already engaged may be secured for the series of concerts, on payment of an extra sum of 10s. 6d. Information relative to the admission of new members, and the scheme for 1862, may be obtained of Messrs. Cramer and Co., and of the Hon. Secretary, CHARLES SALAMAN, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.
St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL PRESENTS.—Gratis and Postage Free, a Copious LIST of MUSICAL WORKS of all Classes, suitable for presentation. The "Burlington Album for 1862," 15s. (N.B.—A few copies remain of the issue for 1861, price 15s.) Elegant drawing-room pianofortes, very eligible as presents for the season, at £25, £35, and £40. Prospectus, with drawings, gratis and post free. Pianos for hire from 10s. a month upwards. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—JUBILEE YEAR.—The Directors respectfully announce that the Eight Concerts of next Season will take place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on the following evenings:—March 10 and 24, April 7, May 5 and 19, June 2, 16, and 30. And that a Ninth, or JUBILEE CONCERT, will take place on July 14. Due notice will be given of the time when Tickets will be issued, and other particulars.

TO MUSICAL AMATEURS, PROFESSORS, &c.—A choice collection of Manuscripts in the handwriting of the most celebrated composers; Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Spontini, Paer, Halévy, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Döhler, Heller, &c. &c., to be sold together or separately. Apply (free) to A.S., at Duncan Davison and Co.'s foreign music warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

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Reviews.

"La Vivandière;" "La Prière d'une Mère;" "The Angel's Harp"—for the pianoforte—composed by J. THEODORE TREKELL (Chappell and Co.).

The first is an *"Impromptu Militaire;"* the second is a *"Rêverie;"* the third (and on the whole the most commendable) is a *"Rhapsodie"* (why not Rhapsody?—seeing that the rest of the title-page is in English); all three are (more or less) original pieces for the pianoforte, which have the merit of *not* being made out of operatic airs or "popular ballads," besides the advantage of being tolerably easy to play.

"The Lanka Quadrilles;" "The Kandy Rifle Volunteers' March"—for the pianoforte—by G. GASSNER (Boosey and Sons).

We have volunteers, too, in Ceylon. *Tant mieux.* The more the merrier. If our Kandy riflemen are to be inspired to deeds of arms by the strains of military music, they can hardly do better than make their bands play the vigorous "March" of Mr. Gassner as often as possible. Both its themes are good—an elegant trio in A flat contrasting gracefully with the spirited subject upon which the March commences. The *Lanka Quadrilles* are as lively, tuneful, and rhythmical as could be wished.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland"—arranged for the pianoforte—by J. L. HATTON (Boosey and Sons).

A brief introduction; the old air newly harmonised; three variations, happily contrasted; and a few bars of brilliant *coda;* all well contrived and effectively written—as might have been expected from Mr. Hatton.

"Two Hundred and Fifty Chants, single and double"—adapted for voice, organ, harmonium, or pianoforte—by RUDOLF NORDMANN (Boosey and Sons).

A rich and varied collection, containing some of the most genuine specimens of Purcell, Boyce, Tallis, Croft, Greene, Gibbons (Orlando), and other eminent English church-composers.

"The Golden Wreath"—by T. MURBY (Boosey and Sons).

"The Golden Wreath" is a collection of "twenty songs for youth," adapted to popular melodies, and on the whole selected with exemplary discretion.

Six Christmas Carols—with pianoforte or organ accompaniments—edited by W. BIRCH (Boosey and Sons).

A Welcome Christmas Gift. We are glad to find the Emperor of "Carols"—"God rest ye! merry Christians"—among the six. "The Boar's head" is racy; "Come, let us celebrate the day," appropriate and pretty; "Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!" quaint and Christmasy;"* "Christians, awake!" inspiriting; and "A Christmas Carol," excellent. But best of all, we repeat, is "God rest ye! merry Christians;" and this, in spite of the "melancholy minor" key. For our part we never desire to see, or hear, any "carol" but this. It cannot be surpassed, and could hardly be equalled. We would have the "Waits" sing and play no other, except perhaps, now and then, "Nowell!"† which (also in the "minor") is decidedly next best. Mr. Birch has performed his task of harmonist unexceptionably; and the words are throughout good.

* "Mobled is good;" so is "Christmas-y."

† "Noel" in French.

"Boosey's Musical Cabinet."—Nos. 62 and 65 (BOOSEY and SONS).

No. 62 consists of the most attractive melodies in Mr. Howard Glover's opera of *Ruy Blas,* admirably arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Rudolf Nordmann. No 65 comprises 100 reels, country dances, jigs, Highland flings, strathspeys, and what not—a collection, rich and rare, of the national dances, not merely of Britain, but of all countries, including even Persia and Circassia.

"La Vivandière," valse militaire; "Fantasia sur 'Un Ballo in Maschera;'" "Galop de 'Rigoletto'" "Mazurka d'Un Ballo in Maschera'"—pour piano—RENE FAVARGER (Chappell and Co.).

The *"Galop"* and *"Mazurka"*—both genuine examples of Verdi's fancy and talent in the composition of dance music—are arranged to perfection, and will no doubt find numerous admirers among amateur pianists of all grades. The *Fantasia* too—in which the delicious quintet, "E scherz' od e follia," figures prominently—has also some excellent points, and is brilliant without being difficult. The *"Valse militaire"* is but so-so. M. Favarger is happier with other peoples' materials than with his own.

"Ballade Orientale;" "Il mio Tesoro," Cavatine, transcrite et variée—pour le piano—POLYDORE DE VOS (Cramer, Beale and Wood).

We have nothing to say against the *"Ballade Orientale,"* except that it is somewhat dull, and that the "why" of its orientalism does not plainly appear; but for the hash made out of Mozart's exquisite melody we have nothing but unqualified condemnation. M. de Vos writes well enough for the piano, although his muse is not particularly inventive; and he should know better than to make mince meat of such things as "Il mio tesoro," with the divine spirit of which he has evidently no sympathy.

"The Skylark"—Words by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD, music by JOHN RAYMOND (Joseph Williams).

The Ettrick Shepherd's well-known and beautiful apostrophe to the "Skylark" has been set in a kindred spirit by Mr. Raymond, whose melody, bright and joyous, rings in the ear like the song of the bird it seeks to illustrate. The accompaniments are as simple as could be wished, and the whole thing indeed, is the model of a plain ballad.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS is giving a series of *Soirées Musicales,* for the practice of vocal and instrumental music, sacred and secular, at her residence in Bedford Square. Her choir, consisting chiefly of amateurs from the higher classes of society, has acquired an unusual degree of proficiency. The delicacy and precision with which they executed Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, at one of the later *soirées,* show how completely a good musician, and an excellent accompanyist like Mrs. Holman Andrews, can keep a body of singers under command, and oblige them to pay attention to "light and shade," and the other requisites necessary to produce the effects intended by a composer. Mrs. Holman Andrews deserves praise for the high amount of training she has put her aristocratic pupils under. Some well selected four-part songs and standard glees are included in the programmes, and render "an evening with Mrs. Holman Andrews" both improving and agreeable.

MR. SWIFT IN DUBLIN.—In writing of one of Grisi's recent "farewell" performances, the reporter for *Saunders' News Letter,* speaking of Mr. Swift, says:—"The Pollio of Mr. Swift was amongst the best renderings of this part that we have heard for many years in Dublin. His voice, always a tenor of great sweetness, has gained considerably in power since we heard him last, without losing a particle of its melody. He was encored and rapturously applauded in the 'Me protegge,' and other solos incidental to his part. He was equally happy in the concerted pieces."

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MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

December 5.

I HAVE a multitude of small matters to communicate, which will make my letter a sort of mince-pie — appropriately enough in anticipation of approaching Christmas. Order and method will therefore be banished; and, as in the delicacy alluded to, a lump of suet is juxtaposed to a fragment of lemon candy, and the heterogeneous jumble is further jumbled by other inscrutable additions, so will good, bad, indifferent, and mysterious elements rush into fortuitous concourse in the following letter. May the compound prove no less savoury but much more digestible than the term of comparison I have chosen for it.

Mouthful the first. — M. Victorien Sardou, author of the *Pattes de Mouche*, has written an opéra comique for the Théâtre Lyrique, which is accepted, and the composer who is associated with him is M. Vaucorbeil. They say the poem is good, and the music likewise. It may be hoped, in this case, that the manager of this house is going to turn over a new leaf, and do something for the encouragement of art in its true sense. This same M. Sardou is the popular dramatist of the day — which does not prevent his making lamentable failures every now and then. What is the good of being popular if you cannot make your indulgent patron swallow a few pecks of trash? M. Sardou works his vein of popularity with might and main, as is the worst with all popular authors, until it yields kicks instead of ha'pence, and then they desist with many curses on the fickleness of fame. Sardou is still in the ha'pence stage of his career. He has a new piece, called *Nos Intimes*, at the Vaudeville, which is said to be quite a work of merit; but I don't believe it, though it draws crowds. The loose, frothy stuff, the greasy skimmings of the *pot au feu* of social common-place, which passes here and elsewhere for *comédie de mœurs*, is antagonistic to the stability of my stomach. But I suppose, as your taster-general, I shall have to make myself bilious and flatulent with a few spoonsful of the mawkish mess. Faugh! An ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination! Here it is. Alfred de Musset presents the deodorising agent in the shape of a charming comedy, in three acts, entitled, *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, which the Théâtre Français has borrowed from the defunct poet's published works, with some slight modifications to fit it for performance. It is capitally acted by Mesdames Favart and Jouassain, and MM. Provost, Delaunay, Monrose, Barré, &c. There is still much talk and excitement in anticipation of the chant which Rossini has composed, or rather remodelled, for the benefit of the Cherubini fund. "The Titans," it is to be called. It was written, two years ago, to some very fine lines by the husband of Mad. Ferraris, the celebrated danseuse, whose name (the husband's) is M. Torre. Italians who have read the poem are enchanted with its vigour and rough energy, appropriate to the theme. Here is the first stanza: —

"Guerra — sterminio! e questo
Sol del Titano il grido
Quanto son numi io sfido
Giove con lor cadra!"

The chant was originally composed for one voice with a pianoforte accompaniment, but Rossini has arranged it for four voices with instrumental accompaniment.

Mouthful the second.—A Milan paper devoted to music has been publishing a series of letters from authors, actors, composers, and other celebrities, addressed to a music publisher of Italy, M. G. Ricordi. Among them is a letter from the singer Donzelli, recommending to Ricordi the singer Lablache, at that time almost utterly unknown. Translated it stands thus: —

"*Palermo, October* 15, 1817.

"Dear Friend,—I admonish you that the artist I am introducing to you is a primo buffo; he calls himself Luigi Lablache. He is only twenty-three, but I can assure you that he is even now of the calibre of the brave friend Galli, as much in figure as in voice. See what you can do for him; I assure you that neither you nor I, in procuring him an engagement, will cut a bad figure. The theatre which would seem best to suit Lablache is La Scala; he would fill that house with his great voice, and would bring to memory Galli:

"Your friend,

"DONZELLI."

M. Rubinstein, nothing daunted by the equivocal success of his last opera, is said to be preparing another on the subject of *Lalla Rookh*. Prosit. But I do not think it will set the Neva on fire; which reminds me that the Liceo at Barcelona, destroyed by fire last April, is being rebuilt, and is, in fact, almost in a complete state. The opening will be in January next.

Mouthful the third.—A recent sale of autographs in Paris has occasioned the publication of several interesting passages from letters written by eminent musicians, actors, singers, managers, &c. Among such may be cited the following from Meyerbeer to M. Germain Delavigne, recording his high opinion of Nourrit:— "As for facility, you have as much as he (Scribe) can have, and if we were together we should not need any one. Such not being the case, this is what I propose: let us come back to our first idea of taking in Ad. Nourrit as a collaborator. He understands divinely how to lay out for music; he is full of intelligence, and besides, as a man, is of the noblest and most elevated character."

The following scrap from Baptiste Ainé of the Comédie Française might be taken home to the present generation, without abatement of its scourging bitterness:—

"Bad taste is gaining upon us, or else poltroonery. People want to execute without devoting too much attention to the matter; to weep without being moved; to laugh without honest gaiety. A frittering style, wit on a needle's point, rose-scented packets or assafœtida, in short, drawing-room, and consequently, quite insignificant comedy, this is what is required by the people of Israel and by us."

The following contains a bit of unconscious self-painting by old Kalkbrenner; it was written in 1818, and touches on abuses not yet altogether swept away: —

"It is impossible to obtain a footing at the Conservatoire, either to play or to get a symphony played. I must tell you that this is a very singular country; everything is done by intrigue and by women; talent is only in the second rank. You must write in the papers, and shout out very loud, 'I am a great man,' and at last people will say, 'Well, since he says it, it must be so — he is a great man.' *Mutatis mutandis de te fabula narratur* — my poor priggish old chalkburner."

A letter from Miss Adelaide Kemble is among those recommending a certain artist as strong enough for any part, as he had twice carried her in his arms without any signs of breaking down. The person who furnishes these epistolary fragments to the paper from which I take them, and who signs himself A. Dureau, thinks it fine to sneer, *apropos* of this mild jest of the ex-prima donna, at English facetiousness or want of facetiousness, and calls the thing not bad for *une Anglaise*. When will Frenchmen learn to talk only of what they understand? They are all shamefully ignorant of the language, literature, manners, habits and modes of thought of other nations, and pass off their puppyish blindness under the mask of affected contempt. Because Frenchmen are blundering and ridiculous in this country, we know better than to set them all all down as fools and jackanapes. Many Englishmen can, however, judge perfectly of their general aptitude for humour or wit, and will pronounce them, on excellent grounds, lamentably deficient in a quality upon which they set the more store as they lack it the more remarkably. Conventional set jokes, made by the one or two smart Frenchmen they ever had, are bandied about incessantly, and this passes for national quickness of wit. Natural, or rather native, individual humour they have none, and their professed gaiety is a mechanical contrivance to prevent their sinking into absolute hebetude—the forced laugh and pumped-up spirits of a shallow, dull blockhead, who dreads a moment's earnest conversation lest it should betray the emptiness of his head or the callousness of his heart. I should like to know who this Dureau is, and what he has ever written or said to prove his title to snigger at English humour. I have a good mind to challenge him to an encounter of wit in his own language, but that it would be perhaps cowardly to take such an advantage.

Mouthful the fourth.—M. Eugène Prévost has returned from New Orleans.

Mouthful the fifth.—M. Eugène Prévost was *premier chef d'orchestre* at the French Opera of New Orleans; and on his return to his native land to breathe his native air, the following graceful tribute of respect and esteem has been presented to him, the signatures to which speak trumpet-tongued for the merits of the individual to whom it is addressed: —

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"To Monsieur Eugène Prévost, late pensionary of France in Rome' first chief of the orchestra of the French Opera of New Orleans, knight of the royal order of Charles III. of Spain, &c. &c.

"*Paris, November* 1, 1861.

"Monsieur and honourable *confrère*,—Having learned that you were returned from America, we seize this occasion to offer you collectively the expression of our lively gratitude. Thanks to your talent as a *chef d'orchestre*, and to your zeal as a fellow-countryman, the lyrical *repertoire* of three great Parisian stages has become, for the last twenty-three years, that of distant countries.

"Receive, then, monsieur and dear *confrère*, our sincere and unanimous thanks, and believe truly that the former pensionary of Rome, the author of *Cosima*, has not been forgotten by us; and that when the public papers bring us from America flattering news of our works represented at New Orleans, it is pleasing to us to refer the great share of their success to you.

"May this written proof, monsieur and dear *confrère*, of our gratitude be sometimes read over again by you, when you shall be far away from our dear country.

"Accept once more, monsieur and dear *confrère*, the assurance of our esteem, and of the gratitude with which we term ourselves your devoted friends and *confrères*,

"(Signed) G. Rossini, Auber, F. Halévy, Carafa, Ambroise, Thomas, L. Clapisson, M. Reber, F. Massé, Félicien David, Grisar, G. Meyerbeer, H. Berlioz, G. Kastner, A. Elwart, secretary."

MOUTHFUL THE LAST!—A CHOKER!—The above is not a hoax, and I admit that its facetiousness is not to be surpassed by any *Anglais* or *Anglaises* born in the present century. What civilisation and better intercommunication with our neighbours may do hereafter, no one can say. This way of puffing yourself through the trumpet of another is worthy of imitation, if only for its ludicrous effect.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert took place on Tuesday the 26th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The following was the programme. Part I.—1. Overture to *Hamlet*, by Niels W. Gade (first time); 2. Concerto (No. 2) for violoncello, by Goltermann, executed by Herr A. Schmit, teacher at the Conservatory; 3. "Ave, Maria," for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Johannes Brahms (first time); 4. Symphony in G minor, by Mozart. Part II. "Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe, composed for soli, chorus and orchestra, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The two novelties achieved rather a *succès d'estime* than an enthusiastic triumph. Even leaving out of consideration the strange idea (with which, it is true, three or four other composers had previously been seized) of writing a musical prologue to such a tragedy as Shakespere's *Hamlet*, seeing that the piece, *as a whole*, affords absolutely no opportunity for musical expression, Gade's overture, considered merely in a musical light, is not an inspired work, but simply an ordinary, nicely written piece of music, without, however, the advantage of any originality in the instrumentation, a quality which renders his symphonies so taking. J. Brahms' "Ave, Maria," voluntarily renounces all claim to the impression that a female chorus, purely sung, invariably produces on us, on account of its neglect of harmony in simplicity, which choruses for female voices absolutely demand. Shrill modulations, and sharply piercing notes, which go through one, produce a disagreeable effect, because they constitute a glaring contrast to the grace and mildness of the female character. The motives, too, or rather the motive, for there is only one, is deficient in the language of fervour and devotion requisite in a prayer. The mere announcement of the Symphony in G minor was hailed with delight by the lovers of real music, and their expectations were completely satisfied by a performance admirably delicate, and, in the proper place, full of passion. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" was, as it always is, most warmly applauded. We feel bound to state, however, that we have but rarely heard this unique and genial work so well played as on this occasion. The two principal solo parts, moreover, tenor and bass, were exceedingly well sung by Herr A. Pütz, of this place, and Herr J. Remmertz, of Düsseldorff, so that the whole work, with the aid of the fine chorus and band, conducted as we are accustomed to hear things conducted by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, impressed the audience profoundly. —A recent letter from Venice contains the following piece of intelligence: Richard Wagner has left for Venice, where he intends stopping some time. The question which has so long excited the curiosity of all musical circles, namely, whether his *Tristan und Isolde* would be brought out in the Austrian capital, is at length, decided. The score has been purchased for a considerable sum (a sort of compensation, as it were, for his long and fruitless sojourn in Vienna), and the opera will not be produced. On account of the total want of melody in it, nay more, of the absence of anything like melodic or rhythmical symmetry, this opera contains so many nuts perfectly uncrackable by the memory of the surest singers, that a musical wit observed: "Wagner would be obliged to provide regular memories of the Future before the work could be produced." Before his departure, Wagner had the overture and several of the scenes rehearsed, for the benefit of a select circle of confidential friends. On perceiving some astonished faces, he remarked that, in *Isolde* he had certainly gone a few steps farther than in *Lohengrin*. "Say a hundred miles," replied Ander. In fact, a pianoforte trial convinced every one, that the innumerable rehearsals necessary to get up *Tristan* would ruin the voices of the singers, and completely deprive the public of the services of the principal members of the company for a very long period. Apropos of Wagner, the production of his *Tannhäuser*, according to a statement which has gone the round of the German papers, cost the management of the Grand Opera in Paris a pretty penny. The *mise-en-scène* generally costs 80,000 francs; twelve Sundays on which there was no performance occasioned a loss of 60,000 francs; the extra orchestral rehearsals necessitated an expenditure of 20,000 francs; and the engagement of Mad. Tedesco, the tenor Niemann, and the barytone Morelli, for seven months, took 105,000 francs more out of the treasury, making a grand sum total of 265,000 francs, all money thrown away, seeing that the opera was performed only three times, and that the fire in the scene-rooms did not spare the scenery of *Tannhäuser*. Of a truth the Music of the Future appears rather a costly amusement. The building of the new theatre is being pushed forward with great activity. The work of roofing in has already begun, and, unless the weather should be very unfavourable, will be completed in a very short time. The new theatre will be much larger than the old one, and contain 1800 persons. The managers of the Conservatory of Music have determined on giving, during the winter, a series of so-called Musical Evenings in the large room of the establishment. At these Musical Evenings, the audience will consist of subscribers to the institution, and other patrons and lovers of art, and the students will gradually learn to face a more numerous public, and give proof of the progress they may have made. The first concert of the series took place on the 2nd inst., when the young aspirants for artistic fame acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The programme consisted of compositions by Rode and Beethoven for the violin; Capriccio in E major by Mendelssohn; concerto in A flat major, by Hummel; sonata, with violin, in E flat by Beethoven, and suite by J. S. Bach, for piano; soprano aria in F from *Don Juan*; female chorus, by Cherubini; alto aria from *Hercules*, by Handel, and a couple of two part-songs, new, by Ferdinand Hiller.—*(From an occasional Correspondent.)*

PESTH.—M. Musard from Paris has been here. He was announced beforehand with a grand flourish of trumpets, but was only moderately successful. To entitle a selection of waltzes and quadrilles, with, at most, only too or three light overtures, a grand concert, is rather too good a joke. Concerts of this kind should have been performed in the dining-room of an hotel, and not in a theatre. The sole interesting feature about them was M. Legendre's solo playing on the cornet-à-piston.

BREMEN.—The Künstler-Verein have commenced operations for the winter season. At the first meeting, Professor Gravenhorst recited fragments from a new poetical version of the *Odyssey*, in which he treats the songs of Homer, as he formerly treated the Greek tragic writers, although with greater freedom and more in accordance with modern forms. After his recital, three members of the musical department of the Association, Herren Streudner, C. Schmidt, and Cabisius, jun., performed a trio by Anton Rubinstein. The next meeting, on the 20th ult., was dedicated to the memory of Handel, when the musical members availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of performing a work of that master, which has scarcely ever been heard here. This was one, or, to speak more correctly, two of the Oboe-Concertos, or *concertante* orchestral works, composed by Handel in the years 1716, 1720, inclusive, when he was musical director of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. There is every reason to believe that these compositions were never played in Germany during the last century, while, during the present one, they have only been performed once in Dresden, namely, last winter. On the present occasion Dr. F. Chrysander, Handel's biographer, had the kindness to place the score in his possession at the disposal of the Association. These compositions had been most carefully rehearsed, and were admirably performed under the direction of Herr Rheinthaler. They are most interesting, not only as specimens of the mode of thought and instrumentation of the period at which they were written, as well as of the master's style, but they are conceived in a grand and comprehensive spirit, and betoken the mind of their creator, which was subsequently so powerfully developed. They are shortly to be published in conjunction

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with other pieces, such as the Organ-Concertos, the Water-Music, etc., with which they bear an affinity. They were preceded by some of Handel's finest bass arias, the performance having been previously inaugurated by a biographical introduction, giving a short account of the great master's labours, divided into three principal periods,—his years of study and travel, up to 1720; the years he devoted to the composition of operas, from that date up to 1720; and those he dedicated to oratorios, from the conception of *The Messiah* to his death in 1759.—The second Private Concert, on the 19th ult., proved, by the performance of Mad. Clara Schumann, a worthy pendant to the first of the series, when Joachim delighted the audience. Mad. Schumann played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and *The Carnival*, one of her husband's earliest compositions, whose second symphony in C major was afterwards executed by the orchestra, as a mark of their respect for this gifted lady. The orchestra executed, also, Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, and Beethoven's to *Leonore* (No. 3, C major). Mlle. Mathilde Enequist Biondini, of Paris, sang Mendelssohn's Concert-Aria and an elegant *bravura* piece, with violin accompaniment, by Victor Massé. The opera is going on very well, and every praise is due to the management for the manner in which it is conducted.—*From an occasional Correspondent.*

MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

THE operas in Dublin have been given in the following order:—Tuesday, December 3rd, *Lucrezia Borgia;* Wednesday, 4th, *Rigoletto;* Thursday, 5th, *Norma;* Saturday, 7th, *Trovatore.* Speaking of the performance of *Rigoletto*, the *Freeman's Journal* says:—

"The *rôle* of the prima donna (Gilda) was sustained by Mlle. Dario, a youthful cantatrice, who sang for the first time on any stage in an entire opera. Mlle. Dario possesses a pure soprano voice of exquisite quality and ample range, and has evidently had the advantage of adequate professional culture. In addition to these, she has great natural intelligence, and an appearance in the highest degree prepossessing and intellectual. Her rendering of the cavatina 'Caro nome,' which abounds in difficult staccato passages, was perfectly faultless in tone and execution, and elicited the enthusiastic plaudits of the house. Again in the duet with Signor Galvani (the Duke), 'E il sol dell' anima,' she was, heard with charming effect. Her crowning effort, however, histrionic as well as vocal, was the duet with Rigoletto (Signor Cresci), 'Tutte le peste.' Here she displayed a richness of vocal resource, and a vivid conception of the exigencies of her part, which proved her to be an artist 'to the manner born.' It is needless to say that the fair *débutante* was rapturously applauded. Mlle. Dario, who, it may not be uninteresting to state, is the daughter of Irish parents, natives of Belfast, is still extremely youthful, and it is therefore not anticipating too much in predicting for her a brilliant professional career. Signor Galvani acquitted himself admirably throughout as the Duke, and in the 'Donna e mobile' was warmly encored. Nothing could be more effective than the performance of Signor Cresci as Rigoletto, and the same remark applies to Signor Ciampi as Spara Fucile."

From the same paper we take a notice of *Norma*, which opera seems to have excited an enthusiasm unusual even in the Dublin Theatre Royal:—

"A crowded and fashionable house assembled last evening in the Theatre Royal to enjoy, perhaps for the last time, the performance of the greatest dramatic lyrist of the present day in her great character of *Norma*, which, whether looked upon as a musical or histrionic creation, has never had so true and successful an exponent as Mad. Grisi. She appeared last night before an audience perhaps as fastidiously critical as any in Europe, many of whom have heard her in the palmy days of her brilliant career; but we question if she was ever listened to with more wrapt attention or greeted with warmer enthusiasm than on this occasion. Her appearance on the stage as the Druid priestess was the signal for loud and general applause, which was reiterated again and again, until the great cantatrice seemed to be embarrassed by the deep feeling evidently excited in her heart by the cordial and impressive greeting accorded to her. The first notes of her voice were heard in the recitative prefacing the grand aria, 'Casta Diva,' which she gave with matchless grace and expression. Loud and repeated plaudits followed her execution of this fine solo. She was not less effective in the sweet cabaletta, 'Bello a me ritorno.' On few occasions has Mad. Grisi been more brilliantly successful, both as an actress and a vocalist, than she was last night in the grand scena with Pollio, especially in the 'Ah non tremar,' which she gave with all the well-remembered fire and vigour of her vocal and dramatic genius. Bouquets were showered around her from the boxes amidst thunders of applause.

"It is a most pleasing contingency to be in a position to give well-merited praise to a rarely gifted and deserving artist. The pleasure becomes still more enhanced when that praise has to be accorded to a young and fair countrywoman, and the daughter of a distinguished musician, a citizen of Dublin, Miss Ellen Conran, of whose merits as a musician and whose fame as a vocalist the American and British press have largely spoken, sustained last night the part of Adalgisa. On presenting herself on the Dublin stage for the first time in Italian opera last night, she was greeted with one of the most enthusiastic receptions we have ever witnessed—the house (to use an old stage term) 'rose at her' from boxes, pit, and galleries—the cheering was most vehement and protracted. Her vocal tones fell on the ears of an audience prepared to hear sweet music from her lips; but there was a power combined with a dulcet melody in her notes, coupled with a brilliancy of execution in the solo passages, which literally took the house by surprise. Her musical taste was displayed to the full in her exquisite sustainment of the duetto *morceaux* with Mad. Grisi, and if ever a *débutante* has had just reason to be proud of an enthusiastic reception at the hands of an apprecient audience, that person is Miss Ellen Conran. The Pollio of Mr. Swift was amongst the best renderings of this part that we have heard for many years in Dublin. His voice, always a tenor of great sweetness, has gained considerably in power since we heard him last without loosing a particle of its melody. He was encored and rapturously applauded in the 'Me protegge,' and other solos incidental to his part. He was equally happy in the concerted pieces. The Oroveso of Signor Ciampi was beyond question good. The choruses were effectively and smoothly rendered. Signor Vianesi, the talented conductor of the music, and Mr. R. M. Levey, the equally gifted leader of the orchestra, discharged their respective duties with skill and tastefulness. The last act of *Sonnambula* brought out a charming and sweet-voiced Amina, in the person of Mlle. Dario, who went through the arduous concluding scena in a manner that brought down the hearty plaudits of the audience."

This last week *Don Giovanni* and *Ballo in Maschera* have been given, the operas before mentioned having been repeated on the other nights. The party also appeared at the Philharmonic on Friday evening, Dec. 6th, and yesterday, at a morning concert. Mad. Grisi's positively last appearance on any stage will be in Dublin on Saturday, Dec. 21st. The opera will be *Norma*. It is said she will on this occasion be presented with a public address, and that great preparations are being made to celebrate the event. Among other "demonstrations," a torch-light procession, *à la tedesco*, is spoken of as having been organised in honour of the Diva by her ardent admirers.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THE success of Mr. Balfe's new opera, which, after the first performance we characterised as "indisputable," becomes more and more decided with each successive representation. The work, as we have already remarked, contains every element of popularity. The story is interesting, the dialogue amusing, the verses elegantly written, the melodies striking, original, and characteristic; the concerted pieces, though comparatively few in number, invariably well constructed; while the choruses, though still less numerous, are equally dramatic and effective. All the artists, moreover, without any exception, are fitted with characters eminently suitable to their histrionic powers, and with music singularly well adapted—with one exception, perhaps—to their vocal resources. With so much to recommend it, *The Puritan's Daughter*, as we observed a week ago, "can scarcely fail to be popular." Add to all the advantages we have cited, the important consideration that the orchestration is clever, spirited, ingenious and interesting, and none can wonder that those who were pleased with the opera at a first hearing have found their gratification increased by a second, that the theatre has been more and more crowded at each successive representation, and that the applause, while quite as genuine, was last night still more hearty and enthusiastic than on the occasion of its first performance.

Indeed, we cannot pay a higher compliment to the composer of *The Puritan's Daughter* than is implied in the opinion that very much of his opera improves greatly on acquaintance. The ballads, of course, impress the ear at once, as much on account of the unusual intervals purposely employed as of their melodic beauty, and these effusions must naturally fall upon the listener with equal rapidity; but such admirable compositions as the bright and spark-

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ling opening chorus; the very cleverly written trio, "By the tempest overtaken," at the beginning of the second act, in which the King and Rochester beg hospitality of Clifford; all three subjects of which are charming, while the second is particularly melodious; the still more perfect succeeding trio, "My welcome also to this roof," to which the entrance of Colonel Wolf gives rise, and the interest in which is so well sustained by the lovely accompaniment; the quarrel between Charles and Clifford in the presence of Mary, still in the form of a trio, and opening with a fine phrase for the baritone on the words, "What man worthy of the name;" the finale to the act, again a trio, in which Mary's prayer for the safety of the king, Clifford's anxiety for his lady love, and Rochester's sleepy devotion to his punch-bowl, are all expressed and combined with rare skill and singular effect; and lastly, the noble hymn, "Man is but as summer grass;" all these compositions, we say, will give increased delight the oftener they are heard. But the musician's interest in *The Puritan's Daughter* will probably be sustained as much by the interesting orchestration as by the cleverly constructed concerted pieces. In the instrumentation of his operas, indeed, Mr. Balfe's natural tact and long experience stand him in equal stead; in this branch of his art he has scarcely a rival in the English school, and the only living composer to whom he in this respect bears resemblance is Auber, who, perhaps, has been more uniformly happy and successful in the scoring of his numerous works than any composer of any time. The remarks we made last week on Mr. Balfe's shortcomings—such as his disregard of the words he sets to music, and his neglect in observing what is called *couleur locale*, absolve us from the necessity of again alluding to the subject. We must, however, remark, for the hundredth time, how much the forced interpolation of sentimental ballads injures the effect of striking dramatic situations. When Clifford, for instance, hears from the lips of his betrothed that she is about to marry another, the distracted cavalier gives vent to his passionate despair in a smooth and melodious apostrophe, in two verses, to "Mem'ry," while the heart-broken Mary quietly takes a seat in the background—like "Patience on a monument smiling at (her lover's) grief." Again, in the last scene, it now being Mary's turn to sing a ballad, the blood-thirsty rage of a mob of infuriated Roundheads is suddenly arrested in order that the lady may discourse very sweetly—but again in two verses—on the qualities of a "loving daughter's heart." But these instances, even, do not prove the evil results of the system so well as the exception. We allude to the conspiracy scene, in which no ballads are introduced, and which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a masterpiece from beginning to end. The long and melodious prelude for four horns, which also forms the introduction to, and at the same time the most effective portion of, the overture, is not merely scenically useful in giving time for the conspirators to assemble and disperse, but is singularly suggestive of the mystery and secrecy which envelope their proceedings. Nothing can be more striking than the solemn strains, sung in unison, in which the Puritans take the oath; or more vigorously expressive of their bigoted zeal than the first phrase of the harmonised chorus, "Stern, relentless, we pursue;" or more picturesque and lively than the phrase with which the violins *con sordini* accompany the dialogue between Mary and Seymour; or more dramatically conceived than the declamatory passage—unaccompanied, except at its close, when the chorus is introduced on a single chord with fine effect—in which Mary swears to preserve silence about all she has seen and heard. One of the most striking subjects, by the by, of this scene, is frequently repeated in the after parts of the opera whenever the conspiracy is referred to, and always in the happiest manner. It would be ungracious to lay stress on the circumstance of a charming phrase, which constantly recurs in the last act, being very similar to one in the ball-room scene of *La Traviata*, or to object that other strains here and there are reminiscent both of Verdi and Auber; while it is, perhaps, idle even to remark that the fine melody for the baritone, "Why should ermined robes, forsooth?" will recall to mind "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" for such accidental resemblances are well-nigh unavoidable, and Mr. Balfe can certainly not be charged with lack of inventive power.

The opera has decidedly been much improved by considerable curtailments, all of which have been most judicious. Wolf's first ballad, Ralph's long scena or aria, and Clifford's song, "How peal on peal of thunder," have all been excised, besides which Seymour's death agonies, and some small portions of dialogue, have also been dispensed with. The opera, however, is still too long, for it occupies more than three hours and a half in performance. In case of the dimensions of the work being still further reduced, we would recommend the omission of Wolf's cabaletta, "Can it be, do I dream?" which may very well be spared; and also of Rochester's ballad, "Hail, gentle sleep," which seems to us to be quite out of keeping with the character of the gallant courtier.

The performance is now quite as good as it was on the first night, and it could scarcely be better. We can still find only one fault with Miss Louisa Pyne's personation of the heroine, and that is in the delicate matter of costume. Setting aside the improbability of any lady of any period, and in any climate, walking through secret passages and about ruined chapels in a low dress of white satin, it is simply impossible that a Puritan's daughter could have been allowed ever to wear such a costume. This is not a matter of the highest importance; but in a performance for which, in all other respects, no praise could be excessive, the slightest blemish is conspicuous; and, indeed, the incongruity of Mary Wolf's appearance must strike the most indifferent observer. Miss Louisa Pyne's costume is in general a model of taste, and the Puritan's daughter will doubtless soon cease to be an exception to the rule. We have often had occasion to characterise her singing as "perfect," and if any word could still more strongly express our estimate of her achievements in her new character, we should not hesitate to use it. It is rare, indeed, to hear on any stage so sweet and sympathetic a voice, cultivated to the highest degree of refinement, and controlled by irreproachable taste. Miss Pyne's rendering of the very quaint ballad, "Pretty, modest, lowly flower," was charming; and for the cadence—which to us seems anything but agreeable—the composer, and not the vocalist, is responsible. Equally plaintive was her singing of the still more graceful ballad, "How well I recollect the night," the first subject of which is deliciously melodious and thoroughly original, while her execution of the rondo finale—only remarkable for its extreme difficulty—was wonderfully perfect. In the character of the Puritan's daughter, Miss Louisa Pyne manifests more than ordinary dramatic power; and, in the interview with the King, Mary's hysterical joy at Charles's promise that her lover's title shall be restored, was expressed with remarkable truthfulness and effect. Mr. Santley's Cavalier is in every respect a worthy companion of the Puritan's daughter. The sweet and luscious tones of his splendid voice, the remarkable elegance of his vocal phrasing, and the energy and fire of his acting, completely justify Mr. Balfe's bold innovation in writing the part of the lover—a genuinely sentimental lover, and not a Don Giovanni—for a baritone voice. Mr. Santley's singing was throughout unimpeachable. The delicacy with which he subdued his voice in the masterly trio which brings the second act to a close, and his fine delivery of the declamatory passages in the same scene, are not less worthy to be commended, though less striking than his passionate rendering of the ballad, "Bliss for ever past," which bids fair to rival in popularity any of Mr. Balfe's most popular previous efforts. The only vulnerable parts of Mr. Santley's performance are in connection with this same ballad. In the first place, he does very unwisely to repeat it night after night, although he certainly is sorely tempted by the enthusiastic applause it evokes. All the music for Clifford lies high for his voice, and his delivery of this song, fine and noble though it be, betrays already the inevitable effect of singing beyond his natural compass. His repetition of the ballad, too, increases the absurdity of the situation to which we have above referred. But, if the song is to be sung twice every night, it will surely be as well to transpose it, say from G flat to F; it would, we imagine, be quite as effective in the latter key, and Mr. Santley would then be able to sing it any number of times with perfect ease. In the libretto Clifford is directed to "sink stupified on a chair" at the conclusion of his ballad. Mr. Santley, however, after declaring that his "heart is dead," falls full length on the ground as suddenly and violently as though he had been referring to the physical instead of the mental condition of that essential organ. Mary is thus compelled to commit the absurdity of singing over her lover's prostrate form, instead of running for assistance as other girls would naturally do. Mr. Harrison sustains his character with such genuine talent for

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comedy as perhaps no other tenor in Europe could exhibit, and for which his most ardent admirers have hitherto not given him credit. He might, we think, do well to omit the "hiccough" in his singing of the "punch-song," as that operation is already suggested in the accompaniment; but his version of this most original inspiration is extraordinarily clever and spirited. We trust that Mr. Harrison's signal success in such comic characters as Corentin and Rochester will tempt him to pursue a line in which he would find no equal.—*Daily Telegraph.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. BROCK.—Of course it was a misprint. Verses have come to hand.
T. W.—Received.
E. W. P.—Received.
R. M. C. (Bradford.)—Always Welcome.
W. C. M.—Next time.
VALENTINE should wear spectacles. We believe there is no truth in the report about Drury Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE Fifth Concert of the Fourth Season (and the last Concert before Christmas).—Monday Evening, December 16, 1861.—The Programme selected from the Works of VARIOUS COMPOSERS.

Last appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.—Second appearance of MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in B flat, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Kromer) (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. Vieuxtemps, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque. Song, "The mighty trees are bending," *Die junge Nonne* (Schubert), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Song, "The Bell Ringer" (W. V. Wallace), Mr. Winn. Sonata, in C minor, (Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone (Beethoven), (the 32rd and last sonata of Beethoven), Miss Arabella Goddard.

PART II.—Trio, in D minor, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mendelssohn), Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Vieuxtemps, and M. Paque. Song, "A thousand miles from thee" (Frank Mori), Mlle. Florence Lancia. Song, "Se vuol ballare" (Mozart), Mr. Winn. Grand Septet, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Beethoven), MM. Vieuxtemps, H. Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, J. Hutchins, C. Severn, and Paque (repeated by general desire). Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the Septet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish not later than half-past ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL and CO., 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musicsellers.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is established at the Magazine of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock* P.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in* THE MUSICAL WORLD *must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., *244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in* THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

LATELY, when the proprietor of the Weston Hall, in Holborn—which by a pleasing fiction is supposed by many to be dedicated to music—took his benefit—proprietors taking benefits is a supererogation of appeal for public support—the prices were doubled—what trust in his patrons! what dependence on popular relief on the part of the landlord!—and the hall was crowded to suffocation. Upwards of fifty pounds worth of champagne was sold, and of grilled suppers the calculation was beyond even the waiters' fathom. What quantity of spirituous liquid and bitter beer, with screws of the narcotic weed, was consumed, was still further removed from ordinary guess-work. The only means, perhaps, by which a solution of the problem might have been arrived at, was by admeasurement of the smoke, which, we are assured, was so dense and penetrating that it might have been carved with a knife. The high patronage of "swells" is, beyond a doubt, involved in "five-shilling stalls, champagne and grilled suppers." The sum expended during the performance would more than have paid for a stall at the opera. Do "swells" really patronise these reeking booths where as much smoke as victuals and drink is nightly swallowed by partakers of suppers? or are "swells" absolutely of no account in the consideration of the use and appropriation of musical entertainments? Perhaps we do the "swells" injustice, and should rather apply the cognomen of "gents" to those miserable pleasure-seekers who are unable to distinguish between black and white, and can find no gratification except under the influence of spurious and violent excitement. To such smoke is the proper atmosphere, bitter beer the proper beverage, and songs of the "Oh! Bob Ridley, Oh!" genus the proper entertainment. Can such noughts in the human scale exercise any influence in determining the success of an amusement one way or the other? They can indirectly. Without taste or appreciation of any kind for music they may be attracted to these misnomered Concert-halls, and give them their support. The most brainless are not always devoid of feeling for malt and cigars, and perhaps *the frequenters to* these hot stews are mostly composed of such as have no mental resources, and are driven thither by physical requirements. The poor fellow who cannot think may yet find himself stirred to pleasure by smoking and drinking; and an occasional burthen or strain may fire his dull brain into something like ecstacy. Let us not suppose that music, *per se*, possesses any special attraction in these places. For a few, "Jump, Jim Crow" and "The Sands" may have profounder charms than the most melodious song of Mozart or Rossini; but the majority are enticed by the combination of allurements, wherein eating, drinking, smoking and smirking under bonnets, constitute no mean power over the "gentish" imagination. Ah! that "smirking under bonnets" is peradventure, the direst spell of all. The young ladies who "assist" at these halls are, indeed, syrens, whose beauty and agreements would thaw the frigidity of Ulysses himself, especially if stimulated to sensibility by birds-eye and whiskey. And can we blame them? Can we call those erring mortals who yield to the potentiality of book muslin and magenta ribbons? Forbid it Cupid, Venus and the Dame aux Camelias! We have fallen ourselves, and cannot proclaim our invincibility in the field of beauty!

There are two ways by which we may hope to see these Music-halls lose their power and prestige. First, by a change in the tastes of those who now support them; secondly, by the extraordinary growth they are now assuming, which must lead to a plethora. The most frantic admirers of slang tune, slang sentiment, and slang singing cannot go on for ever enraptured with the antics of the "celebrated Sam Cowell," the "inimitable Mackney," and the "Untiring Stead" (vide daily posters). We have listened more

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than once (martyrs that we were!) to one or other of this renowned *terzetto*, and on no occasion could we gain a glimpse of meaning through the rank stupidities that assailed our ears and eyes. It seemed to us, indeed, that nothing was easier than to concoct (we mean, of course, to find) a "celebrated Sam," an "inimitable Mack," or an "untiring Stead." Given, for instance, a muscular man with bounding heels, great power of grimace, a screeching voice, genius to play on the bones or banjo, and copper confidence. Let him be dubbed with a sounding adjective. Set him in front of a footlight, pull the string, and bid him go on. His success is certain. We are told that Mr. Cowell and Mr. Mackney make each about 40*l.* per week. What sum the talents of the "Untiring Stead" figure at we cannot say. Possibly at something like that of his celebrated brother artists. Can this state of things endure? Assuredly not. Fools are not so plentiful that they can regulate taste their own way for any length of time; and common sense will in the end prevail over dulness, affectation and narrow-mindedness.

Best hope of all, and truest, is that the success of the Music-halls will induce to many similar speculations, which must lead to competition, and inevitably end in ruin. A greater number of Music-halls will demand a larger public; proprietors will embark in more lavish expenditure to ensure fuller attendances; distinction will be made, for the first time, between good, bad and indifferent; the rival halls, in short, will leave each other no chance of gaining profit, and the result will be the annihilation of all. Now is the time for the so-called Music-halls to reap a harvest. By and by the soil once so fertile will yield no crop.

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To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

"WHY"—asks the *Recensionen* of Vienna—"has Johanna Wagner (Mad. Jachmann) appeared in the drama?"

If we consider this lady's career—extending over more than twenty years—as a singer, the final result of her professional exertions does not strike us as occupying quite so prominent a place in the history of the modern stage as a number of German musical critics have taken upon themselves to represent. Her vocal efforts were deficient in the *creative element*, properly so speaking, for all that was most brilliant in them was founded upon the genial impersonations of Mad. Schrœder-Devrient. In Berlin, Mad. Wagner's imposing figure exercised a special power of attraction, and her Orpheus gained for her the undivided approbation of the lovers of classical music. Although not of great compass, her voice possessed strength, and, in the lower register, rich volume. But, without pity for herself, she speedily ruined these advantages, by singing such parts as Valentine, Fidelio, &c., which required of her voice what was almost an impossibility. The friendly warning of criticism was allowed to pass by unheeded. Accustomed to lay on her colours thickly, what she principally aimed at, in her impersonations, were startling effects, which, as her voice, by being continually forced upwards and downwards, had become dull and flat, she was at last unable to produce. That a lady who has sung for ten years in one place, should have found a circle of admirers and enthusiasts, is something perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the applause lavished on her by these persons was no longer able to fire, lightning-like, the masses, and, despite all exertions in other quarters as well, Mad. Wagner was compelled to think of retiring from the Opera. In order that this step might not involve her retirement from the stage altogether, an expedient was hit upon: it was agreed that her claim for a pension should be bought for a respectable sum, and, in addition, that her expressed wish to be allowed to appear in spoken drama should be granted. In this way was the appearance of Mad. Wagner, the singer, in Goethe's *Ifigenie* brought about, after due endeavours, by means of puffing, to gain over the sympathy of the public for this "first attempt."

"*How*"—continues the *Recensionen*—"did Mad. Wagner make her appearance in the drama?"

On the occasion of the festivities accompanying royal birthdays, people here, as a general rule, were not in the habit of seeing the theatre very crowded, and custom required that the audience should refrain from loud applause. The "dramatic attempt" of Mad. Wagner, the singer, drew a house crammed to the ceiling, and, with that want of tact, which usually distinguishes over-zealous friends, Mad. Wagner, in defiance of all precedent, was received with applause which seemed as though it would never cease, and honoured, in the course of the evening, with bouquets, just as if she had been an actress already crowned with fame. People, however, soon became aware that the "attempt" was not successful. The tumultuous abuse of applause, unfortunately now naturalised in ballet and opera, was transplanted into the more modest area of the theatre, and it is almost beyond dispute that a "higher" claque than the ordinary one intended to surprise the public, the critics, and the Intendant-General. A number of the Berlin critics were, it is true, bewildered by such a hubbub, and saved themselves from pronouncing an opinion, by indulging in cheap enthusiasm; the more prudent ones, however, although speaking with evident mildness and indulgence, were but little edified by Mad. Wagner's Ifigenie. Herr Rötscher, for instance, wrote as follows:—"Subsequent performances will enable us to say what share respect for the *dramatic singer* had in these ovations. That the lady should, immediately on her appearance, be greeted by uproarious applause, was not a mark of much tact, since Mad. Wagner was appearing for the first time in this branch of art. Indeed she will do well, as a rule, to seek protection against blundering friends, who, to judge by this first sample, can only injure her. The present criticisms ought to be addressed exclusively to the *aspirant* in this *new* field for her exertions. If we were to mention everything with which we disagreed, we should be obliged to extend our notice into a regular treatise." We are, therefore, not alone in our tolerably candid criticism, and it was to be feared that the public, as in so many other instances, would suffer from a terrible reaction, after their fit of frenzy was over. When personal sympathy has cooled down a little, people will at length endeavour to determine in what consists the difference between, and the merit of, the peculiar mental task of a singer and an actress, for a part like Goethe's Ifigenie is far from being properly represented by any one possessing only a majestic form without a large amount of deep feeling.

Even the second performance of *Ifigenie* was moderately attended, and the applause trifling. But the second part, Maria Stuart, quite sobered the public. Mad. Wagner's action was moderate, but unmeaning. Her best scene was that with Burleigh, though here again we heard nothing save hollow and monotonous declamation, overloaded with ponderous false accentuation. We perceived no sign of anything like soul or intensity of feeling. The grand scene in the third act, stripped of all declamatory spirit, was dull and colourless, the actress anxiously avoiding the exhibition of aught approaching passion.

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On the 2nd November, Mad. Wagner appeared as Orsina, in *Emilia Galotti*, and, although nearly ashamed of so much blame, we confess we never before heard the Prince's deserted mistress represented with greater roughness and coarseness of tone, while the unfavourable impression thus produced, was increased by an unbecoming dress. Where was the proud Italian woman, the fiery and passionate Orsina, whose exasperated soul, filled with the desire of revenge, is meditating the death of the faithless Prince? Lessing's dialogue brought out, on this occasion, no fiery excitement, no feverish emotion; the actress had not the slightest conception of the part. The vision in which a "Himmlische Fantasie" should dawn, "as though in a trance," upon the hapless Orsina, now almost mad, was spoken by Mad. Wagner close to the prompter's box, while Odoardo (Herr Kaiser), was walking up and down, immersed in thought, at the back of the stage. Indeed, as a rule, the other actors and actresses did not appear to exist for the *débutante*—provided only the cue was given at the right time. As we left the theatre, an admirer of the lady, on our observing that the fourth act of *Emilia Galotti* was absolutely nothing, unless the representative of Orsina exhibited intense passion, said to us, "Ja, ja, det is nich ihr Genre!"* "Oh! yes. That is not her line!"

If we consider the three parts, Ifigenie, Maria Stuart, and Orsina, selected by Mad. Wagner for her *débuts*, it is self-evident that such a selection implies no ordinary aspiration, for, had the fair and respected vocalist succeeded in dramatically carrying out these three grand but heterogeneous female conceptions, she would have encircled her brow with a crown of artistic excellence such as had never before existed. But she was deficient in the soul and voice necessary for so lofty a flight. Up to the present time, the Berlin public have, with admirable forbearance, watched the dramatic essay of a fair singer, greatly respected by them, and have spoken only in "silent circles" of the absolute inefficiency of their favourite. Had a strange actress played the above characters as Mad. Wagner played them, we very much doubt that the critics and the public would have preserved such exemplary silence. For the gratification of certain individuals, or as a stroke of policy intended to work upon the curiosity of those who pay their money, such an experiment on the part of a dramatic singer, hitherto the object of popular applause, may be all very well for a short period; but the engagement of Mad. Wagner as *prima donna assoluta* in drama, might, perhaps, be productive of bitter regret, at some future period, and is, therefore, not advisable. Every one capable of forming an opinion will agree on this point.

A. A.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—No arrangement has yet been come to with respect to the reopening of this time-honoured establishment in the Spring. M. Bagier declines to put down the 7000*l.* stipulated for by the Earl of Dudley in advance; and thus, for the present at least, the affair is "off."

MAD. RUDERSDORFF AND M. OLE BULL.—Provincial readers will observe in our advertisement columns the announcement of an intended tour by these popular artists. The great success M. Ole Bull has met with throughout the tour he is now making with Miss Whitty, Herr Formes, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, and Mr. Emile Berger, will no doubt attract the attention of those "entrepreneurs" who have not yet speculated on his popularity. The talent and position of Mad. Rudersdorff need no recommendation at our hands.

* The equivalent, in the Berlin *patois*, of "Ja, ja, das ist nicht ihr Genre."—TRANSLATOR.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

WHAT is the row in Regent Street
On every Monday night?
Are people going music-mad,
That thus they push and fight?

The carriages from Vigo Street
Reach up to Portland Place,
And thousands on the smooth "trottoir"
Join in Apollo's race.

When James's Church tolls out the time
For Vieuxtemps to appear,
That classic crowd will scarcely breathe:
A pin drop you might hear.

Then "Violino Primo's" arm
Uplifts the horse's tail,
And quick th' excited multitude
Applaud the pussy's wail.

And on walk Las'rus, Webb, and Paque,
Charles Hall' appears soon a'ter;
"Largo," "Allegro," "Presto,"—now
'Tis Beethoven's sonata.

Next Reeves ("our Sims,") with "Adelaide,"
So often heard before;
But which, if sung ten thousand times,
Would always win "encore!"

Then Arabell', with gorgeous dress,
Comes sailing up the stairs,
And ushers in the "Blacksmith,"
Best loved of Handel's airs.

Th' elated mob can no more keep
Imprisoned their delight,
At having such a shilling treat,
And *all* upon *one* night.

No more shall macaroni slim,
Stewed frogs, or saur kraut,
Reproach us with our prejudice
For beef and double stout.

W' invite them just to stand outside
And watch the crowd depart,
And *then* to say *who* likes the most,
Beethoven and Mozart.

A. C.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—At the Royal English Opera Covent-garden, a pantomime will be produced, written by Maddison Morton, and in which Mr. W. H. Payne will be the prominent feature. The theme selected is Swift's remarkable satire of "Gulliver's Travels," and a grand transformation scene, by Calcott, is already whispered to be a stupendous feature. At Drury Lane, which has well maintained its celebrity for this kind of amusement, there will be a grotesque burlesque pantomime, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, founded on those legendary stories of the nursery, "The House that Jack Built" and "Old Mother Hubbard and her Wonderful Dog," and which will be, as usual, magnificently illustrated by Mr. William Beverly. The Haymarket pantomime will be, as usual, furnished by Mr. Buckstone himself, entitled, *Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue, or Harlequin and Old Daddy Long Legs*. The Princess's again advantageously employs the smart pen of Mr. H. J. Byron, who has founded his pantomime opening on the adventures of *Whittington and his Cat*. The St. James's has a mythological extravaganza by Mr. William Brough, on the subject of *Perseus and Andromeda*. The Lyceum has enlisted the services of Mr. Leicester Buckingham, who has based his extravaganza on the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*, Miss Lydia Thompson being the heroine. The Olympic has a fair extravaganza written by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Palgrave Simpson. The Strand is sure to be well furnished with another of Mr. Byron's pun-crammed burlesques. The subject selected is *Puss in Boots*. Sadler's Wells has an extravaganza-cum-pantomime, written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, entitled *Cherry and Fair Star; or the Singing Apple, the Talking Bird, and the Dancing Waters*. The Surrey pantomime will be called *Harlequin Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle; or Oranges and Lemons, and the Twelve Dancing Princesses*, linking the nursery rhymes with an effective German fairy tale. At all the other theatres vast preparations are being likewise made, and managers are looking forward to a season which, if only as prosperous as their several displays of liberality, tact and energy, seem likely to render it, will be one of the most remunerative known for many years.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The selection on Monday night was again, in the instrumental department, exclusively dedicated to Mozart. One composition alone was drawn from the former programme—viz. the Quintet in A for clarinet and stringed instruments, the enthusiastic reception of which at the first Mozart concert fully justified its early repetition. Mr. Lazarus was, of course, the clarinet, M. Vieuxtemps, and his associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque—forming the string-quartet. The same excitement was created by this ingenious and exquisitely melodious composition as before—notwithstanding the fact that it was now the last piece of the evening.

The pianist (her first appearance this season) was Miss Arabella Goddard, who met with such a welcome as is only accorded to artists standing highest in public favour. This lady's "*soirées*"—which, though abandoned, are not wholly forgotten—may be said in some measure to have paved the way for the Monday Popular Concerts—now fairly an institution, her connexion with which, from the beginning, has been alike advantageous to the promoters and to herself. With her distinguished foreign contemporary, Mr. Charles Hallé, indeed, Miss Goddard may be said to have hitherto shared the responsibilities and honours attaching to the office of "pianist to the Monday Popular Concerts"—an office of no small credit, if creditably filled, inasmuch as the satisfactory performance of the duties it entails presupposes a familiar acquaintance with the entire repertory of the great pianoforte composers, so as to be ready, almost "at a moment's notice," with any given sonata, trio, or quartet. Miss Goddard, however, has demonstrated her efficiency in this respect, and in the works of every recognized master—from Bach and Handel to Mozart, Dussek, and Hummel, from Beethoven to Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett — at various intervals successfully appealed to the sympathies of the musical public. Mozart with her has always been an especial favorite, the unaffected purity of his music being thoroughly congenial to her own unaffectedly expressive style of playing. A more graceful example of his genius than the sonata in B flat major (the third of four sonatas in the same key) could not possibly have been chosen. The slow movement (passing over the numberless beauties of the *allegro* and *rondo*) is an inspiration. The audience—which crowded St. James's-hall in area, balconies, gallery, and orchestra—listened to the whole with wrapt attention, applauded movement after movement, and at the conclusion unanimously recalled the pianist. Miss Goddard's other performance was in the celebrated sonata for pianoforte and violin written expressly for Mademoiselle Strinasacchi, a famous "virtuosa" in her day, whose execution on the fiddle, when Mozart reigned "King of Harmony" at Vienna, astonished and delighted the amateurs of that gay capital, and most especially the Imperial connoisseur, Joseph II. This is the sonata which was written in such haste, that, at the public performance — the violinist being Mademoiselle Strinasacchi, the pianist Mozart himself — one of the players ("it is easy to guess which," says M. Oulibischeff) had nothing on his desk to read from but a blank sheet of music paper. Mozart (as usual), having been unable to find time for noting down his own part, the sonata was given without rehearsal, and the great composer had to improvise, or trust to memory, for his share of the duet. "What!" exclaimed the observant and very musical Emperor, at the end of the sonata, "has it again come to this?" "Yes, Your Majesty," replied Mozart (evidently an old sinner), "but not a note was missed." How well Mademoiselle Strinasacchi may have played we have no means of deciding; but, if her performance of the sonata in question was equal to that of M. Vieuxtemps on Monday, she must have been one of the most finished, expressive, and masterly executants the art has known. Miss Goddard's reading and execution of the pianoforte part were absolutely faultless. Never, indeed, do we remember the young and charming artist playing in greater perfection. The violin sonata was received with the same enthusiastic warmth as that for piano solo.

In the admirable quartet in E flat (No. 4 of the renowned "six" inscribed to Haydn) the accomplished Belgian violinist — who is, if possible, playing better this year than last — surpassed himself; and thus the concert both commenced and terminated with *éclat*. This quartet is one of the three, after hearing which, the patriarch, Haydn, delivered his memorable speech to Leopold Mozart (father of the composer): — "I tell you, before Heaven and as an honest man, that I look upon your son as the greatest composer in the world." Haydn, years afterwards, became acquainted with the young Beethoven, but did not change his opinion, although the first sonatas, the first trios, the first quartets, (Op. 18), and the grand septet, were already extant, to show that a formidable rival even to Mozart had suddenly appeared.

The singers were Miss Banks and Madame Louisa Vinning, both deserving favourites of the public, and for both of whom were set down pieces attractive in themselves and happily contrasted with each other. Haydn's canzonet "Sympathy," and Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's poem, "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" (*Anglice*, "On the Pinions of Song"), were allotted to Madame Vinning, who in each was successful, more especially in the canzonet of Haydn, after which she was complimented with a "recall." Miss Banks, in a florid air from Handel's *Rinaldo* (the first of the 39 Italian operas composed for London), exhibited the results of her St. Martin's-hall training, under Mr. Hullah, to eminent advantage, and, later in the even ing, proved herself a thorough mistress of the homelier English school, obtaining a well-merited encore in a new and very expressive ballad, entitled "Never forget," one of the most recent compositions of Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with his accustomed masterly skill. The regulation now adopted, which allows an interval of five minutes between the last vocal and the last instrumental piece, being eminently practical, has afforded general satisfaction. During the performance of Mozart's quintet, with which the concert terminated, there was nothing but the strictest attention; and the delight with which it was heard from end to end was not a bit less genuine than a fortnight since, when it was the first instead the last of piece in the programme.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The "feature" of last night's concert was the appearance of our pianist *par excellence*, Arabella Goddard, who, after passing the autumn in repose, has resumed her arduous professional labours. She was, it is almost unnecessary to say, most cordially greeted on entering the orchestra, and her performances were received with the vehemence to which she is so well accustomed, and which she well deserves. It being what is called "a Mozart night," she played two sonatas of that master. The first was one of the four sonatas, and perhaps one of the most beautiful, which he composed in the key of B flat. It is especially remarkable for the extreme beauty of the slow movement—an *andante cantabile*, full of graceful melody, and profound harmony and modulation. The other was his well-known sonata in the same key, for the piano and violin, written for Signora Strinasacchi, a celebrated female violinist of that day, and performed by himself and that lady at her benefit concert at Vienna in the year 1784. Last night the sexes of the performers were reversed: for Mozart we had Miss Goddard, and for Mlle. Strinasacchi, Vieuxtemps; and, we have no doubt, the beauties of that most exquisite composition were as charmingly developed as they were the first time it was ever heard. The slow movement, in particular, which is full of pure Italian melody, was *sung*, on both the instruments, as deliciously, and with as much expression, as could have been done by the finest performers of the Italian stage. To obtain a thoroughly vocal tone and style is the greatest acquirement of the most accomplished pianist, and no pianist that we have ever heard possesses this acquirement in a higher degree than Arabella Goddard. The other instrumental pieces were the Quartet in E flat, played by Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Webb, and Paque; and his Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, repeated in consequence of its great effect at a previous concert—an effect owing in a great measure to the delightful playing of Mr. Lazarus. The vocal performers were Miss Banks and Miss Louisa Vinning.—*Daily News.*

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—A concert was given at the above rooms, on Tuesday evening, by the band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. the Viscountess Palmerston, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Right Hon. the Countess of Yarborough, Lady Egerton (of Tatton), the Hon. Lady Hamilton Seymour, the Hon. Mrs. Ives, the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, the Hon. Mrs. Rowley, the Right Hon. Sir Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B. and G.C.H., &c. &c. &c. The band was assisted by sundry professionals, and a few amateurs of note. The professionals included Mlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Messent, Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. J. Morgan (vocalists), and Miss Eleanor Ward, Messrs. Brinley Richards, and Ganz (pianists), Mr. Wuste-

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mann (flute), and Herr Stoeckel (horn). Mlle. Lancia created the usual sensation in the "War-song" from *Attila*, and in Mr. Frank Mori's new ballad, "A thousand miles from thee," in both of which she was loudly applauded. Miss Messent sang the spirit song from *Lurline*, and the "Young Recruit;" Mad. Vinning, "Tell me, my heart" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and Miss Lascelles, the song of the goatherd from *Dinorah*. The amateur vocal performances, however, carried away the honours of the evening. A tremendous encore was bestowed on Messrs. Tremeer, Platts, and Bishop, members of the St. George's Corps, in Martini's terzetto, "Vadasi via di quà," while the last-named gentleman narrowly escaped the same compliment in the "Muleteer Song," from the *Rose of Castile*. The fact that the three gentlemen were in uniform no doubt enhanced the interest of the performance. Messrs. Brinley Richards and Wilhelm Ganz, both of the Rifles and both in costume, played a grand duet on two pianofortes, Mr. Wustemann a solo on the flute, and Herr Stoeckel ditto on the horn. A section of the West London Madrigal Society contributed some pieces, and the bands of the corps—that is, the brass band and the drum and fife band—played some quick steps, marches, and popular airs. We were somewhat surprised to find that the patriotic song, entitled "The Banner of St. George," composed by Mr. Balfe, written by Mr. John Brougham, and specially dedicated to the members of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, had been omitted from the programme.

ST. JAMES's HALL. — The *Messiah* was very efficiently performed on Tuesday night, under the able and energetic direction of Dr. Wylde. The performance was signalised by the re-appearance of Mrs. Merest, whose singing of sacred music was deservedly esteemed some years ago, and who must still be well remembered as Miss Maria B. Hawes. It would be unfair to express any opinion of her present powers from her singing on Tuesday night, for the nervousness natural after so very long an absence from public life is alone sufficient to account for any defect in intonation which might have been remarked. Mrs. Merest was, perhaps, most successful in "O, thou that tellest." Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington was more than usually admirable in the great airs, "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer." Miss Spiller made a very favourable impression in the air "Come unto Him;" Mr. Perren sang the "Passion music" with feeling; and Mr. Lewis Thomas undertook all that is allotted to the bass. The chorus was thoroughly efficient throughout, most conspicuously so in "For unto us" and "His yoke is easy." Mr. George Lake, who presided at the organ, performed his task with remarkable care and discretion.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION. — Mr. John Parry, whose "pantomime" song has proved so attractive in the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with his assistance, favoured the public on Tuesday night with a new descriptive song, in which the vicissitudes of a Colleen Bawn are musically and humourously related. A sort of overture for the pianoforte introduces the Irish airs, "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," "Nora Creina," "Fly not yet," and "St. Patrick's Day," two of these — "Nora Creina" and "Fly not yet" — being afterwards very cleverly combined. Mr. John Parry's well known talents as an executant enable him to give the utmost effect to this peculiar version of the Hibernian melodies The leading incidents of the *Colleen Bawn* are amusingly described, and the characteristics of one or two of the principal actors in the original caste at the Adelphi are skilfully represented. The words of this "relation" are by H. J Byron, and Mr. Parry has engaged the co-operation of Mr. Frank Musgrave in the arrangement of the music.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARK gave a pianoforte recital at the West London College, Bayswater, on Tuesday evening. The room was crowded. A new song, by Mr. Scotson Clark, "The Sea hath its Pearls," charmingly sung by Miss Robertine Henderson, though placed the last piece but one in the programme, was encored. Mr. Scotson Clark did not spare his exertions. He played no less than eight times during the evening. Among his most successful performances were some *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelsshon; "Baby's Song," by Howard Glover; Benedict's Irish fantasia "Erin;" and an elegant little piece of his own composition, entitled "Rêve de Bonheur," which no doubt many of his fair young listeners longed to have repeated. Besides Miss Henderson, Mr. Clark had the assistance of Miss Billing, whose singing was much admired. Mr. Scotson Clark concluded his interesting performance by a mazurka of Chopin, and a tarantella of Stephen Heller.

EXETER HALL.—Mr. G. W. Martin's Choral Society gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah* on Thursday evening, to which were invited the soldiers now quartered in London, nearly 2000 in number, comprising, amongst other regiments, detachments of the Coldstreams, Scotch Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards, the Royal Life Guards (blue), a sprinkling of the sappers and miners, some of the cadets training for military schoolmasters at the Duke of York's Asylum at Chelsea, and in the gallery a strong muster of the wives of many of the men present. The hall presented an unusual appearance; the body, usually occupied by the reserved seats, and mostly tenanted by ladies, being filled to within a short distance of the orchestra by a mass of red coats, here and there chequered by the dark uniforms of the Blues. Nor was it the occupants alone that altered the look of the hall, for in front of the large gallery hung two enormous flags, one bearing the lion of England, another the harp of Erin (what Scotland had done to be left out of the category we know not), while from the side balconies smaller banners depended, lending altogether an aspect not unfitted to the present state of feeling on the all-absorbing topic of the day. The performance was ushered in by a dirge, words by Rev. Dr. Bonan, music by G. W. Martin, "No shadows yonder," sung as a tribute to the memory of the late Lord Herbert, and, as such, reverentially listened to by the military body present, who are not likely soon to forget one who was so pre-eminently entitled to the honourable title of the soldier's friend, and who sacrificed his life to duty as completely as ever hero who fell on the battle-field. Touching the performance, what can one say of a work of which so much has been written, and which, in the space of four days, is given no less than three times? Mr. Martin aims at producing an effect rather by a multiplicity of voices than the numerical strength of the instrumentalists in the orchestra; and although the choruses were more than once amenable to criticism, allowance must be made for a Society which is but yet in its second year, and has already made a considerable progress, which we have no doubt further practice will still more tend to develope and improve. With the present rage for music halls, with their vulgar comic songs, utterly devoid of humour, their silly sentimental ditties, their never-ending Ethiopians, their wearisome operatic selections, anything that encourages a purer and healthier taste is deserving of support, and the seven or eight hundred choristers who compose Mr. Martin's phalanx will do well to labour diligently, and as they are mostly composed of young and fresh voices, may eventually raise themselves to a position as a choral body second to none. The solos were entrusted to Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Porter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Thomas, all of whom sang their best, the latter gentleman narrowly escaping an encore for his artistic rendering of "The trumpet shall sound," which seemed exactly to hit the taste of those for whom the oratorio was mainly given, the playing of Mr. T. Harper, in the trumpet obbligato, rousing their enthusiasm to such a pitch, that we quite expected they would insist upon its repetition, as they did with the "Hallelujah chorus," in which the whole audience stood, in accordance with time-honoured custom. The performance concluded with "God save the Queen," in which the soldiers joined vociferously, and then gave three tremendous cheers for Mr. Martin and the Choir, which made the very walls reverberate.

We should like to know why the taste and refined condition of the army alone has been taken into consideration, and why the navy has been excluded, or rather overlooked. The reason is, perhaps, that there are no sailors in London, which would seem a very feasible reason. But no doubt Mr. Martin has it already in contemplation to give a series of performances at some of the principal seaports, and should the military concerts succeed, the people of Portsmouth or Deal may look forward to a great musical treat; at any rate, the navy, we think, has as deep a claim on the musical hospitality of Mr. Martin as the army, while, as a body, the sailors are greater lovers of music than soldiers.

BRIGHTON.—The Art Society gave their second annual conversazione at the Royal Pavilion, on Monday, and commenced their evening's entertainments with a concert, in which Miss Rans-

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ford, Mr. Luigi Montgomery, and Herr Reichardt assisted as vocalists; and Mr. Aptommas (harp), and M. Edouard de Paris (piano), as instrumentalists. Miss Ransford, among other pieces, sang, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," from *Chappell's Collection;* and Mr. Montgomery "The Village Blacksmith," both with good effect. Herr Reichardt sang his two new songs, "The Golden Stars," and "Are they meant but to deceive me?" excellently; and in his popular lied "Thou art so near," he was loudly encored; when M. Edouard de Paris addressed the audience, and said that Signor Reichardt would sing Balfe's new Rifle Song "The banner of St. George," an announcement that the audience received with shouts of applause; and had they not feared to fatigue the singer, would, at the conclusion, have made him repeat it, so delighted were they with the energy that Herr Reichardt threw into his singing. M. Edouard de Paris played two brilliant fantasias of his own composition, and accompanied the vocal music; and Mr. Aptommas was obliged to repeat his solo on "Welsh Melodies."

BRADFORD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On Thursday evening the second full-dress concert of the season was given in St. George's Hall, on which occasion the following distinguished artists appeared:—Mlle. Tietiens, Sig. Giuglini, Sig. Canedi, and Sig. Bossi, together with Sig. Arditi, who officiated as conductor. There was an attractive and well-arranged programme, and altogether the concert was a brilliant success. On the 12th and 13th proximo, Mad. Lind Goldschmidt and party appear; as the prices of admission are at least one-half lower than have been charged elsewhere, full houses are expected. The hall will hold almost 4,000 people, and is considered by musical authorities one of the best sounding halls in the kingdom, so the party will enjoy peculiar advantages.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The fifth winter concert, on Saturday last, was, in some respects, the most interesting of the series. The selection was excellent, and included two novelties of various degrees of merit, and Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance for the season. The novelties were Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde*, and Reber's overture to *La Nuit de Nöel*. The former is a highly effective and dramatic prelude, with great brightness in the ideas, and brilliantly instrumented. The latter is French in idea and treatment, but telling in the orchestra. Both overtures were well played. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the most melodious of the old master, and as fresh as if it were written in the present day. Mr. Manns evidently made his mind up to have it well executed, and he was not disappointed. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was received with an unusual demonstration of applause, performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*. The incomparable young artist never played with more wonderful brilliancy, or greater depth of expression. The slow movement in the concerto could not be surpassed for poetic sentiment, delicacy and finish, while the finale displayed the most astonishing rapidity and certainty of execution. The fantasia of Liszt created no less profound a sensation, and being shorter, the audience were desirous to hear it again. Miss Goddard, however, only returned to the platform and bowed.

The singers were Miss Maria Stanley and M. De la Haye, neither of whom had been previously heard at the Crystal Palace. The lady sang the cavatina "Com è bello" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Mendelssohn's "On Song's bright pinions." She has an available *mezzo-soprano* voice, and indicates good training in her singing. The sharpness in her intonation may be laid down to the nervousness of a first appearance. M. De la Haye, too, has much merit. He has a tolerable tenor voice of the veiled kind, and is by no means a novice in his art. He wants, however, warmth, which was too plainly evidenced in "Adelaida;" a scene from Verdi's *Due Foscari* was his second effort.

There was a large attendance of subscribers and casual visitors, and the concert, thanks to the prohibition of encores, was over in reasonable time.

LEMBERG.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been given with complete success.

CAMBERWELL HALL.—(AN "ENCORE CONCERT.")—At the Concert given by the Amateur Musical Union—writes a correspondent—on Saturday evening, December 7th, Miss Poole, Miss Bellingham, Mr. George Perren, Mr. H. H. (an amateur), and Mr. Lambert were the vocalists. Miss Poole sang charmingly her three songs, "Go, happy rose," "The bailiff's daughter of Islington," and a new MS. song (composed expressly for her), entitled, "A day too late," and in each was enthusiastically encored. Miss Bellingham, though suffering from cold, gave "the Knight's vigil" and Wallace's "Sweet and low" very effectively, in the latter receiving an encore. Mr. Lambert (Chapel Royal, Windsor,) gave Benedict's fine recit. and air, "Rage, thou angry storm," with great spirit, and was encored in Richards's "Suliote war-song," while Mr. Perren's refined singing of "Yarico to her lover," and Ascher's new song, "Alice, where art thou," met with great applause, and both were encored. Mr. H. H. contributed two songs, Paesiello's "La prima volta," and Hobb's "Phillis is my only joy," the latter encored, whilst the choir distinguished themselves in "Oh hills, oh vales," and the "Sancta Maria" (*Dinorah*), Meyerbeer. Mr. F. O. Williams, in addition to his duties as accompanyist and conductor, played two solos on the pianoforte.

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